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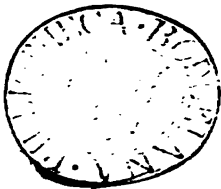


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THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. XIII.—NOVEMBER 15, 1865.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LORD PALMERSTON.

As one of the many who had the pleasure and the privilege of a personal acquaintance with Lord Palmerston, and one of the more limited number of those who had the honour of serving under him for very many years, I have thought that some personal reminiscences, such as can properly be recorded without any violation of official confidence, may help the formation of a true judgment of this really great and illustrious man. Great and illustrious are words somewhat too carelessly and profusely used in reference to public characters, but it may be safely averred that, except the names of the two Napoleons, none (not even those of Wellington or Nelson) has penetrated so widely, none has been re-echoed so loudly, as the name of Palmerston. No civilised language exists to which that name is not familiar; no newspaper which has recorded the history of the present or the past generation but has given to that name a prominent place in its columns. Palmerston has been called the incarnation of the English mind—not of any of its sectional parts, but of an amalgamated whole. Whoever may impugn his title to such a designation, if the suffrage of general opinion could be appealed to, Palmerston would be selected as the best public representative of the national character. Had there been a world's parliament, to that he would have been sent by the suffrages of an immense majority of the British people, and commissioned to speak on their behalf. In the various estimates of his character which have appeared in so many languages, and in which he has been regarded from so many points of view, there seems to have been a universal endorsement of the opinion, that in all, and through all, and over all, he was *the Englishman*.

In the general judgment dissenting voices might be heard emanating from the two extreme sections of party politicians,—the

Tories condemning the late Premier for his abandonment of the traditions of the Conservative party; the Radicals denying his conversion, and doubting his honest adhesion to the reforming demands of the present and the future;—but no one can deny that Palmerston marched with an advancing age, nor that progress and liberal sympathies characterised his history. Hesitation in him generally preceded action. “We must look ahead” was a phrase often upon his lips. Amidst the impulses that impelled him onward, and the resistances that restrained his advance, he sought to steer a course which was rather that of safety than of adventure. And this cautious spirit grew with his years and with his responsibilities.

His concessions to Reform would have been greater had “the pressure from without” been more energetic. He avoided controversies of doubtful issue. “Nothing is so prudential as prudence” was the axiom of his policy. He used the strength he possessed warily, and without any over-straining. He showed habitual deference to parliamentary opinion; and if on any rare occasion—as in the case of the Chinese War—he confronted the hostile majority of the House of Commons, it was from the assurance that the constituencies would not confirm the votes of their representatives, and that the final arbitration of public opinion would decide in his favour. The results proved the sagacity of his views, and the appeal to the people gave to his administration augmented influence. In questions too complicate or obscure for the appreciation of those removed from the circles of official life, there was always a confidence that Lord Palmerston would act for the best; that he would make no concessions inconsistent with the national honour, and would maintain the high character of England in every contingency. This general personal trust facilitated his decisions, whatever they might be, secured from his own party indulgence and forgiveness for his shortcomings, and checked his opponents in their attacks upon a policy the least progressive which could be tolerated by a reforming party, and the most which would be concurred in by a Conservative one. He satisfied moderate Toryism, in that he did no more; moderate Whiggism, in that he did no less. But the extreme sections were indeed dissatisfied and condemnatory. He was too much and too little of a reformer to please either; but not the weight of either or the combination of both was sufficient to disturb the *juste milieu* position which he so successfully occupied and so steadily maintained.

But to him the test may be very properly applied: If in the variety of opinions among the friends of reform you find reasons for doubting or distrusting the conduct of any public man, endeavour to ascertain the estimate formed of him by the decided and unmistakable enemies of reform. And, certainly, if ever a man was the

object of intense hatred among continental despots and their allies, that man was

“Palmerston,
Des Teufels Sohn,”

as he was ordinarily called in the aristocratic circles of Germany. I was at the Court of Berlin in 1838. A despatch arrived—it turned out to be a false announcement; but it reported the death of Palmerston. The late king was there. He seized the paper, and absolutely danced with joy in the presence of a large assembly, as he announced the glad tidings, congratulating himself and the whole company on an event so auspicious. Whatever may have been the judgment of his countrymen at home, or of the democratic sections of foreigners abroad, Palmerston was undoubtedly the *bête noire* of continental legitimists, and among them habitually represented as engaged directly or indirectly in fanning the flames of rebellion, and secretly, when not openly, co-operating in its purposes. He was deemed the incarnation of revolutionary tendencies, and in that respect was certainly honoured with more antipathy than he ever deserved.

He was the Minister, and the most fitting Minister, for a period of transition—not willing to break away in violent rupture from the theories of departing time, yet distinctly foreseeing that new elements of influence would necessitate great changes in the time to come. He lived in and through the period in which the middle and mercantile interests, especially those congregated in the large manufacturing districts, demanded a part in the direction of public affairs, from which they had been long excluded, but from which, with safety, they could be excluded no longer. A third of a century since, the country was governed by one or other of the two great aristocratical sections which in turns held the rudder of the State, and under whose leadership almost every man was grouped who took any part in the legislation of the United Kingdom. But it was obvious such a state of things was perilous, and could not be permanent. Perhaps the most remarkable manifestation of the till then concealed, or at least undeveloped, power of the progressive class, whose opinions and objects were not in any way identified with the rival Whiggism or Toryism of the day, was the appearance of the *Westminster Review* in 1824. It was the organ of what was then called Philosophical Radicalism. Scarcely a writer in the earlier numbers of that periodical failed within a few years to occupy a parliamentary or public position. A new party, acting independently of Whigs and Tories, was the inevitable produce of the Reform Bill—a party of growing power, from the wonderful accumulation of industrial activity and opulence connected with this rise. To make concessions sufficient to conciliate this newly represented and widely extending

plebeian interest, and at the same time to avoid a sudden rupture with the ancient patrician element, was the somewhat difficult task which, more than to any other man, was committed to the charge of Lord Palmerston. No other man could have fulfilled that task so well. We are entering now upon another era. The keystone of the arch of compromise has been removed. One of the necessary consequences of his death must be a policy determined to resist, or willing to concede to, the demands of a public opinion more and more enlightened and powerful. The results cannot be doubted.

It may be well to inquire by what means Lord Palmerston was enabled to steer his course so steadily amidst all the disturbing elements around him. No bygone differences of opinion, no former controversies, however sharp and serious, ever prevented his availing himself of the services or seeking the co-operation of those who seemed to him the best instruments for carrying on the administration of the country in its varying phases. He was disassociated from every clan and clique, and unembarrassed by family or sectional claims. The links that bound him to others were not so strong perhaps as those which generally unite a party together, but they acquired strength from their being so multitudinous, and their union created for him a personal influence in Parliament and among the people, such as few Prime Ministers have ever wielded. No man had less of resentment in his disposition. Far from seeking opportunities to "pay off" any ancient grudge, he was ever ready to bury in oblivion the controversies of the past, with a view to the best settlement of the questions of the present.

It was indeed part of his nature to forgive, as he was ever ready to forget, all past feuds, whenever their remembrance would impede the public service. In the House of Commons there was a well-known member who had covered him with vituperation, denounced him as the hired instrument of Russian aggression, and even menaced him with impeachment. An important office in a remote colony was given to the accuser, and it was stated that the nomination took place to enable Lord Palmerston to get rid of a troublesome opponent. An opportunity soon occurred for the gratification of any ill-will, had such remained. Strong representations went home, complaining of the conduct of the functionary—complaints whose renewal finally ended in his suspension and dismissal; but in the early stages of the inquiry Lord Palmerston privately wrote to his "ancient enemy," to remind him that he had been dealt with indulgently, and to recommend prudence and caution in his future proceedings. The gentleman was not dependent upon any department with which Lord Palmerston had special connection, and the interference was but a supererogatory act of characteristic kindness.

To the science of political economy Lord Palmerston had devoted

little attention ; yet, as its great truths, when once seized on, never fail to influence a wide expanse of action, they seem to have been accepted almost intuitively by him, and served as polestars to direct his policy. Blending and associating as they do the great separate interests of nations in a common result of good,—affording better and stronger guarantees to peace than can be ever expected to grow out of the diplomatic treaties of statesmen, or the family alliances of monarchs,—harmonising too with the inquiring and advancing spirit of the age,—they became a portion of the Palmerstonian creed, and acquired for his government a strength from public opinion which he could have derived from no other source. If on some matters of domestic policy he failed to satisfy the expectations and requirements of advanced liberal opinion, it has never been pretended that where he could serve the cause of Free Trade he was wanting in earnestness or energy. He called the protective system the *perturbation* of the common weal. His mind was wholly emancipated from the notion that there is either prudence or wisdom in any attempt to exact special favours or privileges as the consequence of political influence, or to adopt a retaliative legislation in order to counteract the narrow and selfish views of those who fancy that to reject and repudiate the better and cheaper productions of foreign nations, is the best way to encourage the inferior and dearer productions of their own. Well I remember the character of his instructions, and the tenour of all his conversations—“ Liberalise the tariffs of other nations, but not in our particular interest. Ask nothing for us which is to be denied to others, and assist others in obtaining the benefits we have acquired for ourselves.” He well knew that in any enlargement of the fields of commercial interests, Great Britain could not fail to secure a large portion of their harvests ; and while others in their several spheres were carrying out the work of commercial emancipation, they were fully assured of all the co-operation and all the encouragement which the British Minister could exercise in their favour.

Lord Palmerston was at the time most severely handled on account of his supposed sympathy with Napoleon, when, by his *coup d'état*, he seized the Imperial crown. It appeared to many, if not to most of us, that measures so violent and irregular as those which impelled the third Napoleon in his daring course, were neither warranted in their conception, nor likely to succeed in their results. But Lord Palmerston had formed an accurate estimate of the sagacity of the Emperor, and of the state of opinion among the French people ; and he came to the conclusion that the dynasty was likely to be established by the popularity of its representative, and that its establishment would strengthen and not weaken that union between France and England which once secured would be a guarantee against any general or enduring interruption of the general tranquillity. Louis Philippe

had been overflowing in expressions of a desire to strengthen the *entente cordiale*, but such professions were found to be utterly hollow when any selfish interest came in the way. In the year 1831, at the special invitation of the king, Commercial Commissioners went from England to Paris, in order to meet others appointed by the French Government. Many investigations were instituted, many conferences took place, many suggestions for reforms of the tariff were discussed; but whenever matters seemed ripening for a solution, there was a hope deferred or an expectation destroyed. A second Commission sat with similar ill success; many flattering words, but no honest works. The king's investments in forests whose timber was bought for the smelting of iron, and other sinister interests in and around the Court, defeated every proposal for the removal of restrictions and propositions, even though supported by the enlightened minister, Baron Louis. Had the king been wise, had he not been blindly selfish, Free Trade between France and England would have been established a third of a century ago, and the Orleans family would probably have been now seated on the French throne. It was among the lamentable mistakes of Louis Philippe not to have estimated the good opinion of Lord Palmerston at its proper value, and not to have secured that good opinion by an honest, open, and consistent course. But the British Minister knew well how little the French monarch was to be trusted, and that he was far more anxious to strengthen his position with legitimate sovereigns than with great popular interests. Our alliance with France was imperilled whenever any selfish object could be better served by disregarding English opinion. A wiser policy has been pursued by the present Emperor, and the tranquillity of Europe was never so well assured as now.

The name of Palmerston has never been sufficiently associated with services rendered to the emancipation of Commerce. Two of the instruments most admirably suited to be the representatives of Free Trade, were selected for that purpose under his administration, though their personal dislike to him was never concealed, and was, indeed, a matter of general notoriety. They were George Richardson Porter, the author of the "Progress of the Nation," and Richard Cobden. It was the crowning glory of Cobden to succeed in negotiations for which the statistical knowledge of Porter, who preceded his more fortunate follower, had been for some time preparing the public mind in France. In truth, the question had been long ripening towards a favourable solution. Michel Chevalier had gathered around him some of the ablest of French economists, and was engaged with the leaders of the press in enlightening and fortifying public opinion, while Bastiat had popularised sound doctrines by his amusing and concise teachings. The strongholds of monopoly were in the Legislative Chambers; and the Emperor, well aware of this, with singular foresight, reserved to himself

in the new constitution the independent right of initiating and concluding commercial treaties. He too, under the influence of the strongest convictions that a Free Trade policy would be beneficial to his country, and of a fixed determination that such a policy should be triumphant, caused articles to be inserted in the *Moniteur*, the materials of which were furnished from English sources. Accessible always to those who were able to assist him in the object he had earnestly at heart, difficulties which had seemed insurmountable were diminished or removed; and it would not be easy to over-estimate the value of the encouragement and the services rendered by the statesman who presided over the Foreign Office, and who saw in the intimate alliance between France and Great Britain, founded on the interchange of reciprocal benefits, the best promise for the prosperity and progress of both, and the strongest security for the peace of the world.

In his correspondence, Lord Palmerston had remarkable powers of condensation,—saying much in a few words,—and these words were few not only because he had little time to give to each of the multitudinous subjects that engaged his attention, but also because he had the happy facility of seizing upon the prominent points of a controversy. It was said of him that when occupied with any special object, that object absorbed the whole of his thoughts, to the exclusion and neglect of all other matters. The truth is, that in the distribution of his time he gave to the various topics which arose that amount of attention which their relative importance demanded from him, and this necessarily led to delays, where decision was not peremptorily or promptly needed. He had the happy art of giving to every topic its appropriate claim, never neglecting the great for the little. His mastery of every subject of political debate was complete. His long experience in the field of diplomacy, his personal acquaintance with the principal actors on the public stage, and the great parts he had individually played in the historical drama of his time, gave him immense advantages in conducting the business of the State, and in his intercourse with the representatives of foreign governments. I have heard some of the highest diplomatic authorities express admiration of his knowledge of trifling circumstances; of his frequently referring to some minute fact, or explanatory document, which had escaped their attention, but had an important bearing on the subject. Yet, of all living ministers, he least required the “reading up” on any given topic, his excellent memory being so admirable an auxiliary to his ready tongue and facile pen.

This mastery of details extended far beyond the field of politics. He was not a travelled man, yet he often exhibited an acquaintance with localities, with persons, with things, with idioms, which ordinarily is acquired only by those who have seen with their own

eyes, or heard with their own ears,—little characteristics which do not find their way into books, and escape the attention of ordinary observers. And this exhaustive information was often displayed where one would least expect to discover it. I was once amused with his knowledge of the Turkish names of different conveyances and modes of travelling. I have heard from his lips specimens of that strange phraseology which I imagined could only be picked up at Canton. The off-handed, ready witted, and humorous points which sparkled in his conversation were singularly contrasted with the gravity which he brought to the consideration of every important question. His views appeared rather the result of multitudinous considerations gathered up from all sides, and concentrated in a clearly expressed conclusion, than of any pre-formed theories of his own. He moved with the movement, neither heading it nor lingering behind. He managed to discover and to hold a central position, which he maintained amidst all the agitations which affected the circumference. I have known him parry a difficulty by saying, "Wait, we must look a-head." He sometimes used sharp words, but was seldom or never impelled into impetuous action. The "hasty spark," whenever or however elicited, "soon grew cold again."

If Lord Palmerston had a singular felicity either in warding off or replying to attacks and questionings in the House of Commons he was perhaps still more remarkable for his dexterity in extracting from those with whom he came in contact the especial knowledge they might possess. He wasted no time in idle talk, never indulged himself in vague generalities; everything he asked was appropriate, and directed *ad rem*. People were frequently kept waiting; and on one occasion Prince Talleyrand sent an angry message, because, on arrival at the Foreign Office, his introduction to the principal Secretary for Foreign Affairs was long delayed. Another minister boasted that he had mastered a foreign language in the hours he had been forced to pass in the *salle d'attente*. His failures in keeping appointments were certainly not caused by inattention or habits of unpunctuality, but from the pressure of business which, to be properly disposed of, it was impossible to crowd into the time he had allotted to it. I remember on one occasion receiving a note:—"Come to my house at six o'clock." I went, of course; sat in the drawing-room, the tables of which, being covered with books—most of them presentation copies—offered amusement enough. A short time before eight o'clock servants came in to prepare for the arrival of dinner guests. Just at eight o'clock the Premier hastily entered. "Kept at Cabinet Council. Sorry. Must get dressed. Come to-morrow at three." His dismissals, though sometimes summary, were always courteous; and on the morrow I went, and was instantly introduced. Whatever time might have been lost in attendance, the moment you were admitted into Lord Palmerston's presence he entered upon "business."

No time was lost. As a *questioner* he had scarcely an equal, and the art of questioning is perhaps one of the very highest of intellectual qualifications—giving to him who possesses it the rich treasures which he explores in the territories of other men's minds, and transfers to the purposes of his own.¹

On one occasion I thought it my duty, on returning from a mission to the Levant, to convey to Lord Palmerston opinions with regard to his policy in those quarters which were not in accordance with his own. No doubt his field of observation and his means of information were far more extensive than mine, and though my local knowledge might have been, in some respects, valuable, considerations which had not presented themselves to my mind, or to which I had not attributed the importance they deserved, very properly influenced him in his conviction, and caused the suppression of certain portions of my despatches, the publication of which he no doubt thought would be injurious to the public service. Nothing that could be called a statistical fact was struck out, but certain conclusions which in my feeble judgment were warranted, by the evidence of those facts, were not concurred in by his higher intellect and wider experience. He received my remonstrances with perfect good humour. It came afterwards to my knowledge that a gentleman, who, at his lordship's table, spoke very disparagingly of me on account of those discrepancies of opinion, was sharply reproved, and that while expressing his disagreement with my views, Lord Palmerston defended me bravely, and declared that efficient public servants could not be expected to surrender their own convictions nor to conceal their honest opinions, though known to be opposed to the opinions of their superiors. All that he exacted was, not approval of, but obedience to, the orders they received from him to whom was committed the direction of foreign affairs.

Let an example be taken of his manner of despatching a functionary

(1) The two Napoleons have been alike remarkable for their tact in questioning and cross-questioning those from whom they could derive information. I had occasion to compare notes with Mr. Cobden as to the reputation of the present Emperor for his supposed taciturnity—a reputation he does not deserve. Though he wastes no words, he cannot properly be deemed a silent man. He is certainly rather disposed to inquire than to give expression to his own opinions, and his inquiries are singularly indicative of his sagacity and penetration into the aptitudes of those with whom he converses. In this respect he forms a remarkable contrast with his predecessor, Louis Philippe, whose passion for *talk* was so irresistible that it has been said of him that in a conversation of thirty minutes he never failed to absorb twenty-nine and three-quarters. It was not uncommon for him to send for a person with a view to consult him on some special subject, and not to make the slightest reference to that subject till the visitor received his dismissal. I have listened to him pouring out a continuous stream of words—running from one language to another—quoting Spanish, English, German (and even with the *slang* of each he had some acquaintance), and when the attempt was made either to correct an error, or to supply an omission, “Mais, Sire,”—he would reply, “Mais laissez moi parler—nous y reviendrons,”—but there never was a *revenir*. Lord Palmerston was not only an acute inquirer, he was a patient and encouraging listener, never taking offence or displaying impatience when his views were controverted.

to distant regions, and welcoming him on his return from a perplexing mission:—"We have selected you whom we believe to be one of the best public servants, to occupy one of the most difficult of public positions." When such was the charge, so flattering, but imposing at the same time so serious a responsibility, it seemed as if every encouragement were given, and every motive appealed to which could stimulate to the thoughtful and zealous discharge of official duty; and to be received in language like this—"You have done everything you ought to have done, and left nothing undone which it became you to do," was it not enough to console and compensate for any misrepresentations or misunderstandings of those whose acquaintance with the real state of things was necessarily less complete than his who knew them all? It was this kind and genial nature which made Lord Palmerston so popular among those who were in any way attached to his department. From him they were sure in every case of a fair appreciation at least of all their doings, of the kindest consideration where they had been placed in circumstances of perplexity, and of a hearty approval where he deemed them entitled to his commendation.

It is not in the dryness and precision of a despatch—though the despatches of Lord Palmerston were singularly terse, lucid, and comprehensive—that the public functionary can find light to guide him in unanticipated circumstances. The course must often be directed by his knowledge of the general policy of the Government he represents, that policy being necessarily subservient to and dependent on events which may not or could not have been foreseen. The position of the public servant is often most painful and embarrassing when in remote regions and with imperfect and tardy means of communication it is utterly impossible to seek instructions from home, and immediate action is required for the redress of a grievance or the protection of an interest suddenly imperilled. In all such cases every dependant on the Foreign Office knew that the most indulgent judgment was sure to await their proceedings, the tribunal to which they had to account being that of the Foreign Minister, who always insisted that he was best able to determine on the merits and defects of those who had received their instructions from him—the students in the school of which he was the tutor, the executors of the orders which he himself had issued. They knew well with what courageous and earnest eloquence they would be supported if honoured with the master's approval, and that knowledge gave them confidence. It was my lot—in the most embarrassing situation in which a diplomatic agent could be placed—with the full consent and hearty co-operation of one of the kindest and most considerate of men, Sir Michael Seymour, to make demands upon a great viceroy, the ruler over twenty-nine millions of men, who had incontestably violated the plainest conditions of treaties, upon whose due observance

depended the immense interests which were committed to my charge in the far East ; it was my lot as I felt it to be my duty to insist on reparation for these violations. My policy was condemned by a vote in Parliament, and Lord Palmerston might have repudiated my acts and abandoned me to my destiny ; but with a courageous generosity he defended all I had done ; in his public despatches he endorsed and approved of my conduct, and in his private letters assured me that I had not lost an iota of his confidence, notwithstanding the parliamentary censure. The national verdict annulled the condemnation of the House of Commons, and on the appeal to the people almost every Liberal member, however eminent his services had been, who had taken a prominent part in co-operating with the Tories for the overthrow of the Palmerston ministry, was rejected by his constituents.

The autograph of Lord Palmerston was remarkably bold, clear, and characteristic, and to the last, though somewhat shaky, it preserved its characteristic distinctness. He had a great antipathy to fine-lined, small, or cramped writing, and once sent back to the further end of the world a whole batch of despatches, desiring that the writers should be told that "despatches were meant to be read." His own correspondence was usually written by him while standing before a high desk, and not unfrequently he remained standing during a long conference. He disliked redundant words, and was wont to say that all professions of zeal for the public service, all talk about anxiety to come to a right judgment, all self-laudation in any and every shape, should be avoided as mere encumbrances. He would take all this for granted ; he wanted the garment, not the fringe.

In the later portion of his life my opportunities of personal intercourse have been unfrequent—the changes from one month or week or day to another are not visible—but seeing him at remote intervals, it was impossible not to mark the progress of physical decay—intellectual decay there was none—but his voice grew feebler and his steps were less steady. There were occasions on which all his pristine vitality of mind and body seemed to revive. I stood behind him on the hustings at his last election ; though a chair had been provided and placed close behind him, he refused to avail himself of it, and stood during almost the whole of the proceedings. His speech was full of vigour and vivacity ; his choice of topics was as felicitous as ever, and his dealing with them not only suited to the capacities of his electoral auditors, but such as could only add to his reputation in the higher regions of political opinion. Only a short time before, with his hand in a sling, with his beard unshorn, with a weary, pain-worn expression, he had appeared as waiting to be called from "sunshine to the sunless land ;" but renovation swiftly came—a second youth appeared to dawn—and the gay spirit resumed its normal pristine character.

JOHN BOWRING.

THE BELTON ESTATE.

CHAPTER XXV.

MISS AMEDROZ HAS SOME HASHED CHICKEN.

CLARA felt herself to be a coward as the Aylmer Park carriage, which had been sent to meet her at the station, was drawn up at Sir Anthony Aylmer's door. She had made up her mind that she would not bow down to Lady Aylmer, and yet she was afraid of the woman. As she got out of the carriage, she looked up, expecting to see her in the hall; but Lady Aylmer was too accurately acquainted with the weights and measures of society for any such movement as that. Had her son brought Lady Emily to the house as his future bride, Lady Aylmer would probably have been in the hall when the arrival took place; and had Clara possessed ten thousand pounds of her own, she would probably have been met at the drawing-room door; but as she had neither money nor title,—as she in fact brought with her no advantages of any sort, Lady Aylmer was found stitching a bit of worsted, as though she had expected no one to come to her. And Belinda Aylmer was stitching also,—by special order from her mother. The reader will remember that Lady Aylmer was not without strong hope that the engagement might even yet be broken off. Snubbing, she thought, might probably be efficacious to this purpose, and so Clara was to be snubbed.

Clara, who had just promised to do her best to gain Lady Aylmer's opinion, and who desired to be in some way true to her promise though she thoroughly believed that her labour would be in vain, put on her pleasantest smile as she entered the room. Belinda, under the pressure of the circumstances, forgetting somewhat of her mother's injunctions, hurried to the door to welcome the stranger. Lady Aylmer kept her chair, and even maintained her stitch, till Clara was half across the room. Then she got up, and, with great mastery over her voice, made her little speech.

"We are delighted to see you, Miss Amedroz," she said, putting out her hand,—of which Clara, however, felt no more than the finger.

"Quite delighted," said Belinda, yielding a fuller grasp. Then there were affectionate greetings between Frederic and his mother and Frederic and his sister, during which Clara stood by, ill at ease. Captain Aylmer said not a word as to the footing on which his future wife had come to his father's house. He did not ask his mother to receive her as another daughter, or his sister to take his Clara to her heart as a sister. There had been no word

spoken of recognised intimacy. Clara knew that the Aylmers were cold people. She had learned as much as that from Captain Aylmer's words to herself, and from his own manner. But she had not expected to be so frozen by them as was the case with her now. In ten minutes she was sitting down with her bonnet still on, and Lady Aylmer was again at her stitches.

"Shall I show you your room?" said Belinda.

"Wait a moment, my dear," said Lady Aylmer. "Frederic has gone to see if Sir Anthony is in his study."

Sir Anthony was found in his study, and now made his appearance.

"So this is Clara Amedroz," he said. "My dear, you are welcome to Aylmer Park." This was so much better, that the kindness expressed,—though there was nothing special in it,—brought a tear into Clara's eye, and almost made her love Sir Anthony.

"By-the-bye, Sir Anthony, have you seen Darvel? Darvel was wanting to see you especially about Nuggins. Nuggins says that he'll take the bullocks now." This was said by Lady Aylmer, and was skilfully arranged by her to put a stop to anything like enthusiasm on the part of Sir Anthony. Clara Amedroz had been invited to Aylmer Park, and was to be entertained there, but it would not be expedient that she should be made to think that anybody was particularly glad to see her, or that the family was at all proud of the proposed connection. Within five minutes after this she was up in her room, and had received from Belinda tenders of assistance as to her lady's maid. Both the mother and daughter had been anxious to learn whether Clara would bring her own maid. Lady Aylmer, thinking that she would do so, had already blamed her for her extravagance. "Of course Fred will have to pay for the journey and all the rest of it," she had said. But as soon as she had perceived that Clara had come without a servant, she had perceived that any young woman who travelled in that way must be unfit to be mated with her son. Clara, whose intelligence in such matters was sharp enough, assured Belinda that she wanted no assistance. "I dare say you think it very odd," she said, "but I really can dress myself." And when the maid did come to unpack the things, Clara would have sent her away at once had she been able. But the maid, who was not a young woman, was obdurate. "Oh no, miss; my lady wouldn't be pleased. If you please, miss, I'll do it." And so the things were unpacked.

Clara was told that they dined at half-past seven, and she remained alone in her room till dinner-time, although it had not yet struck five when she had gone up stairs. The maid had brought her a cup of tea, and she seated herself at her fire, turning over in her mind the different members of the household in which she found herself. It would never do. She told herself over and over again that it

would never come to pass that that woman should be her mother-in-law, or that that other woman should be her sister. It was manifest to her that she was distasteful to them; and she had not lost a moment in assuring herself that they were distasteful to her. What purpose could it answer that she should strive,—not to like them, for no such strife was possible,—but to appear to like them? The whole place and everything about it was antipathetic to her. Would it not be simply honest to Captain Aylmer that she should tell him so at once, and go away? Then she remembered that Frederic had not spoken to her a single word since she had been under his father's roof. What sort of welcome would have been accorded to her had she chosen to go down to Plaistow Hall?

At half-past seven she made her way by herself down stairs. In this there was some difficulty, as she remembered nothing of the rooms below, and she could not at first find a servant. But a man at last did come to her in the hall, and by him she was shown into the drawing-room. Here she was alone for a few minutes. As she looked about her, she thought that no room she had ever seen had less of the comfort of habitation. It was not here that she had met Lady Aylmer before dinner. There had, at any rate, been in that other room work things, and the look of life which life gives to a room. But here there was no life. The furniture was all in its place, and everything was cold and grand and comfortless. They were making company of her at Aylmer Park! Clara was intelligent in such matters, and understood it all thoroughly.

Lady Aylmer was the first person to come to her. "I hope my maid has been with you," said she;—to which Clara muttered something intended for thanks. "You'll find Richards a very clever woman, and quite a proper person."

"I don't at all doubt that."

"She has been here a good many years, and has perhaps little ways of her own,—but she means to be obliging."

"I shall give her very little trouble, Lady Aylmer. I am used to dress myself." I am afraid this was not exactly true as to Clara's past habits; but she could dress herself, and intended to do so in future, and in this way justified the assertion to herself.

"You had better let Richards come to you, my dear, while you are here," said Lady Aylmer, with a slight smile on her countenance which outraged Clara more even than the words. "We like to see young ladies nicely dressed here." To be told that she was to be nicely dressed because she was at Aylmer Park! Her whole heart was already up in rebellion. Do her best to please Lady Aylmer! It would be utterly impossible to her to make any attempt whatever in that direction. There was something in her ladyship's eye,—a certain mixture of cunning, and power, and hardness in the slight

smile that would gather round her mouth, by which Clara was revolted. She already understood much of Lady Aylmer, but in one thing she was mistaken. She thought that she saw simply the natural woman; but she did, in truth, see the woman specially armed with an intention of being disagreeable, made up to give offence, and prepared to create dislike and enmity. At the present moment nothing further was said, as Captain Aylmer entered the room, and his mother immediately began to talk to him in whispers.

The two first days of Clara's sojourn at Aylmer Park passed by without the occurrence of anything that was remarkable. That which most surprised and annoyed her, as regarded her own position, was the coldness of all the people around her, as connected with the actual fact of her engagement. Sir Anthony was very courteous to her, but had never as yet once alluded to the fact that she was to become one of his family as his daughter-in-law. Lady Aylmer called her Miss Amedroz,—using the name with a peculiar emphasis, as though determined to show that Miss Amedroz was to be Miss Amedroz as far as any one at Aylmer Park was concerned,—and treated her almost as though her presence in the house was intrusive. Belinda was as cold as her mother in her mother's presence; but when alone with Clara would thaw a little. She, in her difficulty, studiously avoided calling the new-comer by any name at all. As to Captain Aylmer, it was manifest to Clara that he was suffering almost more than she suffered herself. His position was so painful that she absolutely pitied him for the misery to which he was subjected by his own mother. They still called each other Frederic and Clara, and that was the only sign of special friendship which manifested itself between them. And Clara, though she pitied him, could not but learn to despise him. She had hitherto given him credit at any rate for a will of his own. She had believed him to be a man able to act in accordance with the dictates of his own conscience. But now she perceived him to be so subject to his mother that he did not dare to call his heart his own. What was to be the end of it all? And if there could only be one end, would it not be well that that end should be reached at once, so that she might escape from her purgatory?

But on the afternoon of the third day there seemed to have come a change over Lady Aylmer. At lunch she was especially civil,—civil to the extent of picking out herself for Clara, with her own fork, the breast of a hashed fowl from a dish that was before her. This she did with considerable care,—I may say, with a show of care; and then, though she did not absolutely call Clara by her Christian name, she did call her “my dear.” Clara saw it all, and felt that the usual placidity of the afternoon would be broken by some special event. At three o'clock, when the carriage as usual came to

the door, Belinda was out of the way, and Clara was made to understand that she and Lady Aylmer were to be driven out without any other companion. "Belinda is a little busy, my dear. So, if you don't mind, we'll go alone." Clara of course assented, and got into the carriage with a conviction that now she would hear her fate. She was rather inclined to think that Lady Aylmer was about to tell her that she had failed in obtaining the approbation of Aylmer Park, and that she must be returned as goods of a description inferior to the order given. If such were the case, the breast of the chicken had no doubt been administered as consolation. Clara had endeavoured, since she had been at Aylmer Park, to investigate her own feelings in reference to Captain Aylmer; but had failed, and knew that she had failed. She wished to think that she loved him, as she could not endure the thought of having accepted a man whom she did not love. And she told herself that he had done nothing to forfeit her love. A woman who really loves will hardly allow that her love should be forfeited by any fault. True love breeds forgiveness for all faults. And, after all, of what fault had Captain Aylmer been guilty? He had preached to her out of his mother's mouth. That had been all! She had first accepted him, and then rejected him, and then accepted him again; and now she would fain be firm, if firmness were only possible to her. Nevertheless, if she were told that she was to be returned as inferior, she would hold up her head under such disgrace as best she might, and would not let the tidings break her heart.

"My dear," said Lady Aylmer, as soon as the trotting horses and rolling wheels made noise enough to prevent her words from reaching the servants on the box, "I want to say a few words to you;—and I think that this will be a good opportunity."

"A very good opportunity," said Clara.

"Of course, my dear, you are aware that I have heard of something going on between you and my son Frederic." Now that Lady Aylmer had taught herself to call Clara "my dear," it seemed that she could hardly call her so often enough.

"Of course I know that Captain Aylmer has told you of our engagement. But for that, I should not be here."

"I don't know how that might be," said Lady Aylmer; "but at any rate, my dear, he has told me that since the day of my sister's death there has been—in point of fact, a sort of engagement."

"I don't think Captain Aylmer has spoken of it in that way."

"In what way? Of course he has not said a word that was not nice and lover-like, and all that sort of thing. I believe he would have done anything in the world that his aunt had told him; and as to his——"

"Lady Aylmer!" said Clara, feeling that her voice was almost

trembling with anger, "I am sure you cannot intend to be unkind to me?"

"Certainly not."

"Or to insult me?"

"Insult you, my dear! You should not use such strong words, my dear; indeed you should not. Nothing of the kind is near my thoughts."

"If you disapprove of my marrying your son, tell me so at once, and I shall know what to do."

"It depends, my dear;—it depends on circumstances, and that is just why I want to speak to you."

"Then tell me the circumstances,—though indeed I think it would have been better if they could have been told to me by Captain Aylmer himself."

"There, my dear, you must allow me to judge. As a mother, of course I am anxious for my son. Now Frederic is a poor man. Considering the kind of society in which he has to live, and the position which he must maintain as a Member of Parliament, he is a very poor man."

This was an argument which Clara certainly had not expected that any of the Aylmer family would condescend to use. She had always regarded Captain Aylmer as a rich man since he had inherited Mrs. Winterfield's property, knowing that previously to that he had been able to live in London as rich men usually do live. "Is he?" said she. "It may seem odd to you, Lady Aylmer, but I do not think that a word has ever passed between me and your son as to the amount of his income."

"Not odd at all, my dear. Young ladies are always thoughtless about those things, and when they are looking to be married think that money will come out of the skies."

"If you mean that I have been looking to be married——"

"Well;—expecting. I suppose you have been expecting it." Then she paused; but as Clara said nothing she went on. "Of course, Frederic has got my sister's moiety of the Perivale property;—about eight hundred a year, or something of that sort, when all deductions are made. He will have the other moiety when I die, and if you and he can be satisfied to wait for that event,—which may not perhaps be very long——" Then there was another pause, indicative of the melancholy natural to such a suggestion, during which Clara looked at Lady Aylmer, and made up her mind that her ladyship would live for the next twenty-five years at least. "If you can wait for that," she continued, "it may be all very well, and though you will be poor people, in Frederic's rank of life, you will be able to live."

"That will be so far fortunate," said Clara.

"But you'll have to wait," said Lady Aylmer, turning upon her

companion almost fiercely. "That is, you certainly will have to do so if you are to depend upon Frederic's income alone."

"I have nothing of my own,—as he knows; absolutely nothing."

"That does not seem to be quite so clear," said Lady Aylmer, speaking now very cautiously,—or rather with a purpose of great caution; "I don't think that that is quite so clear. Frederic has been telling me that there seems to be some sort of a doubt about the settlement of the Belton estate."

"There is no sort of doubt whatsoever;—no shadow of a doubt. He is quite mistaken."

"Don't be in such a hurry, my dear. It is not likely that you yourself should be a very good lawyer."

"Lady Aylmer, I must be in a hurry lest there should be any mistake about this. There is no question here for lawyers. Frederic must have been misled by a word or two which I said to him with quite another purpose. Everybody concerned knows that the Belton estate goes to my cousin Will. My poor father was quite aware of it."

"That is all very well; and pray remember, my dear, that you need not attack me in this way. I am endeavouring, if possible, to arrange the accomplishment of your own wishes. It seems that Mr. Belton himself does not claim the property."

"There is no question of claiming. Because he is a man more generous than any other person in the world,—romantically generous, he has offered to give me the property which was my father's for his lifetime; but I do not suppose that you would wish, or that Captain Aylmer would wish, that I should accept such an offer as that." There was a tone in her voice as she said this, and a glance in her eye as she turned her face full upon her companion, which almost prevailed against Lady Aylmer's force of character.

"I really don't know, my dear," said Lady Aylmer. "You are so violent."

"I certainly am eager about this. No consideration on earth would induce me to take my cousin's property from him."

"It always seemed to me that that entail was a most unfair proceeding."

"What would it signify even if it were,—which it was not? Papa got certain advantages on those conditions. But what can all that matter? It belongs to Will Belton."

Then there was another pause, and Clara thought that that subject was over between them. But Lady Aylmer had not as yet completed her purpose. "Shall I tell you, my dear, what I think you ought to do?"

"Certainly, Lady Aylmer; if you wish it."

"I can at any rate tell you what it would become any young lady

to do under such circumstances. I suppose you will give me credit for knowing as much as that. Any young lady placed as you are would be recommended by her friends,—if she had friends able and fit to give her advice,—to put the whole matter into the hands of her natural friends and her lawyer together. Hear me out, my dear, if you please. At least you can do that for me, as I am taking a great deal of trouble on your behalf. You should let Frederic see Mr. Green. I understand that Mr. Green was your father's lawyer. And then Mr. Green can see Mr. Belton. And so the matter can be arranged. It seems to me, from what I hear, that in this way, and in this way only, something can be done as to the proposed marriage. In no other way can anything be done."

Then Lady Aylmer had finished her argument, and throwing herself back into the carriage, seemed to intimate that she desired no reply. She had believed and did believe that her guest was so intent upon marrying her son, that no struggle would be regarded as too great for the achievement of that object. And such belief was natural on her part. Mothers always so think of girls engaged to their sons, and so think especially when the girls are penniless, and the sons are well to do in the world. But such belief, though it is natural, is sometimes wrong;—and it was altogether wrong in this instance. "Then," said Clara, speaking very plainly, "nothing can be done."

"Very well, my dear."

After that there was not a word said between them till the carriage was once more within the park. Then Lady Aylmer spoke again. "I presume you see, my dear, that under these circumstances any thought of marriage between you and my son must be quite out of the question,—at any rate for a great many years."

"I will speak to Captain Aylmer about it, Lady Aylmer."

"Very well, my dear. So do. Of course he is his own master. But he is my son as well, and I cannot see him sacrificed without an effort to save him."

When Clara came down to dinner on that day she was again Miss Amedroz, and she could perceive,—from Belinda's manner quite as plainly as from that of her ladyship,—that she was to have no more tit-bits of hashed chicken specially picked out for her by Lady Aylmer's own fork. That evening and the two next days passed, just as had passed the two first days, and everything was dull, cold, and uncomfortable. Twice she had walked out with Frederic, and on each occasion had thought that he would refer to what his mother had said; but he did not venture to touch upon the subject. Clara more than once thought that she would do so herself; but when the moments came she found that it was impossible. She could not bring herself to say anything that should have the appearance of a

desire on her part to hurry on a marriage. She could not say to him, "If you are too poor to be married,—or even if you mean to put forward that pretence, say so at once." He still called her Clara, and still asked her to walk with him, and still talked, when they were alone together, in a distant cold way, of the events of their future combined life. Would they live at Perivale? Would it be necessary to refurnish the house? Should he keep any of the land on his own hands? These are all interesting subjects of discussion between an engaged man and the girl to whom he is engaged; but the man, if he wish to make them thoroughly pleasant to the lady, should throw something of the urgency of a determined and immediate purpose into the discussion. Something should be said as to the actual destination of the rooms. A day should be fixed for choosing the furnishing. Or the gentleman should declare that he will at once buy the cows for the farm. But with Frederic Aylmer all discussions seemed to point to some cold, distant future, to which Clara might look forward as she did to the joys of heaven. Will Belton would have bought the ring long since, and bespoken the priest, and arranged every detail of the honeymoon tour,—and very probably would have stood looking into a cradle shop with longing eyes.

At last there came an absolute necessity for some plain speaking. Captain Aylmer declared his intention of returning to London that he might resume his parliamentary duties. He had purposed to remain till after Easter, but it was found to be impossible. "I find I must go up to-morrow," he said at breakfast. "They are going to make a stand about the Poor-rates, and I must be in the House in the evening." Clara felt herself to be very cold and uncomfortable. As things were at present arranged she was to be left at Aylmer Park without a friend. And how long was she to remain there? No definite ending had been proposed for her visit. Something must be said and something settled before Captain Aylmer went away.

"You will come down for Easter, of course," said his mother.

"Yes; I shall come down for Easter, I think,—or at any rate at Whitsuntide."

"You must come at Easter, Frederic," said his mother.

"I don't doubt but I shall," said he.

"Miss Amedroz should lay her commands upon him," said Sir Anthony gallantly.

"Nonsense," said Lady Aylmer.

"I have commands to lay upon him all the same," said Clara; "and if he will give me half an hour this morning he shall have them." To this Captain Aylmer of course assented,—as how could he escape from such assent,—and a regular appointment was made. Captain Aylmer and Miss Amedroz were to be closeted together in

the little back drawing-room immediately after breakfast. Clara would willingly have avoided any such formality could she have done so compatibly with the exigencies of the occasion. She had been obliged to assert herself when Lady Aylmer had rebuked Sir Anthony, and then Lady Aylmer had determined that an air of business should be assumed. Clara, as she was marched off into the back drawing-room, followed by her lover with more sheep-like gait even than her own, felt strongly the absurdity and the wretchedness of her position. But she was determined to go through with her purpose.

"I am very sorry that I have to leave you so soon," said Captain Aylmer as soon as the door was shut and they were alone together.

"Perhaps it may be better as it is, Frederic; as in this way we shall all come to understand each other, and something will be settled."

"Well, yes; perhaps that will be best."

"Your mother has told me that she disapproves of our marriage."

"No; not that, I think. I don't think she can have quite said that."

"She says that you cannot marry while she is alive,—that is, that you cannot marry me because your income would not be sufficient."

"I certainly was speaking to her about my income."

"Of course I have got nothing." Here she paused. "Not a penny piece in the world that I can call my own."

"Oh yes, you have."

"Nothing. Nothing!"

"You have your aunt's legacy?"

"No; I have not. She left me no legacy. But as that is between you and me, if we think of marrying each other, that would make no difference."

"None at all, of course."

"But in truth I have got nothing. Your mother said something to me about the Belton estate; as though there was some idea that possibly it might come to me."

"Your cousin himself seemed to think so."

"Frederic, do not let us deceive ourselves. There can be nothing of the kind. I could not accept any portion of the property from my cousin,—even though our marriage were to depend upon it."

"Of course it does not."

"But if your means are not sufficient for your wants I am quite ready to accept that reason as being sufficient for breaking our engagement."

"There need be nothing of the kind."

"As for waiting for the death of another person,—for your mother's death, I should think it very wrong. Of course, if our engagement stands there need be no hurry; but—some time should

be fixed." Clara as she said this felt that her face and forehead were suffused with a blush ; but she was determined that it should be said, and the words were pronounced.

"I quite think so too," said he.

"I am glad that we agree. Of course, I will leave it to you to fix the time."

"You do not mean at this very moment?" said Captain Aylmer, almost aghast.

"No; I did not mean that."

"I'll tell you what. I'll make a point of coming down at Easter. I wasn't sure about it before, but now I will be. And then it shall be settled."

Such was the interview; and on the next morning Captain Aylmer started for London. Clara felt aware that she had not done or said all that should have been done and said; but, nevertheless, a step in the right direction had been taken

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE AYLMER PARK HASHED CHICKEN COMES TO AN END.

EASTER in this year fell about the middle of April, and it still wanted three weeks of that time when Captain Aylmer started for London. Clara was quite alive to the fact that the next three weeks would not be a happy time for her. She looked forward, indeed, to so much wretchedness during this period, that the days as they came were not quite so bad as she had expected them to be. At first Lady Aylmer said little or nothing to her. It seemed to be agreed between them that there was to be war, but that there was no necessity for any of the actual operations of war during the absence of Captain Aylmer. Clara had become Miss Amedroz again; and though an offer to be driven out in the carriage was made to her every day, she was in general able to escape the infliction;—so that at last it came to be understood that Miss Amedroz did not like carriage exercise. "She has never been used to it," said Lady Aylmer to her daughter. "I suppose not," said Belinda; "but if she wasn't so very cross she'd enjoy it just for that reason." Clara sometimes walked about the grounds with Belinda, but on such occasions there was hardly anything that could be called conversation between them, and Frederic Aylmer's name was never mentioned.

Captain Aylmer had not been gone many days before she received a letter from her cousin, in which he spoke with absolute certainty of his intention of giving up the estate. He had, he said, consulted Mr. Green,

and the thing was to be done. "But it will be better, I think," he went on to say, "that I should manage it for you till after your marriage. I simply mean what I say. You are not to suppose that I shall interfere in any way afterwards. Of course there will be a settlement, as to which I hope you will allow me to see Mr. Green on your behalf." In the first draught of his letter he had inserted a sentence in which he expressed a wish that the property should be so settled that it might at last come to some one bearing the name of Belton. But as he read this over, the condition,—for coming from him it would be a condition,—seemed to him to be ungenerous, and he expunged it. "What does it matter who has it," he said to himself bitterly, "or what he is called? I will never set my eyes upon his children, nor yet upon the place when he has become the master of it." Clara wrote both to her cousin and to the lawyer, repeating her assurance,—with great violence, as Lady Aylmer would have said,—that she would have nothing to do with the Belton estate. She told Mr. Green that it would be useless for him to draw up any deeds. "It can't be made mine unless I choose to have it," she said, "and I don't choose to have it." Then there came upon her a terrible fear. What if she should marry Captain Aylmer after all; and what if he, when he should be her husband, should take the property on her behalf! Something must be done before her marriage to prevent the possibility of such results,—something as to the efficacy of which for such prevention she could feel altogether certain.

But could she marry Captain Aylmer at all in her present mood? During these three weeks she was unconsciously teaching herself to hope that she might be relieved from her engagement. She did not love him. She was becoming aware that she did not love him. She was beginning to doubt whether, in truth, she had ever loved him. But yet she felt that she could not escape from her engagement if he should show himself to be really actuated by any fixed purpose to carry it out; nor could she bring herself to be so weak before Lady Aylmer as to seem to yield. The necessity of not striking her colours was forced upon her by the warfare to which she was subjected. She was unhappy, feeling that her present position in life was bad, and unworthy of her. She could have brought herself almost to run away from Aylmer Park, as a boy runs away from a school, were it not that she had no place to which to run. She could not very well make her appearance at Plaistow Hall, and say that she had come there for shelter and succour. She could, indeed, go to Mrs. Askerton's cottage for awhile; and the more she thought of the state of her affairs, the more did she feel sure that that would, before long, be her destiny. It must be her destiny,—unless Captain Aylmer should return at Easter with purposes so firmly fixed that even his mother should not be able to prevail against them.

And now, in these days, circumstances gave her a new friend,—or perhaps, rather, a new acquaintance, where she certainly had looked neither for the one nor for the other. Lady Aylmer and Belinda and the carriage and the horses used, as I have said, to go off without her. This would take place soon after luncheon. Most of us know how the events of the day drag themselves on tediously in such a country house as Aylmer Park,—a country house in which people neither read, nor flirt, nor gamble, nor smoke, nor have resort to the excitement of any special amusement. Lunch was on the table at half-past one, and the carriage was at the door at three. Eating and drinking and the putting on of bonnets occupied the hour and a half. From breakfast to lunch Lady Aylmer, with her old “front,” would occupy herself with her household accounts. For some days after Clara’s arrival she put on her new “front” before lunch; but of late,—since the long conversation in the carriage,—the new “front” did not appear till she came down for the carriage. According to the theory of her life, she was never to be seen by any but her own family in her old “front.” At breakfast she would appear with head so mysteriously enveloped,—with such a bewilderment of morning caps, that old “front” or new “front” was all the same. When Sir Anthony perceived this change,—when he saw that Clara was treated as though she belonged to Aylmer Park, then he told himself that his son’s marriage with Miss Amedroz was to be; and, as Miss Amedroz seemed to him to be a very pleasant young woman, he would creep out of his own quarters when the carriage was gone and have a little chat with her,—being careful to creep away again before her ladyship’s return. This was Clara’s new friend.

“Have you heard from Fred since he has been gone?” the old man asked one day, when he had come upon Clara still seated in the parlour in which they had lunched. He had been out, at the front of the house, scolding the under-gardener; but the man had taken away his barrow and left him, and Sir Anthony had found himself without employment.

“Only a line to say that he is to be here on the sixteenth.”

“I don’t think people write so many love-letters as they did when I was young,” said Sir Anthony.

“To judge from the novels, I should think not. The old novels used to be full of love-letters.”

“Fred was never good at writing, I think.”

“Members of Parliament have too much to do, I suppose,” said Clara.

“But he always writes when there is any business. He’s a capital man of business. I wish I could say as much for his brother,—or for myself.”

“Lady Aylmer seems to like work of that sort.”

"So she does. She's fond of it,—I am not. I sometimes think that Fred takes after her. Where was it you first knew him?"

"At Perivale. We used, both of us, to be staying with Mrs. Winterfield."

"Yes, yes; of course. The most natural thing in life. Well, my dear, I can assure you that I am quite satisfied."

"Thank you, Sir Anthony. I'm glad to hear you say even as much as that."

"Of course money is very desirable for a man situated like Fred; but he'll have enough, and if he is pleased, I am. Personally, as regards yourself, I'm more than pleased. I am indeed."

"It's very good of you to say so."

Sir Anthony looked at Clara, and his heart was softened towards her as he saw that there was a tear in her eye. A man's heart must be very hard when it does not become softened by the trouble of a woman with whom he finds himself alone. "I don't know how you and Lady Aylmer get on together," said he; "but it will not be my fault if we are not friends."

"I am afraid that Lady Aylmer does not like me," said Clara.

"Indeed. I was afraid there was something of that. But you must remember she is hard to please. You'll find she'll come round in time."

"She thinks that Captain Aylmer should not marry a woman without money."

"That's all very well; but I don't see why Fred shouldn't please himself. He's old enough to know what he wants."

"Is he, Sir Anthony? That's just the question. I'm not quite sure that he does know what he wants."

"Fred doesn't know, do you mean?"

"I don't quite think he does, sir. And the worst of it is, I am in doubt as well as he."

"In doubt about marrying him?"

"In doubt whether it will be good for him or for any of us. I don't like to come into a family that does not desire to have me."

"You shouldn't think so much of Lady Aylmer as all that, my dear."

"But I do think a great deal of her."

"I shall be very glad to have you as a daughter-in-law. And as for Lady Aylmer——, between you and me, my dear, you shouldn't take every word she says so much to heart. She's the best woman in the world, and I'm sure I'm bound to say so. But she has her temper, you know; and I don't think you ought to give way to her altogether. There's the carriage. It won't do you any good if we're found together talking over it all; will it?" Then the baronet

hobbled off, and Lady Aylmer, when she entered the room, found Clara sitting alone.

Whether it was that the wife was clever enough to extract from her husband something of the conversation that had passed between him and Clara, or whether she had some other source of information,—or whether her conduct might proceed from other grounds, we need not inquire; but from that afternoon Lady Aylmer's manner and words to Clara became much less courteous than they had been before. She would always speak as though some great iniquity was being committed, and went about the house with a portentous frown, as though some terrible measure must soon be taken with the object of putting an end to the present extremely improper state of things. All this was so manifest to Clara, that she said to Sir Anthony one day that she could no longer bear the look of Lady Aylmer's displeasure,—and that she would be forced to leave Aylmer Park before Frederic's return, unless the evil were mitigated. She had by this time told Sir Anthony that she much doubted whether the marriage would be possible, and that she really believed that it would be best for all parties that the idea should be abandoned. Sir Anthony, when he heard this, could only shake his head and hobble away. The trouble was too deep for him to cure.

But Clara still held on; and now there wanted but two days to Captain Aylmer's return, when, all suddenly, there arose a terrible storm at Aylmer Park, and then came a direct and positive quarrel between Lady Aylmer and Clara,—a quarrel direct and positive, and, on the part of both the ladies, very violent.

Nothing had hitherto been said at Aylmer Park about Mrs. Askerton,—nothing, that is, since Clara's arrival. And Clara had been thankful for this silence. The letter which Captain Aylmer had written to her about Mrs. Askerton will perhaps be remembered, and Clara's answer to that letter. The Aylmer Park opinion as to this poor woman, and as to Clara's future conduct towards the poor woman, had been expressed very strongly; and Clara had as strongly resolved that she would not be guided by Aylmer Park opinions in that matter. She had anticipated much that was disagreeable on this subject, and had therefore congratulated herself not a little on the absence of all allusion to it. But Lady Aylmer had, in truth, kept Mrs. Askerton in reserve, as a battery to be used against Miss Amedroz if all other modes of attack should fail,—as a weapon which would be powerful when other weapons had been powerless. For awhile she had thought it possible that Clara might be the owner of the Belton estate, and then it had been worth the careful mother's while to be prepared to accept a daughter-in-law so dowered. We have seen how the question of such ownership had enabled her to put forward the plea of poverty which she had used on her son's behalf.

But since that Frederic had declared his intention of marrying the young woman in spite of his poverty, and Clara seemed to be equally determined. "He has been fool enough to speak the word, and she is determined to keep him to it," said Lady Aylmer to her daughter. Therefore the Askerton battery was brought to bear,—not altogether unsuccessfully.

The three ladies were sitting together in the drawing-room, and had been as mute as fishes for half an hour. In these sittings they were generally very silent, speaking only in short little sentences. "Will you drive with us to-day, Miss Amedroz?" "Not to-day, I think, Lady Aylmer." "As you are reading, perhaps you won't mind our leaving you?" "Pray do not put yourself to inconvenience for me, Miss Aylmer." Such and such like was their conversation; but on a sudden, after a full half-hour's positive silence, Lady Aylmer asked a question altogether of another kind. "I think, Miss Amedroz, my son wrote to you about a certain Mrs. Askerton?"

Clara put down her work and sat for a moment almost astonished. It was not only that Lady Aylmer had asked so very disagreeable a question, but that she had asked it with so peculiar a voice,—a voice as it were a command, in a manner that was evidently intended to be taken as serious, and with a look of authority in her eye, as though she were resolved that this battery of hers should knock the enemy absolutely into the dust! Belinda gave a little spring in her chair, looked intently at her work, and went on stitching faster than before. "Yes he did," said Clara, finding that an answer was imperatively demanded from her.

"It was quite necessary that he should write. I believe it to be an undoubted fact that Mrs. Askerton is,—is,—is,—not at all what she ought to be."

"Which of us is what we ought to be?" said Clara.

"Miss Amedroz, on this subject I am not at all inclined to joke. Is it not true that Mrs. Askerton——"

"You must excuse me, Lady Aylmer, but what I know of Mrs. Askerton, I know altogether in confidence; so that I cannot speak to you of her past life."

"But, Miss Amedroz, pray excuse me if I say that I must speak of it. When I remember the position in which you do us the honour of being our visitor here, how can I help speaking of it?" Belinda was stitching very hard, and would not even raise her eyes. Clara, who still held her needle in her hand, resumed her work, and for a moment or two made no further answer. But Lady Aylmer had by no means completed her task. "Miss Amedroz," she said, "you must allow me to judge for myself in this matter. The subject is one on which I feel myself obliged to speak to you."

"But I have got nothing to say about it."

"You have, I believe, admitted the truth of the allegations made by us as to this woman." Clara was becoming very angry. A red spot showed itself on each cheek, and a frown settled upon her brow. She did not as yet know what she would say or how she would conduct herself. She was striving to consider how best she might assert her own independence. But she was fully determined that in this matter she would not bend an inch to Lady Aylmer. "I believe we may take that as admitted?" said her ladyship.

"I am not aware that I have admitted anything to you, Lady Aylmer, or said anything that can justify you in questioning me on the subject."

"Justify me in questioning a young woman who tells me that she is to be my future daughter-in-law!"

"I have not told you so. I have never told you anything of the kind."

"Then on what footing, Miss Amedroz, do you do us the honour of being with us here at Aylmer Park?"

"On a very foolish footing."

"On a foolish footing! What does that mean?"

"It means that I have been foolish in coming to a house in which I am subjected to such questioning."

"Belinda, did you ever hear anything like this? Miss Amedroz, I must persevere, however much you may dislike it. The story of this woman's life,—whether she be Mrs. Askerton or not, I don't know——"

"She is Mrs. Askerton," said Clara.

"As to that I do not profess to know, and I dare say that you are no wiser than myself. But what she has been we do know." Here Lady Aylmer raised her voice and continued to speak with all the eloquence which assumed indignation could give her. "What she has been we do know, and I ask you, as a duty which I owe to my son, whether you have put an end to your acquaintance with so very disreputable a person,—a person whom even to have known is a disgrace?"

"I know her, and——"

"Stop one minute, if you please. My questions are these—Have you put an end to that acquaintance? And are you ready to give a promise that it shall never be resumed?"

"I have not put an end to that acquaintance,—or rather that affectionate friendship as I should call it, and I am ready to promise that it shall be maintained with all my heart."

"Belinda, do you hear her?"

"Yes, mama." And Belinda slowly shook her head, which was now bowed lower than ever over her lap.

"And that is your resolution?"

"Yes, Lady Aylmer ; that is my resolution."

"And you think that becoming to you, as a young woman ?"

"Just so ; I think that becoming to me,—as a young woman."

"Then let me tell you, Miss Amedroz, that I differ from you altogether,—altogether." Lady Aylmer, as she repeated the last word, raised her folded hands as though she were calling upon heaven to witness how thoroughly she differed from the young woman !

"I don't see how I am to help that, Lady Aylmer. I dare say we may differ on many subjects."

"I dare say we do. I dare say we do. And I need not point out to you how very little that would be a matter of regret to me, but for the hold you have upon my unfortunate son."

"Hold upon him, Lady Aylmer ! How dare you insult me by such language ?" Hereupon Belinda again jumped in her chair ; but Lady Aylmer looked as though she enjoyed the storm.

"You undoubtedly have a hold upon him, Miss Amedroz, and I think that it is a great misfortune. Of course, when he hears what your conduct is with reference to this—person, he will release himself from his entanglement."

"He can release himself from his entanglement whenever he chooses," said Clara, rising from her chair. "Indeed, he is released. I shall let Captain Aylmer know that our engagement must be at an end, unless he will promise that I shall never in future be subjected to the unwarrantable insolence of his mother." Then she walked off to the door, not regarding, and indeed not hearing, the parting shot that was fired at her.

And now what was to be done ! Clara went up to her own room, making herself strong and even comfortable, with an inward assurance that nothing should ever induce her even to sit down to table again with Lady Aylmer. She would not willingly enter the same room with Lady Aylmer, or have any speech with her. But what should she at once do ? She could not very well leave Aylmer Park without settling whither she would go ; nor could she in any way manage to leave the house on that afternoon. She almost resolved that she would go to Mrs. Askerton. Everything was of course over between her and Captain Aylmer, and therefore there was no longer any hindrance to her doing so on that score. But what would be her cousin Will's wish ? He, now, was the only friend to whom she could trust for good counsel. What would be his advice ? Should she write and ask him ? No ;—she could not do that. She could not bring herself to write to him, telling him that the Aylmer "entanglement" was at an end. Were she to do so, he, with his temperament, would take such letter as meaning much more than it was intended to mean. But she would write a letter to Captain Aylmer. This she thought that she would do at once, and she began

it. She got as far as "My dear Captain Aylmer," and then she found that the letter was one which could not be written very easily. And she remembered, as the greatness of the difficulty of writing the letter became plain to her, that it could not now be sent so as to reach Captain Aylmer before he would leave London. If written at all, it must be addressed to him at Aylmer Park, and the task might be done to-morrow as well as to-day. So that task was given up for the present.

But she did write a letter to Mrs. Askerton,—a letter which she would send or not on the morrow, according to the state of her mind as it might then be. In this she declared her purpose of leaving Aylmer Park on the day after Captain Aylmer's arrival, and asked to be taken in at the cottage. An answer was to be sent to her, addressed to the Great Northern Railway Hotel.

Richards, the maid, came up to her before dinner, with offers of assistance for dressing,—offers made in a tone which left no doubt on Clara's mind that Richards knew all about the quarrel. But Clara declined to be dressed, and sent down a message saying that she would remain in her room, and begging to be supplied with tea. She would not even condescend to say that she was troubled with a headache. Then Belinda came up to her, just before dinner was announced, and with a fluttered gravity advised Miss Amedroz to come down-stairs. "Mama thinks it will be much better that you should show yourself, let the final result be what it may."

"But I have not the slightest desire to show myself."

"There are the servants, you know."

"But, Miss Aylmer, I don't care a straw for the servants ;—really not a straw."

"And papa will feel it so."

"I shall be sorry if Sir Anthony is annoyed ;—but I cannot help it. It has not been my doing."

"And mama says that my brother would of course wish it."

"After what your mother has done, I don't see what his wishes would have to do with it,—even if she knew them,—which I don't think she does."

"But if you will think of it, I'm sure you'll find it is the proper thing to do. There is nothing to be avoided so much as an open quarrel, that all the servants can see."

"I must say, Miss Aylmer, that I disregard the servants. After what passed down-stairs, of course I have had to consider what I should do. Will you tell your mother that I will stay here, if she will permit it ?"

"Of course. She will be delighted."

"I will remain, if she will permit it, till the morning after Captain Aylmer's arrival. Then I shall go."

"Where to, Miss Amedroz?"

"I have already written to a friend, asking her to receive me."

Miss Aylmer paused a moment before she asked her next question;—but she did ask it, showing by her tone and manner that she had been driven to summon up all her courage to enable her to do so.

"To what friend, Miss Amedroz? Mama will be glad to know."

"That is a question which Lady Aylmer can have no right to ask," said Clara.

"Oh;—very well. Of course, if you don't like to tell, there's no more to be said."

"I do not like to tell, Miss Aylmer."

Clara had her tea in her room that evening, and lived there the whole of the next day. The family down-stairs was not comfortable. Sir Anthony could not be made to understand why his guest kept her room,—which was not odd, as Lady Aylmer was very sparing in the information she gave him; and Belinda found it to be impossible to sit at table, or to say a few words to her father and mother, without showing at every moment her consciousness that a crisis had occurred. By the next day's post the letter to Mrs. Askerton was sent, and at the appointed time Captain Aylmer arrived. About an hour after he entered the house, Belinda went up-stairs with a message from him;—would Miss Amedroz see him? Miss Amedroz would see him, but made it a condition of doing so that she should not be required to meet Lady Aylmer. "She need not be afraid," said Lady Aylmer. "Unless she sends me a full apology, with a promise that she will have no further intercourse whatever with that woman, I will never willingly see her again." A meeting was therefore arranged between Captain Aylmer and Miss Amedroz in a sitting-room up-stairs.

"What is all this, Clara?" said Captain Aylmer, at once.

"Simply this,—that your mother has insulted me most wantonly."

"She says that it is you who have been uncourteous to her."

"Be it so;—you can of course believe whichever you please, and it is desirable, no doubt, that you should prefer to believe your mother."

"But I do not wish there to be any quarrel."

"But there is a quarrel, Captain Aylmer, and I must leave your father's house. I cannot stay here after what has taken place. Your mother told me——; I cannot tell you what she told me, but she made against me just those accusations which she knew it would be the hardest for me to bear."

"I'm sure you have mistaken her."

"No; I have not mistaken her."

"And where do you propose to go?"

"To Mrs. Askerton."

"Oh, Clara!"

"I have written to Mrs. Askerton to ask her to receive me for awhile. Indeed, I may almost say that I had no other choice."

"If you go there, Clara, there will be an end to everything."

"And there must be an end of what you call everything, Captain Aylmer," said she, smiling. "It cannot be for your good to bring into your family a wife of whom your mother would think so badly as she thinks of me."

There was a great deal said, and Captain Aylmer walked very often up and down the room, endeavouring to make some arrangement which might seem in some sort to appease his mother. Would Clara only allow a telegram to be sent to Mrs. Askerton, to explain that she had changed her mind? But Clara would allow no such telegram to be sent, and on that evening she packed up all her things. Captain Aylmer saw her again and again, sending Belinda backwards and forwards, and making different appointments up to midnight; but it was all to no purpose, and on the next morning she took her departure alone in the Aylmer Park carriage for the railway station. Captain Aylmer had proposed to go with her; but she had so stoutly declined his company that he was obliged to abandon his intention. She saw neither of the ladies on that morning, but Sir Anthony came out to say a word of farewell to her in the hall.

"I am very sorry for all this," said he.

"It is a pity," said Clara; "but it cannot be helped. Good-bye, Sir Anthony."

"I hope we may meet again under pleasanter circumstances," said the baronet.

To this Clara made no reply, and was then handed into the carriage by Captain Aylmer.

"I am so bewildered," said he, "that I cannot now say anything definite, but I shall write to you, and probably follow you."

"Do not follow me, pray, Captain Aylmer," said she. Then she was driven to the station; and as she passed through the lodges of the park entrance she took what she intended to be a final farewell of Aylmer Park.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THE GOOD AND EVIL OF TRADE-UNIONISM.

Of the features of our industrial system, none is more important to study than that most significant fact—the institution, growth, and power of Trade-Unionism. It is in reality the great practical solution of all labour questions, to which the labouring classes cling. Right or wrong, it is their great panacea. It is in many ways by far the most powerful element of our industrial system that has been yet organised into an institution. It thus goes to the very root of the most vital movements of society. It is not too much to say that the whole political, practical, and organising energies of the working class are thrown into it. If reform bills languish, and agitation lingers to awake, it is because they are absorbed in industrial rather than political leagues. No one can suppose that the existing dead calm and indecision in the political sphere really represents the practical instinct and energy of Englishmen. It is not so. Our real public movements and struggles are industrial. In them powers of will and sympathy are being exerted as keen as ever thrilled in our hottest political convulsions. Of this movement the heart and centre—the club-life—the associative, initiative, and reserve force, is Unionism—a force, on the whole, of which the public should know the whole truth—and nothing but the truth.

I. The first thing is to recognise the extent and importance of the movement itself. There is now before me the “Trades’ Union Directory for 1861,” by this time very imperfect. This report gives a list of 405 towns, chiefly in England, in which established trade societies exist. The total number of these societies falls not far short of 2,000. In London alone there are not fewer than 290. In Manchester there are 97, in Liverpool 57, in Sheffield 60, in Birmingham 42, in Glasgow 50, in Dublin 45. There is omitted in the list no single trade of which one ever heard the name, and there are a great many of which few ever heard the name (one appearing as the “Progressive Makers-up,” and another as the “Self-acting Minds”). Many of the unions into which the societies are amalgamated are themselves of astonishing extent. It is well known that the Amalgamated Engineers now number about 30,000; the Masons’ Union about half that number. The colliers, the carpenters, the bricklayers, the cotton-spinners, the smiths, and others, are united in joint associations numbering from 5,000 to 10,000 each. The total number of artisans united in all the various associations of the kingdom cannot fall short of half a million, and probably far exceeds that amount. The annual income of which they can dispose doubtless exceeds £1,000,000, and their total reserve funds are hardly less

(one society alone having nearly one-tenth of that sum). For all general purposes the Unions can count upon the support and contributions of at least an equal number of the workmen who are not regular members of the society. Their "war-footing," it may be said, is about double that of their peace establishment. For all practical purposes, therefore, the unions may be taken to represent the available strength of the whole skilled body of artisans. Nor are these recent or precarious associations. Most of them have steadily increased in numbers, income, and extent for the last ten or fifteen years. Trades in which the most obstinate struggles have taken place—the engineers, the colliers, the cotton-spinners, the building trades—still show the unions far larger and more flourishing than before. Any one who will take the trouble to collect and examine the latest trade circulars of the principal societies, will see the record of their progress. Increased numbers, wider area, and larger funds, are shown from year to year. Everywhere organisation, consolidation, and regularity extend. Englishmen, who never mistake the signs of commercial success, can hardly fail to see that there must be something at bottom to make these live; and men who know how to estimate political forces will recognise the strength of an institution that has an organisation to which no political association in the kingdom can distantly aspire.

In the face of facts like these, it does seem strange that sensible men, and even sensible employers, should continue to talk of unions as nests of misery, folly, and ruin. Men who have to deal with these powerful associations themselves can bring themselves to speak of them as "cancers to be cut out," as "diseases" and "madness" to be cured, and even suggest an Act of Parliament to suppress all associations whatever. It is like the Vatican raving at newspapers and railways. Such an Act of Parliament would be simply a social revolution. It would be as easy to eradicate the "cancer" of unionism as it would to eradicate the "cancer" of public meetings, or the "disease" of a free press. The fact that the flower of our artisan population are staunch unionists, does not prove that unions are beneficial. But it would be more reasonable if the public, and certainly if employers, would think it proved them to be not quite pestilent and suicidal. They are, from the mere fact of their importance, entitled to respect. No rational man can think that the working men of this country are likely to be found year after year more and more devoted to any system, if it were no less ruinous to themselves than vicious in principle. Unionism, right or wrong, is the grand movement in which the working classes have their heart. Men of sense will recognise this fact, and deal with it accordingly. It is the prevalence of misjudgments like these which makes these trade struggles so obstinate; and perhaps it is that which makes them so common.

There is a still worse form of misconception prevalent, which amounts sometimes to personal calumny. It is still the fashion to repeat that unions and strikes are uniformly the work of interested agitators. These men, in the stereotyped phrase, are supposed to drive their misguided victims like sheep. We hear from time to time employers giving us this account of the matter in apparent good faith; just as the Austrians always thought the Italian movement was the work of Mazzini. Now if there is one feature of unionism which is more singular than another it is the scrupulous care with which it maintains the principles of democratic and representative government. It would be difficult to find a single trade society in England in which any official or any board of managers could take any important step, or, what is the same thing, deal with the common funds without a regular written vote from their constituents. Those who talk of the action of a trade-union as if it were a body of Carbonari, must be entirely ignorant of the elaborate machinery by which a union is worked. Before any important step, much less before a general strike is determined on, regular voting papers are sent round to every member of the society; the step is discussed night after night in every separate lodge; if the subject requires it, delegates are chosen from each lodge; conferences are constantly held, often followed by fresh appeals to the constituencies; the discussions often last six months, and are practically public; the result is at length ascertained by a simple comparison of votes, and is often one which the secretaries and managers have no means whatever of influencing or even foreseeing.

In fact the vote on an important question of one of the large amalgamated societies scattered over the country, the separate lodges of which discuss the subject under very different conditions, and the body of which the secretaries have no means whatever of addressing or meeting, is the purest type of democratic representation of opinion. The subject is one which usually touches each voter, his comfort, his family, and his future, in the most vital manner; it relates to matters with which he is perfectly familiar; he is not accessible to personal appeal, nor, except in a very small degree, to written addresses from any central authority; it is one which he has to discuss with a small number of his fellows, and on which he has to vote with a very large number, but without communication; the ordinary machinery of canvassing, excitement, and party agitation, is simply impossible; and the result is one which it is out of the question to predict. It is a species of pure democratic united with true representative government. The members individually vote as in an ancient republic, but generally with the assistance and counsel of special representative assemblies, and invariably in separate and independent groups. If any system ever yet devised makes a dictator or a demagogue im-

possible it is this. Its great defect is its cumbrousness and want of concentration. But of all others it is the way to bring out the deliberate opinion of every individual member. It is this—not infatuation—which makes a deliberate strike so obstinate. There is no political institution in this country which carries self-government to anything like the same pitch. And, what should not be forgotten, it is a system which has already given the whole class a very high degree of political education.

As to the managers of these associations they are invariably elected periodically by the same general suffrage. They are almost invariably simple members of the body themselves, and their salaries scarcely exceed their ordinary wages. So far as the personal knowledge of the writer goes (and it is not inconsiderable), they are usually honest, sensible men of business, sometimes strikingly deficient in the art of expression, and the powers of party agitators. The men who direct a strike have usually been at their work until its commencement, and would usually return to it at its close, were it not that they are too often chased out of their trade by all the employers in concert. The ordinary language about paid demagogues has been used even respecting the recent Staffordshire strike in the iron trade. It is notorious (for their deliberations have been published in the newspapers) that it was due to the fixed resolutions of the whole body of workmen, who long and carefully considered in council every step of the action; who were totally free from any control by their leaders, and repeatedly rejected their advice. It ought to be known that the strike was prolonged many weeks because the men refused to suffer this persecution of their representatives. It is injustice like this which embitters these struggles and often makes the phrases about the "good feeling of the employers" little better than cruel cant.

But as this is a matter which it were better not to leave to individual testimony, it may be as well to cite an independent and authoritative opinion. In 1860 a special report upon unions and strikes was made by a committee of gentlemen for the Social Science Association. The report is signed by the chairman, Sir J. K. Shuttleworth, the late chairman of the Lancashire Relief Committee. The Committee embraced several large employers and manufacturers, politicians, economists, and statisticians, such as Mr. Acland, Mr. Akroyd, M.P., Mr. Charles Buxton, M.P., Dr. Farr, Professor Fawcett, M.P., Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P., Mr. Freeland, M.P., Mr. R. H. Hutton, Mr. Geo. Lefevre, M.P., Mr. Horace Mann, Professor Wilson, and many others. Men like these, accustomed to parliamentary and economical inquiries all their lives, and very far from being sentimental philanthropists, amassed an immense body of information respecting trade societies and strikes from all parts of

the kingdom and every known trade. They produced, in fact, the most valuable blue book respecting industry ever composed. They published in a report a summary of the conclusions to which this very large body of materials had led them. The opinion of such a committee may fairly be considered as authoritative, and to outweigh a hundredfold the general notions of any one man based on partial experience. In the report we find the committee say :—

"The character, ability, and wisdom of the leaders of trade societies also naturally vary much in different trades. So far as this committee have been brought into personal connection with societies' officers, their experience is, that the leaders are for the most part quite superior to the majority of their fellow-workmen, in intelligence and moderation. The effect of trades' societies as an education in the art of self-government is important. Many of the societies have organisations of an elaborate character, and have a machinery for taking the votes of the trade, at once simple and effectual; and in many trades, no strike can be authorised until the question has been discussed by several committees. This gives a habit of deliberation before action, which cannot but have a good effect. The leaders of trades' societies are known and responsible men; they have the confidence of their own class. However wrong-headed in particular cases the leaders of unions may be, they are the duly elected representatives of their trade, and ought to be treated with consideration and courtesy. The fiction that they are self-elected is one which it would not be worth alluding to, if it had not been seriously repeated in the *Edinburgh Review*. So far as the committee has been able to learn, the officers of trades' societies are genuinely the representatives of their constituencies."

After a judicial opinion from such competent inquirers, the testimony of an individual is of small value; but the present writer, who has for years known intimately the managers of very many societies, cannot refrain from bearing his witness that amongst them are to be found men as upright, enlightened, and honourable as any in the community; that the influence they possess is almost always the result of tried ability and character; and the instances of such men living out of their followers' necessities are extremely rare. For the most part they go through hard clerks' routine of accounts and reports, under a good deal of persecution from the employers, and are not seldom the most conservative and peaceful counsellors in the whole society. As the report of the committee above cited shows, the union is frequently able to suppress the tendency to indiscriminate strikes. It is, indeed, notorious that the faults into which the leaders of the established unions are apt to fall are routine and excess of caution. I have myself seen a circular issued by the council of an amalgamated society to warn the members against the disposition to strike for which a sudden improvement of trade had given great facilities. The larger and more established the unions become, the fewer causes of struggle arise. And there would be no greater security for the employer and the public than that the societies should be stronger, and their leaders more trusted.

II. Next to the character of these societies and their leaders being fairly judged, it is very desirable that the truth be ascertained as to the success or non-success of strikes. It used to be frequently said, and it has been repeated occasionally by employers, that strikes never succeed. It is only the other day that the newspapers informed us of a very important strike which did result in a great increase of wages. The carpenters of London, a body numbering from 10,000 to 15,000, the majority of whom are in union, demanded, and after a strike of some weeks, defeating a threatened lock-out, succeeded in obtaining, an advance of wages of about 10 per cent. This advance is now being given to the other building trades, and will soon be general. No one doubts that this rise is permanent, and will never be reduced. There is here an undoubted instance of a body numbering nearly 40,000 men obtaining a large and permanent rise of wages by means of a strike. How this is economically possible had better be answered by those economists who first invent industrial laws, and then invent facts to fit them.

The statement, indeed, is so contrary to the experience of every one who has been able to look at the question from an independent point, and over a wide area, that there is overwhelming proof that it is entirely erroneous. Any one who will search the files of a working-class organ, such as the *Bee-Hive*, will find accurate reports of countless successful strikes, over every part of England. The present writer has in his possession a list of the successful strikes for one single trade in one year. This list contains more than eighty instances in which one union in that period had by actual or threatened strikes obtained increased wages, or, what is the same thing, shorter hours. It is well known that in most of the West Yorkshire and Lancashire cities, the masons have by strikes succeeded within the last few years in raising their wages or reducing their hours, and in several cases both at once. Several of these strikes were of short duration, but some of them were most obstinate. In 1860 the masons of Edinburgh obtained a reduction of hours (which has since been followed by an increase of wages), by a most protracted strike, the details of which are given in the Transactions of the Association for 1861. There now lies before the writer a list of thirty-four towns in which the bricklayers' union has within the last three years obtained *both* a rise of wages and a reduction of time. In fact, for every argument which the economic theorist can invent to prove that unions and strikes *can* have no effect in raising wages, it would be easy to produce at least one hundred instances in which they *have* done so. The volume already cited will give a profusion of facts, from which the same conclusion follows. At page 287 there occurs the following list, as a statement for one trade in one city, the Glasgow carpenters.

"1852. Strike for a rise from 22s. to 24s. per week. Struggle short but successful.

"1854. For a reduction of time from sixty to fifty-seven hours per week. The masters volunteered to pay extra for the additional hours; but the men declined, and after a short struggle succeeded in their end.

"1855. January. To resist a return to the sixty hours. Struggle for six weeks. Eventually successful.

"1855. May. Strike of ship joiners only, for a rise in their wages for sixty hours' work, for 24s. to 27s. Lasted nine months. Ended successfully.

"1857. March. For a rise from 24s. to 26s. Lasted a few days. Successful.

"1857. October. Against a reduction from 26s. to 23s. 9d. Lasted a fortnight, and failed.

"1858. For a rise from 23s. 9d. to 26s. After a few days successful."

At page 290, with respect to the Glasgow painters, we read :—

"Wages in 1845 were 3½d.; in 1847, 4d. In 1850 there was a strike, and wages rose to 4½d. In 1855 there was another strike, and they rose to 5d., and have remained at that point ever since."

Throughout the volume similar instances may be found. It will, however, be more to the purpose to cite the language of the report, which is to this effect :—

"The committee have not found that the constant assertion that strikes are scarcely ever successful, is at all borne out by facts."

In one of the special reports (page 265) based on information supplied by masters as well as men, in more than twenty different trades, we find :—

"The position of the Scottish miners seems to have risen and fallen with their union, without any other disturbing causes. The least united trades, as those of the London bakers, the hand-loomers, &c., are stated to be the worst off; and in one and the same trade non-unionists are represented as receiving less wages than unionists. *Instances are accumulated of successful efforts on the part of societies to raise or keep up wages, and only very rare instances are produced of a general rise without combination.*"

It is a singular instance of the hold obtained by vicious theories, when they coincide with the prejudices of self-interest, that it is possible, even in the face of unimpeachable and overwhelming testimony such as this, to repeat the old dogma respecting the inutility of strikes. Even the practical knowledge which the duties of employers give them serves often to obscure rather than clear their judgment, and the inquiries of a perfectly disinterested observer who has taken the trouble to study the subject over a wide area, are generally ten times more trustworthy than the conclusions of a partisan who knows only his own particular trade. The strikes of thirty or forty years ago simply prove nothing as to the present. The strikes and unions of that period were all vitiated by the pernicious system which grew out of the high-handed injustice of the combination laws. The principal argument against these laws was that they fostered (as all

tyranny does) a desperate spirit of conspiracy; their foulest wrong was to have perverted the temper of the working classes for a generation. It was not till the generation which had suffered this oppression, had passed away that unions assumed a healthy condition, and were conducted with moderation and good sense. Happily that time has come. No one pretends now that "incendiarism, vitriol-throwing, and murder," are characteristics of a modern strike, or that the secretary of a modern union is a sort of Old Man of the Mountain. It is a pity to thrust this "Spectre Rouge" into industrial discussions.

Again, the sums which are absurdly calculated as "lost" in a strike, are usually not lost at all, but only retained. No doubt, in every prolonged strike a good deal is lost, but it is chiefly in interest upon fixed capital. To calculate all the sums which might have been spent in wages as "lost" or "wasted" is simply puerile. The wages fund, in the language of economists, is the sum which the capitalist devotes to the payment of wages; and since in a general strike or lock-out the owners of vast and costly factories cannot employ the fund (except temporarily) in any other way, and their customers have to wait for their goods, sooner or later, the wages fund, or most of it, is paid to the workmen in the trade. Whether it comes to them regularly or spasmodically, signifies a great deal to the well-being of the recipients; but in the long run, they get the gross sum, though somewhat discounted. General and even partial strikes are usually preceded and succeeded by extra production and labour, which nearly equalise the rate for the whole period. Very many lock-outs (and it seems now that of Staffordshire forms no exception) are simply a mode of stopping production during a stagnant state of trade, and are occasionally only a device of some of the more powerful employers to force their own body to cease production, whilst they are waiting or manœuvring for a rise of price. During a strike both masters and men reduce all expenditure to a minimum which by itself is an obvious saving. And there are many strikes and lock-outs in which the actual loss from various causes is a trifle, or where it would be inevitable from other causes. But in any case, to calculate the deferred expenditure of wages as "loss," is a sophistical use of terms. The employer in a strike suffers the loss of interest on fixed capital, and of his profit (a loss which is often from other reasons inevitable); the workman suffers a loss of comfort which is often compensated by the discipline it enforces. The real loss is the loss of common interest and good feeling; but the supposed loss of wages rests generally on a mere juggle of words.

A careful investigation of the subject in such records as that of the volume cited, totally dispels the prevalent idea that unions and strikes have no object but that of raising wages and in that object they invariably meet a "miserable monotony of defeat."

The unions and strikes of Lancashire spinners in 1824 and 1830 are merely the antiquarianism of the subject. The matter which alone concerns us is that these unions are now strong enough to resist any reductions of wage-lists even in the worst times of the cotton distress. How much money was "lost" in the strike of the Manchester builders in 1833 is of no moment whatever. The fact is that for the last ten years the builders' unions in Manchester have been absolutely paramount, to a degree which the best friends of unions must regret; they have raised wages and reduced hours repeatedly within a few years, and they have exacted by a strike from the employers (who, it must be said with pain, are entirely in their power) an elaborate code of rules which has been strictly observed. This is not a state of things which the present writer or any true friend of the working class can see without apprehension; but as a fact it is indisputable. And if they did expend £72,000 in 1833 the money from the point of view of the men must be said to have brought them an immense per-centage.

The strike of the Preston spinners in 1836 does not bear on the question of unionism at all, as the men were not supported by a union, but by precarious charity. The far more important strike in 1853 was, indeed, not ultimately successful. But no one can read the account of it by Mr. Lowe without acknowledging the extraordinary resolution displayed by the men, the substantial grounds for their attempt, and the thorough honesty of their leaders. It is well known in Preston that this great struggle was in reality a drawn battle, which has left the union far stronger than before, and has given the men a much more definite position.

The strike of the Northern colliers in 1832 under the old system teaches us nothing new. If any one is disposed to infer from its story that the colliers' union is at an end, or that no colliers' strike succeeded, he may read with profit the Transactions of the Miners' National Association for 1863, and the account of the West Yorkshire lock-out of 1858 by Mr. Ludlow, in the volume so often previously cited. The former will show how delegates from the miners of the United Kingdom, a body numbering more than a quarter of a million, act in concert, and what they have to say in conference. In the latter may be seen how a very obstinate strike resulted in the distinct success of the men, whose union in West Yorkshire is now in a very flourishing state, and has greatly raised the condition of the colliers of the district.

The recent strike in the collieries of Messrs. Strakers and Love, it has been said, "turned on the inevitable question—Were the proprietors or was the union to be the masters of the collieries?" It rather turned on the question—Were the proprietors to confiscate a large portion of the men's wages? It is a rule in many collieries

(and it appears that at Brancepeth it was carried to excess) that tubs of coal which come up from the pit less than brim-full are "confiscated"—that is, the owner takes the coal and pays the collier *nothing for it*. This rule is worked up into a system, and is carried to such a pitch that the men's wages are reduced 10 or 15 per cent. thereby.

The Legislature, it is well known, has been obliged to protect the men by giving them power to appoint an inspector of the weighing, but by a system of collusion, far from uncommon, this protection is unavailing. The tub or "corf" in ascending the pit's shaft will, in spite of every care, be shaken and come up less than brim-full, in which case the owner gets it for nothing. The complaints of the colliers on this subject from all parts of England are too precise and universal to allow any doubt that the practice is a real system of extortion, which sometimes amounts to a very heavy deduction of wages. The following statement, extracted from the Miners' Report, page 59, is eloquent enough :—

"WOMBWELL MAIN COLLIERY, YORKSHIRE.

"A correct account of the *actual weight* of coals got and sent out of the above colliery, by six steady working colliers, in the fortnight ending April 10th, 1860; also showing the *weight paid for*, and the *loss* to the workmen by the present system. These men send 21 to the score, and 21 cwt. to the ton :—

	Tubs sent. (10½ cwt. each.)	Tubs paid for.	Tubs not paid for.
Sampson Ellis	196	186	10 or 105 cwt.
H. Adams	239	230	9 or 96 „
Thomas Briggs	211	201	10 or 105 „
Michael Sidebottom	239	228	11 or 115½ „
M. Littlewood	216	207	9 or 94½ „
J. Shires	234	225	9 or 94½ „

Showing a loss to the above six working men, at the above colliery, to be in the aggregate 20 tons 10½ cwt., which, at 1s. 2d. per ton, amounts to £1 7s. 3d., or 4s. 6½d. per man for the fortnight."

It was to resist a wholesale fraud like this that the Brancepeth colliers struck. The proprietors still remain "masters of the collieries," but the colliers, who left their pits, have not, as a body, returned to them. Until an Act of Parliament steps in to check this abuse the unions are doing their best to protect the workmen, but in the meantime the opponents of unions had better select some other ground for their argument rather than that of this fraudulent injustice.

Strikes like that of the Amalgamated Engineers, of the Bolton weavers, and of the London builders, can none of them be considered as real failures. Though apparently unsuccessful, the spirit of union they called out, and the energy of their action, impressed the employers too strongly for them lightly to attempt a new contest. The engineers' union has since the struggle trebled its

numbers, and is so strong that no contest with it would have a chance of success. It is said that it is now simply a benefit society. Most unions are benefit societies, and usually expend at least three-fourths of their income in the ordinary business of insurance. The engineers' union happily has now no other function, since its strength is so well known that it never has to be exercised in a trade dispute of its own. Its recognised power and moderation alone suffice for the maintenance of very strict rules, which it was the object of the strike to obtain, and which are now universally observed. It is a mistake to say that the workmen's wages have "steadily advanced." They have not been raised in this trade for ten years. The union, strong as it is, has not raised wages or attempted to do so. It has rather prevented the natural rise. But it has done what is far better. It has prevented any fall of wages, any dismissal of hands, and almost all "overtime." It is now the most important association existing in industry. Its power, and the good sense of its management, make it equally valuable to the employers and the employed. It gives a constitutional system to both, and by its beneficent action it has in its own trade extinguished contentions, by protecting the workman from every real grievance, and earning from him in return the right to moderate his demands. A benefit society it is; but its chief benefit is that it makes the workman's existence secure and regular. A trade union it is also, but one, like England, peaceful; for it is too strong to be attacked.

As to the strike of the builders of London, a good deal of the same kind may be said. Their strike in 1860 was virtually one against "overtime," which the unions have for the most part succeeded in suppressing. The fact that they have within a few months raised wages 10 per cent. by means of a strike does not look like failing power. In fact, the unions of the builders in London never were so strong as they are now, and the time cannot be far distant when they will obtain their great object—one in which the community has so deep an interest in wishing them success—the day of nine hours' work.

With the very doubtful nature of the result of these alleged unsuccessful strikes, and with the great array of the successful strikes, to mention only very the large ones—the recent strike in the London building trade, the great strike of the Midland builders in the winter against the "discharge note," of the Lancashire bricklayers, of the Yorkshire and Scotch masons, in nearly each of the great cities of the North, of the West Yorkshire colliers, all of which have manifestly succeeded—it is strange to find people still speaking of strikes as showing only "a miserable monotony of defeat." It reminds us of the language which the Confederate organs used to apply to the Union armies up to the moment of Lee's surrender—and

can as little serve its object. The machine-breaking and vitriol-throwing of 1826, has as little bearing on the subject as the insurrection of Wat Tyler, or the Jacquerie in France. The records of the large amalgamated societies throughout the kingdom show lists of many hundreds of successful strikes, and the deliberate judgment of the Committee on Strikes already cited will probably be taken as conclusive. Strikes, of course, frequently fail. But a careful comparison will show the following results :—

1. Strikes to obtain a rise of wages or a reduction of hours usually succeed.
2. Strikes to resist a reduction of wages usually fail.
3. Strikes to enforce trade rules or to suppress objectionable practices, usually fail in appearance and succeed in reality.
4. Lock-outs to crush unions invariably fail.

III. After that of general protection against abuses and against overtime, one of the chief and the most useful functions of Unionism is to resist the tendency to continual fluctuations in wages. At first sight nothing seems more natural than that wages should vary with the price of the product. The principal objection, however, against the sliding scale of wages and prices is that it associates the workmen directly with the gambling vicissitudes of the market. To do this is to destroy one of the benefits of civilisation and the social justification of large capitals. It is of vital interest to society that the actual labourer should have a regular and not a fluctuating means of subsistence. As he can save but little, he has no reserve to stand sudden changes; and sudden loss or stoppage of his wages means moral and physical degradation to him. He has not the education or the means of foreseeing, much less of providing against, the wider influences of the market. The great gains and the great losses naturally should fall to the share of the capitalist alone. He and his order can act on the state of the market, and are bound to watch and know its movements. Society is bound to protect them only on condition that they perform this function satisfactorily. But to let every little vicissitude of the market fall directly on the mere labourer, who knows nothing about it and cannot affect it if he did, is simple barbarism. In such a state of things the capitalist abdicates his real post and becomes a mere job-master or ganger. He associates his helpless workmen in every speculative adventure. He leaves them to bear the effects of a glut which his recklessness may have caused, or of a foreign war which his prudence might have foreseen. Every fall in the price of wares, fluctuating as this is from a complication of accidents, mulcts the labourer suddenly of ten, twelve, or fifteen per cent. of his living. How many middle-class families could stand this every quarter? To the labourer, who has no reserve, no credit, and no funded income, and who by the

necessity of the case lives from week to week and from hand to mouth, it means the sacrifice of his comforts, of his children's education, of his honest efforts. There was truth, though it may be not very fully expressed, in the words of the old puddler at the recent conference: "He knew no reason why working men's wages were to be pulled to pieces to suit the foreign markets." Capital, in fact, would become a social nuisance if it could only make the labourer a blind co-speculator in its adventures.

It is, of course, far from the writer's meaning that wages must not in the long run be accommodated to profits. From year to year, or over longer periods, wages will gradually find their level. But it is a totally different thing that they should fluctuate with all the erratic movements incident to every market price-list. A merchant will not give to his accountants more than the average salaries of his business. He does not, however, walk into his counting-house, and tell his clerks that, having lost a ship which he forgot to insure, he reduces their salaries ten per cent. The wages of all the superior trades are, or might be, nearly stationary for long periods together. The engineers, who form a branch of the iron trade, subject to amazing fluctuations, have been paid at the same rates now invariably for more than ten years. So till the rise of the last few months had the London builders. Of course the men, to do this, must have foregone every temporary or partial rise. For their true good these sudden advances in wages do them more real harm even than sudden reduction. Acting on this principle the trades just mentioned, and most of the leading trades, have maintained an unvarying rate of wages, as well as suppressed those spasmodic seasons of excessive production and sudden cessation which form the glory of the race of industrial conquerors. But to do this the workmen must have a union capable of putting them on an equality with capital.

As it is this interference with what is called Free Trade which is the main charge against unionism, it is important to examine this question in detail. It is often asked why cannot the fifty shillings' worth of puddling be bought in the same manner as fifty shillings' worth of pig-iron? Well, one thing is, that the pig-iron can wait till next week or next month. It is in no immediate hurry. But the fifty shillings' worth of puddling cannot wait, even a few days. The "human machine" in question is liable to the fatal defect of dying. Nor is it in all the relations of life that "each man is free to bargain for himself." It is curious in how many sides of our existence this liberty is curtailed. If one wants £1,000 worth of horse, one can go to Tattersall's and buy it without question. But if one wants £1,000 worth of wife, there will be a good many questions asked, and a good many people to consult. The lady's relations even may wish to say something; there may

be all sorts of stipulations, to say nothing of settlements. A man cannot buy a place in a partnership exactly in open market. He cannot go to a physician or a lawyer or a priest and haggle about the fee. In fact, wherever there are close or permanent human relations, between one man and many, an understanding with all jointly is the regular course. Every partnership of labour, all co-operation to effect anything in common, involves this mutual agreement between all. It is because employers fail to see that manufacture is only the combined labour of many of which they are the managers, that they regard the whole concern, stock, plant, and "hands," as raw material, to be bought and sold. The iron-master who buys pig-iron is not entering into permanent relations with it, or even with its possessor. It cannot work with him, obey him, trust him. The "human machine," however, is a very surprising engine. It has a multitude of wants, a variety of feelings, and is capable of numerous human impulses which are commonly called human nature. An iron-master cannot buy in open market fifty shillings' worth of puddling, because he does not want fifty shillings' worth of puddling. It would be of no good to him if he had it. He wants a man who will work, not his fifty shillings' worth of puddling, but day by day and year by year; who will work when he is not himself overlooking him; who will work intelligently, and not ruin his machinery and waste his stuff; who will not cheat him, or rob him, or murder him; who will work as a chance hireling will not and cannot work; who will trust him to act fairly, and feel pride in his work, and in the place. If he cannot get men like these he knows that he will be ruined and undersold by those who can. He knows that fifty shillings' worth of black slave would not help him, nor fifty shillings' worth of steam engine. Do what he will, perfect machinery to a miracle, still the manufacturer must ultimately depend on the co-operation of human brains and hearts. No "human machinery" will serve his end. Can a general in war buy fifty shillings' worth of devoted soldiers? Can he make his bargain with each man of his army separately? They are too precious to be picked up in a moment, and their efficiency lies in their union. If the iron-master had to go into the labour market as often as he has to go into the iron market, and haggle for every day's work as he does for every pig and bar, he would be a dead or ruined man in a year. He cannot buy puddling as he can buy pigs, because in one word men are not pig-iron. Sentiment this, perhaps; but a sentiment which cannot be conquered, and produces stern facts. For the fifty shillings' worth of puddling by long reflection has discovered that to the making of iron goes the enduring willing intelligent labour of many trained men; that it is work which is impossible without a permanent combination of will and

thought, but the produce of which may be unfairly divided unless all act with a spirit of mutual defence and protection. They see their employers too often forgetting this, the underlying fact of all industry, and their answer is, Unionism. Sentimental! emotional economy! but a fact. When pigs and bars of iron exhibit a similar phenomenon, an iron-master will buy his fifty shillings' worth of puddling as freely as he buys his pigs or his bars,—but not till then.

IV. It seems almost waste of time, in the face of the prevalent tendency of working-men to unite, to argue that there is not the slightest necessity for it. But the fact that without combination the capitalist has a tremendous advantage over the labourer is so important a matter in this discussion, that it may be well to examine it further. Now this advantage arises in at least three ways. In the first place, although the workmen altogether are just as necessary to the capitalist as he is to them, yet in a great factory each separate workman is of infinitesimal necessity to the proprietor, whilst he is of vital necessity to the workman. The employer of 1,000 men can without inconvenience at any moment dispense with one man or even ten men. The one man, however, if he has no means or reserve to find other employment, must submit on pain of destitution to himself and his family. In the same way, if there were absolutely no concert or communication between them, the employer could easily deal with every one of his thousand hands in succession, just as a giant could destroy an army if he could get at each man separately. But the moment they agree to act together, and to help each other in turn, the bargain is equalised; the need which each side has of the other is on a par, and the power each has to hold its ground is nearly equivalent.

In the second place, the kind of need which each has of the other is very different. The capitalist needs the labourer to make larger profits. A diminution of these, their total cessation, and positive loss, is an evil; but it is an evil which most capitalists can very well sustain, and often experience, for years at a time. A strike or a lock-out is a blow to a capitalist; but it is like a bad debt or a bad speculation,—it is an incident of his trade, allowed for and provided against. But to the workman (who would not be a workman if he had even a little capital) the stoppage of wages, in the absence of any combination or fund, means utter destruction, disease, death, and personal degradation, eviction from his house and home, the sale of his goods and belongings, the break-up of his household, the humiliation of his wife, the ruin of his children's bodies and minds. To the capitalist a trade struggle is a blot in his balance-sheet. To the workman, *if isolated and unaided*, it means every affliction which the imagination can conceive.

Thirdly, this is a question in which time is all-important. To the

capitalist weeks or months at most represent pecuniary loss. To the unaided workman weeks often, to say nothing of months, are simply starvation for himself and his family. Alone, the working man must take his wages down on Saturday night at a fearful discount. If he could wait for his money he would get them in full. The Dorsetshire labourer, ignorant and hopeless, could get double wages in a Northern county—if he could get there. He sometimes knows this; but he will not leave his wife and children to the death of the grave or the workhouse. If all the labourers in England could lie in bed for a month during harvest, they might get any wages they liked to ask; and a dozen of champagne all round. Wages' questions are simply questions of time, and capital means insurance against time. The familiar and recognised analysis of labour and capital comes only to this—that capital forms the store by which the workmen are supported until the joint product can be utilised or exchanged; wages are only the portions of this store meted out periodically to the workmen whilst they are uniting and labouring. By the very essence of this arrangement the possessor of this store (and in the abstract no man is the possessor of it except by the free will of the rest) can wait his own time. The recipients of it cannot. To any one who follows out all these considerations, it may well seem simple pedantry to accumulate arguments to show that the capitalist and the individual workman are on equal terms. It is obvious to the daily experience of all mankind that they are not; and all the reasoning in the world cannot make them to be so.

There remains, of course, to be noticed, the competition of the employers. This is the sole reply of the other side to all the reasons just mentioned. No doubt the influence of this competition is very great—without it the workmen would be (what they only occasionally are) at the mercy of the capitalists. But the question is, whether its influence is so great as to counterbalance all else on the other side, and establish an equality. Now this competition of the employers for the workmen is subject to two very important qualifications. The first is that there is a universal and irresistible tendency in all employers, which (as Adam Smith shows) is much more powerful and efficient in the smaller class—capitalists and sellers as against the workmen and the public—not to raise wages or lower prices. This is the "silent combination," which needs no formal expression, and generally becomes a point of honour. To such a pitch is this carried that, for instance in the iron trade, the association practically binds its members to fixed prices and wages. So that in this very iron trade this competition of the employers for the men does not exist. As a last resort the employers will compete against each other for the workmen, but they know it is a suicidal measure. It is one which their small numbers, superior foresight, and power of holding over,

makes them able to dispense with except at the last pinch. And it is, therefore, but sparingly employed. In all North Staffordshire, the scene of the late iron strike, there are said to be but six firms, and those are in close combination. Is it likely they bid against each other for men?

There is a second very important qualification, also, which neutralises this competition of the capitalists with each other. This is the competition of the workmen with each other. Just as, if left quite to itself, there may be a tendency amongst employers to raise wages by bidding against each other for "hands;" so there is as strong, or a stronger, tendency amongst the employed to lower wages by bidding against each other for employment. Sometimes, if markets are very brisk, capital seeks labour; but more often in this country labour seeks capital. With our redundant population and our vast reserve of labour-power just struggling for life—that incubus of destitute and unemployed labour which lies so heavily on all efforts of our artisans, hungering for their places—the common state of things is that of labourers competing for employment. At any rate competition is as broad as it is long. What the employer loses by it when business is pressing, he gains by it when labour is plentiful. And this competition, one so fluctuating and vast, is outside any conceivable combination or union of the men. Nothing can prevent the dregs or Helotism of labour from continually underselling it. Surely this use of competition in the argument is thoroughly one-eyed. We are told that for the workman's protection and relief against low wages, oppression, or sharp practice, there is the great compensator, the competitions of the masters. They quite overlook the fact that this is at least counter-balanced by the competition of the men. Our case is that the individual workman has to struggle incessantly against this competition—*plus* the position, the opportunities, the waiting and reserve power which his capital gives to the employer.

Why, it is asked, is the puddler more at the mercy of the great capitalist than the farmer is of the corndealer? No doubt every small capitalist is at a great disadvantage in dealing with a very great capitalist. But the disadvantage of the mere day workman in dealing with his employer is out of all proportion to this. The seller of all wares has a certain stock, a certain reserve power, a capital of some kind, which by the conditions of his existence the day labourer has not. The former can wait at least for some time; he can send his wares from market to market. To the mere day worker it is often this market or none—this wage or none—lower rates or starvation. Now under all this lies the fundamental fallacy which distorts the reasoning of many capitalists and most economists. We come, in fact, to the root of the matter. The labourer HAS NOT GOT A THING TO SELL. The labour market, as it is called by an unhappy figure, is

in reality totally unlike the produce market. There are three grand features in which *labour* differs from a *commodity*. Firstly, every seller of wares, even a hawker, has by the hypothesis a *stock*, a realised store, a portable visible thing—a commodity. If he were in need of immediate support—that is, wages—he would not be a seller or trader at all. The trader is necessarily relieved of all immediate and certainly of all physical pressure of want. The difference here between £100 and nothing is infinite. It is so difficult to persuade millionaires that the whole human race have not got private capitals and sums in the funds. To a large class of working men, however, it is a daily question and need—get bread to-morrow, or die. The labourer has nothing to fall back upon, and a few lost hours pull him down.

In the second place, in most cases the seller of a commodity can send it or carry it about from place to place, and market to market, with perfect ease. He need not be on the spot—he generally can send a sample—he usually treats by correspondence. A merchant sits in his counting-house, and by a few letters and forms transports and distributes the subsistence of a whole city from continent to continent. In other cases, as the shopkeeper, the ebb and flow of passing multitudes supplies the want of locomotion in his wares. His customers supply the locomotion for him. This is a true market. Here competition acts rapidly, fully, simply, and fairly. It is totally otherwise with a day labourer, who has no commodity to sell. He must be himself present at every market—which means costly personal locomotion. He cannot correspond with his employer; he cannot send a sample of his strength; nor do employers knock at his cottage door. This is not a market. There is but one true labour market: where the negro slave is (or rather was) sold like a horse. But here, as in the horse fair, the bargain is not made with the negro or the horse, but with the trader who owns them, and who is, strictly speaking, a merchant freely on equal terms disposing of a commodity. But if the horse or the negro came to sell himself, what sort of bargain would he make, starving in the very market? In a word, there is no real market, no true sale of a commodity, where vendor and wares are one and the same—and that one a man—totally without resources or provisions for himself—with the wants of a citizen, and a family at home.

Thirdly (and this is the important point), the labourer has not got a commodity to sell, because what he seeks to do is not to exchange products, but to combine to produce. When buyer and seller meet, in market or out, the price is paid, the goods change hands, they part, the contract is complete, the transaction ends. Even where, as in complex dealings, the bargain is prolonged, it is a dealing in specific goods. It is not the formation of a continuous relation which for the workman at least absorbs and determines his whole

life. If the trader fails to do business with one customer, he turns to another. The business over, he leaves him, perhaps for ever. In any case the contract is a contract for the sale (*i.e.* simple transfer) of one specific thing. How totally different is this from the relations of employer and employed. This is permanent, or rather continuous—it involves the entire existence of one at least—it implies sustained co-operation. This is no contract to sell something, it is the contract to do something, it is a contract of partnership or joint activity, it is an association involving every side of life. The workman must live close to his work, his hours must conform to it; the arrangement of his household, his wife's duties and occupations, his home in every detail, are wholly dependent on the terms and conditions of this work. The person by whom he is employed, and certainly the class of employers, can affect him for good or evil in the most constant or vital manner. His whole comfort, peace, and success—very often his health—under the factory system, usually his dwelling, are in the hands of this same employer. By a series of small arrangements, difficult to follow in detail, this employer can make his position satisfactory or intolerable. Nothing is more fallacious than to call labour questions simply a matter of wages or money. } Quite apart from the price of the labour, there are in most trades a multitude of conditions and circumstances which make the whole difference to the well-being of the workmen. Do men know, for instance, the life of a London bricklayer, who changes his lodging often once a quarter, and often walks six miles before he begins his ten-hour day at six o'clock? Every time he has to change his employer (who at most, on his side, has to wait till he gets another man), the workman has to give up his home, break up his household, separate from his wife, draw his children from school, and suffer infinite differences affecting his comfort, health, and plans. A few weeks out of work may ruin the prospects of his son, injure his family's health, turn them out of a familiar home, and change him to a broken man. Let us remember that this competition implies the constant locomotion of families. And then let us trace out the moral and mental consequences of this chance life. Even in the higher branches an artisan family lead a frightfully nomad existence. Any one who has known working men in their homes must have been painfully struck with the difficulty of tracing them after a few months. What would be the feeling of our middle classes to be subject to a similar competition—a competition not confined to their warehouses, and affecting only their balance-sheet, but one which tossed about their homes like counters, brought them now and then to the gate of the workhouse, and rode at random over every detail of their lives?

Much of this is of course inevitable. It is a life which happily

has its compensations. But what concerns us now is to see how utterly different is this state of things from the selling of a commodity. What sale of a commodity affects this complex network of human relations? It would be as right to speak of every trader needing a partner, every woman ready for marriage, every applicant for a post of trust, as having a commodity to sell. The followers of Napoleon and Garibaldi were not simply men having a commodity to sell. The engagement of a workman for hire is, as completely as these cases are, an instance of a voluntary combination of energies and capacities. The union of capitalist and labourers is, in the highest sense, a partnership involving a real equality of duties and powers,—they finding the strength, the patience, the manual skill, the physical exhaustion,—he finding the management, the machinery, the immediate means of subsistence, and, by rights, the protection of all kinds. He and they are as necessary to each other as men in any relation of life. They can affect each other as intimately for good and for bad as can any partners whatever. The dignity of their work and lives rests in their knowing and performing their mutual duties and their common tasks. Applied to this noble and intimate relation of life—this grand institution of society—the language of the market or of barter is a cruel and senseless cant. Nor will any sound condition of labour exist until the captains of Industry come to feel themselves to be life-long fellow-soldiers with the lowest fighter in the Battle of Labour, and have ceased to speak of themselves as speculators who go into one market to buy fifty shillings' worth of pig-iron, and into another to buy fifty shillings' worth of puddling.

It is essentially for this sort of *protection* that unionism is devised. Any one who regards it as a simple instrument to raise wages is, as Adam Smith says, "as ignorant of the subject as of human nature." Unionism, above all, aims at making regular, even, and safe the workman's life. No one who had not specially studied it would conceive the vast array of grievances against which unionism and strikes are directed. If we looked only to that side of the question, we should come to fancy that from the whole field of labour there went up one universal protest against injustice. There is a "miserable monotony" of wrong and suffering in it. Excessive labour, irregular labour, spasmodic over-work, spasmodic locking-out, "over-time," "short time," double time, night work, Sunday work, truck in every form, overlookers' extortion, payment in kind, wages reduced by drawbacks, "long pays," or wages held back, fines, confiscations, rent and implements irregularly stopped out of wages, evictions from tenements, "black lists" of men, short weights, false reckoning, forfeits, children's labour, women's labour, unhealthy labour, deadly factories and processes, ungarded machinery, defective machinery, preventible accidents, recklessness from desire to save,—in countless ways we find

a waste of human life, health, well-being, and power, which are not represented in the ledgers or allowed for in bargains.

Let any one read such a blue-book as that on the employment of children, which contains much on labour generally. It reads like one long catalogue of oppression. Every practice which can ruin body and spirit,—every form of ignorance, disease, degradation, and destitution comes up in turn. The higher trades, as that of the iron-workers, are free from many of these, from most of them, but over-work and truck and forfeits. But take the records of any trade, and it will furnish a dark catalogue of struggles about one or more of these grievances. Take the Reports of the Medical Inspectors to the Privy Council, of the Inspectors of Mines and certain classes of factories, or that of the Staffordshire potteries. Take the Report of the Miners' Association before cited. It reads like one long indictment against the recklessness of capital and the torpidity of the legislature. It is not that each individual capitalist produces or even knows such things. Not he, but the system is at fault. The wrong each man does is not great,—that which he does intentionally is very small. But as a body they all work out this one end blindly; for a sophistical jargon, falsely called economic science, has trained them to think that fifty shillings' worth of puddling—that is, the lives of men, women, and children—should be bought and sold in market overt, like pigs and bars of iron.

Against this state of things, as yet, the only organised protection is Unionism. It is a system at bottom truly conservative, mainly protective, and essentially legal. It is a system still quite undeveloped, and most defective, and often deeply corrupted. But it is one, it must be remembered, which has as yet no fair chance. It is proscribed by the legislature, and as yet unrecognised. What prospect is there of these institutions being healthy, well managed, and moderate, whilst they cannot get the legal sanction which the humblest association obtains? They can hold no property, bring no action, have no assistance or protection from the law. Just as under the old Combination Laws strikes were often thoroughly evil in their action, so now under the Association Laws unions are forced into the attitude of conspiracies. These evils are mainly due to the craven injustice shown to them by Parliaments of employers. But even now they are, in the main, moderately, honestly, and wisely directed. Their managers are sometimes dishonest adventurers; their system is sometimes corrupt; but there is not a tenth of the corruption of our ordinary railway and joint-stock company system. Sometimes, however, they are models of good government. Occasionally they call out men of the finest and noblest political instincts, men cast in the very mould of Hampden.

This is not the place to discuss at length their great deficiencies;

but no man is more aware how far they fall short of what is wanted than the present writer. In the first place, they are simply a political, practical, temporary remedy for a social and moral evil. The real cause of all industrial evils is the want of a higher moral spirit in all engaged in industry alike. Social and moral remedies alone, in the long run, can change the state of things to health. and the working men on their side have as much to learn in social and moral duty as their employers. All this (and without it nothing permanent can be gained) unionism totally ignores, and even tends to conceal and choke. Hence a keen spirit of unionism often blunts the members of a strong association to their own duties and to the higher wants of their class. If small, the association too often fosters a narrow, sometimes a most selfish spirit. Often it fosters a dull temper of indifference and comfortable disregard of all others around. It often encourages the combative spirit and a love of visible triumph. Occasionally, as at Sheffield, it develops cruel tyranny. Above all, it seriously divides trade from trade, skilled workmen from unskilled, unionist from non-unionist. These, however, are all evils not so much inherent in the nature of unions as caused by their want of permanent and legal position, public recognition, larger extension, wider combination, and higher education. The grand evil inherent in their nature is that they are simply *political* expedients, and share all the defects of political remedies applied to social diseases. Still, if Reform Leagues and constitutional agitation, or, in the last resort, organised resistance to oppression, do not cure the maladies of the state, they are essentially necessary—and, sometimes, are the first necessity. To save the people from the immediate injuries of bad government is sometimes the very condition of all other effort towards improvement. If working men, holding by their union for simply protective purposes, would turn towards other measures to improve themselves, to learn greater self-control, higher education, and purer domestic life, their ends would be gained. In the meantime, as a step to them, as giving a breathing time and support, unionism is indispensable. To consolidate and elevate it is, perhaps, the working man's first duty. For in the midst of the increasing power and recklessness of capital one can see no immediate safeguard but this against the ruin of the workman's life, his annihilation as a member of society—against the consequent deterioration of the community, and ultimate social revolution.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

RECENT AUSTRIAN POLICY.

GOETHE'S doctrine, that the best lesson we learn from history is the enthusiasm it kindles, should make the annals of the House of Austria a sealed book. Although the Hapsburgs have been little skilled in the arts of war and peace, greatness has been thrust upon them by the mean mechanism of diplomacy, and matrimonial luck. To Austria belong some of the most highly gifted families of the human race, and yet the names on her Fasti chiefly conspicuous for solid, or for shining merit, are borrowed from countries foreign to the Crown. Within her broad bounds nature has lavished every species of material resource, and still Austria is known to us as a crippled and a begging power; while her mission has been, not only to play the game of tyranny and bigotry at home, but also to hold the bottle to tyrants and to bigots abroad.

Lately, however, the empire has striven to put on a new face. Mr. Roebuck accordingly finds such fascinations in Vienna that he recommends to the British public Austrian friendship and funds. M. Thiers vexes the Emperor Napoleon with pictures of the better land on the Danube, and demands the Austrian institutions and alliance for his own France. A few weeks ago it would have been curious to compare such aspirations with the actual results of four years of "Liberty as in Austria;" and, in particular, it should have seemed worth asking how far what had been gained by the German provinces of the empire might have been taken from the populations beyond the Leitha.

Before the Italian war there was in the Austrian Empire no internal pressure which could not have been resisted from the throne, so long as the throne was occupied by an active and courageous prince. The system of Schwarzenberg and Bach would have kept Austria in the stationary state, but would not necessarily have destroyed the cohesion of the empire. The citizens of Vienna would still have made merry in the Prater and the Graben. The peasantry of the provinces might from time to time have been regaled with a Galician massacre of landlords. Lombardy's groans could have been drowned by roaring shot and whistling shell. But after the Treaty of Villafranca, some of the old springs of Austria's policy ceased to press. Her Italian satellites were overthrown, and it was evident that to oppose their restoration, France would pour out her blood, and England shed her ink. Germany had hit on a compromise between liberty and servitude which quieted the discontent of subjects and satisfied the pride of kings, so that in this quarter there was no longer a field for the exercise of the classical functions of the Imperial House. Prussia had renounced

the fellowship of despots abroad in order the more insidiously to work for despotism at home. Russia had ceased to band for the defence of tyranny, and, besides, in spite of the dismissal of Count Buol, did not relax the scowl with which she had regarded the Court of Vienna since the Crimean war. Meanwhile the old advisers of the Crown were vanishing from the scene, and the issue of the Italian battles had weakened the credit of that inner military council which approved for civil government the discipline of the barrack and parade. The public credit fell. In every description of business, industry, and trade, there was stoppage or decay. The state of Hungary was alarming. The new Kingdom of Italy bid fair to be a standing menace to the empire, so that there was no prospect of the fiscal burdens, now so intolerable, being soon pared to lighter limits.

Under these circumstances, the Emperor Francis Joseph, who was not indisposed by temperament to surrender some part of the prerogatives of absolute power as a condition of enfranchisement from some part of its responsibilities and fatigues, called new men to his councils, and invited them to apply a change of system to the change of things. An assembly of notables was convoked, and different schemes of government were produced. The German party insisted that it would be an indescribable boon to the Hungarian and Slavonic races of the empire if they could be thoroughly Germanised and governed by Germans from Vienna. The Hungarian party, supported by those Austrian Conservatives who desired, not only a recognition of historic rights, but also a return to feudalism, urged the claims of the separate nationalities. At first the latter principle prevailed. The diploma of October, 1860, decreed that the Provincial Diets, whose activity in the northern half of the empire had long since been grievously curtailed, should be recalled to life, and that, besides discharging their other functions, they should present names of their own number, from which the sovereign would choose the members of a central parliament. This organisation was thought to smack of Federalism, on account of the reserves made on behalf of the local legislatures, and it was nowhere received with much favour. The Hungarians and Slaves were especially loud in their denunciations of a statute in which they detected encroachment on their rights, and thereupon, such is the perversity of the statecraft of Vienna, the offensive parchment was made more disagreeable to them still. The Constitution of February, 1861 (so lately suspended, in spite of the solemn declarations that attended its birth), gave, or implied, fair guarantees for the gradual attainment of civil and religious liberty, and ceded to the Provincial Diets the faculty of themselves electing a contingent of members for the Lower House of the Reichsrath, which would enjoy a consultative, hardly a determinative, voice. For purposes specifically

affecting the western half of the empire, the representatives of that half would debate and vote without the representatives of the provinces beyond the Leitha. Under such conditions the House would be the Restricted, or Inner Reichsrath. As it was evident that the Reichsrath would absorb much of the power legally inherent in the local Diets, and would legislate according to the light in which its majority might happen to see the empire's interests, or their own, the recalcitrant races now proved even less tractable than before: they repeated their old arguments, and anticipated most of those with which they are now pursuing the suspended Constitution. To what purpose, they said, would twenty-one local Diets meet to discuss matters of government when the grant of ways and means was to be contingent on the combinations and cabals of the members of a congress sitting in Vienna? Injustice for injustice, they liked the old path best. Tyrant for tyrant, they would prefer Francis Joseph to this new-fangled and multiple monster. True, the Diets had been from time to time gagged, or turned out of doors, the laws had been often broken, but these were the freaks and encroachments of arbitrary power, and might one day find their remedy or their end. The new plan would make bad worse; for it proposed to turn exceptions into rules, to make what had been temporary permanent, to make illegality legal by clothing it with the sanction of constitutional forms. Such reasons, deepened by a vague sense of distrust, and a recollection of deceptions by no means remote in point of time, were not to be overcome. Several Diets sent no representatives to the Reichsrath. The parliament was an abortion, which from the first did not fulfil the conditions of legal existence. Without the necessity of resorting to the elegant apparatus provided for its official collapse, it at once answered to the description of an Inner Reichsrath. When the Rump was first seated, 144 members failed of the due complement. A few recruits joined at a later period, but the vice of origin remained. That the laws passed by this body during its short tenure of office do not deserve the name, is a proposition which hardly needs more than enunciation.

At this time Hungary, which in 1859 had been one of the main inducements to the peace of Villafranca, was filling Austria with fresh fears. Strangely enough, although the reply to such an appeal might have been foreseen, a Diet was called at Pesth and invited to send deputies to the Reichsrath. When it met, the leading men declared that the ancient constitution of the country, as amended with the sanction of the Emperor Ferdinand in 1848, had been trodden under foot; that the representatives of Transylvania and the Annexed Parts had not been summoned to the Diet; and that in the face of these and other breaches of the law, they denied their own competence to legislate. The Reichsrath of Vienna, they said, was a

foreign body, in which they felt no interest, whose attributes and honours it could never be their wish to share. Hungarians did not desire to tax and govern Germans, Poles, and Italians ; and their own indefeasible rights guaranteed that neither Germans, Poles, nor Italians should tax and govern them. The humbler ambition of the Hungarians was to be the loyal subjects of Hungary's king, who they trusted would come amongst his people, and assume with the crown of St. Stephen those rights of government which could never be his until the coronation oath had passed the royal lips, and their charters had been restored to the children of Arpad. In this strain, at the suggestion of Mr. Déak, the chief of the moderate (now so called "Address") party, there was framed a memorial to the king. Thereupon the Diet was turned out of doors. Arbitrary rule was exercised with fresh circumstances of violence and indignity. The taxes, which had been long since refused, were collected at the point of the bayonet. The prisons were kept filled with political offenders, or with persons suspected of the capacity or disposition to be such. From the Reichsrath and the press of Vienna menacing tones were heard. In language calculated to hound them on to the resistance of despair, the trans-Leithan populations were told that by their wickednesses in 1848 and 1849 they had forfeited their old rights, that they were now political helots, and must be satisfied to accept whatever alms of liberty they could obtain from the generosity of the Emperor and his Teutonic parliament.

The anger of the Magyars at the promulgation of this theory of forfeit knew no bounds. Already they had entirely withdrawn from the Court and society of Vienna, and their enmity had found expression in a shape the most virulent which, apart from blows, political and national antipathies can suggest, and which, as a sign of resistance, has not been resorted to in our time, except in this instance and in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, where it is adopted still : no person in the pay of the Imperial Government was, under whatever circumstances, admitted to social intercourse. This state of confusion could not last much longer. It was known that when occasion offered the people would be ready to rise, and shake off for ever the hated German yoke. In the present spring the Hungarian horizon looked as black as ever. Then the Emperor took a resolution which, as it was entirely his own, shows how much he has learnt from the teachings of adversity and time, how he has risen above the sinister influences which obscured the promise of his youth, and how surely, were competent advisers ready to his hand, he would take an honourable place amongst the rulers who have served their people well, and loved them better than their own pride. His Majesty determined to seek a reconciliation with the Magyars on the basis of concession to their just demands, and a loyal discussion of all. Herein was involved the sacrifice of the Cabinet

of M. de Schmerling. This statesman's administration had suffered in public and parliamentary esteem. National bankruptcy was a contingency openly discussed, and the empire was still without a definite political organisation. The diplomacy of the Cabinet had been disastrous, and Count Mensdorff had been unable to retrieve the blunders of his predecessor, Count Rechberg. An abortive agitation at Frankfurt for federal reform had lowered the dignity of the Crown. Austria's old influence in the Zollverein was gone; so that the dilemma of the Elbe duchies was found to present as alternatives two unavoidable horns, on one of which hung base submission to the Junkerthum of Berlin, on the other war with Prussia, to be waged by the empire without a German hand to encourage or to help. For all this, to mix up M. de Schmerling's fall with constitutional influences and checks is to make the vulgar jumble of *post* and *propter*. His retreat was no more a consequence of his parliamentary position than the Emperor's recent acceptance of the financial demands of the Lower House denoted a recognition of the Legislature's right to proscribe the expenditure of the State. The minister might in fact have continued in office but for certain peculiarities of his personal position. By the German nationality, he was revered as the fulcrum of that system for developing the prosperity and power of the Teutonic elements at the expense of the rest, which, in order to turn away attention from its aims, called itself by the seductive euphuism of "Centralisation." But to the people beyond the Leitha his name was symbolic of that German propaganda which, in a more arrogant and encroaching form, had characterised the administration of Baron Bach, and which now, as in the days of Joseph II., was viewed by the non-German races of the empire with incredulous scorn, whether it was sought to smuggle the *Deutschthum* into their institutions, their houses, or their mouths. On this account the minister fell. When it was known that the new Premier was Count Belcredi, whose ancestors came from Pisa, and who, though of late Governor of Bohemia, had in former times played a Liberal part in the Diet of Moravia—that Count Larisch, a Czech nobleman famous as a brewer of excellent beer, was Minister of Finance, the jubilees of the non-Germans knew no bounds. The Hungarians had their own grounds for liking the change. A place in the Cabinet was given to Count Mailath, a Magyar of patriotic sentiments of the Conservative hue, who became Chancellor for Hungary. Another evidence of altered dispositions at Vienna was the Imperial journey to Pesth. If this event did not deserve the exaggerated importance attached to it by Imperialist scribes, yet thereby something was gained. The Liberal party, with a few accidental exceptions, held aloof; but it was seen that the Conservatives, who till now had made no sign, were willing to exchange courtesies with their sovereign, and to listen

with something like belief to the assurances of his desire to possess, and his determination to deserve, the affection of his Hungarian subjects. Hitherto the Emperor of Austria had only known the Magyars by report. He had not been at Pesth since the day when eighteen years before a still loyal people had received him with smiles and shouts as the representative of his cousin, the Palatine Archduke Stephen. Again he heard the Eljens of a race in whom the best impulses of the age of chivalry are joined to the culture and accomplishments of our own. That Reason of State which had already bent him to the beginnings of concession was first strengthened and then supplanted by a sharper and more generous impulse—a wish to rule in the hearts of that glorious nation, and make them all his own.

Soon after the Emperor's return to Vienna the rigours of arbitrary rule were partially relaxed, and negotiations were opened between the Imperial Cabinet and the Conservatives of Pesth. A period of apparent hesitation ensued, during which the Hungarian press and people stood on the defensive, waiting for a definite programme and distinct pledges, and then the Rubicon was passed. The Diet of Transylvania was convoked for the purpose, as was intimated in the Imperial Rescript, of defining anew the relations of the province to Hungary. To the other trans-Leithan Diets summonses were likewise sent, and, chief of all, the Constitution of 1861 was declared to be in abeyance. While the proclamation which informed the Emperor's subjects of this last step excited the indignation of the German Austrians, or at least of the Jews who personate them in the press of the capital, it was well received wherever the Teutonic element was in minority, or strongly diluted by other races. For although Hungarians and Slaves scoffed at that ponderous phraseology which is the natural resort of the German mind, at those grammatical gargles where so much less is meant than meets the ear, yet herein they thought they recognised the peccavi of a proud, perhaps a penitent sovereign. Besides, the withdrawal of the Constitution gratified them in other ways. For not only did it give themselves pleasure, but it was certain to give the Germans pain. Thus it came to pass that while Vienna was angry, and not a little afraid, Pesth went wild for joy, and Prague was lighted up as if for a great deliverance.

We are thus brought to a point where we cannot avoid examining more in detail the complications of race, or at least of language. In her high and palmy days, Hungary included the principality of Transylvania, and the kingdoms of Slavonia and Croatia, the last being known as the *Partes Annexe*. From early times a double system of representation prevailed in Transylvania and the *Partes*. These countries had Diets of their own, and likewise despatched deputies to the Central Reichstag at Pesth. The local Diets had

considerable powers of domestic legislation, which they exercised after a somewhat intermittent, though by no means ineffective, fashion. The truth is, that while imprisonment, robbery, assassination, and the other amenities of misrule, were amongst the common contingencies of existence for whoever tempted or provoked the Court of Vienna, yet the mechanism of tyranny could not be brought to bear on these remote countries except by spasmodic efforts. So that down to the year 1848 the constitutional franchises of the trans-Leithan provinces still survived, and were in tolerable vigour. Apart from any intrinsic interest of its own, the Transylvanian question is suggestive as an example of the wheels within wheels of the quarrels of race; and it illustrates besides the species of manipulation which at Vienna passes for statesmanship, and in which, to the utter astonishment of the manipulators, themselves conscious of none but the most empirical motives, the publicists of Western Europe detect proofs of design. The country of Hunyades, of Bethlen Gabor, the Bathorys, and Raczky, a corner of ancient Dacia, after being now subject to, now independent of, the Hungarians, finally reverted to that kingdom under an arrangement made between Apafi II. and the Emperor Leopold I. as King, by no means as Emperor or as Austrian Duke. In 1848, the Diet of Transylvania decreed the incorporation of the province with Hungary, and voted that no more assemblies of the kind should be called in future, which arrangement was sanctioned by the Emperor Ferdinand, and so became part of the fundamental law of the kingdom. After the Hungarian revolution had been quelled, Transylvania, as well as the *Partes*, was, by way of punishment, torn away.¹ And whereas, in spite of a manifestation of the local notables, who showed an opposite desire, Transylvania was not permitted to depute to the Pesth Reichstag of 1861, a Provincial Diet was summoned at Hermannstadt in 1863.

The population exhibits a strange marquetry of races. Besides several shoals of miscellaneous intruders, we must note the *Roumans*, also called Wallacks, the representatives of the old Dacians; the *Saxons*, who are descended from various immigrations of German squatters; the *Hungarians*; and the *Szeklers*, who are unanimously declared by ethnologists to be Petshenegues. What a Petshenegue may be is less certain; but his political affinities are with the Hungarians, who are the landed aristocracy of the province, the Roumans being the tillers of the soil. Now the Saxons, amongst other privileges, have that of forming a "University," and that of electing a "count." This "University" is not an educational establishment, but a species

(1) Before 1848, the Chancery, or Ministry, at Vienna, for Hungarian affairs, had in its jurisdiction Croatia, Slavonia, Transylvania. Now there are three separate Chancellors; one for Hungary, another for Transylvania, a third for Croatia and Slavonia.

of parliament, and is also called the Conflux. The "Count" is not a patrician, but a magistrate, whose office may be compared with the headship of a Scotch clan. However, through the Conflux and the "Comes" Austrian purposes were to be achieved. Although the Saxons had, in 1848, assented to the incorporation of Transylvania with the kingdom, the change had not been received by them with enthusiasm. If the Hungarian Constitution had survived, they would have found compensation for their diminished importance, and the legalised supremacy of the Magyar laws and language, which *de facto* had always existed, in the increased protection extended to all their just demands by reason of their forming part of a powerful kingdom instead of remaining the fraction of an insignificant unit. But since Hungary was crushed, without present prospects of revival, the non-Magyars of Transylvania were disposed to discuss any arrangement likely to give them claims on the Cabinet of Vienna, and widen the sphere of their autonomy. Through the University and Mr. Schmidt, an attorney, who was the newly-chosen "Count," the Saxons were worked up to the due pitch. They were told that the Imperial Government desired such members to be sent to the Diet as would vote for deputing to the Reichsrath of Vienna. They were encouraged to expect, in case of compliance, great concessions to their natural wishes, as well as to those which Mr. Schmidt had been able to exaggerate or create, particularly as to the increased independence of their local tribunals and the abolition of the Hungarian language as an official idiom. It is pretended that they were also told to expect the promotion of their circle to the rank of a province: perhaps this was Mr. Schmidt's private development of Mr. Schmerling's programme.

The descendants of the Dacians were less tractable. However, with them a religious leverage was found to be applicable. They are members of the Greek Church, and for that reason are called *non-United Greeks*. The chief shepherd of the Rouman sheep, Bishop Schaguna, having entered into the views of the Cabinet of Vienna, proceeded to talk over the matter with some of the leading demagogues and socialists amongst the Greeks (their ideas run in extreme channels), and also with his popes, or clergy, who, like their flocks, are all miserably poor. After the market had "higgled" a good deal, this sleek churchman came to terms with it. The average price of a pope is said to have been from two to three florins, so that the whole job was done for the low figure of a few hundred pounds. Unfortunately the Roumans had not hither enjoyed the suffrage, as their poverty kept them below the very cheap qualification fixed by the Constitution of 1848. However, this difficulty was met by the concoction of an electoral statute *ad hoc*, which admitted that pauper population nearly *en masse*. The Diet met in the German

capital of Hermannstadt, but the Hungarian and Petschenegue deputies refused to take their seats, alleging the indisputable illegality of the whole proceeding both in principle and application, and also their resolution not to take the prescribed oath of fidelity to the Emperor of Austria. Twice new elections were ordered, and twice the same men were returned. This case had been foreseen, and the *quorum* competent to pass laws had been artistically pitched at *half* the number of the Saxon-Rouman contingent, thus amply providing for oversights on the part of Messrs. Schaguna and Schmidt. The Rump now set to work, without the recalcitrant members. In due time a set of laws, which do not concern us here, were manufactured, and deputies despatched to the Reichsrath of Vienna. This was looked upon as a great triumph for the Transylvanian chancellor, Count Nadasdy, and the military governor, Count Crenneville. The triumph or its results lasted rather less than two years. For to talk of conciliation with Hungary without restoring the legal territorial limits of the kingdom was known to be absurd, and accordingly, not long since, the Diet already mentioned was convoked at Klausenburg (this time in the *Hungarian* circle), to consider the relations of Transylvania and Hungary. Before the publication of the Imperial Rescript, the petrels, whose appearance always forbodes a storm on the Carpathians, were seen fluttering about the Graben. But this time Bishop Schaguna and Mr. Schmidt went away disappointed. Perhaps M. de Schmerling's disgust was greater than theirs. Local geographers, who see in Bohemia a kettle, have likened Transylvania to a gridiron. M. de Schmerling must have fancied himself on something like a gridiron when the Rescript appeared. Besides foreshadowing the re-incorporation of Transylvania with Hungary, the Rescript abolished that ingenious device which admitted the Rouman rabble to the suffrage, thus restoring to the Hungarian element the chances of preponderance in the Diet. Saxons and Roumans are now frantic with disappointment, and the latter especially will take an early opportunity of settling their little account with the Cabinet of Vienna. There is every reason to believe that the Diet of Klausenburg will decree re-annexation to Hungary: its Speaker is to be Baron Kémeni, a popular Magyar partisan. As a sample of the hesitations which hamper the policy of the Austrian Cabinet, it should be noticed that just one week after the publication of the Rescript came the *coup d'état*, and the announcements made by the semi-official press that almost everything would be conceded to Hungary. Yet the new Transylvanian electoral statute is, according to the Hungarian law, an entirely illegal concoction. Even when meaning well, the statesmen of Vienna must needs be grappled to the forms of evil, of which perverse disposition the *coup d'état* itself is a still more portentous example.

The Croatian question is not likely to be settled on such easy terms

as the Transylvanian, and speculation can but vaguely guess the results of the next Diet of Agram. Under the administration of M. de Schmerling, the so-called national, or Slave, faction were not permitted to found a newspaper for the expression of its views. Thanks to this enlightened precaution, the Austrian press and public are crudely informed about Croat politics, parties, and aspirations. Yet on the votes of the Diet of Agram will depend the fate of Hungary, and, as shall be presently explained, the nature of the next Austrian Constitution. Seven hundred and fifty years ago the Croats chose Koloman of Hungary for their king, and since that time, while the government of the country has been generally administered mediately by Dukes or Bans, and by a local Diet, the chief business of legislation has been done by the Hungarian Reichstag, helped by Croat deputies or Ablegates. To Croatia were originally subject the kingdoms of Slavonia and Dalmatia (*regna socia*), likewise governed by the Croatian Ban, and, together with Croatia itself, sometimes granted as an appanage to junior members of the Royal Hungarian House. The precise nature of this tie has been discussed with immense vivacity and learning by Croat and Magyar patriots, and Mr. Déak himself has entered the lists. For foreigners it is enough to mention, that while in the Magyar view Croatia and the *regna socia* formed a dependency of the Hungarian Crown, in the Croat view those countries formed a unity apart. This unity, which will come to occupy us hereafter, contemporary fanatics have christened with the name of the "Dreinige Königreich." Whatever may be thought of the claims of their abstraction, it cannot be denied that in 1790 the Croatian Diet resigned to the Hungarian Chancery and Council the civil and financial administration of the country, merely retaining their own control for the minor purposes of civil government. Hungarians and Croats lived on fair terms until in 1843 they began to quarrel, and finally came to blows. Here we touch on one of Austria's difficulties which cannot be comprehended without some previous insight into the relations of the Slave nationalities and tongues.

The Slaves of Europe fall into two natural groups correspondent with the divisions given by Procopius and Jornandes,—the *Sclaveni* and the *Antes*. The eastern and southern group ramifies into the Russian, Turkish, and Austrian branches, of which the latter alone concerns us here. To it belongs the phenomenon of *Illyrismus*, a genus of that phantom order *Panslavismus*, whose growth caused so much alarm to non-Slave Europe seventeen years ago. On the southern and south-western skirts of Austria sit, though by no means in a line unbroken by other erupted races, or without *faults* arising from their own entanglements with each other, several species of the southern Slave genus. Next the

Adriatic begin the *Slovenes* (Wends of English authors), who are scattered about the northern shores of the Gulf and the inland regions adjoining, who form the majority of the population in the Duchies of Carniola and Carinthia, mustering in some force in Styria, and so pushing their outposts up to the very gates of Vienna. Below the Istrian promontory the sea is touched by the point of the great triangle inhabited by the *Croats*, who, in an easterly direction, stretch up to the Hungarian frontier, here marked by the River Drave. The Italian townsfolk of the Dalmatian coast are overlooked from the rocky hills of the Karst by the savage *Morlacks*, who again give the hand to the *Serbs*, a sporadic people that crop up at many points along the southern border of Croatia, in Slavonia, the military frontier, and principally in that remote region of Hungary called the Woivodine.¹

These several species of the Slave genus have neither a history nor a literature, nor a written alphabet, nor a religion in common; the language of each is unintelligible to the other, and they are subdivided into many dialectical varieties. Notwithstanding the intensity of the local Particularismus, a single Croat undertook to develop the same into an Universalismus, and, what is more extraordinary still, he positively succeeded in arriving at a partial realisation of his aim. Mr. Gai had been educated at the University of Gottingen; and his mind was largely dosed with the then fashionable philosophy of Hegel, from which he had learnt that "naught is constantly passing into being," and that, therefore, to make Cosmos out of Chaos should not transcend the skill of a competent artist. On these occasions of linguistic agitation the first work is almost always to create a newspaper. In 1835, accordingly, Mr. Gai set up a journal in Agram, which, after some hesitation, he baptised with the title "*Illyrische-national-Zeitung*." In the beginning the new organ's performances only attracted notice on account of certain innovations of orthography and grammar, in which, however, lurked the groundwork of the schemer's system. He hoped to be able to break down the barriers that separated the different dialects used by the southern Slaves, and so to pave the way for the establishment of a new model, which would be to the existing Bulgarian, Slovene, and Croato-Serb forms, what the tongue of Nævius and Fabius Pictor was to the jargon of the Oscans and the Sabines; what the tongue of Dante and Dino Compagni was to the unwritten speech of Florence and Milan. The adjective Illyrian was borrowed from reminiscences of the Roman province of Illyricum, or from the Illyric creations of Napoleon and the Emperor Francis; but to the imagination of Mr. Gai, and those who comprehended his meaning, Illyria stretched far beyond

(1) The Serbs, who are of the Greek faith, are at present calling for a rectification of their frontiers. They have no local Diet, and send deputies to Pesth, but are occasionally allowed the luxury of a private congress.

he limits at any time fixed for it by geographical or administrative circumscription.

Presently appeared symptoms of something more than grammatical innovation. *Obiter dicta* which showed that Illyrismus might become a vehicle of political change, began to appear in the utterances of Mr. Gai. On one occasion he likened Europe to a sitting Virgin, round whose neck hung a lyre, which lyre, said the publicist, is the triangle contained between Varna, Scutari, and Villach—a triangle then and there docketed with the name of Illyria. “Unhappily,” added Mr. Gai, “this instrument is out of tune: to say nothing of Carinthia, Styria, Carniola, and Dalmatia, listen to the discordant jingle of the Bosnian and Bulgarian strings!” The Austrian Government, always slow to detect inner meanings, paid little heed to this programme of Illyrian music. But the Pacha of Sarajewo at once pricked his ears. Forthwith he complained to the Ban of Croatia that some Croat performers had advertised a concert which, if suffered, would compromise the peace of Turkey. He must protest against any attempts to tune the Bosnian string, or to meddle with the pegs of that Pachalick. But the music of the Illyrian future was not to be drowned, and Mr. Gai proceeded to resolve the discord so skilfully prepared. In spite of the opposition of certain Conservative Croats, in spite of the hostility of the Hungarian element, in spite of the jeers of distant Germans, the idea of Illyrismus took root. Mr. Gai ventured on further developments, or further revelations, of his original doctrine, till his esoteric intentions were all revealed. He soon rose from the species of Illyrismus, and annexed himself and his sectaries to the genus Panslavismus, then growing to portentous dimensions in the hands of Bohemian cultivators. But Illyrismus was becoming a nuisance. Mr. Gai, who had received leave from Vienna to found an Illyrian printing press, fell into disfavour. Illyrismus, adjective, noun, or synonym, was proscribed. Mr. Gai was ordered to re-baptise his journal; and, to avoid misconceptions, in 1844 the Austrian authorities even dropped official mention of the Croat tongue, which was thenceforth only known by way of allusion as “the language of this land.” Mr. Gai, being a man of resource, immediately reproduced his old idea in a fresh though somewhat lopped version. He called his newspaper the “Croato-Slave-Dalmatic Newspaper,” thereby editing that inner and more harmless Illyrismus which continues unto this day, which corresponds to the triple kingdom whose history has been explained above, and whose subjective existence is revealed when some rash Croat amateur strums for a moment on the Virgin’s restricted lyre. Unquestionably there yet prevails amongst the southern Slaves a vague desire for unity. It is also certain that some reformers, discontented with a triple kingdom, project the establishment of a Republican Confederation of the Danube, which

shall fill the limits of Mr. Gai's triangle. Like other fevers, Illyrius has its periods of intermittence or comparative calm, but the malady is still at work.

The more hideous results of the passions stirred up by the Croat Orpheus and his partisans belong to the history of the year 1848. But the aspirations for a Tri-Une Kingdom are, as has been observed above, yet in play, and may again lead to quarrels between Croatia and Hungary, as they did in 1847 and 1861. One of these quarrels deserves specific mention. Between the Save, the Danube, and the Drave, stretching from above Belgrade to the point of Croatia, is a slip of territory. This is unfortunately all that is certain in the dispute. The Croats call the territory the Kingdom of Slavonia, and point to the fact of its sending members to the Diet of Agram as a proof that it is an integral part of the Triple Kingdom. The Hungarians state that the territory in question has always formed the Hungarian counties of Symnia, Veroczé, and Pozega, which should and did send deputies to the Diet of Pressburg. In 1847 there was no practical issue from this difficulty, but illegality has furnished one since. Slavonia has now an independent Diet, which will be called upon to decide whether the so-called kingdom is Hungary, Croatia, or an integer alone. Another quarrel is for the possession of the port of Fiume. It is not very certain who was the owner of Fiume a hundred years ago, or if it had any; but there is every reason to believe that it was not the property of the Empress Maria Teresa. Perhaps it was for this reason that her Majesty made a present of it to Hungary. The Croats strongly objected to this proceeding, and in 1861, as in 1847, Fiume was a bitter bone of contention. The Croats said that in the time of the Emperor Heraclius, Fiume had belonged to the Duchy of Chrobatia, and that therefore it should belong to Croatia now. Whereupon it was rejoined that Chrobats were not Croats, and that Croatia is not conterminous with Chrobatia, which was the closest argumentation available for such a slippery subject. However, the people of Fiume, who are mostly Italians, decided for the Magyar claim; and when in 1861 the Austrian Government declined to consider Fiume as a Hungarian port, the sympathies of the town took such active shape that it was thought proper to proclaim the state of siege. At present Fiume, like the rest of the coast, looks across the Adriatic, but should a quarrel again occur about this port, the inhabitants will certainly eschew the Illyrian flag.¹ When the local Diets come

(1) Hungary also claims the coast districts adjacent to Fiume, and Buccari, and other Dalmatian territory. But it would be impossible to enter into details without far outstripping prescribed limits. Another controversy relates to the military frontiers, which are a chain of border country stretching from Transylvania to the Adriatic. The whole has been formerly under the jurisdiction of the Ban of the Triple Kingdom, and it devolved to the Hungarian Diet. In 1861 this rule was not observed, and great were the complaints made at Pesth.

together, doubts like these will be quickly solved. Perhaps Slavonia and Croatia may consent to send deputies to the Reichstag of Pesth. Perhaps they will stand apart. In 1861 these Diets were completely restive, and would have nothing to do either with Pesth or Vienna.¹

From what has been said, it results that in Hungarian law the word Hungary means the kingdom proper united to Transylvania and the annexed parts; while the Imperial Government appears to be reconciled to this *synecdoche*, and to be willing to leave the terms of a settlement to the domestic diplomacy of the races concerned. Now, although it is possible that one or more of the Diets may prefer to make separate demands on Vienna, and to keep aloof from the Magyar movement, yet as the legal claims of the provinces in question mainly rest on their participation in the rights of the Magyars, a statement of *those* rights is all that will be wanted here. At any rate the skirmishing on the outposts need not be regarded until it warms into actual battle. Philosophers have loved to fancy an original contract between peoples and rulers, and have condescended to ransack and distort history on its behalf. The early annals of Hungary would have shown them a realised and improved anticipation of their ideal. While civil society was in its cradle, the Magyars chose themselves a duke, and bargained with him as to the conditions under which he was to exercise his power. Seven years after the grant of Magna Charta, Andrew II., of the house of Arpad, promulgated and confirmed, in an instrument called the Golden Bull, all the laws, privileges, customs, which, taken together, formed the national constitution. Hereditary succession was not recognised by Hungarian law, and till the close of the fifteenth century the right of electing the sovereign was as freely and regularly exercised by the Hungarian people as has been the right of electing their presidents by the people of the United States. By the Treaty of Pressburg, signed in 1491, the Hungarians promised Maximilian, Duke of Austria, and Emperor of Germany, that they would thenceforth choose their king from the Hapsburg family. The old laws had provided that every sovereign on his accession should by oath declare his adhesion to the constitution, and that till this were done a state of interregnum would prevail. All the kings of Hungary observed this rule; and in the patents which announced their accession, they regularly declared that they owed their crown to the free choice of the estates. In 1723 the Hungarian Reichstag accepted the Pragmatic Sanction of Charles VI., whereby they agreed that the crown should in future devolve on such members of the Hapsburg family as should from time to time inherit

(1) The recent dismissal of the Chancellor for Croatia, M. Mazuranic, who was a tool of the Schmerlingismus, and the nomination of Baron Kussevic, as *provisional* Chancellor, in his place, is a bridge to the contingent abolition of the office, and a sign that the Croat Diet is expected to follow the lead of the Magyarones, or Hungarian party.

in those provinces of the monarchy where the succession was hereditary of right. On this occasion the fundamental laws of the country were solemnly and minutely recapitulated and recognised by Charles VI., as afterwards by Leopold II., whose diploma of 1791 is usually quoted as being the latest and most complete summary of the constitutional code. The Leopoldine diploma has since been confirmed by the Emperors Francis and Ferdinand, and it was appealed to by the Emperor Ferdinand during the session of 1847-8. This diploma forbids, with marked emphasis, the incorporation of Hungary with the rest of the empire, and distinctly explains that the tie between the kingdom and the other states is not a real, but what is called in our days a personal, union, analogous to the connection between Norway and Sweden. Hungary, says the diploma (Art. 10), is a free kingdom, not subject to any other country: *Hungaria est regnum liberum, nulli alteri regno obnoxium*.

Here is the kernel of the whole question, which the diploma goes on to elucidate, by stating in the clearest dog-Latin that Hungary must be governed constitutionally, according to existing laws, under the advice of Hungarian counsellors, and that no change may be made except by the Reichstag in concert with the king. When, after the Peace of Pressburg, the Emperor Francis exchanged the imperial crown of Germany for that of Austria, he issued a patent reciting and confirming the privileges of the several provinces and kingdoms of the monarchy, and, as regards Hungary, minutely specifying and recapitulating those assurances with which in his coronation diploma he had acknowledged the inviolability of the nation's constitution and laws. Like declarations were more than once made by the Emperor Ferdinand, who was crowned with the usual ceremony, took the oaths prescribed, and, on the whole, governed according to law. Since the establishment of the Pragmatic Sanction, no Austrian emperor has ventured to attempt systematic defiance of these terms, except the reigning monarch and Joseph II. Now, Joseph was never recognised by the country as king; he himself revoked in the last days of his life all the legislative and administrative edicts by which he had substituted arbitrary for legal rule; not only so, but Leopold II. was compelled to revoke for Hungary, and declare null and void, all the gifts and privileges granted to private persons during his predecessor's unacknowledged reign.

This rapid sketch of the constitutional legislation of Hungary up to the year 1847, and of the declarations delivered before God and man with a pomp and continuity hardly to be matched in the history of the countries which have the most jealously fenced their freedom and their laws, is sufficient to show how expressly the perpetual palladium of Hungarian liberty was insured against usurpations

from within and intrusions from without, whether these should come in the unmasked guise of tyranny, or aping the airs of improvement. In 1847 a new era began. For some years previous to that date Hungary had been the scene of an agitation resembling, except in its particular objects, the great constitutional battles of our own country. Just as Lord Grey and Lord John Russell, with lawyers at their side like Henry Brougham and Thomas Babington Macaulay, fought for reform against the Tories of England, so did Counts Teleky and Bathyany, with the advocates Kossuth and Déak, strive to wring concessions from the Tories of Hungary. The party of Szechenyi and Apponyi having lost the day, early in 1848 the Diet voted an Address to the Crown specifying the changes they had in view. Thereupon the Archduke Palatine proceeded to Vienna with a deputation of the Estates, which was graciously received by the King with assurances of his approval of the principles laid down in the Address. The sovereign added that in anticipation of the laws thus foreshadowed, he had entrusted the Palatine with the formation of an independent Hungarian ministry, and he desired that the necessary Acts might be prepared without delay. The laws were drawn up, sent to Vienna one by one, and separately scrutinised by the King, who, having objected to some of their provisions, charged a committee, which included the Victor of Asspern, to treat with the Palatine and Count Bathyany, the new Premier, for the settlement of moot points. The details in dispute being arranged, on the 11th of April the Emperor Ferdinand came of his own free will from Vienna to Pressburg, accompanied by the great personages of his Court, and there solemnly appended the royal fiat to the new laws. At this time Hungary, though excited, made no signs of menace. Republican tendencies had not yet got into men's heads. At Vienna the disturbances of March had been followed by calm; the Emperor was surrounded by 30,000 faithful troops, so no pretence can be made of his having been exposed to material, scarcely, even, to moral constraint.

Of the reforms in question some were domestic in their bearing, as, for instance, those abolishing the feudal franchises of the nobility, and amending the representative system; whilst others repaired and widened the constitutional bulwarks wherever there seemed most danger of encroachment from Vienna. It is the reforms of the second category, and the old laws out of which they grew, that have for the last seventeen years proved such a stone of offence to Austrian statesmen. Previous to 1848 Hungary paid a yearly tribute of about £400,000 sterling to the Imperial exchequer.¹ This amount was

(1) Hungary is now taxed to the extent of £10,000,000 sterling per annum. But of late years there has been general unwillingness to pay, and the arrears owing to the Imperial Government are not much under £2,000,000.

levied on the non-privileged classes ; while the nobility, who were exempt from what is technically called taxation, were liable to calls from the king for pecuniary aids in the nature of what our ancestors termed a benevolence. The Diet decided how and when these burdens should be raised, and the fiscal administration of the kingdom was in the hands of a Hungarian Chamber of Finance. This Chamber was completely independent of the Aulic Council of Vienna, and possessed, in fact, all the attributes of a Ministry of Finance. The Diet had likewise a large, if incomplete, control over the troops levied in Hungary. The Hungarians had never permitted the introduction of the conscription, but on the king's demand, if his reasons were approved, the Diet voted a specific contingent of recruits. This system has prevailed ever since Austria has had a standing army. There was no separate national force, but it was incumbent on the king to regiment the Hungarian troops together ; and for certain details of internal economy the officers and civil staff took their orders from the Diet. The chief innovations of the year 1848 were as follows :—It was provided that the Palatine should, during the king's absence from Hungary, be invested with full executive authority, and that he should be assisted by a cabinet of seven ministers responsible to the Diet. Of these ministers, at least one must, of necessity, reside at Pesth, and without his counter-signature no act of the administration would be valid. While, as regards the army, it was ordered that no Hungarian troops should be employed out of Hungary except with the sanction of the Minister of National Defence, or his colleague resident in the kingdom.

From what precedes it should be obvious that both under the October diploma and the recently suspended Constitution of February, 1861, the whole corpus of Hungarian law is liable to become so much waste paper. Consequently, Hungary asks, as a preliminary to further discussion, an acknowledgment of the continuity of her rights ; after which she will examine the system of 1848, in view of effecting such constitutional modifications of its text or spirit as may be suggested by the wants of the age, or by the interests of the monarchy at large, in so far as these can be humoured without damage to the dearer interests at home. It is, however, to be understood, that while Hungary will not pedantically cling to what is obsolete, she would consider as illusory any arrangement not based on the laws of 1848. Hungary demands, then, the re-integration of the national territory ; the establishment of a national government, more or less responsible to the Diet ; the recovery of the Diet's ancient control over the details of financial, commercial, and military administration ; complete freedom of expression for all shades of political and religious belief ; and, finally, she expects that the illegal ordinances of the last seventeen years be repealed, and their illegal consequences, whether

of banishment, confiscation, or imprisonment, be, where possible, cancelled and assuaged. These things admitted, Hungary will assume a proper share of fiscal burdens, and will loyally perform all the duties of good neighbourhood to the hereditary provinces of the Empire, although she will, until her present instincts change, decline to associate herself with polyglot assemblies of foreigners, who know little of each other's languages, and less of each other's laws, where some papist bigot of the Tyrol or some sheepskin deputy of the Ruthenes may give the casting vote. When the Diet is assembled and opinions have arranged themselves in groups, it will be seen more clearly what modifications, temporary or permanent, this programme is likely to suffer. Meanwhile be it observed that in Hungary the national party is the nation. Neither Slovaks nor Germans make any hostile sign. Every day brings fresh proofs that minor differences are vanishing, and that all ranks and conditions of men are flocking to the banners of the "Address" party, of which Mr. Déak and Baron Eotvös are the chief representatives, and the journal *Pesti-Naplo* is the chief organ. In these gentlemen, and others less known abroad—whose best days have been given to their country's cause, who by the side of Kossuth fought all the battles of Hungary's liberty and progress—their countrymen place implicit and richly deserved confidence. Mr. Déak, in particular, with his courage, his consistency, his constitutional learning, his matchless eloquence, enjoys in Hungary such respect as the Athenians paid to Aristides, such respect as in our day the Italians pay to Ricasoli. Almost superfluous is the mention of a fractional minority amongst the magnates which sticks to the traditions of feudal times, which moreover is no less hostile to Austrian encroachment than to domestic innovation. Nor need much independent action be anticipated from the remains of the "Beschlüss" party of 1861, many of whom have been looking to contingencies of revolt and change of dynasty, or to such subjective possibilities as a confederation of the countries of the Lower Danube. In face of the conciliatory dispositions manifested at Vienna and by the Address party, extreme views are not likely to prevail.

The sum of these considerations seems to be, that there are three possible solutions of the Hungarian question. Austria, recoiling from her better impulses, may again resort to the usual logic of kings; but towards such a settlement present symptoms do not point. Again, Croatia may once more hearken to the music of the Virgin's lyre, the unformed spectre of Illyrismus may once more rise rampant in the Diet of Agram, and Croat passion, deafening its ears alike to the charmings of Vienna and of Pesth, may declare for the triple kingdom, and an eventual Universalismus of the Slavish brood. Should the Cabinet of Vienna stoop to such demands, Austria must

be remodelled into a confederation, in which Hungary, docked in her fair proportions, would play a diminished, if a still respectable, part; the Germans of the empire would hive into a province of their own; while the northern Slaves, gathered together in that kingdom-come of Moravian Separatism which they even now demand so loudly, would crown the weak and toppling column. But a Hungary restored to the plenitude of her geographical limits and political power, strong in the development of her yet virgin resources and in the free play of the bold genius of her people,—such a Hungary would check the antic and centrifugal tendencies of the other subjects of the crown, who must then take their stand together for the joint interest of the cis-Leithan provinces. A solution of this kind would, in the slang of the publicists of Vienna, present the features of a Dualismus. With a central authority to indicate the general tenour of affairs, the principles of the civil and commercial code, the amount of taxation to be remitted to Vienna, the quota of soldiers to be furnished, two great parliaments would prescribe every application of detail, and, by the personal conference of committees, or through the Imperial Executive, or through an Amphictyonic Council hereafter to be invested, maintain a mutual understanding between the allied halves of the body politic, and, as far as possible, harmonise divergent institutions and laws. Perhaps neither this nor any other system that human ingenuity can devise may be found ultimately adequate to the task proposed. His must be a happy optimism who thinks it will be easy, without a conqueror's iron hand, to weld into one potent and united mass so many races, which, far from naturally gravitating to the centre, are tending to fly away at the maddest tangents—which, for the most part, behold each the others with feelings that always range from suspicion to loathing, and almost never from confidence to love; which have in common neither civilisation, letters, laws, language, faith—nothing but the memory of a sad companionship in deception, misery, neglect, and all the other funereal circumstances of proud and ignorant misrule. Still, Austria's present mission is to front this complex problem. Fortunately for her, the government has at last fallen to men unshackled by the traditions and prejudices of place,—men who seem to know how helpless is mere empiricism at curing the desperate diseases of a state.

The Emperor Francis Joseph may be congratulated on his somewhat tardy, though not too late discovery, that, after all, heaven has granted no patent of wisdom, patriotism, and prudence to the German mind; and that since Germans have dragged his empire to the very edge of bankruptcy and ruin, it will be well to seek salvation at the hands of Hungarians and Slaves. But whatever shall be the destiny of the Danubian Monarchy, Hungary at least may hope for better times. Even England may spare a

moment of sympathy for a noble people and a noble cause. It may never be forgotten that but for Hungary the Horsetails would have danced in triumph from the Arno to the Seine—that but for Hungary some eunuch of the Golden Horn might at this very hour be giving the law to Europe from the Pitti or the Louvre. Neither may it be forgotten how, when the terror of the Scarlet Gowns had passed away, Hungary again deserved our thanks; how she set us an example of long-suffering, of courage, and at last of triumph, which adds another to the imperishable trophies of freedom and mankind, whose memory in a future season of trial may yet swell the patriotic bosom and nerve the hero's arm. Perhaps the hour is near at hand when Hungary's liberty shall again be Europe's pride, when the exile shall again behold his own, when the Magyar's homestead shall again be gladdened with the laugh of merry youth, while the long-horned buffaloes stagger across the fields beneath their loads of grapes and corn, and the wine-press trickles over with the amber liquor of Tokay. In such an hour it will be a glorious destiny for Franz Déak if he who has been his country's Rienzi should be called her Pericles or her Peel!

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CONSANGUINITY IN MARRIAGE.

PART II.

HITHERTO the question of consanguineous marriages has been considered on strictly physiological grounds, but we have now to weigh the allegations of another class of reasoners, viz., jurists who have pronounced on the general principles of law that should regulate such connections and the judgments we form respecting them. For the sake of brevity the opinions of four such authorities only will be here cited, two English and two American, and all four eminent by character and attainment.

The first of these authorities is Dr. Taylor, the author of *Elements of the Civil Law*, who, in his chapter on marriage, has written more fully and comprehensively than any of the three others on the subject of consanguineous marriages. With respect to marriages in the direct line, that is, in the line of ascendants and descendants, he says that though some limit the prohibition to the

(1) Reasons of a diplomatic nature render it desirable, in this instance, to withhold the writer's name. The Editor, therefore, departs from his rule, and assumes the responsibility which would otherwise have fallen on the contributor.

first degree, others to the third, the canon law to the fourth, and others again to the twentieth, yet in his judgment the voice of nature interposes absolutely and indeterminately, and such marriages are prohibited *in infinitum*. The principle of this rule he holds to be, that in such cases an exclusion is laid against those who are *parentum in numero*. Nature has set a perpetual bar to every such conjunction as shall damage or confound the consideration of parentage.

With respect to marriages in the collateral line, Dr. Taylor states that by the old canon law and the early decretals, marriages were prohibited down as far as the seventh degree, that is, persons who might be by the civil law computation in the twelfth degree to one another, were prohibited marriage by reason of too great proximity of blood. This prohibition was reduced to the fourth degree by the fourth Council of Lateran, which was held A.D. 1215; and it now stands at that degree in countries where the canon law prevails. The civil law and the canon law both extend the prohibition to the fourth degree, but each follows its own special mode of computation. In this case the canon law acts inclusively, the civil law exclusively, *i.e.* the canon law *prohibits* in the fourth degree, which is that of second cousins, and the civil law *allows* in the same degree, which, according to the civil law reckoning, is that of first cousins. Dr. Taylor lays down that natural law is necessarily concerned about the line of ascendants and descendants only, and that it is left to positive law to determine in the collateral line what nature has not determined, the rule in the latter case being drawn from the principle of the former. As in the direct line intermarriage is prohibited to those who stand, however remotely, *parentum in numero*, that is, among the number of actual progenitors, so in the collateral line intermarriage should be prohibited to those who stand *parentum in loco*, that is, in the social or constructive position of progenitors. He thus arrives at the following conclusions: first, that most or all the forbidden degrees out of the right line, that is, in the collateral line, depend in great measure upon the parental representation above supposed; second, that an union between the nearest relations out of the same line, that is, in the collateral line, as that of brother and sister, though justly now condemned by the wisest and most civilised nations, is yet not in its own nature and *per se* abominable; and third, that the fourth degree of consanguinity is the proper point to stop at, or in other words that the marriage of first cousins is lawful. Such marriages, he holds, are neither contrary to the law of nature, the Levitical constitutions, the civil laws of many wise legislatures, nor the practice of most ages and countries.¹

On this it is to be remarked, First, that the alleged natural law

¹ (1) *Elements of the Civil Law*. Third Edition. London, 1755. 4to. sec. iii. pp. 314—338.

prohibiting marriage in the direct line between ascendants and descendants *ad infinitum* is purely imaginary. There is not a particle of evidence adduced or adducible in its support. It is an established notion, but, as far as I can perceive or judge, a baseless figment. Second, the assumption of such a law in the direct line, and the negation of all natural law in the collateral line, amount to a *reductio ad absurdum*; for nature is thus made expressly to prohibit what is impossible of accomplishment, and to permit what is admitted to be justly condemned by the wisest and most civilised nations. The impossibility is the marriage of a man with his grandmother, his great-grandmother, his great-great-grandmother, and so on without limit or exception to his earliest female progenitor, which in each case is assumed to be expressly prohibited by natural law. What it permits, and leaves to the enactments of positive, municipal, human law to prohibit, is the marriage of brother and sister, as not being in its own nature and *per se* abominable. It cannot be the function of a natural law in morals expressly to prohibit what is impossible to be done, and what requires, therefore, neither natural nor positive law for its prohibition, and by the absence of prohibition to permit what is justly condemnable as a source of domestic and social depravation. Third, Dr. Taylor assigns no reason for stopping in the collateral line at the fourth degree, that is, for permitting the marriage of first cousins. The parental relation, actual or constructive, is his sole ground of prohibition; and that relation, by the extinction of all other natural ties, might constructively subsist between first cousins. In that case his own principle would condemn what he permits. This is not said to show that first cousins should not marry, but that the doctrine of parental representation is inadequate.

Mr. Burge, the author of Commentaries on Foreign and Colonial Laws, is the next authority to be cited, and he has touched the question with extreme brevity. Referring to the prohibition by the civil and canon law of marriages between parties related by blood in the direct ascending or descending line *in infinitum*, he says, "This prohibition prevents that confusion of civil duties which would be the necessary result of such marriages."¹ Mr. Burge, with Dr. Taylor, and the Justinian and other codes, adopts the unlimited prohibition in the direct line of ascent and descent, but he does not, with Dr. Taylor, place the prohibition on the ground of natural law, but on the confusion of civil duties which would result from its absence. This moral conception, as the ground of the prohibition, is of great value, and applies with great and just force against the alleged Persian practice. But Mr. Burge does not attempt to show how any confusion of civil duties could arise from the unprohibited and impossible marriage of a man with his fifth or fiftieth

(1) Commentaries, as cited Part I., *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, vol. ii., p. 722.

female progenitor. It is also to be noted that Mr. Burge assigns this reason only against marriages in the direct line, although it is obviously equally valid against marriages in the proximate degrees of the collateral line.

Chancellor Kent, of New York, our next authority, both in his *Commentaries on American Law* and in his judgment on the case of *Wightman v. Wightman*, treats the subject at greater length. In the *Commentaries*, referring to the Greek, Roman, Jewish, and English laws prohibiting marriages between near relations, he says that "these regulations, as far at least as they prohibit marriages among near relations by blood or marriage (for the canon and common law made no distinction on this point between connections by consanguinity and affinity), are evidently founded in the law of nature." Here the law of nature is recognised as the sole ground of prohibition; but where its record, how it is proved, what are its limitations, of all this we are told nothing. Further, the prohibitions founded on this alleged law are made to include all those connections either by blood or marriage, by consanguinity and affinity, which both the canon and common law forbid, a singularly broad and unqualified statement. The Chancellor, however, not resting on this statement, goes on to say that "it is very difficult to ascertain exactly the point at which the laws of nature have ceased to discountenance the union. It is very clearly established that marriages between relations by blood or affinity in the lineal or ascending and descending lines, are unnatural and unlawful, and they lead to a confusion of rights and duties. On this point the civil, the canon, and the common law are in perfect harmony. . . . But when we go to collaterals it is not easy to fix the forbidden degrees by clear and established principles." In this passage the unlawfulness of marriages in the direct line is grounded, first, on their unnaturalness, that is, their opposition to the alleged law or laws of nature; and, second, on the confusion of rights and duties to which they lead, thus combining Dr. Taylor's reason for prohibition, natural law, with Mr. Burge's, the social inconvenience arising from the confusion of civil rights and duties. Chancellor Kent, however, goes further than Mr. Burge, by applying the latter principle to the prohibition in the collateral line of marriages between brothers and sisters. "It was considered," he says, "in the case of *Wightman v. Wightman* that marriages between brothers and sisters in the collateral line were, equally with those between persons in the lineal line of consanguinity, unlawful and void, as being plainly repugnant to the first principles of society and the moral sense of the civilised world. It would be difficult to carry the prohibition further without legislative sanction." In other words, according to the Chancellor, the first principles of society and the moral sense of the civilised world

prohibit the marriages of brothers and sisters without any special enactments against such unions; but to carry the prohibition further, legislative sanction, express human law, is necessary.¹

In the case of *Wightman v. Wightman*, referred to in the last extract, Chancellor Kent's views on this subject are expressed with greater fulness than in the Commentaries, and his remarks are here given without much abridgement except by omitting the citations of authorities:—

“Besides the case of lunacy now before me,” he says, “I have hypothetically mentioned the case of a marriage between persons in the direct lineal line of consanguinity as clearly unlawful by the law of the land, independent of any Church canon or of any statute prohibition. That such a marriage is criminal and void by a law of nature is a point universally conceded. And by the law of nature I understand those fit and just rules of conduct which the Creator has prescribed to man as a dependent and social being, and which are to be ascertained from the deductions of right reason, though they may be more precisely known and more explicitly declared by Divine Revelation. There is one other case in which the marriage would be equally void *causâ consanguinitatis*, and that is the case of brother and sister. . . . I am aware that when we leave the lineal line and come to the relation by blood or affinity in the collateral line, it is not so easy to ascertain the exact point at which the natural law has ceased to discountenance the union. Though there may be some difference in the theories of different writers on the law of nature in regard to this subject, yet the general current of authority and the practice of civilised nations, and certainly of the whole Christian world, have condemned the connection in the second case which has been supposed, as grossly indecent, immoral, and incestuous, and inimical to the purity and happiness of families, and as forbidden by the law of nature. We accordingly find such connections expressly prohibited in different codes. And whatever may have been the practice of some ancient nations, originating, as Montesquieu observes, in the madness of superstition, the objection to such marriages is undoubtedly founded in reason and nature. It grows out of the institution of families, and the rights and duties, habits and affections, flowing from that relation, and which may justly be considered as part of the law of our nature as rational and social beings. Marriages among such near relations would not only lead to domestic licentiousness, but by blending in one object duties and feelings incompatible with each other, would perplex and confound the duties, habits, and affections proceeding from the family state, impair the perception and corrupt the purity of moral taste, and do

(1) Commentaries on American Law, vol. ii. part iv. § xxvi. pp. 47—49. Boston, 1858.

violence to the moral sentiments of mankind. Indeed, we might infer the sense of mankind and the dictates of reason and nature from the language of horror and detestation in which such incestuous connections have been reprobated and condemned in all ages. The general usage of mankind is sufficient to settle the question, if it were possible to have any doubt on the subject, and it must have proceeded from some strong, uniform, and natural principle. Prohibitions of the Natural Law are of absolute, uniform, and universal obligation. They become rules of common law, which is founded in the common reason and acknowledged duty of mankind, sanctioned by immemorial usage, and as such are clearly binding. To this extent, then, I apprehend it to be within the power and within the duty of this Court to enforce the prohibition. Such marriages should be declared void as *contra bonos mores*. But as to the other collateral degrees beyond brother and sister, I should incline to the intimation of the judges in *Harrison v. Burwell*, that as we have no statute on the subject and no train of common law decisions independent of any statute authority, the Levitical degrees are not binding as a rule of municipal obedience. Marriages out of the lineal line and in the collateral line beyond the degree of brothers and sisters could not well be declared void as against the first principles of society. The laws or usages of all the nations to whom I have referred do, indeed, extend the prohibition to remoter degrees; but this is stepping out of the family circle, and I cannot put the prohibition on any other ground than positive institution. There is a great diversity of usage on this subject. *Neque teneo, neque dicta refello*. The limitation must be left, until the legislature thinks proper to make some provision in the case, to the injunctions of religion, and to the control of manners and opinions."¹

On this judicial opinion let it be briefly remarked, First, that the moral aspects of the question are here presented with beauty, force, and truth. Chancellor Kent coincides with Mr. Burge in his adoption of the moral ground of prohibition in the direct line, extends it to the first degree of the collateral line, and enforces it with just and appropriate illustration. On this point he leaves nothing to be desired. Second, in the Commentaries the Chancellor, apparently at least, places the prohibition of the marriages of brothers and sisters exclusively on this moral ground, "as being plainly repugnant to the first principles of society and the moral sense of the civilised world;" but in the judgment he adds that they are also "forbidden by the law of nature," and intimates that this prohibition is one of "the prohibitions of the natural law," and that as such it is "of absolute, uniform, and universal obligation," still carefully and

(1) Cited by Story in *Conflict of Laws*, chap. v., § 114, note 1, p. 208. Boston, 1857.

expressly limiting the prohibition to the first degree of the collateral line. It would seem that it behoved the Chancellor to explain the grounds on which it is held that this alleged law of nature prohibits impossible marriages in the direct line indefinitely, and prohibits marriages in the collateral line in the first degree only, leaving unprohibited marriages which are considered by many to be "repugnant to the first principles of society and the moral sense of the civilised world." We have here, indeed, a limitation of the alleged law, but it is a limitation, like the law itself, without proof or the allegation of proof, permitting the inquirer to conclude that the law and its limitation are alike visionary. Third, in this judgment there is embodied an attempt at a definition of the law of nature. "By the law of nature," says Chancellor Kent, "I understand those fit and just rules of conduct which the Creator has prescribed to man as a dependent and social being, and which are to be ascertained from the deductions of right reason, though they may be more precisely known and more explicitly declared by Divine revelation." What is needed is some proof of the existence of *a* law of nature prohibiting marriages in the direct line without exception, and *not* prohibiting marriages in the collateral line except in the first degree. What is given is not even a definition of *the* law of nature as distinguished from the deductions of right reason and from Divine revelation, for the definition by its terms confounds all three, while, on the contrary, they have each a separate province, a special evidence, and an independent authority.

Judge Story, a former judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the author, among other works, of a treatise on the Conflict of Laws, is the only other writer on this subject whose opinion will be quoted here. In that treatise he quotes the authority of Chancellor Kent, reiterates his doctrine, and expresses assent to his conclusions. "When we speak of incestuous marriages," he says, "care must be taken to confine the doctrine to such cases as by the general consent of all Christendom are deemed incestuous. It is difficult to ascertain exactly the point at which the law of nature or the authority of Christianity ceases to prohibit marriages between kindred, and Christian nations are by no means generally agreed on this subject. . . . Marriages between relations by blood in the lineal ascending or descending line are universally held by the common law, the canon law, and the civil law, to be unnatural and unlawful. So are marriages between brother and sister in the collateral line, whether of the whole blood or of the half blood; and, indeed, such marriages seem repugnant to the first principles of social order and morality. It has been well remarked by Chancellor Kent that it will be difficult to carry the prohibition further in the collateral line than the first degree (that is, beyond brother and

sister), unless where the legislature have expressly provided such a prohibition."¹

From the preceding facts and opinions the following conclusions are drawn.

The first conclusion is, that there is no physiological law against consanguineous unions; by which it is meant to be affirmed that there are no injurious physical consequences which necessarily and universally follow them. In the vegetable kingdom self-fertilisation is common and salutary. In the animal kingdom close-breeding does not deteriorate, and often improves, the breed. In the human race the alleged bad effects are not proved, and they are disproved by the occurrence of the alleged cause without those bad effects, and of the bad effects independent of the alleged cause. Further, there is no proof of the physical deterioration of those divisions of mankind amongst whom consanguineous unions are known more or less to have prevailed. Ancient history furnishes no ground for supposing that the Persian and Egyptian nations suffered any physical degeneracy from that cause.

The second conclusion is, that there is no natural law against consanguineous marriages, such as that of which Dr. Taylor affirms the existence. He says that the voice of nature interposes absolutely and indeterminately, forbidding the most distant, as well as the nearest, connection in the direct line. The allegation of such a law is an unsupported assumption. Where, when, how, to whom has nature thus spoken? In what language has nature declared that a man may not marry his grandmother, but has left him at liberty to marry his grandmother's sister? When nature speaks, she directs her authority against possible evils. But who ever thought of marrying his grandmother, his great-grandmother, his great-great-grandmother, and so on, without limit? The thing is impossible; and the impossibility constitutes the all-sufficient reason for its not being done, without any added prohibition or penalty. Human laws often express human folly, but nature does not issue frivolous edicts against imaginary evils.

The third conclusion is, that there is no law of nature against consanguineous marriages such as that of which Chancellor Kent affirms the existence. He makes this law operate against marriage in the direct line indefinitely, and in the collateral line in the first degree; and he finds a proof of its validity in its universal recognition. That such a marriage in the direct line is criminal and void by a law of nature, he claims, "is a point universally conceded;" and he equally maintains that such incestuous connections in the collateral line "have been reprobated and condemned in all ages." We know, however, that the voice and practice of antiquity, in large nations and

(1) *Conflict of Laws*, chap. v., § 114, pp. 206—208. Boston, 1857.

during long ages, were not in favour of the law he assumes ; and even in modern times, and among Christian jurists, the utterances of this alleged law are not accordant. Dr. Taylor, it has been shown, argues for the existence of a natural law in this matter, founded on the principle of parental relation or representation ; but he adds that this natural law "is necessarily concerned about the line of ascendants and descendants *only*," and that the marriage of brother and sister, though justly condemned, "is yet not in its own nature and *per se* abominable ;" whereas Chancellor Kent expressly pronounces that the marriage of brother and sister is "forbidden by the law of nature." Natural law, then, according to one expositor permits, according to another forbids, such a marriage, a diversity of judgment which goes far to shake belief in the reality of such a law. Chancellor Kent, on this very subject, has himself said that "prohibitions of the natural law are of absolute, uniform, and universal obligation ;" and the converse is equally true, that prohibitions that are *not* of absolute, uniform, and universal obligation, are *not* prohibitions of the natural law.

The fourth conclusion respects the doctrine of Revelation on the subject of consanguineous marriages. Chancellor Kent says that the fit and just rules of conduct, which he identifies with the law of nature, and with the deductions of right reason, "may be more precisely known and more explicitly declared by Divine Revelation." It is assumed that the Divine Revelation here referred to must mean either the Revelation of the Divine Will in the Jewish religion, or in the Christian religion, or in both, embodied respectively in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. For those who revere the authority of the Scriptures, it thus becomes a question, what do they teach, what light do they supply, what examples do they exhibit in connection with this subject? When we examine these records, we find three distinct aspects of it presented.

The first aspect is that of the primitive and patriarchal age. The only case in the direct line is that of Lot and his daughters, which is evidently mentioned by the historian as a matter of opprobrium to the Moabites and Ammonites, who are stated to have sprung from this connection. It is not probable that these tribes would have given such an account of their own origin, and it is possible that it may have been a calumny of the Jews against those whom they subdued and dispossessed. On the other hand it is to be borne in mind that, according to Old Testament genealogy, it was from this source, through Ruth the Moabitess, that David arose, the man after God's own heart, the anointed of the God of Jacob, the sweet psalmist of Israel, the founder of a great dynasty, and the pride of the Jewish people. If national hatred would have dictated, national vanity would have suppressed, the imputation, and we

must therefore be contented to take the statement as we find it. Still further, according to New Testament genealogy, it was from this same source, through David, that the Author and Finisher of the Christian faith is claimed to have derived His human origin. In the collateral line, it has been shown that there are marriages recorded of brother with sister, of whole or of half blood, of uncle with niece, and of nephew with aunt. Abraham, the father of the faithful, avowed that he had married his half-sister, and the fruit of this union was declared to be that in which all the families of the earth should be blessed. Moses and Aaron, the special agents of God to deliver the Jews from Egyptian bondage, and the authors of their civil and ecclesiastical polity, were the children of a marriage between nephew and aunt. The patriarchal age certainly supplies no confirmation of the law of nature propounded by Chancellor Kent.¹

The second aspect of this subject presented in the Scriptures is that contained in the Levitical law, which undoubtedly prohibits, in the direct line, the marriage of a son with his father's wife, that is, his father's widow, and in the collateral line, that of a brother with his sister, that of a nephew with his aunt, and by implication, that of an uncle with his niece. In our own day, indeed, M. Isidore states that the Jewish law in force in France permits the marriage both of niece and uncle, aunt and nephew, but it is not easy to comprehend by what refinement of interpretation this last-mentioned connection is deemed compatible with respect for the prohibitions of the Levitical law. It is also certain that the marriage of first cousins is not within the prohibited degrees, and that such marriages were contracted with repute. But to whatever extent the prohibitions of the Levitical law may be carried, and however high their authority may be, or may be deemed, they are provisions of the municipal Jewish law, peculiar to the Jewish nation, state, or people, and are no more binding on other nations, states, or peoples, than the Jewish sacrifices, sabbaths, and ceremonies, or any other portion of the entire body of Jewish law.

The third aspect of this subject in the Scriptures is that which is derived from the teaching of Christ and His Apostles. Jesus nowhere promulgates any law or pronounces any judgment on consanguineous unions, but with a prescient wisdom, and a calm and lofty dependence upon the growth of spiritual life and the ascendancy of moral principles and motives among his true followers, He leaves all such questions undetermined. Paul is the only writer in the New Testament who condemns a marriage, and that not of consanguinity, but of affinity. As in the patriarchal age, Reuben's crime was punished as an act of domestic treachery and unfilial dishonour to a father; and under the Levitical institutions Absalom's

(1) Bath iv. 18—22. Matt. i. 1—17. Luke i. 27, 32. Gen. xxii. 18.

was an act of outrageous domestic and political profligacy, so Paul, with just indignation, protests against the Corinthians acknowledging as a brother one who had married his father's wife; but he appeals to no real or supposed natural or revealed law on the subject, and grounds his censure and reproof on the general principles of morality, which had freed even the Gentile world known to him from such an enormity.¹ Christian states and churches, wiser, in their own esteem, than their Master and his apostles, have made laws on this subject, which they have sought to invest with divine authority, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men; but even their own laws they do not keep, since they retain and exercise the power of dispensing with one or other of their prohibitions. Of this the proposed and sanctioned marriage of Donna Maria da Gloria, of Portugal, with her uncle, Dom. Miguel, is a proof in recent history (Part I., vol. ii. p. 722). If the authority of the prohibitory law is Divine, how dare any one assume the power of dispensing from its observance? If the authority of the law is not Divine, how dare any one seek to impose on mankind as of Divine, what is of human and fallible, origin?

The question recurs, What are the positive reasons which have led mankind in the progress of civilisation to discourage the formation of consanguineous unions? If neither the analogy of the vegetable nor that of the animal kingdom pronounces against them; if neither history nor science supplies any ground for their prohibition; if neither natural religion nor the Christian revelation prescribes a law well-defined and universally obligatory respecting them, we are left to those "deductions of right reason" to which Chancellor Kent appeals, and which, although they cannot be justly deemed to constitute a law of nature, may yet be sufficient for guidance on this subject in the relations of domestic and social life.

The first conclusion which reason appears to suggest and enforce is derived from the institution of property. The whole structure of modern civilisation depends upon this institution, without which the industries of the hand, the thoughts of the mind, and the affections of the heart, would all stagnate for want of motives, objects, and ends. Hence the descent of property, first in the direct line from parents to children, and second, in the absence of direct lineage, from children of the same parents to each other in the collateral line, becomes an important matter of custom, of regulation, and of law. It is evident that if in a social state, where the institution of property has been called into existence, the marriage-unions of fathers with daughters, and of sons with mothers, on the one hand, and of brothers with sisters on the other, were permitted, elements of irretrievable confusion would be introduced into the

(1) Gen. xxiv. 22; xlix. 4. 1 Chron. v. 1. 2 Sam. xvi. 22; xx. 3. 1 Cor. v. 1.

laws enacting the descent of property. The same persons, whether the parties to such unions or the fruits of them, would have titles and claims utterly impossible to be defined, regulated, or reconciled with those of others, thus not only making the institution of property a cause of interminable dissension, in a degree incomparably greater than it now is, but nullifying its existence, and thereby contributing to the dissolution of the very framework of society. We have thus a measure of the civilisation which permitted or permits such unions : to the extent to which they prevailed or prevail, they were and are inconsistent with the regular and legal descent of property, and, by consequence, even with its existence. Thus also, conversely, where property is recognised as a social institution, and its descent is regulated by law, such unions must and will be forbidden. To give the prohibition efficacy it may be made to rest on other grounds. It may be pronounced a law of nature or a law of God ; but this is an appeal to ignorance or to superstition. It is in fact a law of society, as necessary to its progress as are the legal institution and the lineal descent of property.

The existence and descent of property primarily influence the material condition of society ; and if we ascend from this view of consanguineous unions to their effect upon the mind, we find a second ground of prohibition in the special constitution of the human intellect, which naturally demands clearness and directness in its conceptions, and is dissatisfied with complicated involutions of thought and relation. The real progress of the mind does not consist so much in learning as in unlearning ; not so much in adding thought to thought, as in stripping true thought of its false adjuncts, which deface its form and obscure its beauty ; not in multiplying and confounding the relations of life, but in divesting them of unnecessary entanglements, and reducing them to an appropriate and graceful simplicity. Hence the just sentiment, equally poetic and popular, of woman being "when unadorned adorned the most." Hence man is never more manly than when he rests his dignity upon his personal attributes, whether physical strength, intellectual power, or moral goodness, not upon his factitious and fictitious distinctions as a courtier or an aristocrat, a man of place or of pelf. Hence also the odium, in part at least, which pluralists, both civil and ecclesiastical, excite, for they not only exclusively appropriate what should be shared with others, but they at one and the same time exhibit themselves in two or more incompatible characters, offending not only the sense of justice but the love of congruity. The most exaggerated form of this offensive incongruity appears in the relations constituted by the consanguineous marriages under consideration, those of a father with his own daughter, of a son with his own mother, and of a brother with his own sister. Philo, the

Alexandrian Jew, appears to have been particularly struck with this view of the marriage of a son with his own mother, and he has described its revolting inconsistencies with great point and force. "What," he asks, "can be a more flagitious act of impiety than to defile the bed of one's father after he is dead, which it would be right rather to preserve untouched, as sacred; and to feel no respect either for old age or for one's mother; and for the same man to be both the son and the husband of the same woman; and again for the same woman to be both the mother and wife of the same man; and for the children of the two to be the brothers of their father, and the grandsons of their mother; and for that same woman to be both the mother and grandmother of those children whom she has brought forth; and for the man to be at the same time the father and the uterine brother of those whom he has begotten?" Were it necessary or desirable to dwell at greater length on this view of such connections, similar inconsistencies might be established against the marriage of a father with his daughter, and of a brother with his sister; but it is more to the present purpose to note that Philo, while he felt strongly and justly on this subject, appears scarcely to have analysed with accuracy the nature of the sentiment he entertained. The practice which he properly and indignantly reprobates, he calls a flagitious act of impiety; and to him it must have appeared an act of impiety, because it was forbidden by a law which he accepted as of Divine authority. But the Persians and Egyptians, the Athenians and Lacedemonians, to all of whom he specially refers in the context of the passage quoted, acknowledged no such law; and it is not only conceivable, but even probable, that the impugned practices of these respective nations were in their own estimation not impious, and were justified by religious as well as social considerations. In the case of the Persians, indeed, it has been already shown (Part I., vol. ii. p. 716) that Agathias ascribes the national practice which he condemns to the authority of Zoroaster. Philo's language is not a description of an irreligious act committed in opposition to a recognised Divine law, but of contradictions that shocked his mind springing out of the false relations created by the alleged practice, and educated Persians were as capable as Jews of perceiving such contradictions. That in certain stages of their history, and in certain stations of life, they did not perceive them, arose either from defective culture in this direction, or from express religious authority and instruction in the opposite direction, not from impiety or conscious disobedience to a known Divine law. Whether on the plains of Syria or on the banks of the Nile, in Assyria or in Persia, at Athens or at Lacedemon, that must have been a low condition of mental discipline and of social civilisation which was not offended by such incongruities as Philo describes, but which in different forms and in different degrees practised, tolerated, legalised, and consecrated them.

We are thus conducted to a third and conclusive ground on which to rest the prohibition of consanguineous marriages, viz., that they confuse not merely the intellectual conceptions, but the reciprocal duties of domestic life, and thereby retard the formation of moral character and prevent real moral progress. This is that "confusion of civil duties" to which Mr. Burge briefly but forcibly refers; that "confusion of rights and duties" on which Chancellor Kent eloquently enlarges. History and experience prove that the family by the virtues which it evokes is the germ of individual excellence, the source of social progress, the bone and sinew of political prosperity. To confound the relations of the family is to confound its duties, to weaken and ultimately annihilate its virtues, and thus to deprive society of all the benefits which it is fitted to confer. These are the consequences which consanguineous unions inevitably entail. To recur to Philo's illustration of the evils of marriage between a son and his mother, the anticipation and the actual formation of such a union are utterly incompatible with pure filial reverence on the one part, and on the other with pure maternal affection, two of the tenderest, the noblest, and the most humanising sentiments that can possess and influence the mind. Again, the offspring of such a marriage are, as respects the father, his children, the fruit of his own body, and yet also his own brothers and sisters, the progeny of the same mother with himself, thus confounding the direct and the collateral lines, the paternal and fraternal duties. The authority of the father and the equality of the brother are lost and annulled. How can such children reverence such a father? How can such a brother treat such brothers and sisters as his equals? Still further, as respects the mother, the fruits of such a marriage are both her children and her grandchildren, and she at once their mother and their grandmother, thus confounding the duties of two successive generations in the direct line. Finally, as respects the children who proceed from such a union, they are not only the brothers and sisters of their own father, the grandchildren as well as children of their own mother, but they must also sustain the most anomalous and inexplicable relations and obligations to the collaterals of father and mother respectively. If to the practice of intermarriage between son and mother we superadd that between father and daughter, and that also between brother and sister—concurrent practices, as we have seen, not unknown to antiquity—we have sources of "confusion worse confounded," destructive of all intelligible obligation and of all domestic and social morality. It may be safely affirmed that scarcely a step can be taken in the conception of moral ideas, relations, and duties where such unions are formed; and if such ideas, relations, and duties are necessary to the family, and the family is necessary to the state, it follows that neither can domestic nor political life flourish, neither the holy affections of the one nor the

healthy vigour of the other, except where such unions have been abolished.

On these three grounds, appealing at once to the material interests, the intellectual judgments, and the moral perceptions, consanguineous marriages must be unequivocally condemned. It is, however, to be borne in mind that the question of such marriages as it existed in ancient times is essentially different from that which under the same name is presented to us in modern society. Formerly the question was whether a father might marry his daughter, a son his mother, a brother his sister. These were the connections that prevailed more or less, without disrepute, among certain ancient nations and tribes, and that were justly stigmatised by more civilised peoples and polities. Now no such question is discussed, no such connections are defended. The whole history of civilisation proves the tendency to regard them with disapproval; to raise barriers in custom, in opinion, and in law, against their formation; and to brand and abolish them. It is only in dark ages, among barbarous tribes, in rude and corrupt conditions of life, that they are now exceptionally found. As civilisation advances such connections become vices and crimes, disgraceful to the individual, degrading to society, and forbidden by formal enactment. The modern question is, whether, as in certain countries and communions, an uncle may marry his niece, or a nephew his aunt, and whether the permission by the civil law of the intermarriage of first cousins, or the prohibition by the canon law of the intermarriage of second cousins, shall be maintained. Whether such marriages shall be permitted or forbidden can be reasonably made to depend only upon the three considerations already adduced. In the absence of any natural or revealed law against them, the legitimate inquiries will be—Do they embarrass the descent of property? Do they confuse our judgments of the relations of life? Do they vitiate our perceptions of domestic and social obligations? In reply to the first and second of these inquiries, the answer, as far as I am able to judge, must be that they do not embarrass the descent of property, and that they do not confuse our judgments of the relations of life. In reply to the third, the answer must be more doubtful. The marriage union between uncle and niece, between nephew and aunt, and between cousins, would seem to tend to lessen the purity and mutual confidence which for the happiness of families and the benefit of society should subsist between those near relations. There is, however, the utmost danger of pressing this consideration with too great rigour, for at every successive remove from the first degree in the direct and collateral lines, the confusion of relation and duty becomes less, until at last it entirely disappears, and exists only in a morbid imagination.

WILLIAM ADAM.

THE IRISH PRESBYTERIANS.

THE Dean of Emly, in his ably written paper read at the Norwich Church Congress, appealed to his audience, in "the name of truth and fairness," not to make quite so much of the question of numbers in connection with the Irish Establishment. It was not unnatural that he in particular should feel a little tender on this point. He is dean of a diocese which contains a population of 62,196, of which 1,414, or something over 2 per cent., are members of the Established Church. The number of benefices in this diocese is 28, producing a net income of £5,595. I find, from "Thom's Almanack and Official Directory," that eight of these benefices are "*suspended*," their incomes being paid to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Besides the twenty incumbents, there are thirteen curates: thirty-three clergymen altogether to take care of 1,400 souls; about enough for a single congregation. Thus, while the State makes provision for forty clergymen—counting the suspended benefices—with a dean, a chancellor, an archdeacon, &c., at a cost of nearly £6,000, for the care of 1,400 Protestants, including nearly all the wealthy families of the diocese, it leaves 60,000 Roman Catholics, nearly all poor, without any sort of provision for their spiritual wants. The equity of such State arrangements may seem clear as the day to Archdeacon Denison, who holds that the fact of a church being an Established Church has nothing to do with its being a majority or a minority of the population. But it is difficult to get the 60,000 Roman Catholics of the diocese of Emly to see that it is a just thing to pay thirty-three clergymen for teaching 1,400 Protestants, while their own clergy have nothing to depend upon but the pence which they themselves are able to contribute out of their poverty. No wonder Dean Alexander wished to have written on the front of the Irish Church—*In spem futuræ multitudinis*.

In another part of his statement the Dean said, "It is sometimes convenient to erase Ulster from the map of Ireland;" and he referred to the diocese of Derry, as one in which the Established Church appears in greatest force. Well, even in that diocese, I find by the census of 1861 that out of a total population of 293,251, only 43,738 are members of the Established Church, while there are within the same territory 79,287 Presbyterians, and 5,751 Protestants of other persuasions. That is, while in the diocese of Derry the Established Church numbers but 14·9 per cent. of the population, other Protestants not belonging to her communion number 29 per cent., or more than two to one. The Presbyterians have an absolute majority of the population in the diocese of Down, their numbers being 83,849, or more than 51 per cent., while the members of the Established

Church are only 28,868, or something over 17 per cent. Again, in the diocese of Connor, the Established Church has a population of only 80,125, out of 386,029, while the Presbyterians amount to 184,330.

Now, with such statistics before us, may it not be said, that in pleading the cause of the Irish Establishment, it is sometimes convenient not to erase Ulster from the map of Ireland, but to ignore the existence of a great denomination of Protestants who have made Ulster what it is. I do not find that any of the Irish gentlemen who delivered their elaborate statements at the Congress made the slightest allusion to the Presbyterian body. The questions which were raised were questions of Protestantism and Christian civilisation in Ireland, questions about preaching the Gospel and maintaining reformed Christianity in that country, and yet not a word was said about a denomination of strictly orthodox Protestants, numbering 523,291, with five or six hundred ministers living with their families in the midst of their congregations. These are people proverbial for their intelligence, industry, and prosperity; for their morality, their respect for law and order, and above all for their love of the Bible. Concentrated in this one province is a Protestant population nearly equal to all the members of the Established Church in Ireland, and yet, by those who defend that Church professedly for the sake of Protestantism, the existence of that population is not taken into account at all, or even thought worthy of a passing allusion. Is not this strange omission very suggestive? It appears to me, however, that some knowledge of the history of the Irish Presbyterians, and of their relations to the other ecclesiastical bodies in the country, is necessary to a right understanding of the case of Ireland. Certainly so large and powerful a section of the community—enlightened, loyal, and Bible-loving Protestants—ought to receive some consideration from the religious public of England, as well as from the Legislature, before finally deciding the questions at issue with regard to the State Church.

James I. commenced his reign in Ireland with a policy of conciliation. He proclaimed a general pardon to all who were concerned in the late rebellions, and restored to their former possessions those who had not been attainted. The natives were admitted to the privileges of subjects, and were placed in all respects on an equality with English residents. Regular courts of assize were re-established in the southern provinces, after being in abeyance for two centuries, and they were for the first time introduced into Ulster. But the gunpowder plot in England having excited his alarm about foreign emissaries, some of whom had been found plotting in Ireland, he refused all public countenance to the Roman Catholic religion in that country. In consequence of this, some of the northern chiefs to whom he had secured their estates, and on whom he had conferred

titles of nobility, entered into a conspiracy against his government, and applied to the courts of France and Spain for aid to overthrow it. The plot was discovered before it was ripe for execution ; its chief promoters, the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, fled in dismay, and shortly after O'Dogherty, another rebel leader, was slain. Their estates were forfeited, with those of others implicated in the conspiracies ; and the consequence was, that about half a million acres in Ulster were placed at the disposal of the Crown. This province having been the principal seat of the rebellions against Elizabeth, and the inhabitants, the most turbulent in the country, having been reduced to a miserable remnant by the devastations of civil war and famine, James resolved to "plant" it with English and Scotch settlers. Nothing could be more deplorable than the condition of Ulster at that time, as described by contemporary historians. With the exception of a few fortified cities, its towns and villages had been levelled to the ground, and scarcely any buildings remained, save the castles occupied by the English, and the mud cabins of the natives. Immense woods and extensive marshes covered a large portion of the country, relieved only by occasional patches in bad cultivation. The proprietors, beggared by the wars, were unable to employ labour ; while many of the people betook themselves to the woods, living there like savages, and supporting themselves by plunder. Divine Service had not been performed for years together in any parish church throughout Ulster, except in the principal towns. It was under these circumstances that the king resolved upon the scheme which has been generally known as "The Plantation of Ulster," and which was carried out by Sir Arthur Chichester, who was appointed Lord-Deputy, in 1605. The forfeited estates, having been carefully surveyed, were allotted to three classes of persons :—British undertakers, who voluntarily engaged in the enterprise ; servitors of the Crown, consisting of civil and military officers ; and natives whom it was expected this confidence and liberality would render loyal subjects. The lands were divided into three proportions of 2,000, 1,500, and 1,000 acres. Those who obtained the largest were each bound within four years to build a castle and "bawn," and to plant forty-eight able men eighteen years old or upwards, of English or Scottish descent. Those of the second class were each obliged to build a strong stone or brick house within two years ; and the third a bawn, with a house of less value ; each class being obliged to plant a due proportion of British families, and to have their houses furnished with arms for their defence. The result was the settlement in the country of 144 English and Scotch "undertakers," 56 "servitors," and 286 "natives," who gave bonds to the State for the fulfilment of the covenants, and who were required to render an account of their progress in

carrying on the plantation. The chief undertakers were the London companies, who obtained nearly the whole of the county of Londonderry, on condition of their building and fortifying the cities of Londonderry and Coleraine, and otherwise expending £20,000 on the plantation. Sir Arthur Chichester, however, obtained the entire neighbouring territory of Ennishowen, with all the manors and rights formerly possessed by the O'Doghertys; but the stringent conditions imposed on the other undertakers were dispensed with, in consequence of which that portion of the county of Donegal presents an unfavourable contrast to the rest of the country even at the present day.

Owing to the vicinity of Scotland, and the enterprising character of its people, the greater part of the settlers came from that country, and occupied the north-eastern side of the province, whence they spread themselves over the remoter districts, while the southern and western counties were chiefly occupied by the English. The decayed and almost deserted towns were now rapidly replenished with inhabitants, the lands were gradually cleared of the woods, houses were erected throughout the cultivated country, new towns were built and incorporated, and in every direction proofs were given of industry, order, and peace, disturbed only by the marauding incursions of the natives, who issued from their fastnesses in the woods. It is stated, for example, that "Sir Toby Caulfield's people were driven every night to lay up all his cattle as it were in ward; and do he and his what they could, the wolfe and the wood-kerne within culiver-shot of his forte had often times a share." Even in the English pale "Sir John King and Sir Henry Harrington, within half a mile of Dublin, had to do the like, for those fore-named enemies did every night survey the fields to the very walls." Of the English, as one of the settlers, a Presbyterian minister from Scotland, wrote, "Not many came over, because, being a great deal more tenderly bred at home in England, and entertained in better quarters than they could find here in Ireland, they were very unwilling to flock here, except to good land such as they had before at home, or to good cities where they might trade; both of which in these days were scarce enough here. Besides that, the marshiness and fogginess of this island was still found unwholesome to English bodies more tenderly bred and in better air; so that we have seen in our time multitudes of them die of a flux, called here the country disease, at their first entry. These things were such discouragements, that the new English came but very slowly, and the old English were become no better than the Irish." The writer adds that the king "had a natural love to have Ireland planted with Scots, as being, beside their loyalty, of a middle temper, between the English tender, and the Irish rude breeding, and a great deal more like to adventure to plant Ulster than the English, it lying

far both from the English native land and more from their humour, while it lies nigh to Scotland, and the inhabitants not so far from the ancient Scots manners; so that it might be hoped that the Irish untoward living would be met both with equal firmness, if need be, and be especially allayed by the example of more civility and Protestant profession than in former times had been among them."

Some great English houses, however, were founded about this time. Sir Hugh Clotworthy obtained the lands of Antrim, both fruitful and good, and invited thither several of the English, "very good men," the Ellises, Leslies, Langfords, and others. "Chichester, a worthy man, had an estate given him in the county of Antrim, where he improved his interest, built the prospering mart of Belfast, and confirmed his interest in Carrickfergus, and built a stately palace there. Conway had an estate given him in the county of Antrim, and built a town, afterwards called Lisnegarvy (Lisburn), and this was planted with a colony of English also. Moses Hill had woodlands given him, which being thereafter demolished, left a fair and beautiful country, where a late heir of the Hills built a town called Hillsborough. All these lands and more were given to the English gentlemen, worthy persons, who afterwards increased, and made noble and loyal families, in places where formerly had been nothing but robbing, treason, and rebellion. Of the Scots nation there was a family of the Balfours, of the Forbeses, of the Grahams, two of the Stewarts, and not a few of the Hamiltons. The McDonalds founded the earldom of Antrim, the Hamiltons the earldoms of Strabane and Clanbrassil, and there were besides several knights of that name, Sir Frederick, Sir George, Sir Francis, Sir Charles, his son, and Sir Hawk, all Hamiltons, for they prospered above all others in this country, after the first admittance of the Scots into it." The large tract of country in Down and Antrim formerly possessed by the Irish chief Con O'Neill, whom the Lord-Deputy had incarcerated for treason, and who had been liberated by the ingenuity of his wife, "a sharp, nimble woman," with the exception of one-third, which she managed to save for her husband, became the property of Montgomery of Ards, and Hamilton of Claneboy. "But," says the historian above quoted, the Rev. Andrew Stewart, "land without inhabitants is a burden without relief. The Irish were gone, the ground was desolate, rent must be paid to the king, tenants were none to pay them. Therefore the lords, having a good bargain themselves, made some of their friends sharers, as freeholders under them. Thus came several farmers under Mr. Montgomery, gentlemen from Scotland, and of the names of the Shaws, Calderwoods, Boyds, of the Keiths, from the north, and some foundations were laid for towns and incorporations, &c. These foundations being laid, the Scots came hither apace, and became tenants willingly and sub-tenants to their countrymen (whose manner and way they

knew), so that in a short time the country began again to be inhabited."

Thus originated the towns of Donaghadee, Newtonards, Grey-abbey, Bangor, Holywood, and Killaleagh. Many of the native Irish were permitted to occupy lands in the midst of the new settlers, and to the great joy of all parties Parliament repealed the odious laws passed to prevent the English inhabitants of the kingdom from intermarrying, or holding any communion, either with the Irish or the Scots. The natives were no longer marked out as the natural enemies of the government, whom it was felony to marry, or to employ as nurses. These Presbyterian settlers were subsequently joined by many of the persecuted Puritans from England, and some of them being promoted to bishoprics and other ecclesiastical dignities, they gave a low church temper to the Establishment.

It seems there was much need of this leaven of Puritanism, and of a celebrated revival of religion which followed some time after; for the same candid historian, Stewart, describes a state of things more like the morals and manners of the Restoration than those of the Commonwealth. "From Scotland came many, and from England not a few, yet all of them generally the scum of both nations, who from debt or breaking, and fleeing from justice, or seeking shelter, came hither, hoping to be without fear of man's justice in a land where there was nothing, or but little yet, of the fear of God. And in a few years there flocked such a multitude of people from Scotland, that these northern counties of Down, Antrim, Londonderry, &c., were in a good measure planted, which had been waste before. Yet most of the people were all void of godliness, who seemed rather to flee from God in this enterprise than to follow their own mercy. Albeit, as they cared little for any church, so God seemed to care as little for them." The writer goes on to state that they were entertained only with the relics of Popery, under a sort of anti-Christian hierarchy, by a number of careless men. "Thus on all hands atheism increased, iniquity abounded, with contention, fighting, murder, adultery, &c. Their carriage made them to be abhorred at home in their native land, in so much that *going for Ireland* was looked on as a miserable mark of a deplorable person; yea, it was turned into a proverb, and one of the worst expressions of disdain that could be invented, was to tell a man that *Ireland would be his hinder end*."¹

This account is confirmed by other contemporary writers, and it shows that the state of Ulster, as the model province of Ireland, is not to be ascribed to the superior purity of the stock of men with which it was first planted, but to the religious and moral culture brought to bear upon them by the Presbyterian Church, through the instru-

¹ (1) "History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland." By J. S. Reid, D.D., Vol. i. p. 91.

mentality of the Brices, the Blairs, the Livingstones, and other ministers of that stamp, who settled in the country and became the founders of the Irish Presbyterian Church. They were aided by the influence of some of the lords of the soil, who were thoroughly good men, among whom the Hamiltons are honourably mentioned, particularly Sir James Hamilton, the ancestor of Lord Dufferin, who had been ennobled by the title of Lord Clanebo. "To my discerning," says Livingstone, "he was the one man who most resembled the meekness of Jesus Christ in all his carriage that ever I saw, and was so far revered of all, even by the wicked, that he was oft troubled with that Scripture, 'Woe to you when all men speak well of you.'" Sir Hugh Clotworthy, ancestor of Lord Masserene, also exerted himself as a religious and social reformer, and was a man of great influence. Through their exertions, and those of eminent ministers whom they induced to settle in the country, a great and permanent improvement was effected amongst the people.

Dr. Reid remarks that most of the northern clergymen in the Established Church were at this period Nonconformists, both in principle and in practice. They conformed just so far as would ensure their security and maintenance under the protection of the legal establishment. In some of the dioceses this was all the bishops required. When succeeding prelates became more strict in exacting uniformity, the clergy generally yielded, though with reluctance, that canonical obedience required of them before their superiors; but in the seclusion of their parishes they continued to observe the Presbyterian forms, so congenial to the habits and prejudices of their people. A more searching intolerance, however, was soon after enthroned in high places. The good Primate Usher was not disposed to molest them, but when the Lord-Deputy Wentworth arrived, a policy of persecution inspired by Laud was carried out with relentless severity. Blair, one of the most eminent of the Nonconformist ministers, went to London to plead with the king for a number of his brethren who had been suspended by the northern bishops, armed with letters from noblemen and gentlemen to their friends at Court. The Earl of Stirling, then Secretary of State, promised to forward his suit, at which the good minister was so overjoyed that he said, "I did literally exult and leap. But when the timorous man saw my forwardness, he, fearing Bishop Laud more than God, did faint and break his promise." Blair then put his case in the hands of Secretary Cooke, who laid his petition before the king. A gracious answer was given, directed to Strafford. Having obtained his errand, Mr. Blair states that he gave the Secretary's clerks "three jacobuses," himself taking nothing. He hastened back to Ireland, but Wentworth had not arrived. Though appointed Lord-Deputy in January, 1632, he did not enter upon his government till the July following. Blair waited

upon him in Dublin, but the haughty Earl told him he had his Majesty's mind in his own breast. He reviled the Church of Scotland, and upbraided the petitioner, bidding him come to his right wits, and then he should be regarded. With this intelligence, he says, "I went to Archbishop Usher, which was so disagreeable to him that it drew tears from his eyes; but he could not help us." All hopes of relief were thus blasted, and in the tone and manner of the Deputy they discerned the storm that was gathering round the rest of their brethren throughout the kingdom.

By the "graces" of Charles I. it was stipulated that all "Scottish men," undertakers in Ulster and other places, should be made free citizens of Ireland, and that no advantage for want of denisation should be taken against the heirs or assigns of those that be dead. The king consented to the calling of a Parliament to give the sanction of law to those graces, but he did not keep his word. When the Parliament assembled in July, 1634, and had voted an extraordinary supply, the Commons presented a remonstrance to the king, urging the ratification of the graces. Wentworth refused to transmit their request to his master, for which service Charles was peculiarly grateful. Writing in October following, he said, "Your last public dispatch has given me a great deal of contentment, and especially for keeping off the envy of a necessary negative from me of those unreasonable graces that that people expected from me." Subsequently, however, the Irish Parliament passed an Act "for the naturalisation of all the Scottish nation which were born before his late Majesty King James's accession to the throne of England and Ireland," these persons having been previously regarded by the common law as foreigners, and therefore incapable of legally acquiring or possessing property within the realm of Ireland. The king was assured in the preamble to the Act that the grievance about to be removed was a sad discouragement and disheartening unto many of his subjects of Scotland that would otherwise have planted themselves here for the further civilising, strengthening, and securing this realm against rebels at home and all foreign invasion."

Archbishop Laud directed his special attention to the state of the Irish Establishment, which, it must be confessed, was by no means satisfactory. Throughout the greater part of the country, owing to the neglect of the bishops, the parish churches, and even the cathedrals, were in a wretched state of dilapidation, a great part of the Church revenues having been alienated from their successors, and appropriated to the aggrandisement of their families. The ecclesiastical courts were mere engines of oppression and extortion. Bishop Burnet, in his *Life of Bedell*, says, "Bribes went about almost barefaced, and the exchange they made of penance for money was the worst sort of simony, being in effect the very same abuse that gave

the world such scandal when it was so indecently practised in the Church of Rome, and so opened the way to the Reformation." Bishop Bedell himself sent to Laud in 1630 a sketch of the religious condition of the kingdom. His own Cathedral of Ardagh, together with the bishop's house there, were "down to the ground." The parish churches were "all in a manner ruined and unroofed and unrepaired." The clergy, being English, had not the tongue of the people, and could not converse with them or perform for them any divine offices. Many of them held two, three, four, or more vicarages apiece. In the meantime every parish had its priest, and the Roman Catholic hierarchy exercised full jurisdiction. "His Majesty," says Bedell, "is now with the greater part of this country, as to their hearts and consciences, king but at the Pope's discretion." This account was corroborated by Bramhall, whom Cromwell called "the Canterbury of Ireland" from his resemblance to Laud. In a letter to that prelate, with respect to the fabrics, he wrote, "It is hard to say whether the churches be more ruinous and sordid or the people irreverent." In Dublin he found one parochial church "converted to the Lord-Deputy's stable;" a second to a nobleman's dwelling-house; the choir of a third to a tennis-court, "and the vicar acts the keeper." "In Christ's Church, the principal church in Ireland, whither the Lord-Deputy and Council repair every Sunday, the vaults from one end of the minster to the other are made into tippling-rooms for beer, wine, and tobacco, demised all to Popish recusants, and by them to others, much frequented in time of divine service." The inferior sort of ministers he described as "below all degrees of contempt in respect of their poverty and ignorance," and proceeds, "the boundless heaping together of benefices by commendams and dispensations in the superiors is but too apparent; yea, even often by plain usurpations and indirect compositions made between the patrons, as well ecclesiastical as lay, and the incumbents; by which the least part, many times not above forty shillings, rarely ten pounds in the year, is reserved for him that should serve at the altar; insomuch that it is affirmed, that by all or some of these means one bishop in the remoter parts of the kingdom doth hold three-and-twenty benefices with cure. Generally their residences are as little as their livings. Seldom any suitor petitions for less than three vicarages at a time."

Bramhall was made Bishop of Derry, and henceforth all the Sees as they became vacant were filled by High Churchmen of the Laud stamp, in whose eyes there was nothing in human depravity so abominable as the sin of schism. Wentworth required the aid of such men to carry out his schemes of absolutism, and it must be admitted that he found ready instruments in most of the prelates. He had ordered a convocation of the clergy to meet simultaneously

with the Parliament for the purpose of adopting the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, so that the Irish Articles might become a dead letter. The convocation went to work conscientiously, digesting the canons, &c., to the best of their judgment; but Wentworth found that they were not doing what he wanted, and resolved to bring them to their senses. In a letter to Laud he chuckled over his victory, apparently quite unconscious that he had been playing the tyrant, *circa sacra*, in a style worthy of Henry VIII. Having learned what the committee of convocation had done, he instantly sent for Dean Andrews, its chairman, requiring him to bring the Book of Canons noted in the margin, together with the draught he was to present that afternoon to the House. This order he obeyed; "but," says the Lord-Deputy, "when I came to open the book, and run over the *deliberandums* in the margin, I confess I was not so much moved since I came into Ireland. I told him, certainly not a Dean of Limerick, but an Ananias, had sat in the chair of that committee; however, sure I was an Ananias had been there in spirit, if not in body, with all the fraternities and conventicles of Amsterdam, that I was ashamed and scandalised with it above measure." He gave the Dean imperative orders not to report anything till he heard from him again. He also issued orders to the Primate, the Bishops of Meath, Kilmore, Raphoe, and Derry, together with Dean Leslie, the prolocutor, and the whole committee, to wait upon him next morning. He then publicly rebuked them for acting so unlike Churchmen; told them that a few petty clerks had presumed to make articles of faith, without the privity or consent of State or bishop, as if they purposed at once "to take away all government and order forth of the Church. But those heady and arrogant courses he would not endure, nor would he suffer them either to be mad in the convocation nor in their pulpits." He next gave them strict injunctions as to what the convocation should do. They were to say content, or not content, to the Articles of England, for he would not endure that they should be disputed. He ordered the Primate to frame a canon on the subject; but it did not meet his approval, and so the Lord-Deputy framed one himself, whereupon his Grace came to him instantly and said he feared the canon would never pass in such a form as his lordship had made, but he was hopeful it might pass as he had drawn it himself. He therefore besought the Lord-Deputy to think a little better of it. The sequel is best told in Strafford's own vigorous language:—"But I confess, having taken a little jealousy that his proceedings were not open and free to those ends I had my eye upon, it was too late now either to persuade or to affright me. I told his lordship I was resolved to put it to them in those very words, and was most confident there was not six in the House that would refuse them, telling him, by the sequel, we should

see whether his lordship or myself better understood their minds in that point, and by that I would be content to be judged, only for order's sake I desired his lordship would vote this canon first in the Upper House of Convocation, and so voted, then to pass the question beneath also." He adds that he enclosed the canon¹ to Dean Leslie, "which, accordingly, that afternoon was unanimously voted, first with the bishops, and then by the rest of the clergy, excepting one man, who simply did deliberate upon the receiving of the Articles of England."

We have heard much of late of the sacred and indissoluble union of the English and Irish Churches. The letters of Strafford show by what means that union was effected, and the constitution of the Irish Establishment as it now stands, in doctrine and in discipline, was finally settled. A more humiliating spectacle was never presented in the whole course of ecclesiastical history than by the Irish Convocation, in thus abjectly submitting to the tyrannical dictation and bullying of an unscrupulous Lord-Deputy, whose object was, as he himself expressed it, to make the king as absolute in Ireland "as any prince in the whole world can be." In order more effectually to accomplish this object, he established in Dublin a "High Commission," to support the ecclesiastical courts and officers, "to bring the people to a conformity of religion, and to raise a good revenue for the Crown." The court was established, and the chief use to which its formidable powers were turned was to exterminate the Presbyterians in Ulster. The new Bishop of Down, Henry Leslie, a Scotchman, was the most vigorous agent of this policy; he was unrelenting in the persecution of his countrymen who had been officiating in his diocese. So severe were his measures, that a number of the ministers and people prepared to emigrate to the wilds of America for the sake of enjoying liberty of conscience. But the vessel proving unseaworthy, and being caught in a storm, they were obliged to put back, and so the scheme of colonisation was abandoned. Many of the laity took refuge in the west of Scotland, chiefly in the counties of Ayr and Wigton, where they were kindly harboured by the inhabitants, much to the annoyance of the Scottish bishops. Bramhall, Bishop of Derry, was equally active in that quarter. Wentworth extended his inquisition into the titles of the London companies, and in the year 1637, in consequence of proceedings instigated by him in the London Star Chamber, they were sentenced to pay to the Crown the enormous fine of £70,000, their patent was revoked, their lands were seized in the name of the king, and Bishop Bramhall was appointed receiver-general of all their Irish revenues. If any one in Ireland breathed a word of objection to those arbitrary and rapacious proceedings, he was at once crushed through the instrumentality of the Dublin Star Chamber. Subordinate instruments, worthy of their master,

(1) The 1st Irish canon §

tortured and plundered without mercy wherever they had an opportunity. A commission was issued by Wentworth, authorising the Bishop of Down to arrest and imprison, during pleasure, the Nonconformists in his diocese. Numbers of Presbyterians were committed to prison, or were forced to fly to Scotland, but the majority, bending before the storm, yielded a reluctant conformity, while cursing prelacy in their hearts. Bishop Leslie was by no means satisfied with the result of his operations. Accordingly he wrote to the Lord-Deputy, complaining that many whom he had brought to some measure of conformity had revolted, and when he called them to account they scorned his process, because the sheriffs would not give effect to his excommunications. To this communication Strafford replied, that if he gave him a list of the offenders, with their places of abode, he would not fail speedily to send his pursuivants for them, and have them made subject to the ecclesiastical courts. This was done, and the consequence was the ruin of several of the best families in the country. This was not enough however. The next step was to impose upon the Presbyterians what was called the "*Black Oath*," which bound those that took it, not only to bear true allegiance to King Charles, but to submit in all due obedience to all his royal commands, and to renounce and abjure all covenants, oaths, and bonds whatsoever, contrary to this oath. In vain did the leading royalists of Ulster entreat that a qualifying phrase might be inserted in the oath—"just commands," or "commands according to law." Implicit submission to everything the king enjoined, whether political or religious, was absolutely demanded. The commissioners appointed to administer the Black Oath were required to make a return of all the Scots in each parish. In presence of the military, the Presbyterian congregations were compelled to take the oath kneeling, their ministers setting the example. Women were also obliged to take it, the only class exempted being Roman Catholics. But many of the Presbyterians refused, and upon them the highest penalties short of death were unsparingly inflicted, without distinction of age, rank, or sex. These atrocities were summed up in a petition, presented from the Irish Presbyterians to the Long Parliament by Sir John Clotworthy. The petitioners stated that their most painful, godly, and learned ministers were by the bishops and their commissaries silenced and deprived for not conforming and subscribing to an unlawful canon; that through the hotness of the persecution they were forced to flee the land, and their places were supplied by men unsound in doctrine, profane in life, and cruel in persecution—the bishops conferring livings upon their children and retainers, *studenti gratia*—four, five, six, or more benefices to each; that the King's officers were required to execute the bishops' writs, apprehending honest men and women, and casting them into prison until they were

forced to free themselves by a heavy composition ; that they usurped with a high hand the judicature of civil causes, imposed fines beyond all bounds, and imprisoned at their pleasure, whereby many were utterly undone ; “ that divers of the prelates did jointly frame and wickedly combine, with the Earl of Strafford, that most lawless and scandalous oath, imposed upon the Scottish-British among us, who were Protestants, for receiving all commands indefinitely ; that very many, as if they had been traitors in the highest degree, were searched for, apprehended, examined, reviled, threatened, imprisoned, fettered by threes and fours in iron yokes ; some carried up to Dublin in chains, and fined in the Star Chamber, in thousands beyond ability, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment. Divers, before delivering of children, were apprehended, threatened, and terrified. Others of them two or three days after childbirth so narrowly searched for, that they were fain to fly out of all harbour into woods, mountains, caves, and cornfields, and many days and nights together absent themselves, to the impairing the health of very many, and to the death of divers, and loss of their goods, which the enemy at their pleasure made havoc of. These with many more, inexpressible, have been the woeful effects of the Oath drawn up by advice of the prelates, and so unjustly pressed by the authority of the Earl of Strafford.”

The petition goes on to state that the prelates had taken possession of the best lands in every county, pretending that they were Church lands, “ so that there is scarce a gentleman of any worth whom they have not bereaved of some part of his inheritance, few daring to oppose their unjust commands, and if they did, there is none able to maintain their just titles against their power and oppression. By these ways have they ruined and undone many families, destroyed and cast away thousands of souls, and moreover, in their own persons, been a scandal to the Gospel, and a stumbling-block, even unto the common enemy, by their swearing, cursing, drunkenness, sabbath breaking, &c., having such servants usually in their families as are the most profane in the kingdom, few others being countenanced by them but such ; and if any seem to be of an holy life, he is scorned and persecuted by them.”¹

Sixteen of the charges against Strafford related to his government of Ireland, and among these was his issuing of the warrant to Bishop Leslie, and his empowering him to imprison at pleasure the Non-conformists of his diocese, and imposing the Black Oath without authority of Parliament. The case of Henry Stewart and his family produced a strong impression on the House. For refusing to take the oath he was fined in the sum of £5,000, his wife in a similar sum, his two daughters £2,000 each, and his servant £2,000—a sum

(1) Reid, vol. i. p. 276.

of £16,000 off one family, all being imprisoned in Dublin at their own charges till the fine should be paid. Sir John Clotworthy and Sir James Montgomery appeared as witnesses on several of the articles, the most important of which were fully proved. The evil work of the Star Chamber was, as far as possible, undone by the English Parliament. The London corporation received back its estates in Derry and Coleraine. The sentences of the Irish Commission Court were reversed, and peace was restored. During all the time of the persecution of Protestants in the North, the Roman Catholics were unmolested. Their bishops, priests, fraternities, schools, and colleges all flourished until they were betrayed into the rebellion of 1641, for which they afterwards so severely suffered. At first the Presbyterians were spared by the rebels; but as the insurrection proceeded they were involved in the general proscription, which doomed all Protestants to extirpation. Fortunately they were not taken by surprise like the Episcopalians, and they had time to concert measures for self-defence. The havoc produced by this outbreak of fanaticism was fearful. The Established Church was now overthrown and desolate. Few of her clergy, and not one of her prelates, remained in Ulster. The Presbyterians returned from Scotland in large numbers, followed by many new settlers from that country. Now much favoured by the gentry and the authorities, they set about laying the foundations of the Presbyterian Church in Ulster, in exact accordance with the Scottish model, "and from this period," Dr. Reid states, "the history of her ministry, her congregations, and her ecclesiastical courts, as they now exist, can be traced in uninterrupted succession. The Church in Ulster rapidly revived, and broke forth on the right hand and on the left. The seed sown prior to the rebellion, though long checked in its growth by the chilling severities of the prelates, now began to spring up with renovated vigour, and to gladden the wilderness with its verdure and fertility."

In 1644 commissioners were sent to Ulster to administer the Solemn League and Covenant. They reached Carrickfergus in the end of March, and immediately commenced the work entrusted to them, having attended a meeting of the presbytery, where they produced their commission and a letter from the Scottish General Assembly. The oath was first administered to the regiments of the Scotch army, and it is stated that "the whole country about came and willingly joined themselves in the Covenant, a very few excepted, who were either some old conformist ministers, or known profane ungodly persons." Hundreds came forward at the same time, and publicly renounced the Black Oath. At Belfast, however, there was no liberty granted to offer the Covenant, and it was with difficulty the commissioners got leave to preach there. Proceeding through the province, they explained the Covenant and administered

the oath to large numbers ; but in some places, and especially in Derry, there was great opposition. The mayor sent them a message prohibiting their coming at their peril ; but Sir Frederick Hamilton, a bold man, and very influential, came to the wall, sent for them, and brought them through the gates to his own house, much encouraging them, and commending their resolution in coming forward, notwithstanding the threatenings they had received. "As they went towards his lodging through the streets," says a contemporary record, "there seemed to be a commotion among the people, some by their countenance and carriage declaring their indignation, some their affection." Both the mayor, Thornton, and the governor, Mervyn, were warm partisans of prelacy ; but as the inhabitants were mostly Presbyterian, there was a strong reaction in favour of the Covenant, "which many embraced with much signs of affection." Thence the commissioners proceeded to Raphoe, Letterkenny, and Enniskillen, where they were kindly received by Sir William Cole, whose family took the Covenant. "From this period," says Dr. Reid, "may be dated the commencement of the second reformation with which this province has been favoured,—a reformation observable not only in the rapid increase of churches and of faithful and zealous ministers, but still more unequivocally manifested in the improving manners and habits of society, and in the growing attention of the people to religious duties and ordinances."

It was reported to the Scottish Assembly that in the two counties of Down and Antrim above sixteen thousand persons of age and understanding had embraced the Covenant, besides the Scottish forces ; yet there were only two actual ministers in all those bounds who adhered to the Presbyterian discipline in all things. The former ministers were distrusted for their conformity, and because they had taken the Black Oath. Hence the presbytery of Bangor applied for Scottish ministers, stating that unless the reverend brethren from Scotland whom the last General Assembly had sent over "had taken much pains here, both the army and the inhabitants had removed themselves thence, and left the land for a free habitation to the bloody and barbarous idolators." Supplies of ministers soon reached Ulster, and the Presbyterian historian relates that "no sooner had prelacy been deprived of the warlike support of the State in consequence of the civil wars, than the people, left to their own unrestricted choice, declared their preference of the Presbyterian form of government. The few Episcopal ministers who had either remained in the country or returned after the first fury of the rebellion had subsided, found themselves unable, while unsupported by the strong arm of the law, to re-establish their worship or government." Some of them therefore conformed to Presbyterian usages, in order to secure the confidence of the people. The Presbyterian ministers having the field

very much to themselves, soon showed that they were not much in advance of the age in which they lived, and that even persecution had failed to teach them the lesson of toleration. The presbytery in 1645, "finding the Papists to grow numerous in the country, and considering their numbers might thereafter prove dangerous to the Protestant religion, and that by the treaty between Scotland and England no toleration is to be given to Papists, and also pitying their souls in their ignorant and hardened condition, made an act that they should be dealt with by the several ministers, to convince them of their idolatry and errors, and bring them to own the truth, or otherwise to enter into process against them in order to *excommunication*; and they appointed some of their number to speak to the Major-General, that he use that authority he hath for *forcing them out of this part*, and wholly out of the army, if they remain obstinate. This act of the presbytery was publicly intimated in the several parish churches."

The spirit of ascendancy was now coming strongly upon the Presbyterians. They began to grow jealous of the Independents, who by means of the self-denying ordinance, and the new elections, were rapidly gaining the preponderance both in the army and in the House of Commons. Dr. Reid so far sympathises with this jealousy, though condemning the intolerance of the time, that he calls the Independents a "faction." When General Monk was commanding the British forces in Ulster, he maintained friendly relations with the presbytery, and assisted them in carrying out their discipline. Accordingly, under his auspices they called before them a number of ministers, whom they deposed for various offences, among which are mentioned "intruding on a neighbouring parish, railing against the professors of godliness, and baptising promiscuously." In 1649 the presbytery of Belfast began to take a more comprehensive view of its duties and responsibilities, and published a manifesto called "A necessary representation of the present evils and imminent dangers to religion, laws, and liberties, arising from the late and present practices of the sectarian party in England and their abettors." Among the charges made against them were these: that they loved a rough garment to deceive; that they had with a high hand despised the Covenant, calling it "a bundle of particular and contrary interests, and a snare to the people;" and, most heinous of all, "they endeavoured to establish by law a universal toleration of all religions, which would embrace even Paganism and Judaism in its arms." Having reviewed the conduct of this party, the presbytery proceeded to express its horror at the execution of the king in the following terms:—"Neither hath their fury stopt here, but without rule or example, being but private men, they have proceeded to the trial of the king, against both the interests and protestations of the Kingdom

of Scotland, and the former public declarations of both kingdoms (and besides their violent haste, rejecting any defences); with cruel hands they put him to death, an act so horrible as no history, divine or human, ever had a precedent of the like."

For this intermeddling with State affairs the Belfast presbytery was sharply rebuked by Milton, as secretary to the Protector. "What mean these men?" he asks. "Is the presbytery of Belfast, a small town in Ulster, of so large extent, that their voices cannot serve to teach duties in the congregations which they oversee, without spreading and divulging to all parts, far beyond the diocese of Patrick or Columba, their written representation, under the subtle pretence of feeding their own flock? Or do they think to oversee or undertake to give account of all to whom they send greeting? And surely in vain were bishops, for these and other causes, forbid to sit and vote in the House, if these men out of the House and without vote shall claim and be permitted more licence on their presbyterial stools to breed continual disturbance by interposing in the commonwealth. Of this representation, therefore, we can esteem and judge no other than of a slanderous and seditious libel, sent abroad by a sort of incendiaries to delude, and make better way under the cunning and plausible name of a presbytery." Milton proceeds with running "observations" on the declaration, in which he speaks of its "notorious falsities, its shameless hypocrisy," charging its authors, "unhallowed priestlings," with designing rebellion against the government, which followed immediately after, when the Scottish inhabitants, he said, had joined Ormonde and the Irish rebels in an open war against the Parliament. He speaks of the rancour that leavens them, as having "somewhat quickened the common drawling of their pulpit elocution." In answer to the charge that the Government had not endeavoured to extirpate Popery and Prelacy according to the Covenant, he said, "No man well in his wits, endeavouring to root up weeds out of his ground, instead of using the spade will take up a mallet or a beetle; nor doth the Covenant any way engage us to extirpate or to prosecute the *men*, but the heresies and errors in them, which we tell these divines, and the rest that understand not, belongs chiefly to their own functions in the diligent preaching and insisting upon sound doctrine, in the confuting, not the railing down, encountering errors, both in public and private conference, and by the power of truth—not of persecution—subduing those authors of heretical opinions, and lastly, in the spiritual execution of church discipline within their own congregations."¹

In reference to this document, Dr. Reid remarks that it is "a fair

(1) "Observations upon the Articles of Peace with Irish Rebels, on the Letter of Ormonde to Colonel Jones, and the Representation of the Presbytery of Belfast."

sample of the scurrility and overbearing violence and contempt of the ministerial office by which the usurping faction and their abettors were characterised."¹ But the Presbyterians soon found the difference between the government of the "usurping faction" and the "constitutional government under Charles II.," for the restoration of which they innocently prayed. They had now learned to class all their fellow-Protestants under two names. The Episcopalians were "Malignants," and the Independents and Baptists were "Sectarics," while the Presbyterians were entirely and exclusively the people of God without any manner of doubt. Dr. Reid says that during the vicissitudes of the Civil War the Presbytery persevered in testifying against the power of the usurpers and in favour of a limited monarchy. Commissioners were sent over from Scotland in 1650 to encourage the Presbytery in their opposition to the government, and in their adherence to the king, now solemnly pledged to support the Covenant. Providence, as if in anger, at length granted their prayer; but before that consummation which they so devoutly wished, and had reason afterwards to deplore, they had an opportunity of enjoying the blessings of civil government conducted on the principles of Christian equity and religious freedom.

When Henry Cromwell first came to Dublin, in March, 1654, he found the government in a very unsatisfactory state, the Council doing very little except making orders to give away the public lands, the larger proportions being given to each of themselves. Of course the country was discontented under such a *régime*, but Henry Cromwell testified that the utmost it desired was "that all might be upon an equal account as to encouragement and countenance." A year later he was sent over again as "Major-General of the army in Ireland," and he was soon after invested with the government of the country. His policy had a marvellous effect in tranquillising the minds of all parties, and softening sectarian animosities. The various denominations rivalled one another in the warmth of their testimony to the excellence of his government,—“his equal justice to all, and mercy to the poor.” Notwithstanding the seditious proceedings of the Presbyterians, they were protected by him in the exercise of their discipline and the observance of public worship, and they were even allowed to enjoy the State endowments “without any ensnaring engagement,” though they refused to keep the days of public fasting and thanksgiving ordered by the government. In 1658 he invited a number of the more eminent Presbyterian and Independent ministers to meet him in Dublin in order to treat about “the regulation and improvement of their maintenance, which had hitherto been carried on in a mongrel way between salary and tithes.” The result was that he adopted a plan by which each minister should have a salary of

(1) *History*, vol. ii. p. 178.

£100 a year—a very liberal stipend, considering the value of money in those times. The Independents were the ablest and most devoted champions of the Commonwealth, and they were naturally favourites with the Protector. Steele, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, was the head of that party in Dublin, and he was not satisfied that it was not in the ascendant. But Henry Cromwell was determined to maintain the principle of religious equality. “I wish,” he wrote, “I could truly say that the Independents are not dissatisfied. It may be some of them thought they should ride when they had thrown the Anabaptists out of the saddle. But I must neither respect persons, nor parties, nor rumours, so as to be thereby diverted from an equal distribution of respect and justice to all; though I hope I shall always take a good care of all (under what form soever) in whom I see the least appearance of godliness.”¹

We are not surprised to read that under this system of government, though branded as usurpation, “the kingdom continued to enjoy unusual tranquillity, and in no part of the empire did there exist a more cordial or general submission to the new Protector.” The Presbyterians improved the opportunity to the uttermost in extending and strengthening their Church in Ulster; but at the same time they exerted themselves by every means in their power to bring about the Restoration. Had not Charles solemnly sworn to maintain the League and Covenant? and would he not therefore favour the Presbyterians and establish their Church in Ireland to the exclusion of the Malignants and the Sectaries? In 1660 a synod was held at Ballymena, when all the brethren in the north were present. Mr. Adare brought every one of them a warrant for the tithes of their respective parishes, so far as was in the power of the commissioners in Dublin. Two ministers were deputed to present an address of congratulation to the king in London; but they were disheartened as they approached the metropolis by ominous rumours of a change in the royal mind. One powerful friend after another declined to introduce them to the Court. Monk, their former patron, now Duke of Albemarle, “disgusted their address, and would not concern himself in it as it was drawn up.” It contained a denunciation of Prelacy, and laudation of the Covenant. Sorely against their conscience they were obliged to expunge those words. The King condescended to hear the address as then framed. “But he looked with an awful majestic countenance on them;” no doubt meaning to assume the most sublime expression of Divine right. He gave them good words, and bid them not fear.

Under the government which they had laboured to overthrow, their ministers had increased from half-a-dozen to seventy, regularly and permanently settled, and having under their charge nearly eighty

(1) Reid, vol. ii. p. 317.

parishes or congregations, with a population of not far from 100,000. But the flocks were soon scattered, and the shepherds compelled to fly. The bishops were immediately restored to their sees. Bramhall and Leslie, their old enemies, came back to their posts, having a long account to settle with those who had been ruling in their places, and denouncing them as Malignants. Three of the Leslies now wore mitres:—John in Raphoe, Robert in Dromore, and Henry in Down and Connor. The latter was removed to Meath, and was succeeded by the celebrated Jeremy Taylor, who, forgetting his *Liberty of Prophesying*, dealt with the Presbyterians as they had dealt with the Catholics. Presbytery was now repudiated scornfully by the nobility and gentry who had zealously patronised it a little while ago,—the Broghills, the Cootes, the Blaneys, the Cauldfields, the Coles, the Rawdons, the Trevors, the Hills, and many others. Four of their ministers were sent on a deputation to Dublin, where they were, as they reported, “but unkindly entertained by the Council, divers bishops being then privy councillors, besides other unfriends.” They were reviled and mocked by the Episcopal party in Dublin. Jeremy Taylor summoned the ministers of his diocese to appear in his presence at Lisburn, and placed before them a cruel dilemma. “He said he perceived they were in a hard taking; for if they did conform contrary to their conscience they would be but knaves, and if not, they could not be endured contrary to law; he wished them therefore *deponere conscientiam erroneam*.” Accordingly in one day the bishop declared thirty-six of their churches vacant. The ministers were silenced, and thrust out of their charges, in some cases with violence. Altogether sixty-one Presbyterian ministers, nearly the whole number then in Ulster, were evicted by the northern prelates, and deprived of their benefices. The penalties of recusancy were in many districts inflicted by an intolerant magistracy, with unwonted severity, on both ministers and people; for two or three years their condition was deplorable, and again the ministers began to think of emigrating to America, “because of persecutions and general poverty abounding in those parts, and on account of their straits, and little or no access to their ministry.”¹

During the brief reign of James II. the Catholics had their turn, and every office under the government was emptied to make way for them. But Derry was defended gloriously against his army; the Prince of Orange, of immortal memory, established the principle of toleration, so far as Protestants were concerned, and the Presbyterians reaped for a season the advantages of the change. They were the first in the kingdom to hail the arrival of William in England, and to wish success to his “glorious undertaking to deliver these

¹ (1) Reid, vol. ii. p. 425.

nations from Popery and slavery." They heartily joined the Episcopalians in fighting for civil and religious liberty; and when the king arrived in Ireland, he did not forget their loyalty and devotion, though a number of the ministers had retired to Scotland. In a petition to his Majesty in 1689, they pleaded their loyalty, and prayed that all sufferings for non-conformity might be for the future prevented,—that his Majesty might be a nursing father to their Church,—that their ministers being reduced to insupportable straits, might for their present necessary support have a proportionable share of the public charitable collections, and a future competent maintenance. In answer to this petition, the king wrote to the Duke of Schomberg, directing that they should receive that protection and support that their affection to his service deserved, that they might live in tranquillity under his government. When in Ireland, he issued from Hillsborough an order addressed to Christopher Carleton, the collector of customs at Belfast, authorising the payment of £1,200 yearly to the Presbyterian clergy of Ulster. This was the origin of the grant called *Regium Donum*, or royal bounty, which has been augmented from time to time, having, instead of a local charge, become a parliamentary grant, which now amounts to £40,669 per annum.

There was much to be done after the Revolution to restore religion in Ulster. Jeremy Taylor was dead, and his successor in Down and Connor resided at Hammersmith, and had not been within his charge for twenty years. The clergy took all sorts of liberties in his absence, and ecclesiastical scandals were rife, not only in that diocese, but throughout the province. The habit of the Irish to run down one another was then, as now, a national characteristic; for Archbishop Tillotson once observed, that "if he should hearken to what the Irish clergy said of one another, there was not a man of the whole country that ought to be preferred." William protected the Irish Presbyterians while he lived, but after his death their troubles were renewed, and much of their subsequent history consists in the records of their grievances. The bishops were opposed to their legal toleration, and waged a war of polemics against them. They were so powerless in the Irish Parliament that they were not able to carry a single point, and for a long time they were obliged to petition humbly for "legal liberty." The validity of their marriages was questioned, and they were harassed by proceedings on that score. In 1704 was passed the Sacramental Test, by which the Presbyterians and other Dissenters were turned out of all public places of trust and emolument, and from all municipal offices. Presbyterian magistrates were deprived of their commissions, and they were thus, to a certain extent, brought under the penal code, whose ostensible object was "to prevent the further growth of Popery." The prelates would not even allow them to educate their own children, and in 1705 they induced the House of

Commons to pass this resolution :—"That the erecting and continuing any seminary for the instruction and education of youth in principles contrary to the Established Church and Government tends to create and perpetuate misunderstandings among Protestants." The Commons went further, and resolved that any preaching or teaching in separate congregations "tends to defeat the succession of the Crown in the Protestant line, and to encourage and advance the interests of the pretended Prince of Wales." The English Schism Bill was extended to Ireland, and the tyranny of the Tory party, now everywhere in the ascendant, was becoming intolerable; but it was at length happily checked by the death of Queen Anne. "The accession of George I.," says Dr. Reid, "immediately arrested the High Church faction in their furious career, and from this date the Irish Presbyterians began to breathe more freely, and to obtain relief from some, but not all of their more serious grievances." The Irish Parliament then assembled biennially, and at every session bills of indemnity were passed, to relieve Protestant Dissenters from the penalties which they had incurred by serving the king in the militia and otherwise. Various attempts were made to pass an Act of Toleration, but they were all defeated by the High Church party, and at last the Presbyterians lost heart, so that from 1733 many years passed away before they again made any vigorous exertions for the removal of their political grievances. In the meantime, the monopoly of State power on one side, and political degradation on the other, produced the usual effect of general demoralisation. Towards the close of the last century the condition of Presbyterianism had sunk so low that persons were with difficulty found to occupy the pulpits, as the pastoral office presented the prospect of a life of perpetual poverty." "New light theology," began to disturb the peace of the Church, under the names of Arianism, Socinianism, and Unitarianism, which ultimately produced permanent secessions. Agrarian disturbances and lawless factions also sprang up. The writings of Tom Paine were extensively circulated, and republican principles were imported largely from France and America. The volunteer movement, however, filled the minds of the people with noble aspirations. And on the memorable 15th of February, 1782, in the church at Dungannon, "the Presbyterians of the north boldly asserted the independence of the Irish Legislature, and proclaimed their joy at the relaxation of the penal laws affecting their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects. This demonstration added immensely to the public excitement. The Dungannon resolutions were at once adopted with enthusiasm by the volunteers all over the country."¹ In April of that year the Duke of Portland wrote to the English Home Secretary, "If you delay or refuse to be liberal, Government cannot exist here in its present form; and the sooner you recall your Lord-

(1) Reid, vol. iii. p. 455.

Lieutenant, and renounce all claim to this country, the better." The volunteers were followed by the United Irishmen and the Rebellion of 1798. Many Presbyterians of mark, including some ministers, joined in the movement; but, strange as it may appear, the majority of the leading conspirators were nominally connected with the Established Church.¹

The Union was the result of this insurrection, and since that event there has been a gradual approach towards religious equality. The Presbyterian body has increased very much during the present century. In 1840 the Synod of Ulster, and the Secession Synod were united under the name of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, and in 1856 they comprised 510 congregations. There are three "non-subscribing" Presbyterian bodies in Ireland—namely, the Presbytery of Munster, the Presbytery of Antrim, and the Remonstrance Synod of Ulster, whose ministers are all supposed to be Unitarians, and who enjoy their share of the State grant on the same terms as their orthodox brethren. The total number of congregations in the General Assembly now is 547, and of ministers 590, with 38 "Licentiates."

Great efforts have been made by the Conservative party of late years to make the Presbyterians forget their history, and the history of the Established Church as well. Some years ago the Rev. Dr. Cooke, then the ruling spirit of the Assembly, and a man of great political influence, proclaimed a marriage between the Anglican and the Presbyterian Churches. The figure was unhappy, as the parties proposed to be united are "sisters." It was otherwise inapplicable, because in an ecclesiastical sense there can be no union between the two bodies. Dr. Cooke himself would not be permitted to preach in the meanest parish church, nor could he enjoy a living in the Establishment, without submitting to be re-ordained. Presbyterian ministers are still regarded by the Church clergy as schismatical, and are now perhaps more than ever, since the times of active persecution, carefully shunned. Very seldom indeed are any of them seen with their Episcopal brethren on the same religious platform; and when Church advocates, such as those who appeared lately at Norwich, refer to the spiritual wants of the population of Ulster, the very existence of the 590 orthodox Presbyterian ministers is ignored, although it is unquestionable that the superior social condition of that province is mainly due to Presbyterianism.

JAMES GODKIN.

(1) Madden's "United Irishmen."

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

LORD RUSSELL has not yet succeeded in completing the task of reconstructing a Liberal Cabinet. It is quite true that there are only two posts vacant; indeed, only one seat in the Cabinet—that caused by the transfer of Lord Clarendon from the Duchy of Lancaster to the Foreign Office—to fill. The other place, unfilled when Lord Palmerston died, is the Junior Lordship of the Admiralty. It is understood that a short time before he expired, the late Premier appointed a successor to Mr. Childers, but for some unexplained reason, the appointment did not take effect; and, of course, when Lord Russell became Premier, it was practically voided. But, although there are only these two posts vacant, it is felt, by no one probably more than by Lord Russell, that it would be most unsatisfactory were he to limit his task to the simple appointment of two men to these offices. As we have pointed out, in order to do justice to his party and himself, Lord Russell must undertake and accomplish the far larger task of re-organising the Liberal party. He must be quite as well aware as any one that this is essential to success; and we shall be hazarding no violent conjecture by saying that he does not need any prompting to undertake this work. The reasons for delay in its accomplishment are many. First, there is the difficulty of the task. It is not easy to see at a glance how it can best be performed; who can be called in with most advantage, nor how they can be placed so as to afford the maximum of strength to the administration. Next there is this peculiar difficulty. As the House of Commons has never met, it has no Speaker, in fact, no complete organic existence; and, consequently, there is no machinery to issue any writ for a new election. So that were any members of the new House appointed to any offices they could not go at once to their constituencies for re-election, but must wait for upwards of two months. Now, it is a most inconvenient and expensive, not to say perilous, thing to keep an election pending so long. Hence it is not improbable that the expected changes will not be made until after Christmas. But while this delay is full of obvious embarrassment, it is not wholly without its advantages, seeing that it gives the Premier time to negotiate, and to make deliberate selections and mature arrangements. Had Parliament been sitting, or had the House of Commons possessed a Speaker, when Lord Palmerston died, the re-arrangements might, and probably would, have been more speedily effected. It must, however, be admitted that the non-existence of any authority competent to issue a writ for a new election, is a defect in our constitutional machinery which it might be as well to amend.

Up to this time the country, without exhibiting the least political excitement, has shown a quiet readiness to welcome the new Premier. The bitter and violent attacks upon him have called forth, not only rebuke and a cry for fair play, but a considerable amount of support. Nevertheless it cannot be said that the feeling displayed amounts to full confidence. The public waits with patience the promulgation of a complete list of the Administration as it is to be, and a programme of its policy and measures. There is no disposition to be in a hurry. Indeed, considering his great services and historical

renown and indubitable patriotism and sound Liberal convictions, it would have been in the highest degree discreditable to the country, had any general feeling of impatience or distrust broken forth when the Queen entrusted Lord Russell with the duty of providing the means of carrying on her government. It is satisfactory to find that the hasty critics overshot the mark, and that the ungenerous outburst proceeding from one quarter failed to elicit any responsive demonstrations. While, therefore, Lord Russell will have fair play, he will not receive any favour, either from his open or half-disguised foes.

Although no definitive steps have been taken, it must not be presumed that Lord Russell has been idle. It is understood that he contemplates an increase, not only of strength in the House of Commons, but in the Cabinet. If we are not misinformed, the Premier is carrying on negotiations in no spirit of old Whig exclusiveness, but in the broader spirit which would exclude from the Administration no man likely to augment its efficiency and secure the union of the party. The mere mention of the name of M. Bright in connection with office—and although no offer, we believe, has been made to Mr. Bright, the rumour is not absolutely without foundation—shows at least that the Premier takes no narrow views of his duties as chief of a party which, in its various shades, represents the prevailing opinions and convictions of the country. But, admitting cheerfully the vast abilities of Mr. Bright, it is no slur upon him, although, apparently, he thinks so, to say that he would probably bring far more weakness than strength to a Liberal Cabinet. Assuming that he would accommodate his Radical convictions to the constitutional Liberalism of the bulk of his party, yet, even then, his entry into office would be the signal for a striking secession from the Liberal ranks. People cannot forget the speeches he has made, nor easily eradicate the impressions they have left behind. This is the misfortune of the isolated position he has so often assumed, and of the fierce attacks he has made upon every class, and nearly every institution. It would be little short of a miracle if the eloquent denouncer of the aristocracy, the declared enemy of our national military institutions, could find a place in an aristocratic Cabinet, receive an appointment from a Queen, and sit quietly beside a Minister of War and a First Lord of the Admiralty. Yet, it is said, with what reason we do not profess to know, that if a seat in the Cabinet be offered to Mr. Bright, he will accept it. Should that happen, and should the Ministry survive six months after the meeting of Parliament, it will be a second miraculous event. It is held to be a sound opinion that the cordial co-operation of the Radicals would be secured to the Russell-Gladstone Cabinet were the men so often mentioned now-a-days—Mr. Forster, Mr. Stansfeld, and Mr. Goschen—to enter the Administration. Neither would raise the same antagonism out of doors or indoors, either in amount or in kind, as would be called up by the advent of Mr. Bright. There is nothing impracticable in any one of them, and it is not to be assumed that either the Tories or the Liberal Conservatives would again engage in the ungenerous enterprise of persecuting Mr. Stansfeld. They have each shown great ability, and Mr. Forster carries a weight with him recognised on both sides of the House, and nearly equal to that of Mr. Bright “below the gangway.” How all or any of these men could enter the Administration, who is to give way for them, what offices they could fill, it would be idle to conjecture. It is, however, understood that Lord Palmerston’s colleagues promptly and loyally placed themselves and their

offices at the disposal of Lord Russell in order to facilitate the reconstruction of the Cabinet and Administration, so as to bring both into harmony with the change in the relation of the Ministers to each other and to Parliament. Of course, if this has been done frankly and in good faith, and there is no reason to suppose it has not, then the Premier will find his task less embarrassing. But, however difficult it may be, Lord Russell, if he would ensure the stability of his Government, and do justice to his party, must find a mode of placing his administration on the broadest possible basis, and he must be more alive to that necessity than any one out of the charmed circle of Cabinet Ministers and Cabinet makers. He has a great opportunity, as we have said, for giving the Liberal party a sound organisation, and the mode in which he uses it will be at once the measure of his strength and sagacity as a statesman, and of his fitness for the post of leader.

Those who are impelled by a desire to conjecture what will be the characteristic of the policy of the Russell administration, have firmer ground to go upon. For both Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone have had opportunities of speaking, and each has spoken, though with the reserve incumbent upon statesmen in their position. Still, through the reserve we fancy we can see a purpose. The speeches of Mr. Gladstone, at Glasgow, imply a Reform Bill, if they imply anything. It was not as a mere ceremony that he received an address from a Parliamentary Reform Union. It could not have been as a mere matter of form that he praised and invited the expression of sentiments and wishes with outspoken plainness and manliness. When he asked the Parliamentary reformers to have confidence in the institutions and habits of the country, and so emphatically explained that whenever convictions were widely and profoundly entertained, a settlement conformable to justice would follow, he could not have been merely prophesying smooth things in order to gratify his hearers. And in his second speech he gave further evidence of what was running in his mind, when he said, "The name of Lord Russell is a pledge and a promise to a people." A pledge and a promise of what? It is barely possible that Mr. Gladstone could have meant merely to imply that the policy of the Government would be similar to that of the last five years. The name of Lord Russell is a pledge and a promise of something more than legal and commercial improvements. True, "the conviction of the country must be the regulator of the State," but the known wishes of both the leading statesmen in the Government cannot fail to have a considerable influence on those convictions, especially when those wishes are in accord with a large amount of latent political force. Mr. Gladstone's denunciation of war and eulogy of peace and its fruits no doubt meant that any government to which he belongs will strive to avoid war and increase the material prosperity and lighten the burdens of the community. His name is a pledge and a promise of that. He will certainly strive to raise the condition of the great mass of the nation to a higher level. Indeed, he distinctly and pointedly held out hopes of a reduction of taxation, which of course implies a reduction of expenditure, and a corresponding diminution of that drain upon the poverty of the country whence we draw to "feed the magnificence of the State." But he did not stop here. If the name of Lord Russell is a pledge and a promise, this is the interpretation of the promise and the pledge. "Without attempting to enter into details," said Mr. Gladstone, "I will venture also to express the hope which I have expressed with regard to

taxation, that on this point also [the franchise] we have not arrived at the final term of possible improvement, but, on the contrary, that the day may not be far distant when we may be permitted to indulge the expectation of witnessing a further progress in the direction of an extension of the suffrage." Very reserved, no doubt, is this expression of a hope, but if there were a plan of a Reform Bill in the recesses of the Cabinet, a Minister in Mr. Gladstone's position could not have spoken more explicitly. What he said was far more explicit than what the Prime Minister said for himself at the Guildhall dinner. But here the emphatic reference which Lord Russell made to his principles, and his declaration that the measures the Government may think proper to introduce "must be measures not of yesterday, but of to-day," measures in accordance with the wants and wishes of the country, are not unfairly held to have reference to the one object which the Premier has nearest his heart—the settlement of the Reform question. Hence, assuming that Lord Russell is able to form a strong government with a stout working majority at its back, we may look forward to the announcement of some measure of reform in the speech from the throne. Statesmen on both sides of the House are committed, more or less, to a Reform Bill. Mr. Henley himself, Conservative as he is, has hinted at a measure which would establish household suffrage in the boroughs and rating suffrage in the counties. Lord Stanley, although he favours "fancy franchises," still goes great lengths in a Radical direction. It is not, therefore, improbable that sufficient support might be obtained from both sides to overcome an opposition which might be compounded also of men from both sides. And it would redound to the honour of the new Parliament, as well as to the new Government, were it possible to frame a measure, which while it would represent the triumph of liberal opinions and principles, would not represent the mere triumph of a party.

To those who are aware of the state of the relations both of England and France to the Government of the United States, one portion of Lord Russell's Guildhall speech has a painful significance. That passage was as follows:—"This very month," he said, "it is now fifty years since the treaty of peace was signed with France. That peace has been fruitful in benefits; but in none more than in the last few years have our relations with France been so extended and strengthened; so that we may hope and trust that for another fifty years these two nations, having learnt to esteem one another's great qualities in war, will proceed together in peace, always becoming more friendly, more united than they have hitherto been. For the last few years, on occasions like the present, we have had to lament the civil war which devastated the United States of America. That war is happily now at an end; and that great republic, having freed herself from the guilt and stain of slavery, I trust will now continue in freedom and prosperity for years and centuries to come. Such, at least, I believe is the wish of Englishmen. I believe there are none but friendly feelings entertained towards that mighty republic." That is a remarkable, and, to many of us, an apparently significant coupling with England of two foreign nations. The alliance or good understanding with France which now subsists, strangely precedes the reference to the United States. Was this accident or design? Lord Russell is hardly the man to make hap-hazard his first public speech in his ministerial capacity.

The news of a negro insurrection in Jamaica startled the public, coming

upon nearly all quite by surprise. Yet we are told that something of the sort has been expected for many weeks, not only by the few who have paid attention to the state of the colony, but by the colonial minister himself. When the intelligence first arrived that Governor Eyre had sent to Halifax for reinforcements, it was supposed the West India coloured regiments had joined in the revolt; but now we have some details of this outbreak we learn that the black regiments have remained staunchly loyal. The published details are of the most painful kind, and we can but trust that, as in the case of the Sepoy mutiny, fear has exaggerated the truth. The statement is, that the negroes residing in Morant Bay had broken into rebellion. They had chosen the moment when "the majority of the respectable inhabitants" of St. Thomas in the East had met in the Court House to transact public business to surround the building, armed and threatening. The Riot Act was read, and some preparation must have been made, for when the mob did not disperse, the volunteers fired a volley into them. This only made them more furious. Far from retreating, they were not to be driven off even by shots fired through the windows. The volunteers, having but scant supplies of ammunition, were soon silenced, and then the negroes fired the court house, and as the white and brown men therein tried to escape they were cut down, and, so says report, horribly tortured and mutilated. After massacre came incendiarism. Then the rebels went off in gangs to murder and wreck the surrounding country. The latest advices leave them in the midst of their horrible work, but evidently much pressed by the soldiers, white and black. There were only 900 troops in the island, but reinforcements were on their way from Nassau, Barbadoes, and Halifax.

These are very painful incidents. Those who know Jamaica best tell us they were the almost inevitable consequence of the treatment which the negroes have received from the whites ever since they were emancipated. There are two sides, of course, to that question. The planters say the negroes will not work; the negroes say the planters will not pay reasonable wages. The negro puts no trust in the planter or in the administration of the law, and will not enter into any contracts. Large sums have been spent in immigration until the island is overstocked with labourers, yet such is the want of confidence between the two classes, that the planter cannot get his work done. The consequence is that the bulk of the population are and have long been in abject poverty, and in addition have smarted under a sense of the flagrant injustice with which they have been treated. The pictures drawn of the state of the colony by those who know it best, of the corruption and selfishness of the ruling classes, and of the sufferings of the people, are painful in the last degree; so that, although the rebellion, still less the murders and tortures, cannot be justified, the negroes have to plead immense provocation. The colony has long been a scandal and a disgrace, and now that it has become the scene of a horrible rebellion perhaps the Imperial Parliament may be moved to strike at the root of the evil.

A chronic ministerial crisis, a negro insurrection in Jamaica, the more serious aspect of the American claims, further embroiled by the untoward arrival of the *Shenandoah* at Liverpool, and the liberation of her captain and crew,—these events, which come home to us so nearly, tend to cast a shadow over continental politics. The great interests at stake are not, of course, in

any way diminished, but they necessarily receive less attention when the public mind is absorbed by its own peculiar affairs. It is one of the consequences of the triumphant ending of the war for the Union, that the influence of the Union in European politics should weigh more than ever it did before. England and France, in different degrees, are both in the black books of the American people,—England for her alleged neglect to prevent Confederate men-of-war from scouring the high seas, France for having thrust an Austrian archduke upon a throne in Mexico, built for him by French soldiers, and for sustaining him on that throne by a continued occupation of the country. Hence, although the vast army of the American Federation has been disbanded, although its ironclad fleet is laid up in ordinary, England and France alike have to take this new element into account. Both know that a foreign war of any sort would, in all likelihood, be the signal for very pressing demands from the United States, addressed to the first for the payment of these extravagant claims, to the second for the immediate evacuation of Mexico. Thus, although neither the French nor the English Government desires to go to war with the United States, but, on the contrary, desires strongly a continuance of peace, and although the Washington Cabinet reciprocates the feeling in good faith, the fact that there is a newly-developed and mighty power in the West weighs and must weigh heavily in the council-rooms of Paris and London, creates and must create a certain sense of insecurity. It is quite true that the United States Government have not yet come to take any part in European politics. So far as their direct intervention in any pending question is concerned—none has to apprehend that. But undoubtedly the probability of American action upon those whom she regards as having given her offence during her civil war, does exercise a serious influence in trammelling the course both of England and France in Europe, and makes each dread to compromise itself in any line of policy tending to warlike complications. Moreover—and for us who would prefer an American alliance this is the worst effect—the uncertain character of the American element, in its bearing on general politics, tends to drive England and France into relations more intimate than is likely to be beneficial either for us or for Europe. If it be true, as Mr. Seward's various organs assert, some on authority, that, but with the greatest reluctance, the United States will fight rather than give up or compromise the *Alabama* claims, and if we can find no way out of the difficulty but war or submission, it is plain that we must either purchase the alliance of France or wage war single-handed.

These are only conjectures; but should it come to the waging of a war single-handed between England and the United States, then it is manifest that the despotic Powers on the Continent will be able to carry out their objects unrestrained by any fear of England, and that the end of the contest might see some marked changes in the map of Europe. We cannot believe that England and the United States will be found so wanting in sense as to fight each other. Yet are we bound by our function not to blink at facts and possible emergencies. The war in America has altered profoundly the general balance of power, and the sooner that fact is recognised the better. It has demonstrated, in the most flagrant form, the unsatisfactory state of maritime law as it bears upon the origin and status of ships of war, and of international law as it affects the duties of neutrals. And perhaps the best way out of the difficulties which surround

us would be that suggested in so many quarters—a congress of maritime Powers to fix, if possible, what constitutes a public armed vessel, and to define, if possible, more clearly the duties and rights of neutrals and belligerents. We are aware how dangerous to England a maritime congress might prove; but if any thing like certainty could be obtained, if we could make it impossible for a country without ports, or with ports sealed up, to have ships of war, the gain might, in some degree, compensate for the loss we should incur by submitting our maritime pretensions to any congress whatever. All these serious questions would have been avoided had our Government taken high ground at the outset of the war, and had it seized wherever they might be found, on the high seas, such ships as got out of our ports by a fraud, and had never been in a Confederate port before receiving a commission. We ought never to have admitted that a nation without ports could have a navy. But, even assuming that the consequences of allowing these cruisers to go at large and have the privileges of belligerents were foreseen, the unhappy spirit which possessed so large a part of the governing classes, and which blinded them to the injury to England involved in the new principle, would have prevented the Government from acting on a bold and sagacious policy. For once, Tories and Whigs alike allowed their animosity to democracy and republicanism to destroy their patriotism. There were honourable exceptions, but these were too few to give the Government that strength which would have enabled them to prefer the enduring interests of England to the gratification of their political passions. The mischief is now done. It will remain for others to repair that mischief, and make up, in some way, for the greatest blunder committed by the late Government.

Considerations arising out of this untoward state of things have somewhat overshadowed the politics of the Continent, yet are those politics, as we have said, not less interesting than they were. On the contrary, the Italian elections, the first step towards the evacuation of Roman territory by the French, the remarkable appearance of Count Bismark in Paris, the action of the two great German Powers towards the free city of Frankfort, the equivocal policy of the Austrian Government in Germany, and the electoral excitement in Hungary,—all these incidents are really deserving of attention, because they are the signs of the rapid action of great political forces tending as ever towards the unforeseen.

The general election in Italy has been attended with very marked results. The parliamentary force, both of the clerical and the Radical parties, has been strengthened; the former mustering perhaps a score of members instead of two, the latter more than a third of the whole house. Then, fully one-half of the members elected are new men, untried in parliamentary life; and these are mostly local notables, country gentry and men of civic reputation. It is estimated that the moderate Liberals, who support the policy of the Government, are in a majority, over not only each of the other parties separately, but both combined; but as so many of these have never sat in the Chamber before, it is doubtful whether they will be amenable to party discipline, and whether, although supporters of a Liberal Government, they will support the Government in office. The work to be accomplished is serious enough. The expenditure regularly exceeds the revenue, and the public credit requires either strict retrenchment or new taxes, and the Finance Minister has already announced

that the Government will call for the latter. Italy has to hold up against the weight of Austria, to execute the Convention of September, and to provide against the possible attempts of the reactionary factions. It is held that these things cannot be accomplished unless the army is maintained. But it is open to question whether the sounder course would not be to restore the finances to a wholesome state; whether in the case of Italy cure would not be better than prevention. The Venetian question can only be settled by arms or a matrimonial alliance. The latter is unlikely, and the best mode of providing for the former contingency would be by husbanding and developing the resources of the state. The Roman question, by good management, assuming that the French really withdraw a year hence, ought to settle itself, and "Rome go to Italy, instead of Italy going to Rome." It is no doubt a remarkable fact that Minister Merode has been dismissed, and that Antonelli practically reigns in his stead; but no two critics agree as to the effect of this change on the future relations of Rome and Italy. Merode, say some, meant open resistance; Antonelli means craft and secret hostility. Italy had more to hope from the former than from the latter. Others see in the change a possible approach to reconciliation. Time alone can determine which is correct; but whoever may be right, it is beyond question that Italy will be in the safe path if she pursue her home policy, especially securing the reduction of the over and under growth of monasticism, and the restoration of her finances, certain that Rome and Venetia will inevitably gravitate towards the compact state to which they rightfully belong, and from which they are now separated.

Count Bismark's reception at Biarritz and at Paris, following on the back of the Gastein Convention, has not failed to be noted, but the very mystery which surrounds the incident seems to have daunted the usually eager critics. M. Dechamps, formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs in Belgium, scenting danger afar, has sounded a warning note, pointing out how the ominous conjuncture of Bismark and Napoleon may imply danger to Belgium; but his warning has been unheeded, because he seemed to take more interest in the fortunes of the Ultramontanes than in the fortunes of Belgium. Yet the *Journal des Débats*, in one of those singular articles which are signed by the secretary of the rédaction, and which bear the air of being exotics, has admitted that under certain circumstances France might deem it expedient to lay hands upon Belgium, and of course the whole left bank of the Rhine. This is candid. If Bismark should annex the Elbe Duchies, if Austria and Prussia should substantially divide Germany between them, France take the Rhine frontier, and Italy strike for Venetia, no one will be entitled to say that due warning had not been given in the year of grace 1865. Obviously, if England and America can be brought to blows, some of these changes may occur. In these days *l'on conspire sur la place publique*.

November 13.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

TRANSYLVANIA: ITS PRODUCTS AND ITS PEOPLE. By CHARLES BONER. Author of "Chamois Hunting in the Mountains of Bavaria," "Forest Creatures," &c. With Maps and numerous Illustrations, after Photographs. Longman & Co.

IN an out-of-the-way corner of Europe, shut in by mountain ranges and dense forests, with the inhospitable regions of Wallachia and Moldavia, Hungary and the Banat on its borders, lies the Austro-Hungarian province of Transylvania. Of all the possessions of that polyglot empire, Transylvania is the least known—partly because it is not sufficiently important to attract visitors, and partly because it is difficult and troublesome of access. It has no railways; its modes of conveyance and accommodation for travellers are, to speak mildly, of the rudest character; it has little, or rather no external trade, and therefore carries on little or no external intercourse; occupying, at the base of the Carpathians, a higher level than its neighbours, no foreign stream enters its bounds, while all its own rivers flow outwards to the west; and it is approachable only by routes which are either remote and roundabout, or arduous enough to be worthy of supplementing the labours of the Alpine Club. To this country Mr. Charles Boner introduces us in a portly volume, amply furnished with maps and illustrations. In former publications Mr. Boner displayed qualifications from which a book of travels, that should be at once amusing and instructive, might be expected; and his account of Transylvania will not disappoint the anticipations of his readers. He seizes upon form and colour with the eye of a painter, never misses a bright tint in kerchief or landscape, and sees at a glance peculiar traits of costume, manners, and sometimes even of character. He has a clear insight into things that lie close at hand in the general aspect of the country and the life of the people; and he has an artistic genius for collecting small facts and prosecuting small inquiries. His perseverance in the chase of information appears to have subjected him occasionally to some inconvenience; and in one place the people were so alarmed by the "no-end" of questions he put to them that they set him down as a spy. He is a sportsman, and a naturalist also, and he tracks rivers, forests, and mountains, with other views besides those of the mere picturesque. On the other hand, the book before us labours under the disadvantage inseparable from every attempt to combine history with a journal of travelling experiences. Political dissertations do not sit so easily on the writer as the portraiture of social characteristics, and their introduction here and there in the midst of a flowing narrative, brimming over with cheerfulness and geniality, is a palpable hindrance to enjoyment. The salient points of Mr. Boner's historical researches might have been briefly indicated without disturbing the pleasant current of his adventures, and the volume would have gained in popularity by a reduction of its bulk.

The kings of Hungary were formerly the lords of Transylvania, and with a view to obtain a balance in the scanty population against the increasing power of the nobles, and also to strengthen the frontier, they encouraged the formation of foreign settlements. In this way a considerable exodus took place seven

hundred years ago, contrary to the usual course of such emigrations, from west to east; that is, from Flanders and the Rhenish provinces into Transylvania. The German colonies thus established were secured in their independence by special treaties from the Crown, and they have contrived to maintain their freedom, and to transmit their customs from generation to generation unimpaired ever since. But this has not been accomplished without an almost uninterrupted struggle, which, in one shape or another, renews its violence at intervals down to the present day. The Hungarians have always, for some inexplicable reason, hated the Saxons—as the German settlers are called, although not one of them came from Saxony; and they have displayed their hatred in such wise as it could be safely displayed by a superior power, acting within the defined limits of a Constitution. The Saxons, however, had, and have still, worse enemies to contend with than the Hungarians. They had no sooner settled down in their villages, and fairly begun the work of colonisation, than the wild tribe of Wallacks poured down upon them from the hills, and committed the most fearful devastations. The Saxons at first treated their ferocious assailants as if they were wolves, and shot them down wherever they appeared. At last, something like a truce was agreed upon, with mutual conditions and obligations. But the two races notwithstanding continue to live in a state of constant antagonism, arising even less out of their traditions than out of the fact that the one represents the element of civilisation, and the other that of pure barbarism.

The Saxon Protestant towns and villages, scattered over the face of the country, are literally the centres of whatever home-life there is in Transylvania. These settlements are models of sobriety, method, industry, and perseverance; and the moral influence they exercise upon the surrounding population is shown in what may be called the lightness of the calendar. Lawlessness is the normal condition of the people. They snap their fingers at the law, its functionaries, and its decisions. Great crimes are nevertheless seldom perpetrated, except under provocation, or from motives of revenge. Petty thefts are common, and depredations upon property may be considered as the natural results of the conflict of races; but murders and acts of personal violence are rare. The traveller is perfectly safe in every part of the country. When Mr. Boner first went into Transylvania, he used to carry a revolver under his coat; but he soon found that it was useless, and consigned it to his portmanteau.

The German towns, for the most part, have a mediæval character, with a modern look of thrift and brightness about them that seems to unite the past and the present. The effect is heightened by the dresses of the women, who flit through the streets with red or yellow shawls, or white drapery, on their heads, their shoulders covered by coloured jackets, having an opening in front that discloses a snowy skirt from the waist downwards. This costume is pretty and singular enough; but it is transcended in splendour and variety by that of the peasant women. So far as mere personal decoration is concerned, the picture of the village lass of Transylvania in her holiday dress is the marvel of the book. She has a blue woollen skirt, partly hidden by a large white muslin apron with a fanciful border. Her waist is clasped by a broad girdle of bronze, or silver gilt, and this girdle is dotted over with knobs richly encrusted with precious stones. Mr. Boner assures us that he had an opportunity of examining one of these articles at the house of a rich peasant, and he declares that “the

whole was so handsome that an emperor might have worn it at his coronation to belt on his sword." Some of these girdles cost as much as two hundred and fifty florins, and are religiously preserved as heirlooms. The blaze of all this jewellery, augmented by the splendors of a huge brooch, also studded with pearls, amethysts, and garnets, gives, after all, rather a barbaric aspect to a peasant woman in a woollen skirt and a sheep-skin jacket. The rest of her apparel forces the contrast into still stronger relief. The sheep-skin jacket is embroidered in colours and worn open, and on the top of the head stands a cylinder of pasteboard covered with black velvet, the hair falling in long plaited tresses behind, thickly intermixed with numerous tape bands of the gayest colours.

This taste for lavish adornment, in one shape or another, pervades the Saxon settlements. The house fronts are frequently decorated with rhymes, and passages from Scripture, the date of the building, and the name of the owner. In the common sitting-room the eyes of the visitor are smitten by a blaze of colours, evincing by its premeditation that passion for display which puts the gaudiest goods in the shop-window. The *Truhe*, or great chest, in which the family clothes are kept, stands in a conspicuous situation, painted over with the liveliest hues; "light blue," says Mr. Boner, "with red and white flowers, and scrolls and flourishes." The edge of the little shelf that runs round the room, and the door of the little cupboard that is let into the wall, are pranked out in the same way. Even the bedstead is gaily adorned, and the bolsters and pillows, in milk-white covers, are piled up to the ceiling, with the side carefully presented to the spectator upon which the name of the proprietor is embroidered in bright colours. To complete the picture, the walls are hung with tablecloths richly worked at the edges and in the middle. This exhibition of finery, however, is not altogether without a purpose. The articles thus set out are understood to constitute the wedding portion of the daughter of the house; and if it were not that these simple people betrayed their love of this kind of ostentation in other forms, we might be tempted to suspect that the custom of parading the bridal portion was an ingenious advertisement of the bride.

A very forward stage of progress could hardly be expected in a community amongst whom these primitive traits still linger. Accordingly we find that the Saxons, especially those of the agricultural order, are behind their European contemporaries in many essential points. Their mode of life is based upon strict rules. They will do nothing out of its proper season, and anything that interrupts the routine of business is regarded as a serious trouble. A peasant, for example, happened to die in the full tide of haymaking time, when it was very inconvenient to organise the usual procession, and the poor widow was so struck with the unseasonableness of his death, that she broke out, in the midst of her tears, with a sort of Irish lament—"Oh, Johnny! how could you serve us so, to die just when there was so much to do?" There is no individuality in the Saxon life of Transylvania. The individual is absorbed in the community. No man can do as he likes, but as the whole body decrees. He must not sow his seed, nor mow his hay, nor gather in his crops an hour before his neighbour. The whole village must go to work together, and leave off work together, as if it were a ceremonial. The movements of the people in all their arrangements, civil and industrial, are in as perfect unison as their choruses. The notion of any one stepping out of the line, and buying in the lowest market, and selling

at the highest, has not yet found its way across the Carpathians, and he who should introduce competition in labour, energy, or skill, would be banned out of the settlement.

In the towns the people have not made much advance in what strangers at least consider to be the outward signs of civilisation. The inns are execrable. Even Mr. Boner, whose good nature and toleration are equal to almost any amount of endurance, shrinks from the hideous task of depicting their horrors. Transylvania has not yet reached the age of inns. There are scarcely any travellers, and such of them as happen to be of the educated classes find a hospitable reception in private houses, especially in the house of the pastor, who, having passed two or three years at a German university, is the gentleman, scholar, and moral guide of the locality. To this pleasant hospitality Mr. Boner was largely indebted. It not only rescued him from the inns, where the charges, strange to say, are in the inverse ratio to the accommodation and comfort, but introduced him to the best society in the country. Here, in the houses of the clergy, German, French, and English literature furnished inexhaustible subjects of conversation, and the English traveller had the satisfaction of finding Thackeray, Hallam, and others, in his own language, on many a table. This intellectual culture, frequently strengthened by high scientific attainments, does not, however, extend to the Fine Arts. Neither the Hungarians nor the Saxons have the slightest knowledge of pictures. They accept the most egregious daubs as specimens of the highest masters, and their galleries are filled with rubbish.

Marriages are very formal affairs in Transylvania, conducted with extraordinary elaboration, and celebrated with pomp. On the other hand, divorces are the easiest things in the world. Indeed, divorces are so easy, and, therefore, so much almost a matter of course, that they are commonly talked about on the wedding day as a probable eventuality. A man or a woman may obtain a divorce on any ground, or on no ground. A father consoles his unwilling daughter, who, to oblige him, is about to marry a man she detests, with a promise that if she does not like him upon trial he will get her separated. A man or a woman may obtain a divorce on the simple plea of dislike. Incompatibility, the prolific parent of matrimonial dissensions, is a potent argument for separation. If either party is stubborn, or has any unpleasant habits, such as rolling the eyes, or twitching the fingers, or if there be a close relative who is a drunkard, or if there be anything in the manners or appearance of either objectionable to the other, the Divorce Court is open to the complainant. How far this easy institution would be likely to improve the happiness of other communities, I will not venture to conjecture; but I am bound to say that it seems to sit lightly and jauntily on the shoulders of the Saxon-Transylvanians.

There are many sections in Mr. Boner's book upon which I have not space to touch, but which will reward the curiosity of the diligent reader; especially the chapters on the mineral wealth of the country, the wines (of which, by the way, Mr. Boner has formed, I am afraid, too favourable a judgment), and the descriptions generally of the Wallacks and the gipsies.

ROBERT BELL.

THE LETTERS OF WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART (1769—1791). Translated from the Collection of Ludwig Nohl, by LADY WALLACE. 2 Vols. Longmans and Co. 1865.

THESE letters have the charm of Mozart's loving melodies : they are not less gay and tender, not less tremulous with sensibility ; and seem to let us into the secret of his felicitous ease in composition, the secret of a bird "singing of summer with full-throated ease." They are the letters of a gay, ambitious boy, and of a lively, but embarrassed man. The animal spirits of the earlier years break forth in all kinds of whimsical passages, sometimes Italian, sometimes polyglot. One day he adds the postscript, "Above us we have a violinist, below us is another, next to us a singing master who gives lessons, and in the room opposite a hautboy player. This is famous for a composer—it inspires so many fine thoughts." Next day he says he has no news, "except that in the lottery the Nos. 35, 59, 60, 61, and 62 have turned up prizes, so if we had selected these we should have won ; but as we did not put in at all we neither won nor lost." He criticises singers and composers with the decision and sagacity of an old hand, sometimes hitting off a characteristic with happy terseness, as in describing Graf, the composer : "All his words are on stilts, and he has a habit of opening his mouth before knowing what he is going to say ; so he often shuts it again without having said anything." Of Meissner, the tenor, he says, "He had the bad habit of purposely making his voice tremble at times—entire quavers and even crotchets, when marked *sostenuto*—and this I never could endure in him. Nothing can be more truly odious ; besides it is a style of singing quite contrary to nature. The human voice is naturally tremulous ; but only so far as to be beautiful ; such is the nature of the voice, and it is imitated not only on wind instruments, but on stringed instruments, and even on the piano. But the moment the proper boundary is passed, it is no longer beautiful, because it becomes unnatural. It seems to me to be just like an organ when the bellows are panting." Singers in our day would perhaps lay this to heart, and correct their vicious *tremolo*, if the stupid public did not encourage them by its applause. At any rate, it is well that singers and public should know what Mozart thought of the practice.

The earlier letters are naturally the happiest : youth is the season of enjoyment and of hope, and this youth at sixteen had every reason for hope, with animal spirits which would have made him hope in the absence of a reason. He was a prodigy, and everywhere his talents met with hearty encouragement. He had already written an opera for the Milan stage.

"The following letter of Wolfgang's shows the sparkling state of his spirits, caused by the completion of his opera. At each line he turns the page, so that one line stands, as it were, on the head of the other. The father, too, in the joy of his heart that the arduous work was drawing to a close, and with it his long journey, writes four lines, one above another, round the edge of the page, so that the whole forms a framework for a sketch of a burning heart and four triangles (symbols of fidelity), and a bird on the wing from whose beak a distich is streaming :—

Oh ! fly to seek my child so fair
Here, and there, and everywhere !

"Wolfgang adds :—

"Milan, Dec. 18, 1772.

"I hope, dear sister, that you are well, dear sister. When this letter reaches you, dear sister, my opera will be *in scena*, dear sister. Think of me, dear sister, and try,

dear sister, to imagine with all your might that my dear sister sees and hears it also. In truth, it is hard to say, as it is now eleven o'clock at night, but I do believe, and don't at all doubt, that in the daytime it is brighter than at Easter. My dear sister, to-morrow we dine with Herr von Mayer; and do you know why? Guess! Because he invited us. The rehearsal to-morrow is to be in the theatre. The *impresario*, Signor Cassiglioni, has entreated me not to say a word of this to a soul, as all kinds of people would come crowding in, and that we don't wish. So, my child, I beg, my child, that you won't say one syllable to any one on the subject, or too many people would come crowding in, my child. *Approposito*, do you know the history that occurred here? Well, I will relate it to you. We were going home straight from Count Firmiani's, and when we came to our street we opened our door, and what do you think happened? We went in. Good-bye, my pet. Your unworthy brother (*frater*)."

As to his confidence, read this from one of the Munich letters written when he was eighteen :—

"Yesterday, October 1st, I was again at Count Salern's, and to-day I even dined with him. I have played a great deal during the last three days, and with right good will too. Papa must not, however, imagine that I like to be at Count Salern's on account of the young lady; by no means, for she is unhappily in waiting, and therefore never at home, but I am to see her at Court to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock, in company with Madame Hepp, formerly Madlle. Tosson. On Saturday the Court leaves this, and does not return till the 20th. To-morrow I am to dine with Madame and Madlle. de Branca, the latter being a kind of half pupil of mine, for Sigl seldom comes, and Becke, who usually accompanies her on the flute, is not here. On the three days that I was at Count Salern's I played a great many things extempore—two Cassations [Divertimentos] for the Countess, and the finale and Rondo, and the latter by heart. You cannot imagine the delight this causes Count Salern. He understands music, for he was constantly saying 'Bravo!' while other gentlemen were taking snuff, humming and hawing, and clearing their throats, or holding forth. I said to him, 'How I do wish the Elector were only here, that he might hear me play! He knows nothing of me—he does not know what I can do. How sad it is that these great gentlemen should believe what any one tells them, and do not choose to judge for themselves! But it is always so. Let him put me to the test. He may assemble all the composers in Munich, and also send in quest of some from Italy and France, Germany, and England and Spain, and I will undertake to write against them all.'"

"I am very much beloved here," he adds, "and how much more so should I be if I contributed to the elevation of the national theatre of Germany in music!" A legitimate confidence, as his history shows; and this belief in himself must have rendered trebly galling to him the niggardly and unsympathetic treatment he received at the hands of his prince, the Archbishop of Salzburg, who would neither pay him enough to live on, nor let him earn money elsewhere.

The letters from Munich, Paris, and Vienna, are all full of musical and biographical details and satirical sketches. The courts and courtiers present but a shabby figure. As for the celebrated Baron Grimm, who pretended to make a protégé of the young musician, he appears in a contemptible light. We get no glimpse of D'Holbach or the *philosophes*, and of Voltaire this is all we read :—"I must give you a piece of intelligence that you perhaps already know, namely, that the ungodly arch-villain Voltaire has just died miserably like a dog—just like a brute. This is his reward!" But of all the people maltreated in these letters, none are depicted like his Archbishop, who had taken him in his train to Vienna. The amount of irritating and petty vexations which Mozart had to endure was not compensated in any way either of money or position. He says :—

"What you write as to my presence contributing to the vanity of the Archbishop is

in so far just; but of what use is that to me? I cannot subsist on it. Believe me, I am right in saying that here he serves only as a *screen* to me. What distinction, pray, does he confer on me? Herr von Kleinmayrn and Bönike have a table apart with the illustrious Count Arco. It would be a distinction were I at this table; but not where I now am, with the valets, who, when not occupying the *first seats at table*, light the lustres, open the doors, and wait in the ante-room (*when I am within*), and with cooks too! If we are summoned to any house where there is a concert, Herr Angerbauer has orders to watch outside, and when the Salzburg gentlemen arrive, he then calls a lacquey to precede them that they may enter. On hearing Brunetti mention this in the course of conversation, I thought to myself, only wait till it is my turn! So the other day, when we were desired to go to Prince Gallitzin's, Brunetti said to me, in his usual polite manner, 'You must be here this evening at seven o'clock, that we may go together to Prince Gallitzin's. Angerbauer will take us there.' I answered, 'Very well; but if I am not here exactly at seven o'clock, pray proceed there yourself, and don't wait for me. I know where to find you; and we are sure to see each other at the concert.' I purposely went alone, because I really feel ashamed to go about with him. When I arrived, I found Angerbauer waiting to direct the lacquey to show me in. I, however, took no notice either of Angerbauer or the lacquey, but passed straight on through the rooms into the concert-room (all the doors being open), and going up at once to the Prince I made him my bow, and then remained standing and conversing with him. I had totally forgotten my friends Brunetti and Cecarelli, for they were nowhere to be seen, inasmuch as they were leaning on the wall hidden behind the orchestra, not daring to move a step in advance."

"My chief object here is to find my way in a becoming manner into the presence of the Emperor, for I am quite resolved that he shall *know* me. It would be a great pleasure to me to play over my opera to him, and then a lot of fugues, for these are his chief favourites. Oh! if I had only known that I was to be in Vienna at Easter, I would have written a short oratorio, and had it performed in the theatre for my benefit, as this is what every one does here. I should have found no difficulty in writing it previously, as I know all the voices here. How gladly would I give a public concert, which is customary in Vienna; but I know, only too well, that I could not obtain permission to do so. For just imagine! You are aware that there is a society here which gives concerts for the benefit of the widows of musicians, where every professional musician plays *gratis*. The orchestra is a hundred and eighty strong. No virtuoso, with any love for his neighbour, refuses to give his services when the society applies to him; besides, in this way popularity is gained both with the Emperor and with the public. Starzer was commissioned to ask me to play, to which I at once agreed, but said I must first take the good pleasure of my Prince on the subject; but that I had no doubt whatever of his consent, as it was an occasion worthy the support of the Church, and I was not to receive money, but merely to perform a good work. *He could not permit it.* All the nobility here have taken this highly amiss."

Six weeks after, the storm clouds which had been long gathering burst. Mozart writes to his father:—

"You know by my last letter that I have demanded a formal dismissal from the Prince, as in fact he himself discharged me. Indeed, in my first two audiences he said to me, 'If you can't serve me better, you may go about your business.' He will no doubt deny it, but it is as true as there is a Providence above. Is it then surprising that at last (irritated to madness by such respectable epithets in the mouth of a Prince, as rogue, rascal, ragamuffin, base fellow), the 'take yourself off' should have been accepted by me in its literal sense? Next day I brought Count Arco a memorial to present to the Archbishop, and also returned to him the money for my travelling expenses, consisting of 15 florins and 40 kreuzers for the diligence, and two ducats for my board. He refused to accept either, and declared that I had not the power to throw up my situation without your consent. He said, 'This is your duty.' I replied that I knew my duty towards my father as well, and perhaps better than he did, and I should very much regret were I obliged to learn it from him. 'Very well,' he replied; 'if he is satisfied you can request your discharge, and if not—why, you can ask for it all the

same.' A fine distinction! All the edifying things that the Archbishop had said to me in the last three audiences, especially in the last, and the pious epithets this admirable man of God applied to me afresh, had such an effect on my bodily frame, that the same evening at the opera I was obliged to go home in the middle of the first act in order to lie down, for I was very feverish, trembled in every limb, and staggered in the street like a drunken man. I stayed in the house both the following day and yesterday, and passed the whole forenoon in bed, having taken tamarind water. The Count was so friendly as to write all sorts of fine things about me to his father, which probably you have been obliged to gulp down. His letter no doubt contains many fabulous passages, but those who write comedies must somewhat exaggerate if they wish to gain applause."

The father, dependent on the Archbishop for his own small income, and probably having that awe of princes which his proud young son knew nothing of, wrote very angrily, trying to make his son retract. But the youth was firm; and he writes in this manly strain:—

"I assure you, my good father, I need all my manly energy of mind to write to you what good sense dictates. God knows what a heavy blow it is to separate from you, but I would rather beg my bread than any longer serve such a master; so long as I live I can never forget the past. I implore you—I adjure you by all you hold dear in the world, to strengthen me in this resolution, instead of trying to dissuade me from it, for it only makes me miserable and idle. My wish and my hope is to gain honour, fame, and money, and I have every confidence that I shall be far more useful to you in Vienna than if I were still in Salzburg."

One of the very charming suggestions of this correspondence is the unalterable affectionateness of Mozart, and his manly tenderness and reverence for his father, who appears to have sorely tried that tenderness, though very fond of and proud of his son. Indeed it is impossible to rise from these letters without feeling one's already great personal regard for Mozart deepened by the conviction that his incomparable art was only the exquisite expression of an exquisite human soul.

EDITOR.

RECENT BRITISH PHILOSOPHY: A REVIEW WITH CRITICISMS; INCLUDING SOME COMMENTS ON MR. MILL'S ANSWER TO SIR W. HAMILTON. By DAVID MASSON. Macmillan and Co.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON: BEING THE PHILOSOPHY OF PERCEPTION. AN ANALYSIS. By JAMES HUTCHISON STIRLING. Longmans and Co.

THESE two works are among the signs of an awakening activity in English Philosophy. The first is a reproduction and amplification of the lectures delivered by Professor Masson at the Royal Institution in the spring of this year; the second is the early chapters of a large work which Mr. Stirling has written against Sir W. Hamilton, the publication of which he withholds because Mr. John Mill has already given to the world a work of similar import. Both books are worthy the attention of students. That by Professor Masson, though written in a style often questionable in taste, and generally unsuited to the effective and intelligible presentation of topics so abstract, is both instructively interesting in its rapid survey, and suggestive in its incidental criticisms. 'Indeed, we can nowhere point to a work which gives so clear an exposition of the course of philosophical speculation in Britain during the present century, or which indicates so instructively the mutual influences of philosophic and scientific thought. The tone adopted towards antagonists is

also worthy of all praise. The book has the merits and defects of lectures addressed to a miscellaneous audience; the dread of being wearisome has perhaps restrained the author from a precision and thoroughness which would have given more substantive value to his survey; but if slight in texture, it is earnest in spirit.

Mr. Stirling addresses a more restricted circle, and with a more restricted purpose. Having a disciple's generous ardour in favour of German Philosophy, especially as embodied in Hegel, he has the disciple's combativeness against all rival philosophies; and finding Sir William Hamilton's doctrines to be most prominent in Britain, he has nothing so pressing as to demolish them. The tone is trenchant, sarcastic, impetuous, unsparing. He first begins by holding up the glaring contradictions in which Hamilton at one time declares himself a realist, and at another not less emphatically an idealist; at one time with great precision and vituperative energy an advocate of common sense, and at another with not less precision and vituperation an opponent of that doctrine. He does this by stringing together passages from Hamilton's writings which are as contradictory as language can make them. And yet had he turned to Professor Masson's work he might have seen that the contradiction is perhaps less absolute than it seems; and that if Hamilton's language is blameable and equivocal, there was nevertheless no radical inconsistency in his views. Professor Masson defends him thus: In a cosmological point of view he was a natural realist, believing the ultimate and universal fact of consciousness to be the antithesis of two independent but mutually related factors—an ego and a non ego. In so far it can be said there is a direct and immediate knowledge of matter as it is in itself. But in an ontological point of view both factors are phenomenal; the antithesis is a phenomenon; consciousness is a phenomenon; the cosmos itself is a phenomenon. These phenomena have a Somewhat as their noumenon; but that is the Unknown; it is an impenetrable mystery because the knowledge which would attempt to penetrate it can only be relative knowledge.

I do not adopt Professor Masson's defence as more than a plea in mitigation; but it is an ingenious plea, which Mr. Stirling should have considered. Perhaps he did consider it, and saw through it. At any rate he hurries ruthlessly on, pointing out contradiction after contradiction, and even pausing to laugh savagely at Hamilton's incongruous employment of his erudition. "That Sir W. Hamilton should make tearful appeal *ad misericordiam* of the very corpses himself had made! That he should summon to the proof the very foes whose bodies are not yet cold on that fierce battle-field which he has just so triumphantly abandoned! In a word, that as a phenomenalist he should be forced to set up what, as a noumenalist, he has but just thrown down! . . . The reference to Kant alone is quite conclusive. Kant is not only a representationist, or Kant is not universally recognised as such; but he is expressly so recognised, expressly so classed, expressly so *fought* by Hamilton. Yet to this same Kant direct appeal is now made by this same Hamilton, and in behalf of the very doctrine for which he but this instant hacked and hewed at him." That will indicate the tone.

From onslaughts such as those of Mr. John Mill and Mr. Stirling, the philosophy of Hamilton will either perish altogether, or will arouse such an earnest activity on the part of its disciples, as to make metaphysical speculation once more a great arena for intellectual athletes, as of old it was.

EDITOR.

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THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNIVERSE.

WE cannot think of space as finite, for wherever in imagination we erect a boundary we are compelled to think of space as existing beyond that boundary. Thus by the incessant dissolution of limits we arrive at a more or less adequate idea of the infinity of space. But though compelled to think of space as unbounded, there is no mental necessity to compel us to think of it either as filled or as empty; whether it is filled or empty must be decided by experiment and observation. That it is not entirely void, the starry heavens declare; but the question still remains, are the stars themselves hung in *vacuo*? Are the vast regions which surround them, and across which their light is propagated, absolutely empty? A century ago the answer to this question would be, "No, for particles of light are incessantly shot through space." The reply of modern science is also negative, but on a somewhat different ground. It has the best possible reasons for rejecting the idea of luminiferous particles; but in support of the conclusion that the celestial spaces are occupied by matter, it is able to offer proofs almost as cogent as those which can be adduced for the existence of an atmosphere round the earth. Men's minds, indeed, rose to a conception of the celestial and universal atmosphere through the study of the terrestrial and local one. From the phenomena of sound as displayed in the air, they ascended to the phenomena of light as displayed in the *ether*; which is the name given to the interstellar medium.

The notion of this medium must not be considered as a vague or fanciful conception on the part of scientific men. Of its reality most of them are as convinced as they are of the existence of the sun and planets. The luminiferous ether has definite mechanical properties. It is almost infinitely more attenuated than any gas, but its properties are those of a solid rather than of a gas. It resembles

jelly rather than air. A body thus constituted may have its boundaries; but, although the ether may not be co-extensive with space, we at all events know that it extends as far as the most distant stars which the telescope reveals to us. In fact, it is the vehicle of their light, and without it they could not be seen. This all-pervading substance takes up their molecular tremors, and conveys them with inconceivable rapidity to our organs of vision. The splendour of the firmament at night is due to this vibration. It is the transported shiver of bodies countless millions of miles distant which translates itself in human consciousness into the aspect of the stars.

If the ether have a boundary, masses of ponderable matter might be conceived to exist beyond it, but they could emit no light. There dark suns might burn; there, under proper conditions, combustion might be carried on; fuel might consume unseen, and metals be heated to fusion in invisible furnaces. A body, moreover, once heated there, would continue for ever heated; a sun or planet once molten, would continue for ever molten. For the loss of heat being simply the abstraction of molecular motion by the ether, where this medium is absent no cooling could occur. A sentient being, on approaching a heated body in this region, would be conscious of no augmentation of temperature. The gradations of warmth dependent on the laws of radiation would not exist, and actual contact would first reveal the temperature of an extra-ethereal sun.

Imagine a paddle-wheel placed in water and caused to rotate. From it as a centre waves would issue in all directions, and a wader as he approached the place of disturbance would be met by stronger and stronger waves. This gradual augmentation of the impressions made upon the wader's body is exactly analogous to the augmentation of light when we approach a luminous source. They are both motions. For the apprehension of the one the coarse common nerves of the body suffice; for the apprehension of the other we must have the finer optic nerve. But suppose the water withdrawn; the action at a distance would then cease, and as far as the sense of touch is concerned, the wader would be first rendered conscious of the motion of the wheel by the actual blow of the paddles. The transference of motion from the paddles to the water is mechanically similar to the transference of molecular motion from a heated body to the ether; and the propagation of waves through the liquid is mechanically similar to the propagation of light and radiant heat.

Whether the ether be bounded or unbounded does not, however, at present concern us, and the foregoing considerations have been introduced simply to impart as definite an image as possible of this mysterious substance. As far as our knowledge of space extends, we are to conceive it as the holder of the luminiferous ether, through which is interspersed, at enormous distances apart, the ponderous nuclei of the fixed stars. Associated with the star that most concerns

us we have a group of dark planetary masses revolving at various distances round it, each again rotating on its own axis; and finally associated with these planets we have, in some instances, dark bodies of minor note—the moons. Whether the other fixed stars have similar planetary companions or not is to us a matter of pure conjecture, which may or may not enter into our conception of the universe. But probably every well-informed person believes, with regard to those distant suns, that there is in space something besides ourselves on which they shine.

Having thus obtained a general view of the present condition of space, and of the bodies contained in it, we may inquire whether things were so created at the beginning. Was space furnished at once, by the fiat of Omnipotence, with these burning orbs? To this question the man of science, if he confine himself within his own limits, will give no answer, though it must be remarked that in the formation of an opinion he has better materials to guide him than anybody else. He can clearly show, however, that the present state of things *may* be derivative. He can perhaps assign reasons which render it probable that it *is* derivative. At all events, he can prove that out of common non-luminous matter the whole of this pomp of stars might have been evolved. The law of gravitation enunciated by Newton is, that every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle with a force which diminishes as the square of the distance increases. Thus the sun and the earth mutually pull each other; thus the earth and the moon are kept in company; the force which holds every respective pair of masses together being the integrated force of their component particles.

Under the operation of this force a stone falls to the ground and is warmed by the shock; under its operation meteors plunge into our atmosphere and rise to incandescence; showers of such doubtless fall incessantly upon the sun. And were it stopped in its orbit to-morrow under the operation of this force, the earth would rush towards the sun and finally combine with it. Heat would also be developed by this collision, and the experiments of Mr. Joule enable us to calculate its exact amount. The calculation has been made by Mayer, Helmholtz, and Thomson. It would equal that produced by the combustion of more than 5,000 worlds of solid coal, all this heat being generated at the instant of collision. In the attraction of gravity, therefore, acting upon non-luminous matter, we have a source of heat more powerful than could be derived from any terrestrial combustion. And were the substance of the universe cast in cold detached fragments into space, and there abandoned to the mutual gravitation of its own parts, the collision of the fragments would in the end produce the spangled heavens.

The action of gravity upon matter originally cold may, in fact, be the origin of *all* light and heat, and also the proximate source of such

other natural agents as may be generated by light and heat. But we have now to inquire what is the light and what is the heat thus produced? This question has already been answered in a general way. Both light and heat are modes of motion. Two planets clash and come to rest; their motion, considered as masses, is destroyed, but it is really continued as a motion of their ultimate particles. It is this motion, taken up by the ether, and propagated through it with a velocity of 192,000 miles in a second, that comes to us as the light and heat of suns and stars. The atoms of a hot body swing with inconceivable rapidity, but this power of vibration necessarily implies the operation of forces between the atoms themselves. It reveals to us that while they are held together by one force, they are kept asunder by another, their position at any moment depending on the equilibrium of attraction and repulsion. The atoms are, in fact, virtually connected by elastic springs, which oppose at the same time their approach and their retreat, but which, when they are disturbed, permit of their vibration. Such a disturbance occurs when two bodies drawn together by the force of gravity strike each other, the intensity of the ultimate vibration, or, in other words, the amount of heat generated, being proportional to the moving force possessed by the two masses at the moment of collision. The molecular motion once set up is instantly shared with the ether, and diffused by it throughout the universe.

We on the earth's surface live night and day in the midst of ethereal commotion. The medium is never still. The cloud canopy above us may be thick enough to shut out the light of the stars, but this canopy is itself warm, and, as a warm body, radiates its motion through the ether. The earth also is warm, and sends its heat-pulses incessantly forth. It is the waste of its molecular motion in space that chills the earth upon a clear night; it is the return of its motion from the clouds which prevents the earth's temperature on a cloudy night from falling so low. Could we see the motion of the ether—had we organs fine enough to observe its waves, we should notice this thrilling of pulses to and fro whenever a cloud appears. The waves emitted by the earth are incompetent to excite vision, and such ineffectual waves actually constitute the greater part of the emission, even of the most intensely luminous bodies. It is not the size of a wave which determines its power of producing light; it is, broadly speaking, the fitness of the wave to the retina. The ethereal pulses must follow each other with a certain rapidity of succession before they can produce light, and if their rapidity exceed a certain limit they also fail to produce light. The retina is attuned, if I may use the term, to a certain range of vibrations, beyond which, in both directions, it ceases to be of use.

The best experiments with which I am acquainted make the strength of the sun's invisible radiation about twice that of the

visible. In the case of the terrestrial source of light which most nearly approaches the sun in brilliancy, the electric light, the energy of the invisible rays is about eight times that of the visible. That is to say, if all the rays were converted into their mechanical equivalents, the invisible ones would be found competent to perform eight times the work of the visible ones. Speaking, then, teleologically, it is not to serve the purposes of vision alone that radiation was established, but far more for the purposes of warmth. As regards other terrestrial sources, the non-luminous waves constitute only a very small portion of the total radiation. Fully ninety-five per cent. of the emission of our brightest street lamps is obscure, less than one-twentieth being suited to the purposes of vision.¹

To the conception of space being filled, we must now add the conception of its being in a state of incessant tremor. The sources of vibration are the ponderable masses of the universe. Let us take a sample of these and examine it in detail. When we look to our planet we find it to be an aggregate of solids, liquids, and gases. When we look at any one of these, we generally find it composed of still more elementary parts. We learn, for example, that the water of our rivers is formed by the union, in definite proportions, of two gases, oxygen and hydrogen. We know how to bring these constituents together, and to cause them to form water: we also know how to analyse the water, and recover from it its two constituents. So, likewise, as regards the solid portions of the earth. Our chalk hills, for example, are formed by a combination of carbon, oxygen, and calcium. These are the elements the union of which, in definite proportions, has resulted in the formation of chalk. The flints within that chalk we know to be a compound of oxygen and silicium. The compound is called silica; and our ordinary clay is, for the most part, formed by the union of silicium, oxygen, and the now well-known light metal, aluminium. By far the greater portion of the earth's crust is compounded of the elementary substances mentioned in these few lines.

The principle of gravitation has been already described as an attraction which every particle of matter, however small, has for every other particle. With gravity there is no selection; no particular atoms choose, by preference, other particular atoms as objects of attraction; the attraction of gravitation is proportional to the *quantity* of the attracting matter, regardless of its quality. But in the molecular world which we have now entered matters are otherwise arranged. Here we have atoms between which a strong attraction is exercised, and also atoms between which a weak attraction is exercised. One atom

(1) The powerful calorific effects obtainable with perfectly dark rays form the subject of a paper recently presented to the Royal Society. In the "Rede Lecture" for the present year (published by Longmans), a mode of filtering the visible from the invisible rays is described; and the power of the latter to effect combustion and incandescence is variously illustrated.

can jostle another out of its place in virtue of a superior force of attraction. But though the amount of force exerted varies thus from atom to atom, it is still an attraction of the same mechanical quality, if I may use the term, as that of gravity itself. Its intensity might be measured in the same way, namely, by the amount of motion which it can impart in a certain time. Thus the attraction of gravity at the earth's surface is expressed by the number 32, because when acting freely on a body for a second of time, it imparts to the body a velocity of thirty-two feet a second. In like manner the mutual attraction of oxygen and hydrogen might be measured by the velocity imparted to the atoms in their rushing together to form water. Of course such a unit of time as a second is not here to be thought of, the whole interval required by the atoms to cross the minute spaces which separate them not amounting probably to more than an inconceivably small fraction of a second.

It has been stated that when a body falls to the earth it is warmed by the shock. Here we have what we may call a *mechanical* combination of the earth and the falling body. Suffer the falling body and the earth to dwindle in imagination to the size of atoms, and for the attraction of gravity substitute that of chemical affinity, which is the name given to the molecular attraction, we have then what is called a *chemical* combination. The effect of the union in this case also is the development of heat, and from the amount of heat generated we can infer the intensity of the atomic attraction. Measured by ordinary mechanical standards, this is enormous. Mix eight pounds of oxygen with one of hydrogen, and pass a spark through the mixture; the gases instantly combine, their atoms rushing over the little distances between them. Take a weight of 47,000 pounds to an elevation of 1,000 feet above the earth's surface, and let it fall; the mechanical energy with which it would strike the earth would not exceed that of the above-mentioned eight pounds of oxygen atoms, and one pound of hydrogen atoms, when they dash together to form water.

It is sometimes stated that the force of gravity is distinguished from all other forces by the fact of its resisting conversion into any other. Chemical affinity, it is said, can be converted into heat and light, and these again into magnetism and electricity. But gravity refuses to be so converted; it is a force which maintains itself under all circumstances, and is not capable of disappearing to give place to another. If by this is meant that a particle of matter can never be deprived of its weight, the assertion is correct; but the law which affirms the convertibility of natural forces was never meant, in the minds of those who understood it, to affirm that such a conversion as that here implied occurs in any case whatever. As regards convertibility into heat, gravity and chemical affinity stand on precisely the same footing. The *attraction* in the one case is as indestructible

as in the other. Nobody affirms that when a stone rests upon the surface of the earth the mutual attraction of the earth and stone is abolished; nobody means to affirm that the mutual attraction of oxygen for hydrogen ceases after the atoms have combined to form water. What is meant in the case of chemical affinity is, that the pull of that affinity, acting through a certain space, imparts a motion of *translation* of the one atom towards the other. This motion of translation is *not* heat, nor is the force that produces it heat. But when the atoms strike and recoil, the motion of translation is converted into a motion of vibration, and this latter motion *is* heat. But the vibration, so far from causing the extinction of the original attraction, is in part carried on by that attraction. The atoms recoil in virtue of the elastic force which opposes actual contact, and in the recoil they are driven too far back. The original attraction then triumphs over the force of recoil, and urges the atoms once more together; and thus, like a pendulum, they oscillate, until their motion is imparted to the surrounding ether; or, in other words, until their heat becomes *radiant* heat.

In this sense, and in this sense only, is chemical affinity converted into heat. There is, first of all, the attraction between the atoms; there is, secondly, *space* between them. Across this space the attraction urges them. They collide, they recoil, they oscillate. There is a change in the form of the motion, but there is no real loss. It is so with the attraction of gravity. To produce motion here space must also intervene between the attracting bodies; when they strike, motion is apparently destroyed, but in reality there is no destruction. By the shock the atoms of the bodies are suddenly urged together; by their own perfect elasticity they recoil; and thus is set up the molecular oscillation which announces itself to the nerves as heat.

It was formerly universally supposed that by the collision of unelastic bodies force was destroyed. Men saw, for example, when two spheres of clay, or painter's putty, or lead, were urged together, that the motion possessed by the masses prior to impact was more or less annihilated. They believed in an absolute destruction of the force of impact. Until recent times, indeed, no difficulty was experienced in believing this, whereas, at present, the ideas of force and its destruction refuse to be united in most philosophic minds. In the collision of elastic bodies, on the contrary, it was observed that the motion with which they clashed together was in great part restored by the resiliency of the masses, the more perfect the elasticity the more complete being the restitution. This led to the idea of perfectly elastic bodies—bodies competent to restore by their recoil the whole of the motion which they possessed before impact. Hence the idea of the *conservation* of force, as opposed to the destruction of force, which was supposed to occur when inelastic bodies met in collision. We now believe that the principle of conser-

vation holds equally good with elastic and unelastic bodies. Perfectly elastic bodies develop *no heat* on collision. They retain their motion afterwards, though its direction may be changed; and it is only when sensible motion is in whole or in part destroyed that heat is generated. This always occurs in unelastic collision, the heat developed being the exact equivalent of the motion extinguished. This heat virtually declares that the property of elasticity, denied to the masses, exists among their atoms, and by their recoil and oscillation restitution is secured and the principle of conservation vindicated.

But ambiguity in the use of the term "force" has been for some time creeping in upon us unawares. We called the attraction of gravity a force without any reference to motion. A body resting on a shelf is as much pulled by gravity as when after having been pushed off the shelf it falls towards the earth. We applied the term force also to that molecular attraction which we called chemical affinity. When, however, we spoke of the conservation of force in the case of elastic collision, we meant neither a pull nor a push, which, as just indicated, might be exerted upon inert matter, but we meant the *moving force*, if I may use the term, of the colliding masses.

What I have called moving force has a definite mechanical measure in the amount of work that it can perform. The simplest form of work is the raising of a weight. A man walking up-hill or up-stairs with a pound weight in his hand, to an elevation say of sixteen feet, performs a certain amount of work over and above the lifting of his own body. If he ascend to a height of thirty-two feet he does twice the work; if to a height of forty-eight feet, he does three times the work; if to sixty-four feet, he does four times the work, and so on. If, moreover, he carries up two pounds instead of one, other things being equal, he does twice the work; if three, four, or five pounds, he does three, four, or five times the work. In fact it is plain that the work performed depends on two factors, the weight raised and the height to which it is raised. It is expressed by the product of these two factors.

But a body may be caused to reach a certain elevation in opposition to the force of gravity, without being actually carried up to the elevation. If a hodman, for example, wished to land a brick at an elevation of sixteen feet above the place where he stands, he would probably pitch it up to the bricklayer. He would thus impart by a sudden effort a velocity to the brick sufficient to raise it to the required height; the work accomplished by that effort being precisely the same as if he had slowly carried up the brick. The initial velocity which must be imparted in the case here assumed is well known. To reach a height of sixteen feet the brick must quit the man's hand with a velocity of thirty-two feet a second. It is needless to say that a body starting with any velocity would, if wholly unopposed or unaided, continue to move *for ever* with the

same velocity. But when, in the case before us, the body is thrown upwards, it moves in opposition to gravity, which incessantly retards its motion, and finally brings it to rest at an elevation of sixteen feet. If not here caught by the bricklayer, it would return to the hodman with an accelerated motion, and reach his hand with the precise velocity it possessed on quitting it.

Supposing the man competent to impart to the brick, at starting, a speed of sixty-four feet a second, or twice its former speed, would the amount of work performed in this effort be twice what it was in the first instance? No; it would be four times that quantity. A body starting with twice the velocity of another will rise to four times the height; in like manner, a three-fold velocity will give a nine-fold elevation, a four-fold velocity will give a sixteen-fold elevation, and so on. The height attained, then, is not proportional to the velocity, but to the *square* of the velocity. As before, the work done is also proportional to the weight elevated. Hence the work which moving masses are competent to perform in virtue of the motion which they at any moment possess, is jointly proportional to the weight and the square of the velocity. Here then we have a second measure of work, in which we simply translate the idea of height into its equivalent idea of motion.

In mechanics the product of the mass of a moving body into the square of its velocity is called *vis viva*, or living force. It expresses what is called the "mechanical effect." If, for example, we point a cannon upwards, and start a ball with twice the velocity imparted by a second cannon, the ball will rise to four times the height. The speedier ball, if directed against a bastion, will also do four times the execution. Hence the importance of imparting a high velocity to projectiles in war. Having thus cleared our way to a perfectly clear conception of the *vis viva* of moving masses, we are prepared for the announcement that the heat generated by the collision of a falling body against the earth is proportional to the *vis viva* annihilated. In point of fact it is not an annihilation, but a transference of *vis viva*. The heat developed is the *vis viva* of the ultimate particles of the falling body, and this, as we now learn, is proportional to the square of the velocity. If of two cannon balls of equal weight one strike a target with twice the velocity of the other it will generate four times the heat upon collision; if with three times the velocity it will generate nine times the heat, and so on.

Mr. Joule has shown that in falling from a height of 772 feet, a body will generate an amount of heat sufficient to raise its own weight of water one degree Fahrenheit in temperature. We have here the *mechanical equivalent* of heat. Now, a body falling from a height of 772 feet has, upon striking the earth, a velocity of 223 feet a second; and if this velocity were imparted to a body by any means whatever, the quantity of heat generated by the stoppage of its motion would

be that stated above. Six times that velocity, or 1,338 feet, would not be an inordinate one for a cannon ball as it quits the gun ; but if animated by six times the velocity, thirty-six times the heat will be generated by the stoppage of its motion. Hence a cannon ball moving with a velocity of 1,338 feet a second would, by collision, generate an amount of heat competent to raise its own weight of water 36 degrees Fahrenheit in temperature. If composed of iron, and if all the heat generated were concentrated in the ball itself, its temperature would be raised about 360 degrees Fahrenheit ; because one degree in the case of water is equivalent to about ten degrees in the case of iron. In artillery practice the heat generated is usually concentrated upon the front of the bolt, and on the portion of the target first struck. By this concentration the heat developed becomes sufficiently intense to raise the dust of the metal to incandescence, a flash of light often accompanying collision with the target.

Let us now fix our attention for a moment on the gunpowder which urges the cannon ball. This is composed of combustible matter, which if burnt in the open air would yield a certain amount of heat. It will not yield this amount if it performs the work of urging a ball. The heat then generated by the gunpowder will fall short of that produced in the open air, by an amount equivalent to the *vis viva* of the ball ; and this exact amount is restored by the ball on its collision with the target. If sensible motion be produced by heat, a portion of the heat is always annihilated. This is true even of muscular force. In "putting" a stone, for example, an amount of heat is consumed within the muscles exactly equivalent to the *vis viva* of the stone, and as in the case of the cannon ball, this heat is reproduced by the stone on the stoppage of its motion.

The principle of the conservation of force, broadly enunciated, asserts that the quantity of force in the universe is as unalterable as the quantity of matter ; that it is alike impossible to create force and to annihilate it. In what sense are we to understand the assertion that the quantity of force is a constant quantity ? It is manifestly inapplicable to the force of gravity as Newton defined it ; for this is a force varying inversely as the square of the distance, and it would be self-contradictory to affirm the constancy of a varying force. Yet, when the matter is properly understood, gravity forms no exception to the law of conservation. Following Helmholtz I will here attempt an elementary exposition of this law, which though destined, in its applications, to produce momentous changes in human thought, is not difficult of comprehension.

For the sake of simplicity we will consider a particle of matter, which we shall call F , to be perfectly fixed, and a second movable particle, D , placed at a distance from F . We will assume that these two particles attract each other according to the Newtonian law. At a certain distance the attraction is of a certain definite amount, which

might be determined by means of a spring balance. At half this distance the attraction would be augmented four times; at a third of the distance it would be augmented nine times; at one-fourth of the distance sixteen times, and so on. In every case the attraction might be measured by determining, with the spring balance, the amount of tension which is just sufficient to prevent D from moving towards F . Thus far we have nothing whatever to do with motion; we deal with statics, not with dynamics. We simply take into account the *distance* of D from F , and the pull exerted by gravity at that distance.

It is customary in mechanics to represent the magnitude of a force by a line of a certain length, a force of double magnitude being represented by a line of double length, and so on. Placing then the particle D at a distance from F , we can in imagination draw a straight line from D to F , and at D erect a perpendicular to this line, which shall represent the amount of the attraction exerted on D in this position. If D be at a very great distance from F the attraction will be very small, and the perpendicular consequently very short. Let us now suppose that at every point in the line joining F and D a perpendicular is erected proportional in length to the attraction exerted at that point; we should thus obtain an infinite number of perpendiculars of gradually increasing length as D approaches F . Uniting the ends of all these perpendiculars, we should obtain a curve, and between this curve and the straight line joining F and D we should have an area made up, as it were, of all the perpendiculars placed side by side along the straight line. The area just referred to, represents the sum of all the pulls or *tensions* which would be exerted upon the particle D , during its passage from its first position up to F . This area, therefore, gives us a perfectly definite image of the sum total of gravitating force existing within the assumed limits.

It can scarcely be too often repeated that we are here dealing with pulls or tensions only, and do not include the idea of any motion produced by these tensions. Up to the present point *vis viva*, or living force, which involves the idea of motion, has been entirely foreign to our contemplations. Let us now suppose D placed at a practically infinite distance from F ; here the pull of gravity would be nothing, and the perpendicular representing it would dwindle to a point. In this position the sum of the tensions capable of being exerted on D would be a maximum. Let D now begin to move in obedience to the attraction exerted upon it. Motion being once set up, the idea of *vis viva* arises. In moving towards F the particle D consumes, as it were, its tensions. Let us fix our attention on D at any point of the path over which it is moving. Between that point and F there is a quantity of unused tensions; beyond that point the tensions have been all consumed, but we have in their place a quantity of *vis viva*. After D has passed any point, the tension previously in

store at that point disappears, but not without adding, during the infinitely small duration of its action, its due amount of motion to that previously possessed by *D*. The nearer *D* approaches to *F*, the smaller is the sum of the tensions remaining, but the greater is the living force; the farther *D* is from *F*, the greater is the sum of the unconsumed tensions, and the less is the living force. Now the principle of conservation affirms *not* the constancy of the tensions of gravity, nor the constancy of the *vis viva*, taken separately, but the absolute constancy of the sum of both. Take the particle *D* at any point of its path, multiply its mass by the square of the velocity which it possesses at that point, add this product to the numerical area of the space representing the tensions still remaining between *D* and *F*; then the sum of these two quantities, whatever be the position of *D* chosen, is invariable. At the beginning the *vis viva* was zero and the tension area was a maximum; close to *F* the *vis viva* is a maximum, while the tension area is zero. At every other point the work-producing power of the particle *D* consists in part of *vis viva* and in part of tensions.

If gravity, instead of being attraction, were repulsion, the sum of the tensions between two material particles *D* and *F* would be a maximum, and the *vis viva* zero, when the particles are in contact. But the moment *D*, in obedience to the repulsion, moves away from *F*, *vis viva* is generated; and the farther *D* retreats from *F* the greater is its *vis viva*, and the less the amount of tension still available for producing motion. Taking repulsion into account as well as attraction, the principle of the conservation of force affirms that the sum of the tensions and *vires vivæ* of the material universe is a constant quantity.

The considerations that we have here applied to gravity apply equally to chemical affinity. In a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen the atoms exist apart, but by the application of proper means they may be caused to rush together across the space that separates them. While this space exists, and as long as the atoms have not begun to move towards each other, we have tensions, and nothing else. During their motion towards each other the tensions, as in the case of gravity, are converted into *vis viva*. After they clash we have still *vis viva*, but in another form. It *was* translation, it *is* vibration. It *was* molecular transfer, it *is* heat. The same considerations apply to a mixture of hydrogen and chlorine. When these gases are mingled in the dark they remain separate, but if a sunbeam fall upon the mixture the atoms rush together with detonation. Here also we have tension converted into molecular translation, and molecular translation into heat. In all such cases, according to the principle of conservation, the quantity of force remains unaltered. Integrating, as in the case of gravity, the tensions, from the starting point up to the actual collision of the atoms, this sum, expressed numerically, is equal to

the final *vis viva*. At any intermediate point of their course the force of the atoms consists in part of tension and in part of *vis viva*, and the sum of both is always the same.

It is quite possible to reverse those processes, to unlock the embrace of the atoms and to replace them in their first positions. But to accomplish this as much heat would be required as was generated by their union. Such reversals occur daily and hourly in nature. By the solar rays, the oxygen of water is divorced from its hydrogen in the leaves of plants, a portion of these rays being consumed in the process. As molecular *vis viva* the rays have disappeared, but in so doing they have re-conferred tension on the atoms of oxygen and hydrogen. These atoms are thus enabled to re-combine, and when they do so the precise amount of heat consumed in their separation is restored. The same remarks apply to the compound of carbon and oxygen, called carbonic acid, which is exhaled from our lungs, produced by our fires, and found sparingly diffused everywhere throughout the air. The sunbeams also wrench these atoms asunder in the leaves of plants, and sacrifice themselves in the act; but when the plants are burnt the amount of heat consumed in their production is restored.

This, then, is the rhythmic play of nature as regards her forces. Throughout all her regions she oscillates from tension to *vis viva*, from *vis viva* to tension. We have the same play in the planetary system. The earth's orbit is an ellipse, one of the foci of which is occupied by the sun. Imagine the earth at the most distant part of the orbit. Her motion, and consequently her *vis viva*, is then a minimum. The planet rounds the curve and begins to approach the sun. She has in front of her a store of tensions, which is gradually consumed, an equivalent amount of *vis viva* being generated. When nearest to the sun her motion, and consequently her *vis viva*, is a maximum. But here her available tensions are used up. She rounds this portion of the curve and retreats from the sun. Tensions are now stored up, but *vis viva* is lost, to be again restored at the expense of the complementary force on the opposite side of the curve. Thus beats the heart of creation, but without increase or diminution of its total stock of force.

I have thus far tried to steer clear amid confusion, and to neutralise the effects of a bad terminology by fixing the mind of the reader upon things rather than upon names. But good names are essential; and here, as yet, we are not provided with such. We have had the force of gravity and living force—two utterly distinct things. We have had pulls and tensions; and we might have had the force of heat, the force of light, the force of magnetism, or the force of electricity—all of which terms have been employed more or less loosely by writers on physics. This confusion in the application of the term "force" is happily avoided by the introduction of the term "energy," embracing under that term both *tension* and *vis viva*. Energy is

possessed by bodies already in motion; it is then actual, and we agree with Mr. Rankine to call it *actual* or *dynamic energy*. It is our old *vis viva*. On the other hand, energy is possible to bodies not in motion, but which, in virtue of attraction or repulsion, possess a power of motion which would realise itself if all hindrances were removed. Looking, for example, at gravity, a body on the earth's surface in a position from which it cannot fall to a lower one possesses no energy. It has neither motion nor power of motion. But the same body suspended at a height above the earth has a power of motion though it may not have exercised it. Energy is possible to such a body, and we agree to call this *possible* or *potential energy*. It answers to our old tensions. We, moreover, speak of the conservation of energy instead of the conservation of force; and this principle, expressed in the new terminology, is, that the sum of the potential and dynamic energies of the material universe is a constant quantity.

A body cast upwards consumes the actual energy of projection, and lays up potential energy. When it reaches its utmost height all its actual energy is consumed, its potential energy being then a maximum. When it returns, there is a re-conversion of the potential into the actual. A pendulum at the limit of its swing possesses potential energy; at the lowest point of its arc its energy is all actual. A patch of snow *resting* on a mountain slope has potential energy; loosened, and shooting down as an avalanche, it possesses dynamic energy. The pine-trees growing on the Alps have potential energy; but rushing down the *Holzrinne* of the woodcutters they possess actual energy. The same is true of the mountains themselves. As long as the rocks which compose them can fall to a lower level, they possess potential energy, which is converted into actual when the frost ruptures their cohesion and hands them over to the action of gravity. The hammer of the great bell of Westminster, when raised before striking, possesses potential energy; when it falls, the energy becomes dynamic; and after the stroke, we have the rhythmic play of potential and dynamic in the vibrations of the bell. The same holds good for the molecular oscillations of a heated body. An atom is pressed against its neighbour, and recoils. Its motion is now dynamic; but the ultimate amplitude of the recoil is soon attained, the motion of the atom in that direction is checked, and for an instant its energy is all potential. It is then drawn towards its neighbour with accelerated speed, thus converting its potential into dynamic energy. Its motion in this direction is also finally checked, and, for an instant, again its energy is all potential. It again retreats, converting its potential into dynamic energy, till the latter attains a maximum, after which it is again changed into potential energy. Thus, what is true of the earth, as she swings to and fro in her yearly journey round the sun, is also true of her minutest atom. We have wheels within wheels, and rhythm within rhythm.

When a body is heated, a change of molecular arrangement always occurs, and to produce this change heat is consumed. Hence, a portion only of the heat communicated to the body remains as dynamic energy. Looking back on some of the statements made at the beginning of this article, now that our knowledge is more extensive, we see the necessity of qualifying them. When, for example, two bodies clash, heat is generated; but the heat, or molecular dynamic energy, developed at the moment of collision, is not the equivalent of the sensible dynamic energy destroyed. The true equivalent is this heat, plus the potential energy conferred upon the molecules by the placing of greater distances between them. This molecular potential energy is afterwards, on the cooling of the body, converted into heat.

Wherever two atoms capable of uniting together by their mutual attractions exist separately, they form a store of potential energy. Thus our woods, forests, and coal-fields on the one hand, and our atmospheric oxygen on the other, constitute a vast store of energy of this kind—vast, but far from infinite. We have, besides our coal fields, bodies in the metallic condition more or less sparsely distributed in the earth's crust. These bodies can be oxydised, and hence are, so far as they go, stores of potential energy. But the attractions of the great mass of the earth's crust are already satisfied, and from them no further energy can possibly be obtained. Ages ago the elementary constituents of our rocks clashed together and produced the motion of heat, which was taken up by the ether and carried away through stellar space. It is lost for ever as far as we are concerned. In those ages the hot conflict of carbon, oxygen, and calcium produced the chalk and limestone hills which are now cold; and from this carbon, oxygen, and calcium no further energy can be derived. And so it is with almost all the other constituents of the earth's crust. They took their present form in obedience to molecular force; they turned their potential energy into dynamic, and gave it to the universe ages before man appeared upon this planet. For him a residue of potential energy remains, vast truly in relation to the life and wants of an individual, but exceedingly minute in comparison with the earth's primitive store.

We know no more of the origin of force than of the origin of matter; where matter is, force is, for we only know matter through its forces. All that philosophy can do is to classify the materials given to man, and show their mutual relations. It will depend, in some measure, upon previous habits of thought, whether the terms potential and dynamic energy are acceptable. They are, however, all but universally accepted and employed by the scientific men of the present day, in whose case the conception of the material universe would be as much maimed by the omission of the idea of potential energy as by the omission of the idea of *vis viva*. These ideas are complementary and co-equal. They are applicable to all natural powers—

to gravity, light, heat, magnetism, electricity, and chemical affinity. Before the ideas which the terms potential and actual energy represent were introduced, when motion disappeared, we knew not what became of it; when work was executed we knew not at what cost. We did not know that when a steam-engine turned a wheel, or lifted a weight, heat was destroyed. We did not know that the same was true of muscular force; that we could not raise an arm, or walk up-stairs, except by the extinction of a certain amount of heat. We now know not only that the extinction takes place, but that it is an extinction of form only. At the stair top we possess, as potential energy, the equivalent of the heat lost during the ascent; and we have only to jump to the bottom to reproduce the heat. It is from this point of view that we are enabled to affirm that the energy of the universe is as constant as its matter. This may be compelled to change its form; a solid stick of sealing-wax may be converted into an invisible gas, but there is no loss of matter in the process. As surely as this is the case, so sure it is that where energy disappears it changes its form merely; and that if we are intelligent enough to follow it, we shall find it somewhere, unaltered in amount, though, perhaps, with an entirely new face.

One word in conclusion, on a topic of public interest. A miracle is strictly defined as an invasion of the law of the conservation of energy. To create or annihilate matter would be deemed on all hands a miracle; the creation or annihilation of energy would be equally a miracle to those who understand the principle of conservation. Hence arises the scepticism of scientific men when called upon to join in national prayer for changes in the economy of nature. Those who devise such prayers admit that the age of miracles is past, and in the same breath they petition for the performance of miracles. They ask for fair weather and for rain, but they do not ask that water may flow up-hill; while the man of science clearly sees that the granting of the one petition would be just as much an infringement of the law of conservation as the granting of the other. Holding this law to be permanent, he prays for neither. But this does not close his eyes to the fact, that while prayer is thus impotent in external nature, it may react with beneficent power upon the human mind. That prayer produces its effect, benign or otherwise, upon him who prays, is not only as indubitable as the law of conservation itself, but it will probably be found to illustrate that law in its ultimate expansions. And if our spiritual authorities could only devise a form in which the heart might express itself without putting the intellect to shame, they might utilise a power which they now waste, and make prayer, instead of a butt to the scorner, the potent inner supplement of noble outward life.

JOHN TYNDALL.

THE BELTON ESTATE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ONCE MORE BACK TO BELTON.

WHEN the carriage was driven away, Sir Anthony and Captain Aylmer were left standing alone at the hall door of the house. The servants had slunk off, and the father and son, looking at each other, felt that they also must slink away, or else have some words together on the subject of their guest's departure. The younger gentleman would have preferred that there should be no words, but Sir Anthony was curious to know something of what had passed in the house during the last few days. "I'm afraid things are not going quite comfortable," he said.

"It seems to me, sir," said his son, "that things very seldom do go quite comfortable."

"But, Fred,—what is it all about? Your mother says that Miss Amedroz is behaving very badly."

"And Miss Amedroz says that my mother is behaving very badly."

"Of course;—that's only natural. And what do you say?"

"I say nothing, sir. The less said the soonest mended."

"That's all very well; but it seems to me that you, in your position, must say something. The long and the short of it is this. Is she to be your wife?"

"Upon my word, sir, I don't know."

They were still standing out under the portico, and as Sir Anthony did not for a minute or two ask any further questions, Captain Aylmer turned as though he were going into the house. But his father had still a word or two to say. "Stop a moment, Fred. I don't often trouble you with advice."

"I'm sure I'm always glad to hear it when you offer any."

"I know very well that in most things your opinion is better than mine. You've had advantages which I never had. But I've had more experience than you, my dear boy. It stands to reason that in some things I must have had more experience than you." There was a tone of melancholy in the father's voice as he said this which quite touched his son, and which brought the two closer together out in the porch. "Take my word for it," continued Sir Anthony, "that you are much better off as you are than you could be with a wife."

"Do you mean to say that no man should marry?"

"No;—I don't mean to say that. An eldest son ought to marry, so that the property may have an heir. And poor men should marry, I suppose, as they want wives to do for them. And sometimes, no

doubt, a man must marry,—when he has got to be very fond of a girl, and has compromised himself, and all that kind of thing. I would never advise any man to sully his honour.” As Sir Anthony said this he raised himself a little with his two sticks and spoke out in a bolder voice. The voice, however, sank again as he descended from the realms of honour to those of prudence. “But none of these cases are yours, Fred. To be sure you’ll have the Perivale property; but that is not a family estate, and you’ll be much better off by turning it into money. And in the way of comfort, you can be a great deal more comfortable without a wife than you can with one. What do you want a wife for? And then, as to Miss Amedroz,—for myself I must say that I like her uncommonly. She has been very pleasant in her ways with me. But,—somehow or another I don’t think you are so much in love with her but what you can do without her.” Hereupon he paused and looked his son full in the face. Fred had also been thinking of the matter in his own way, and asking himself the same question,—whether he was in truth so much in love with Clara that he could not live without her. “Of course I don’t know,” continued Sir Anthony, “what has taken place just now between you and her, or what between her and your mother; but I suppose the whole thing might fall through without any further trouble to you,—or without anything unhandsome on your part?” But Captain Aylmer still said nothing. The whole thing might, no doubt, fall through, but he wished to be neither unjust nor ungenerous,—and he specially wished to avoid anything unhandsome. After a further pause of a few minutes, Sir Anthony went on again, pouring forth the words of experience. “Of course marriage is all very well. I married rather early in life, and have always found your mother to be a most excellent woman. A better woman doesn’t breathe. I’m as sure of that as I am of anything. But God bless me,—of course you can see. I can’t call anything my own. I’m tied down here and I can’t move. I’ve never got a shilling to spend, while all these lazy hounds about the place are eating me up. There isn’t a clerk with a hundred a year in London that isn’t better off than I am as regards ready money. And what comfort have I in a big house, and no end of gardens, and a place like this? What pleasures do I get out of it? That comes of marrying and keeping up one’s name in the county respectably! What do I care for the county? D—— the county! I often wish that I’d been a younger son,—as you are.”

Captain Aylmer had no answer to make to all this. It was, no doubt, the fact that age and good living had made Sir Anthony altogether incapable of enjoying the kind of life which he desiderated, and that he would probably have eaten and drunk himself into his grave long since had that kind of life been within his reach. This.

however, the son could not explain to the father. But in fitting, as he endeavoured to do, his father's words to his own case, Captain Aylmer did perceive that a bachelor's life might perhaps be the most suitable to his own peculiar case. Only he would do nothing unhandsome. As to that he was quite resolved. Of course Clara must show herself to be in some degree amenable to reason and to the ordinary rules of the world; but he was aware that his mother was hot-tempered, and he generously made up his mind that he would give Miss Amedroz even yet another chance.

At the hotel in London Clara found a short note from Mrs. Askerton, in which she was warmly assured that everything should be done to make her comfortable at the cottage as long as she should please to stay there. But the very warmth of affection thus expressed made her almost shrink from what she was about to do. Mrs. Askerton was no doubt anxious for her coming; but would her cousin Will Belton approve of the visit; and what would her cousin Mary say about it? If she was being driven into this step against her own approval, by the insolence of Lady Aylmer,—if she was doing this thing simply because Lady Aylmer had desired her not to do it, and was doing it in opposition to the wishes of the man she had promised to marry as well as to her own judgment, there could not but be cause for shrinking. And yet she believed that she was right. If she could only have had some one to tell her,—some one in whom she could trust implicitly to direct her! She had hitherto been very much prone to rebel against authority. Against her aunt she had rebelled, and against her father, and against her lover. But now she wished with all her heart that there might be some one to whom she could submit with perfect faith. If she could only know what her cousin Will would think. In him she thought she could have trusted with that perfect faith;—if only he would have been a brother to her.

But it was too late now for doubting, and on the next day she found herself getting out of the old Redicote fly, at Colonel Askerton's door. He came out to meet her, and his greeting was very friendly. Hitherto there had been no great intimacy between him and her, owing rather to the manner of life adopted by him than to any cause of mutual dislike between them. Mrs. Askerton had shown herself desirous of some social intercourse since she had been at Belton, but with Colonel Askerton there had been nothing of this. He had come there intending to live alone, and had been satisfied to carry out his purpose. But now Clara had come to his house as a guest, and he assumed towards her altogether a new manner. "We are so glad to have you," he said, taking both her hands. Then she passed on into the cottage, and in a minute was in her friend's arms.

"Dear Clara;—dearest Clara, I am so glad to have you here."

"It is very good of you."

"No, dear ; the goodness is with you to come. But we won't quarrel about that. We will both be ever so good. And he is so happy that you should be here. You'll get to know him now. But come up stairs. There's a fire in your room, and I'll be your maid for the occasion,—because then we can talk." Clara did as she was bid and went up stairs ; and as she sat over the fire while her friend knelt beside her,—for Mrs. Askerton was given to such kneelings,—she could not but tell herself that Belton Cottage was much more comfortable than Aylmer Park. During the whole time of her sojourn at Aylmer Park no word of real friendship had once greeted her ears. Everything there had been cold and formal, till coldness and formality had given way to violent insolence.

"And so you have quarrelled with her ladyship," said Mrs. Askerton. "I knew you would."

"I have not said anything about quarrelling with her."

"But of course you have. Come, now ; don't make yourself disagreeable. You have had a downright battle ;—have you not ?"

"Something very like it, I'm afraid."

"I am so glad," said Mrs. Askerton, rubbing her hands.

"That is ill-natured."

"Very well. Let it be ill-natured. One isn't to be good-natured all round, or what would be the use of it. And what sort of woman is she ?"

"Oh dear ; I couldn't describe her. She is very large, and wears a great wig, and manages everything herself, and I've no doubt she's a very good woman in her own way."

"I can see her at once ;—and a very pillar of virtue as regards morality and going to church. Poor me ! Does she know that you have come here ?"

"I've no doubt she does. I did not tell her, nor would I tell her daughter ; but I told Captain Aylmer."

"That was right. That was very right. I'm so glad of that. But who would doubt that you would show a proper spirit. And what did he say ?"

"Not much, indeed."

"I won't trouble you about him. I don't in the least doubt but all that will come right. And what sort of man is Sir Anthony ?"

"A common-place sort of a man ; very gouty, and with none of his wife's strength. I liked him the best of them all."

"Because you saw the least of him, I suppose."

"He was kind in his manner to me."

"And they were like she-dragons. I understand it all, and can see them just as though I had been there. I felt that I knew what would come of it when you first told me that you were going to Aylmer Park. I did, indeed. I could have prophesied it all."

"It would have done no good;—and your going there has done good. It has opened your eyes to more than one thing, I don't doubt. But tell me,—have you told them in Norfolk that you were coming here?"

"No;—I have not written to my cousin."

"Don't be angry with me if I tell you something. I have."

"Have what?"

"I have told Mr. Belton that you were coming here. It was in this way. I had to write to him about our continuing in the cottage. Colonel Askerton always makes me write if it's possible, and of course we were obliged to settle something as to the place."

"I'm sorry you said anything about me."

"How could I help it? What would you have thought of me, or what would he have thought, if, when writing to him, I had not mentioned such a thing as your visit? Besides, it's much better that he should know."

"I am sorry that you said anything about it."

"You are ashamed that he should know that you are here," said Mrs. Askerton, in a tone of reproach.

"Ashamed! No; I am not ashamed. But I would sooner that he had not been told,—as yet. Of course he would have been told before long."

"But you are not angry with me?"

"Angry! How can I be angry with any one who is so kind to me?"

That evening passed by very pleasantly, and when she went again to her own room, Clara was almost surprised to find how completely she was at home. On the next day she and Mrs. Askerton together went up to the house, and roamed through all the rooms, and Clara seated herself in all the accustomed chairs. On the sofa, just in the spot to which Belton had thrown it, she found the key of the cellar. She took it up in her hand, thinking that she would give it to the servant; but again she put it back upon the sofa. It was his key, and he had left it there, and if ever there came an occasion she would remind him where he had put it. Then they went out to the cow, who was at her ease in a little home paddock. "Dear Bessey," said Clara. "See how well she knows me." But I think the tame little beast would have known any one else as well who had gone up to her as Clara did, with food in her hand. "She is quite as sacred as any cow that ever was worshipped among the cow-worshippers," said Mrs. Askerton. "I suppose they milk her and sell the butter, but otherwise she is not regarded as an ordinary cow at all." "Poor Bessey," said Clara. "I wish she had never come here. What is to be done with her?" "Done with her! She'll stay here till she dies a natural death, and then a romantic pair of mourners will follow her

to her grave, mixing their sympathetic tears comfortably as they talk of the old days ; and in future years, Bessey will grow to be a divinity of the past, never to be mentioned without tenderest reminiscences. I have not the slightest difficulty in prophesying as to Bessey's future life and posthumous honours." They roamed about the place the whole morning, through the garden and round the farm buildings, and in and out of the house ; and at every turn something was said about Will Belton. But Clara would not go up to the rocks, although Mrs. Askerton more than once attempted to turn in that direction. He had said that he never would go there again except under certain circumstances. She knew that those circumstances would never come to pass ; but yet neither would she go there. She would never go there till her cousin was married. Then, if in those days she should ever be present at Belton Castle, she would creep up to the spot all alone, and allow herself to think of the old days.

On the following morning there came to her a letter bearing the Downham post-mark,—but at the first glance she knew that it was not from her cousin Will. Will wrote with a bold round hand, that was extremely plain and caligraphic when he allowed himself time for the work in hand, as he did with the commencement of his epistles, but which would become confused and altogether anti-caligraphic when he fell into a hurry towards the end of his performance,—as was his wont. But the address of this letter was written in a pretty, small, female hand,—very careful in the perfection of every letter, and very neat in every stroke. It was from Mary Belton, between whom and Clara there had never hitherto been occasion for correspondence. The letter was as follows :—

“Plaistow Hall, April, 186—.

“MY DEAR COUSIN CLARA,

“William has heard from your friends at Belton, who are tenants on the estate, and as to whom there seems to be some question whether they are to remain. . He has written, saying, I believe, that there need be no difficulty if they wish to stay there. But we learn, also, from Mrs. Askerton's letter, that you are expected at the cottage, and therefore I will address this to Belton, supposing that it may find you there.

“You and I have never yet known each other ;—which has been a grief to me ; but this grief, I hope, may be cured some day before long. I myself, as you know, am such a poor creature that I cannot go about the world to see my friends as other people do ;—at least, not very well ; and therefore I write to you with the object of asking you to come and see me here. This is an interesting old house in its way ; and though I must not conceal from you that life here is very, very quiet, I would do my best to make the days pass pleasantly with

you. I had heard that you were gone to Aylmer Park. Indeed, William told me of his taking you up to London. Now it seems you have left Yorkshire, and I suppose you will not return there very soon. If it be so, will it not be well that you should come to me for a short time ?

"Both William and I feel that just for the present,—for a little time,—you would perhaps prefer to be alone with me. He must go to London for awhile, and then on to Belton, to settle your affairs and his. He intends to be absent for six weeks. If you would not be afraid of the dulness of this house for so long a time, pray come to us. The pleasure to me would be very great, and I hope that you have some of that feeling, which with me is so strong, that we ought not to be any longer personally strangers to each other. You could then make up your mind as to what you would choose to do afterwards. I think that by the end of that time,—that is, when William returns,—my uncle and aunt from Sleaford will be with us. He is a clergyman, you know ; and if you then like to remain, they will be delighted to make your acquaintance.

"It seems to be a long journey for a young lady to make alone, from Belton to Plaistow ; but travelling is so easy now-a-days, and young ladies seem to be so independent, that you may be able to manage it. Hoping to see you soon, I remain

"Your affectionate Cousin,

"MARY BELTON."

This letter she received before breakfast, and was therefore able to read it in solitude, and to keep its receipt from the knowledge of Mrs. Askerton, if she should be so minded. She understood at once all that it intended to convey,—a hint that Plaistow Hall would be a better resting-place for her than Mrs. Askerton's cottage ; and an assurance that if she would go to Plaistow Hall for her convenience, no advantage should be taken of her presence there by the owner of the house for his convenience. As she sat thinking of the offer which had been made to her she fancied that she could see and hear her cousin Will as he discussed the matter with his sister, and with a half assumption of surliness declared his own intention of going away. Captain Aylmer after that interview in London had spoken of Belton's conduct as being unpardonable ; but Clara had not only pardoned him, but had, in her own mind, pronounced his virtues to be so much greater than his vices as to make him almost perfect. "But I will not drive him out of his own house," she said. "What does it matter where I go ?"

"Colonel Askerton has had a letter from your cousin," said Mrs. Askerton as soon as the two ladies were alone together.

"And what does he say ?"

"Not a word about you."

"So much the better. I have given him trouble enough, and am glad to think that he should be free of me for awhile. Is Colonel Askerton to stay at the cottage?"

"Now, Clara, you are a hypocrite. You know that you are a hypocrite."

"Very likely,—but I don't know why you should accuse me just now."

"Yes, you do. Have not you heard from Norfolk also?"

"Yes;—I have."

"I was sure of it. I knew he would never have written in that way, in answer to my letter, ignoring your visit here altogether, unless he had written to you also."

"But he has not written to me. My letter is from his sister. There it is." Whereupon she handed the letter to Mrs. Askerton, and waited patiently while it was being read. Her friend returned it to her without a word, and Clara was the first to speak again. "It is a nice letter, is it not? I never saw her you know."

"So she says."

"But is it not a kind letter?"

"I suppose it is meant for kindness. It is not very complimentary to me. It presumes that such a one as I may be treated without the slightest consideration. And so I may. It is only fit that I should be so treated. If you ask my advice, I advise you to go at once;—at once."

"But I have not asked your advice, dear; nor do I intend to ask it."

"You would not have shown it me if you had not intended to go."

"How unreasonable you are! You told me just now that I was a hypocrite for not telling you of my letter, and now you are angry with me because I have shown it you."

"I am not angry. I think you have been quite right to show it me. I don't know how else you could have acted upon it."

"But I do not mean to act upon it. I shall not go to Plaistow. There are two reasons against it, each sufficient. I shall not leave you quite yet,—unless you send me away; and I shall not cause my cousin to be turned out of his own house."

"Why should he be turned out? Why should you not go to him? You love him;—and as for him, he is more in love than any man I ever knew. Go to Plaistow Hall, and everything will run smooth."

"No, dear; I shall not do that."

"Then you are foolish. I am bound to tell you so, as I have inveigled you here."

"I thought I had invited myself."

"No; I asked you to come, and when I asked you I knew that I

was wrong. Though I meant to be kind, I knew that I was unkind. I saw that my husband disapproved it, though he had not the heart to tell me so. I wish he had. I wish he had."

"Mrs. Askerton, I cannot tell you how much you wrong yourself, and how you wrong me also. I am more than contented to be here."

"But you should not be contented to be here. It is just that. In learning to love me,—or rather, perhaps, to pity me, you lower yourself. Do you think that I do not see it all, and know it all? Of course it is bad to be alone, but I have no right not to be alone." There was nothing for Clara to do but to draw herself once again close to the poor woman, and to embrace her with protestations of fair, honest, equal regard and friendship. "Do you think I do not understand that letter?" continued Mrs. Askerton. "If it had come from Lady Aylmer I could have laughed at it, because I believe Lady Aylmer to be an overbearing virago, whom it is good to put down in every way possible. But this comes from a pure-minded woman, one whom I believe to be little given to harsh judgments on her fellow-sinners; and she tells you in her calm wise way that it is bad for you to be here with me."

"She says nothing of the kind."

"But does she not mean it? Tell me honestly;—do you not know that she means it?"

"I am not to be guided by what she means."

"But you are to be guided by what her brother means. It is to come to that, and you may as well bend your neck at once. It is to come to that, and the sooner the better for you. It is easy to see that you are badly off for guidance when you take up me as your friend." When she had so spoken Mrs. Askerton got up and went to the door. "No, Clara, do not come with me; not now," she said, turning to her companion, who had risen as though to follow her. "I will come to you soon, but I would rather be alone now. And, look here, dear; you must answer your cousin's letter. Do so at once, and say that you will go to Plaistow. In any event it will be better for you."

Clara, when she was alone, did answer her cousin's letter, but she did not accept the invitation that had been given her. She assured Miss Belton that she was most anxious to know her, and hoped that she might do so before long either at Plaistow or at Belton; but that at present she was under an engagement to stay with her friend Mrs. Askerton. In an hour or two Mrs. Askerton returned, and Clara handed to her the note to read. "Then all I can say is you are very silly, and don't know on which side your bread is buttered." It was evident from Mrs. Askerton's voice that she had recovered her mood and tone of mind. "I don't suppose it will much signify, as it will all come right at last," she said afterwards. And then, after luncheon, when she had been for a few minutes with her husband in

his own room, she told Clara that the Colonel wanted to speak to her. "You'll find him as grave as a judge, for he has got something to say to you in earnest. Nobody can be so stern as he is when he chooses to put on his wig and gown." So Clara went into the Colonel's study, and seated herself in a chair which he had prepared for her.

She remained there for over an hour, and during the hour the conversation became very animated. Colonel Askerton's assumed gravity had given way to ordinary eagerness, during which he had walked about the room in the vehemence of his argument; and Clara, in answering him, had also put forth all her strength. She had expected that he also was going to speak to her on the propriety of her going to Norfolk; but he made no allusion to that subject, although all that he did say was founded on Will Belton's letter to himself. Belton, in speaking of the cottage, had told Colonel Askerton that Miss Amedroz would be his future landlord, and had then gone on to explain that it was his, Belton's, intention to destroy the entail, and allow the property to descend from the father to the daughter. "As Miss Amedroz is with you now," he said, "may I beg you to take the trouble to explain the matter to her at length, and to make her understand that the estate is now, at this moment in fact, her own. Her possession of it does not depend on any act of hers,—or, indeed, upon her own will or wish in the matter." On this subject Colonel Askerton had argued, using all his skill to make Clara in truth perceive that she was her father's heiress,—through the generosity undoubtedly of her cousin,—and that she had no alternative but to assume the possession which was thus thrust upon her.

And so eloquent was the Colonel that Clara was staggered, though she was not convinced. "It is quite impossible," she said. "Though he may be able to make it over to me, I can give it back again."

"I think not. In such a matter as this a lady in your position can only be guided by her natural advisers,—her father's lawyer and other family friends."

"I don't know why a young lady should be in any way different from an old gentleman."

"But an old gentleman would not hesitate under such circumstances. The entail in itself was a cruelty, and the operation of it on your poor brother's death was additionally cruel."

"It is cruel that any one should be poor," argued Clara; "but that does not take away the right of a rich man to his property."

There was much more of this sort said between them, till Clara was at any rate convinced that Colonel Askerton believed that she ought to be the owner of the property. And then at last he ventured upon another argument which soon drove Clara out of the room. "There is, I believe, one way in which it can all be made right," said he.

"What way?" said Clara, forgetting in her eagerness the obviousness of the mode which her companion was about to point out.

"Of course, I know nothing of this myself," he said smiling; "but Mary thinks that you and your cousin might arrange it between you if you were together."

"You must not listen to what she says about that, Colonel Askerton."

"Must I not? Well; I will not listen to more than I can help; but Mary, as you know, is a persistent talker. I, at any rate, have done my commission." Then Clara left him, and was alone for what remained of the afternoon.

It could not be, she said to herself, that the property ought to be hers. It would make her miserable, were she once to feel that she had accepted it. Some small allowance out of it, coming to her from the brotherly love of her cousin,—some moderate stipend sufficient for her livelihood, she thought she could accept from him. It seemed to her that it was her destiny to be dependent on charity,—to eat bread given to her from the benevolence of a friend; and she thought that she could endure his benevolence better than that of any other. Benevolence from Aylmer Park or from Perivale would be altogether unendurable.

But why should it not be as Colonel Askerton had proposed? That this cousin of hers loved her with all his heart,—with a constancy for which she had at first given him no credit, she was well aware. And as regarded herself, she loved him better than all the world beside. She had at last become conscious that she could not now marry Captain Aylmer without sin,—without false vows, and fatal injury to herself and him. To the prospect of that marriage, as her future fate, an end must be put at any rate,—an end, if that which had already taken place was not to be regarded as end enough. But yet she had been engaged to Captain Aylmer,—was engaged to him even now. When last her cousin had mentioned to her Captain Aylmer's name she had declared that she loved him still. How then could she turn round now, and so soon accept the love of another man? How could she bring herself to let her cousin assume to himself the place of a lover, when it was but the other day that she had rebuked him for expressing the faintest hope in that direction?

But yet,—yet—! As for going to Plaistow, that was quite out of question.

"So you are to be the heiress, after all," said Mrs. Askerton to her that night in her bed-room.

"No; I am not to be the heiress after all," said Clara, rising against her friend impetuously.

"You'll have to be lady of Belton in one way or the other at any rate," said Mrs. Askerton.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MISS AMEDROZ IS PURSUED.

"I SUPPOSE now, my dear, it may be considered that everything is settled about that young lady," said Lady Aylmer to her son, on the same day that Miss Amedroz left Aylmer Park.

"Nothing is settled, ma'am," said the Captain.

"You don't mean to tell me that after what has passed you intend to follow her up any further."

"I shall certainly endeavour to see her again."

"Then, Frederic, I must tell you that you are very wrong indeed;—almost worse than wrong. I would say wicked, only I feel sure that you will think better of it. You cannot mean to tell me that you would—marry her after what has taken place?"

"The question is whether she would marry me."

"That is nonsense, Frederic. I wonder that you, who are generally so clear-sighted, cannot see more plainly than that. She is a scheming, artful young woman, who is playing a regular game to catch a husband."

"If that were so, she would have been more humble to you, ma'am."

"Not a bit, Fred. That's just it. That has been her cleverness. She tried that on at first, and found that she could not get round me. Don't allow yourself to be deceived by that, I pray. And then there is no knowing how she may be bound up with those horrid people, so that she cannot throw them over even if she would."

"I don't think you understand her, ma'am."

"Oh;—very well. But I understand this, and you had better understand it too;—that she will never again enter a house of which I am the mistress; nor can I ever enter a house in which she is received. If you choose to make her your wife after that, I have done." Lady Aylmer had not done, or nearly done; but we need hear no more of her threats or entreaties. Her son left Aylmer Park immediately after Easter Sunday, and as he went, the mother, nodding her head, declared to her daughter that that marriage would never come off, let Clara Amedroz be ever so sly, or ever so clever.

"Think of what I have said to you, Fred," said Sir Anthony, as he took his leave of his son.

"Yes, sir, I will."

"You can't be better off than you are;—you can't, indeed." With these words in his ears Captain Aylmer started for London, intending to follow Clara down to Belton. He hardly knew his own mind on this matter of his purposed marriage. He was almost inclined to agree with his father that he was very well off as he was. He

was almost inclined to agree with his mother in her condemnation of Clara's conduct. He was almost inclined to think that he had done enough towards keeping the promise made to his aunt on her deathbed, — but still he was not quite contented with himself. He desired to be honest and true, as far as his ideas went of honesty and truth, and his conscience told him that Clara had been treated with cruelty by his mother. I am inclined to think that Lady Aylmer, in spite of her high experience and character for wisdom, had not fought her battle altogether well. No man likes to be talked out of his marriage by his mother, and especially not so when the talking takes the place of threats. When she told him that under no circumstances would she again know Clara Amedroz, he was driven by his spirit of manhood to declare to himself that that menace from her should not have the slightest influence on him. The word or two which his father said was more effective. After all it might be better for him in his peculiar position to have no wife at all. He did begin to believe that he had no need for a wife. He had never before thought so much of his father's example as he did now. Clara was manifestly a hot-tempered woman, — a very hot-tempered woman indeed ! Now his mother was also a hot-tempered woman, and he could see the result in the present condition of his father's life. He resolved that he would follow Clara to Belton, so that some final settlement might be made between them ; but in coming to this resolution he acknowledged to himself that should she decide against him he would not break his heart. She, however, should have her chance. Undoubtedly it was only right that she should have her chance.

But the difficulty of the circumstances in which he was placed was so great, that it was almost impossible for him to make up his mind fixedly to any purpose in reference to Clara. As he passed through London on his way to Belton he called at Mr. Green's chambers with reference to that sum of fifteen hundred pounds, which it was now absolutely necessary that he should make over to Miss Amedroz, and from Mr. Green he learned that William Belton had given positive instructions as to the destination of the Belton Estate. He would not inherit it, or have anything to do with it under the entail, — from the effects of which he desired to be made entirely free. Mr. Green, who knew that Captain Aylmer was engaged to marry his client, and who knew nothing of any interruption to that agreement, felt no hesitation in explaining all this to Captain Aylmer. "I suppose you had heard of it before," said Mr. Green. Captain Aylmer certainly had heard of it, and had been very much struck by the idea ; but up to this moment he had not quite believed in it. Coming simply from William Belton to Clara Amedroz, such an offer might be no more than a strong argument used in love-making. "Take back the property, but take me with it, of course." That Captain Aylmer

thought might have been the correct translation of Mr. William Belton's romance. But he was forced to look at the matter differently when he found that it had been put into a lawyer's hands. "Yes," said he, "I have heard of it. Mr. Belton mentioned it to me himself." This was not strictly true. Clara had mentioned it to him; but Belton had come into the room immediately afterwards, and Captain Aylmer might probably have been mistaken.

"He's quite in earnest," said Mr. Green.

"Of course, I can say nothing, Mr. Green, as I am myself so nearly interested in the matter. It is a great question, no doubt, how far such an entail as that should be allowed to operate."

"I think it should stand as a matter of course. I think Belton is wrong," said Mr. Green.

"Of course I can give no opinion," said the other.

"I'll tell you what you can do, Captain Aylmer. You can suggest to Miss Amedroz that there should be a compromise. Let them divide it. They are both clients of mine, and in that way I shall do my duty to each. Let them divide it. Belton has money enough to buy up the other moiety, and in that way would still be Belton of Belton."

Captain Aylmer had not the slightest objection to such a plan. Indeed, he regarded it as in all respects a wise and salutary arrangement. The moiety of the Belton Estate might probably be worth twenty-five thousand pounds, and the addition of such a sum as that to his existing means would make all the difference in the world as to the expedience of his marriage. His father's arguments would all fall to the ground if twenty-five thousand pounds were to be obtained in this way; and he had but little doubt that such a change in affairs would go far to mitigate his mother's wrath. But he was by no means mercenary in his views;—so, at least, he assured himself. Clara should have her chance with or without the Belton Estate,—or with or without the half of it. He was by no means mercenary. Had he not made his offer to her,—and repeated it almost with obstinacy, when she had no prospect of any fortune? He could always remember that of himself at least; and remembering that now, he could take a delight in these bright money prospects without having to accuse himself in any degree of mercenary motives. This fortune was a godsend which he could take with clean hands;—if only he should ultimately be able to take the lady who possessed the fortune!

From London he wrote to Clara, telling her that he proposed to visit her at Belton. His letter was written before he had seen Mr. Green, and was not very fervent in its expressions; but, nevertheless, it was a fair letter, written with the intention of giving her a fair chance. He had seen with great sorrow,—“with heartfelt grief,” that quarrel between his mother and his own Clara. Thinking, as he

felt himself obliged to think, about Mrs. Askerton, he could not but feel that his mother had cause for her anger. But he himself was unprejudiced, and was ready, and anxious also,—the word anxious was underscored,—to carry out his engagement. A few words between them might probably set everything right, and therefore he proposed to meet her at the Belton Castle house, at such an hour, on such a day. He should run down to Perivale on his journey, and perhaps Clara would let him have a line addressed to him there. Such was his letter.

"What do you think of that?" said Clara, showing it to Mrs. Askerton on the afternoon of the day on which she had received it.

"What do you think of it?" said Mrs. Askerton. "I can only hope that he will not come within the reach of my hands."

"You are not angry with me for showing it to you?"

"No;—why should I be angry with you? Of course I knew it all without any showing. Do not tell Colonel Askerton, or they will be killing each other."

"Of course I shall not tell Colonel Askerton; but I could not help showing this to you."

"And you will meet him."

"Yes; I shall meet him. What else can I do?"

"Unless, indeed, you were to write and tell him that it would do no good."

"It will be better that he should come."

"If you allow him to talk you over you will be a wretched woman all your life."

"It will be better that he should come," said Clara again. And then she wrote to Captain Aylmer at Perivale, telling him that she would be at the house at the hour he had named, on the day he had named.

When that day came she walked across the park a little before the time fixed, not wishing to meet Captain Aylmer before she had reached the house. It was now nearly the middle of April, and the weather was soft and pleasant. It was almost summer again, and as she felt this, she thought of all the events which had occurred since the last summer,—of their agony of grief at the catastrophe which had closed her brother's life, of her aunt's death first, and then of her father's following so close upon the other, and of the two offers of marriage made to her,—as to which she was now aware that she had accepted the wrong man and rejected the wrong man. She was steadily minded, now, at this moment, that before she parted from Captain Aylmer, her engagement with him should be brought to a close. Now, at this coming interview, so much at any rate should be done. She had tried to make herself believe that she felt for him that sort of affection which a woman should have for the man she is

to marry, but she had failed. She hardly knew whether she had in truth ever loved him ; but she was quite sure that she did not love him now. No ;—she had done with Aylmer Park, and she could feel thankful, amidst all her troubles, that that difficulty should vex her no more. In showing Captain Aylmer's letter to Mrs. Askerton she had made no such promise as this, but her mind had been quite made up. "He certainly shall not talk me over," she said to herself as she walked across the park.

But she could not see her way so clearly out of that further difficulty with regard to her cousin. It might be that she would be able to rid herself of the one lover with comparative ease ; but she could not bring herself to entertain the idea of accepting the other. It was true that this man longed for her,—desired to call her his own, with a wearing, anxious, painful desire which made his heart grievously heavy,—heavy as though with lead hanging to its strings ; and it was true that Clara knew that it was so. It was true also that his spirit had mastered her spirit, and that his persistence had conquered her resistance,—the resistance, that is, of her feelings. But there remained with her a feminine shame, which made it seem to her to be impossible that she should now reject Captain Aylmer, and as a consequence of that rejection, accept Will Belton's hand. As she thought of this, she could not see her way out of her trouble in that direction with any of that clearness which belonged to her in reference to Captain Aylmer.

She had been an hour in the house before he came, and never did an hour go so heavily with her. There was no employment for her about the place, and Mrs. Bunce, the old woman who now lived there, could not understand why her late mistress chose to remain seated among the unused furniture. Clara had of course told her that a gentleman was coming. "Not Mr. Will," said the woman. "No ; it is not Mr. Will," said Clara ; "his name is Captain Aylmer." "Oh, indeed." And then Mrs. Bunce looked at her with a mystified look. Why on earth should not the gentleman call on Miss Amedroz at Mrs. Askerton's cottage. "I'll be sure to show 'un up, when a comes, at any rate," said the old woman solemnly ;—and Clara felt that it was all very uncomfortable.

At last the gentleman did come, and was shown up with all the ceremony of which Mrs. Bunce was capable. "Here he be, mum." Then Mrs. Bunce paused a moment before she retreated, anxious to learn whether the new comer was a friend or a foe. She concluded from the Captain's manner that he was a very dear friend, and then she departed.

"I hope you are not surprised at my coming," said Captain Aylmer, still holding Clara by the hand.

"A little surprised," she said, smiling.

"But not annoyed?"

"No;—not annoyed."

"As soon as you had left Aylmer Park I felt that it was the right thing to do;—the only thing to do,—as I told my mother."

"I hope you have not come in opposition to her wishes," said Clara, unable to control a slight tone of banter as she spoke.

"In this matter I found myself compelled to act in accordance with my own judgment," said he, untouched by her sarcasm.

"Then I suppose that Lady Aylmer is,—is vexed with you for coming here. I shall be so sorry for that;—so very sorry, as no good can come of it."

"Well;—I am not so sure of that. My mother is a most excellent woman, one for whose opinions on all matters I have the highest possible value;—a value so high, that—that—that——"

"That you never ought to act in opposition to them. That is what you really mean, Captain Aylmer; and upon my word I think that you are right."

"No, Clara; that is not what I mean,—not exactly that. Indeed, just at present I mean the reverse of that. There are some things in which a man must act on his own judgment, irrespectively of the opinions of any one else."

"Not of a mother, Captain Aylmer."

"Yes;—of a mother. That is to say, a man must do so. With a lady of course it is different. I was very, very sorry that there should have been any unpleasantness at Aylmer Park."

"It was not pleasant to me, certainly."

"Nor to any of us, Clara."

"At any rate, it need not be repeated."

"I hope not."

"No;—it certainly need not be repeated. I know now that I was wrong to go to Aylmer Park. I felt sure beforehand that there were many things as to which I could not possibly agree with Lady Aylmer, and I ought not to have gone."

"I don't see that at all, Clara."

"I do see it now."

"I can't understand you. What things? Why should you be determined to disagree with my mother? Surely you ought at any rate to endeavour to think as she thinks."

"I cannot do that, Captain Aylmer."

"I am sorry to hear you speak in this way. I have come here all the way from Yorkshire to try to put things straight between us; but you receive me as though you would remember nothing but that unpleasant quarrel."

"It was so unpleasant,—so very unpleasant! I had better speak out the truth at once. I think that Lady Aylmer ill-used me

cruelly. I do. No one can talk me out of that conviction. Of course I am sorry to be driven to say as much to you,—and I should never have said it, had you not come here. But when you speak of me and your mother together, I must say what I feel. Your mother and I, Captain Aylmer, are so opposed to each other, not only in feelings, but in opinions also, that it is impossible that we should be friends ;—impossible that we should not be enemies if we are brought together."

This she said with great energy, looking intently into his face as she spoke. He was seated near her, on a chair from which he was leaning over towards her, holding his hat in both hands between his legs. Now, as he listened to her, he drew his chair still nearer, ridding himself of his hat, which he left upon the carpet, and keeping his eyes upon hers as though he were fascinated. "I am sorry to hear you speak like this," he said.

"It is best to say the truth."

"But, Clara, if you intend to be my wife——"

"Oh, no ;—that is impossible now."

"What is impossible ?"

"Impossible that I should become your wife. Indeed I have convinced myself that you do not wish it."

"But I do wish it."

"No ;—no. If you will question your heart about it quietly, you will find that you do not wish it."

"You wrong me, Clara."

"At any rate it cannot be so."

"I will not take that answer from you," he said, getting up from his chair, and walking once up and down the room. Then he returned to it, and repeated his words. "I will not take that answer from you. An engagement such as ours cannot be put aside like an old glove. You do not mean to tell me that all that has been between us is to mean nothing." There was something now like feeling in his tone, something like passion in his gesture, and Clara, though she had no thought of changing her purpose, was becoming unhappy at the idea of his unhappiness.

"It has meant nothing," she said. "We have been like children together, playing at being in love. It is a game from which you will come out scatheless, but I have been scalded."

"Scalded !"

"Well ;—never mind. I do not mean to complain, and certainly not of you."

"I have come here all the way from Yorkshire in order that things may be put right between us."

"You have been very good,—very good to come, and I will not say that I regret your trouble. It is best, I think, that we should meet each other once more face to face, so that we may understand

each other. There was no understanding anything during those terrible days at Aylmer Park." Then she paused, but as he did not speak at once she went on. "I do not blame you for anything that has taken place, but I am quite sure of this,—that you and I could never be happy together as man and wife."

"I do not know why you say so; I do not indeed."

"You would disapprove of everything that I should do. You do disapprove of what I am doing now."

"Disapprove of what?"

"I am staying with my friend, Mrs. Askerton."

He felt that this was hard upon him. As she had shown herself inclined to withdraw herself from him, he had become more resolute in his desire to follow her up, and to hold by his engagement. He was not employed now in giving her another chance,—as he had proposed to himself to do,—but was using what eloquence he had to obtain another chance for himself. Lady Aylmer had almost made him believe that Clara would be the suppliant, but now he was the suppliant himself. In his anxiety to keep her he was willing even to pass over her terrible iniquity in regard to Mrs. Askerton,—that great sin which had led to all these troubles. He had once written to her about Mrs. Askerton, using very strong language, and threatening her with his mother's full displeasure. At that time Mrs. Askerton had simply been her friend. There had been no question then of her taking refuge under that woman's roof. Now she had repelled Lady Aylmer's counsels with scorn, was living as a guest in Mrs. Askerton's house; and yet he was willing to pass over the Askerton difficulty without a word. He was willing not only to condone past offences, but to wink at existing iniquity! But she,—she who was the sinner, would not permit of this. She herself dragged up Mrs. Askerton's name, and seemed to glory in her own shame.

"I had not intended," said he, "to speak of your friend."

"I only mention her to show how impossible it is that we should ever agree upon some subjects,—as to which a husband and wife should always be of one mind. I knew this from the moment in which I got your letter,—and only that I was a coward I should have said so then."

"And you mean to quarrel with me altogether?"

"No;—why should we quarrel?"

"Why, indeed?" said he.

"But I wish it to be settled,—quite settled, as from the nature of things it must be, that there shall be no attempt at renewal of our engagement. After what has passed, how could I enter your mother's house?"

"But you need not enter it." Now in his emergency he was willing to give up anything,—everything. He had been prepared to talk her over into a reconciliation with his mother, to admit that there had been faults on both sides, to come down from his high pedestal and discuss the matter as though Clara and his mother stood upon the same footing. Having recognised the spirit of his lady-love, he had told himself that so much indignity as that must be endured. But now, he had been carried so far beyond this, that he was willing, in the sudden vehemence of his love, to throw his mother over altogether, and to accede to any terms which Clara might propose to him. "Of course, I would wish you to be friends," he said, using now all the tones of a suppliant; "but if you found that it could not be so——"

"Do you think that I would divide you from your mother?"

"There need be no question as to that."

"Ah;—there you are wrong. There must be such questions. I should have thought of it sooner."

"Clara, you are more to me than my mother. Ten times more." As he said this he came up and knelt down beside her. "You are everything to me. You will not throw me over." He was a suppliant indeed, and such supplications are very potent with women. Men succeed often by the simple earnestness of their prayers. Women cannot refuse to give that which is asked for with so much of the vehemence of true desire. "Clara, you have promised to be my wife, You have twice promised; and can have no right to go back because you are displeased with what my mother may have said. I am not responsible for my mother. Clara, say that you will be my wife." As he spoke he strove to take her hand, and his voice sounded as though there were in truth something of passion in his heart.

ANTHONY TROLIOPE.

THE CONSCIENCE CLAUSE.

THE attacks which have been directed against the Education Department of the Privy Council have made the "Conscience Clause" familiar to us as one of the many subjects on which the old battle for religious equality and toleration has still to be fought; yet few persons, I believe, are aware of the extent to which these principles are involved in it, the necessity for its application, or the limits within which it has as yet been insisted upon. For though the subject has been repeatedly brought forward by the clerical journals, by papers and discussions at Church congresses, and in debates in Convocation, I am not aware that any distinct reply has been made to the objections, or any other explanation given to the public save that which is to be found scattered about in the bulky evidence taken before the Committee on Education of last session, and but recently published. Indeed it appears from this evidence that it has been the object of the heads of the Education Department rather to avoid discussion on this subject, to suspend the action of Parliament, in the hopes of coming to some friendly arrangement with those representing the views of the Church of England. The result of this reticence has been that for a long time the clerical authorities have had the discussion very much to themselves. If we are to believe them, a very great change has been introduced in the system of education for the poor by the Privy Council, without the sanction of Parliament, and a new policy, founded on the principle of secular instruction only, has been inaugurated in lieu of the denominational system advisedly adopted by the country in 1839, and under which all education of the poor was associated with and grounded on religious instruction. How very far this is from being the case is conclusively shown by the evidence of three successive Vice-Presidents of the Committee of Council for Education—Mr. Adderley, Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Bruce. According to these high authorities the Department has never departed from the denominational system under which State grants have been made in aid of the educational efforts of the various religious communities, but in carrying out this system it was compelled to modify it in certain cases, and to adopt the course which has brought upon it so much opposition. In the earlier days of the working of the Department, and, indeed, till within the last six or seven years, the grants of the Office were confined to the larger and more populous parishes of the town districts; in these it was generally found that there was a minority of Dissenters so considerable as to justify the Privy Council in granting aid for the building of

separate and distinct schools for the Church of England and Dissenters. The grants to the former were made, in most cases, to schools in connection with the National Society for Education—a society which, to a great extent, represents the Church of England in matters of education, and regulates and assists the exertions of the clergy in building and establishing schools; in grants to the latter the same office was mostly undertaken by the British and Foreign Schools Society. In the National schools thus aided the religious teaching is distinctly that of the Church of England, and the children are compelled to attend the services of the Church; in the British and Foreign Schools, on the other hand, in consequence of the variety of sects to which the children belong, the religious instruction is of a less special character. The Bible is read and commented on by the master, and moral lessons deduced from it, but all distinctive creeds are excluded, and only those doctrines of Christianity which are common to all denominations of Protestants are taught. The children are also permitted to attend the chapels of their own denomination.

So long as the aid of the Privy Council was invoked only in those populous districts where the minority of Dissenters was large enough to justify a separate school for them, there was no difficulty or complaint; but when the system of State aid was extended to the rural and less populous districts, difficulties arose. In the course of the applications for building grants which came before the Department, it was found that there were large numbers of small parishes in the rural districts where, although there was a considerable minority of Dissenters, the whole number of children in want of education was not such as to justify the expense of building and maintaining two distinct schools. For example, in the case of an application for a building grant to a school in a parish where there were sixty children in all, of whom forty belonged to the Church of England and the other twenty were the children of Dissenters, the question which had to be solved by the Department was, whether to make grants for two schools—one for the Church of England, the other for Dissenters—or to one only, and that a Church of England school in connection with the National Society. The Committee of Council appear to have considered that there was danger in such cases, either of undue multiplication of small and inefficient schools, at a great expense to the country on the one hand, or of injustice to Dissenters on the other; and that the only way of avoiding these evils was to adopt the middle course, of giving preference to the Church of England school, but taking care that it should be available for the education of Dissenters' children, without doing violence to the religious scruples of the parents. It is obvious that it would entail a very great and needless expense upon the State

if, wherever in a small parish there is a small but appreciable minority of Dissenters, it should be necessary to provide a school for them, when, at the same time, the Church of England school might conveniently hold them. On the other hand, it would be most unfair to the Dissenters if, in such districts, aid by public grants was given to one school only, and if that school were so constituted that no Dissenters could send their children to it for education, without being liable to have them taught the doctrines of a Church they disapprove of. The course adopted by the Department in such cases—that is, in parishes where in their opinion there was not room for more than one efficient school, and where there was also a considerable minority of Dissenters, but in no other cases—has been to refuse a grant in aid of building the school, unless it was made clear to them that it would be so conducted as to enable Dissenters to send their children to it without any fear as to their religious education. The guarantee which they required, in order to meet this view, took the form of a clause in the trust-deed of the school, which has been happily termed the “Conscience Clause.” It runs as follows:—

“The persons authorised to manage the school shall be bound to make such orders as shall provide for admitting to the benefits of the school the children of parents not in communion with the Church of England as by law established, but such orders shall be confined to the exemption of such children, if their parents desire it, from attendance at the public worship, and from instruction in the doctrine or formularies of the said Church or denomination, and shall not otherwise interfere with the religious teaching of the scholars as fixed by these presents, and shall not authorise any other religious instruction to be given in the school.”

The use of such a clause had long been familiar to the Committee of Council, as it had always been inserted in the case of schools promoted and supported by Dissenters. It occurs in all the trust-deeds for British schools, for Wesleyan schools, and for Free Church schools in Scotland; and in parts of the country, as in Wales, where the Dissenters greatly outnumber the members of the Church of England, the latter have for many years derived the advantage which resulted from getting education for their children without the compulsion of instruction in religious tenets hostile to those of the National Church. In the case of the National schools it has never existed, nor has it been the practice for the Committee of Council to refuse a grant in the absence of such a clause, except under the peculiar circumstances already adverted to. Even in the case where, though there are Dissenters in the parish, their number bears an inconsiderable proportion to that of the members of the Church of England, no such clause is considered by the Committee of Council as essential, in order to entitle the applicants to a grant. In a case, for instance, where there are only 10 children of Dissenters as against

60 Church of England children, the grant is made to the Church of England founders, without raising a difficulty by stipulating for a Conscience Clause; though if the proportion of Dissenters is larger, as from 15 or 20 to 60, the grant is not made unless the clause is inserted. It would appear to be scarcely logical or just to protect a large minority, but to neglect taking precautions for a small minority. The smaller minority must in many cases be in greater need of protection than the larger, who might, perhaps, find a school for themselves, and who, at least, might be better able to raise an expression of public opinion in their favour, even in remote districts. It appears, however, that it has been the wish of the Committee of Council not to lay down an iron rule, nor to push their principles to the extreme. "De minimis non curat lex," said Mr. Lowe, in explaining the course of the Office on this point; but he added that this limitation was not due to him, nor in accordance with his views. "I should guard myself by saying that I think the system is a great mistake. If I had had that potential voice in the matter which has been spoken of, I should have decided that we should make no building grant whatever to a Church of England school without the Conscience Clause being inserted." Mr. Bruce also complains of the indefiniteness of the rule, which has caused him great anxiety. "Of course, if the rule were that wherever there were any Dissenters the Conscience Clause should be introduced, which is perhaps the right mode, or, at any rate, it is the logical mode of dealing with the question, I should have had no difficulty at all."

In what number of cases the principle which has thus been explained has been carried out, in how many cases the clergy have refused the aid of the State through dislike to the principle, are matters on which we have, as yet, no information. It is clear, however, that there are a great number of parishes in which the principle, carried only to the present limited extent, must necessarily be applied, in order to entitle the Church of England applicants to the State grant. It is stated that there are at the present time upwards of eleven thousand parishes which receive no grant from the State in aid of their schools: and of these a large proportion are very small parishes. There are no fewer than 8,761 parishes, containing less than five hundred inhabitants, of which 91 per cent. receive no grant; and 2,874 parishes, containing a population of from five hundred to a thousand, of which 68 per cent. as yet receive no aid. Of parishes containing from one thousand to five thousand inhabitants, there are 2,624 of which 38 per cent. are without aid; while of the larger parishes, containing upwards of five thousand inhabitants and a total of 10,772,000 persons, only 8 per cent. are without State aid. The small parishes are chiefly in the rural districts. In Northumberland, out of 590 parishes, 455 have less than five hundred inhabitants; in Lincoln-

shire, 522 out of 749 parishes are in the same condition ; in Yorkshire, 1,121 out of 1,628. It is evident, therefore, that the system of State assistance to education has hardly penetrated to the smaller rural parishes ; and though in very many of them the proportion of Dissenters must be small, in others this is not the case, and there are country districts where Dissent is widely spread, and bears such a proportion to the Church of England as to bring them within the limits laid down by the Committee of Council, and where the hostility exhibited by the clergy to the principle must greatly interfere with that which all must have at heart, the extension of a sound education to all the labouring classes, whatever may be their religion. It must not, however, be supposed that the Conscience Clause by any means constitutes the whole or even the chief difficulty in the way of extending the advantage of State assistance to Education in the rural districts. In the smaller parishes, particularly where, as happens in so many cases, the landlord is non-resident, great difficulty is found in raising sufficient funds to meet the requirements of the Privy Council, and to entitle them to State aid ; absentee landlords are seldom generous in matters of education, and we are told by the school inspector of so large and rich a district as Somersetshire, that there are very few gentry resident there. Then again it has been found almost impossible to combine parishes for purposes of education, owing to the difficulty of getting the clergymen to unite cordially, and to exercise that mutual forbearance which is necessary for the success of such a measure. It is hard to estimate to what extent the hostility of large numbers of the clergy to the requirement of a Conscience Clause adds to these other difficulties. That it does so to some extent is obvious from the energy and force with which the arguments against it have been urged. To these arguments therefore I will now address myself.

I. The first objection taken to the Conscience Clause is, that it is a violation of a compact between the State as represented by the Committee of Council, and the Church of England as represented by the National Society for Education, made at the time when the Education Department of the Privy Council was first constituted,—a compact recognised by Parliament, and the breach of which has never been sanctioned by it ; that under this agreement the one agreed to give and the other to accept certain assistance, upon the terms that all the schools of the Church of England should be connected with the National Society and subject to the conditions imposed by that Society. These conditions, which are embodied in the trust-deeds of all schools built through the medium or with the assistance of the Society, are in part as follows :—

1. That the children shall be instructed in the Holy Scriptures, the Catechism, and the Liturgy of the Church of England. 2. That

with respect to such instruction it shall be under the superintendence of the parochial clergyman. 3. That the children shall be assembled for public worship, except for such reason as may be satisfactory to the managers of the school. 4. That the teachers shall be members of the Church of England. 5. That if any dispute arises between the managers and the clergyman on the subject of these rules, there shall be an appeal to the bishop of the diocese, whose decision shall be final.

On the ordinary principles of construction it would appear that these rules make it obligatory on the clergyman and managers to enforce the teaching of the Church Catechism and Liturgy upon all children attending the school, and do not enable them to dispense with it in the case of Dissenters' children. In consequence, however, of the objection which many of the managers and clergymen felt to such a course, an appeal was made to the committee of the Society on this point in 1860, and a decision was come to, and made public, that under the second rule it was in the discretion of the minister of the parish to deal with the exceptional cases of the children of Dissenters; that he might dispense in such cases with instruction in the Church Catechism and with attendance at his church; that it was open to him to make one rule at one time and another rule at another time, and to vary the rule as he might think fit. The effect, therefore, of the rules, as thus construed, is to make religious instruction binding only in the case of Church of England children, and in other cases to leave it open to the clergyman to adopt the principle of the Conscience Clause as and when he likes, and, if he so will, to compel Dissenters' children to learn the Church Catechism and attend its services, or, if they refuse to do so, to deny them admission to his school. The decision, however, is important, because it shows that in the opinion of a majority of the Board of the National Society, there is no fundamental objection to the principle contained in the Conscience Clause, and no insuperable difficulty to its being carried out, however much they may object to its being made compulsory as an absolute condition for a grant.

Now when we look for any proof of such a compact between the Committee of Council and the National Society, there is not a trace of it to be found. It is not even alleged that there was ever an express contract between them. It would clearly be beyond the power of the Office to enter into a contract with a voluntary society to go on for ever making building and other grants according to a prescribed form. Indeed, Archdeacon Denison, who so confidently puts forward this point, speaks of it as a moral compact to be gathered from the course of dealing of the Committee of Council. The course of dealing was altered, and therefore, he says, the compact was broken. The version, however, given by the successive Vice-

Presidents, clearly shows that the course of dealing of the Department was not altered, but that when a new state of things presented itself to them, they were compelled to adopt a course suited to it. In the earlier period of the career of the Committee of Council, the cases which came before them through the National Society were those where it was clear that there was ample room for a school on the Church foundation, and another school for Dissenters. The case of the rural district, where there was not room for two schools, and where there was a strong minority of Dissenters, did not present itself till late, and as soon as it did, it had to be met, and was met, by the decision of the Department not to make a grant in the absence of such security for the minority as the Conscience Clause. To say that, because the Committee of Council did not exact a Conscience Clause in cases where, in their opinion, there was no necessity for it, there was a contract on their part to make grants where it was necessary, is an obvious fallacy.

If the case against the Department was, that where schools had been built with money in part subscribed through the Society and in part granted by the State, under trust-deeds making no provision in the nature of a Conscience Clause, the Committee of Council had subsequently threatened to withdraw its annual grants for such schools unless the principle of the clause were adopted in practice, there might be some ground for the argument of a broken contract ; it might then be said, "These schools were built upon a certain understanding, and you have no right now to withdraw the annual grants. You did not exact the Conscience Clause at the time the schools were built ; you ought not now to exact it at the pain of withdrawing the annual grants." This argument might be good against the Office, acting without the sanction of Parliament, but would not, I think, hold against Parliament itself, and it would be open to the latter to say, "True, we gave you the building grant with the knowledge that the school was to be distinctly in connection with the Church of England, but we never understood that the children of Dissenters would be forced either against the wish of their parents to learn the creed and doctrines of the Church and to attend its services, or to go without education altogether ; we cannot continue to support schools unless this manifest injustice is rendered impossible." But this is not the case now in dispute. Whatever the future may have in store, the Conscience Clause is only now insisted upon in the case of schools making a first application for a grant, and under the peculiar conditions of a small parish and a minority of Dissenters considerable enough to entitle them to protection.

With respect to the further point that the clause was adopted or insisted upon without the knowledge and sanction of Parliament,

it must be admitted that there is some ground for the complaint, though not in the view contended for. It appears that the policy and form of the Conscience Clause has not only not been discussed in Parliament, but has been to some extent withdrawn purposely from discussion there by the ministers in charge of the Education Grant. The reason for this course is thus given by Lord Granville:—

“I think it is very important indeed, if possible, to arrange this Conscience Clause with the concurrence of the Church of England. It is very desirable, if possible, that the Privy Council, or whatever department has charge of the education of the country, should be on good terms with the Church of England; and I hope that an advance has been made with regard to the Conscience Clause in the minds of a very large portion not only of the Church of England men, but of the clergy of the Church of England. . . . But I think that if I were to lay before the House of Commons a Conscience Clause now, exactly in the shape in which it is, with rather a difficult and wavering rule as to the number of Dissenters, the first question of the House of Commons would be, ‘Why are any number of Dissenters to be forced either to violate their religious feelings or to be excluded from the benefit of the education which is partly supported by the State?’ I believe that our Conscience Clause does not go far enough now to satisfy the House of Commons, and at present I am afraid that we should not have concurrence on the part of the Church of England so as to enable us to bring in a measure which would be perfectly satisfactory with respect to the Conscience Clause. On this question of religious differences I think it is absolutely incumbent upon the members of the Government not to bring them needlessly forward, so as to cause irritation, unless they can see their way very clearly to a settlement of them.” (A. 1,931 of Evidence taken before the Committee of House of Commons on Education, 1865.)

Again,

“One of my reasons for not bringing the question before Parliament is, that we really do not think that the present position of affairs with regard to the Conscience Clause would be satisfactory to the House of Commons. I may be entirely wrong in my supposition, but not being aware that there are any persons on the Liberal side who would be averse to the Conscience Clause, and being aware that there are many eminent members of the Conservative party who are in favour of the Conscience Clause, I very much doubt whether, if Parliament was called upon to sanction any particular plan, they would be satisfied with that indirect means of applying the Conscience Clause which now exists; but my principal reason for not bringing the subject before Parliament was, that I was very anxious that it should be placed in a more complete form, and, if possible, with the concurrence, if not of all, yet of a considerable portion of the clergy and members of the Church of England.” (A. 2,350.)

I will not here discuss the policy of this reticence, which is open to some objections from other points of view. It is clear that it arose rather out of consideration for the Church of England than from any hostility to it, or from a desire to do in an underhand manner that for which the consent of the Department could not be obtained. The fear was that the House of Commons, having before them the facts which in the opinion of the Department rendered the clause necessary, would have required a wider application of it than was thought desirable, and would have rendered any compromise with

the clergy impossible. Equally clear is it that it was at any time possible for the objectors to the clause themselves to have brought forward their complaints. The annual vote on the Education Grants presented the opportunity. If it was not taken there was doubtless good reason for not doing so, the same, in all probability, as actuated Lord Granville himself, namely, an instinctive feeling that Parliament would not be satisfied with the clause as now applied, but would require its application in all cases.

II. The next objection taken to the Conscience Clause is that it is unnecessary; that no hardship arises to the Dissenters where it does not exist; and that it is quite safe to leave it in the hands of the clergyman to decide whether to admit the children of the Dissenters to his Church school or not. Further, it is alleged by some, that the Dissenters have no objection to their children being taught in the Church schools, even though they are compelled there to learn the Church Catechism, and to attend the Church services; and that the difficulty has been invented by the officials of the Council Office, with the ulterior design of introducing a secular system of education in place of the religious and denominational system which has been sanctioned by Parliament. Lord Carnarvon, in a recent speech on behalf of the National Society, has said, "One argument used in favour of the Conscience Clause was, that the power of enforcing religious education might, if left in the hands of the clergyman, operate to the exclusion of Dissenters. It was hardly worth while discussing the point, for he had never heard of a case in which the power had been so exercised."

Let us turn from negative to positive statements, and hear what says a witness whose credit and impartiality few will question, Dr. Temple, in answer to questions on this point:—

"You have no security for justice in parishes where there is only one school, and where from the nature of the case there can be only one school, unless the Conscience Clause be made for such parishes universal. I am sure that there is a great deal of injustice now of which you know and hear nothing, and of which the Government and the House of Commons are not the least aware, because the people who suffer from it are not of the rank whose complaints reach you.

"What sort of injustice do you allude to?—I mean that in many cases parents have no other school to which they can send their children, and they are obliged therefore to have them taught what they disapprove. But in many cases, also, they suffer an injustice which they feel very much more keenly, in that they are required to send their children to church, instead of taking them where they are in the habit of going themselves, namely, to the Dissenting chapel.

"Have you ever known children excluded from schools on account of their religious belief?—Yes, very often.

"In what parts of England?—I have known it in Worcestershire, in Devonshire, and in Oxfordshire. I cannot be sure about other places, but I am thinking about instances that I can remember at this moment.

"You think that the prevailing opinion, that in practice the clergy act upon

the principle of the Conscience Clause, is not well founded?—I think that the majority of the clergy act on the principle of the Conscience Clause; but I think that there is a considerable minority that do not." (A. 8,189—93.)

Again, Archdeacon Denison, who leads the opposition to the Conscience Clause, who speaks of himself with pride as being rather a phenomenon on such subjects, who admits that he represents what he calls an impracticable class of Church people, who has consistently refused the grants of the Privy Council, foreseeing the day when an attempt would be made by the State to interfere with the conduct of his school, thus describes the course he adopts. He admits no children to his school who have not been baptised; he insists upon all the children in his school learning the Church Catechism and attending the Church services, even if they are the children of Dissenters. On being asked what course he should pursue in case a Dissenter brought his child for admission into his school, making it a *sine quâ non* that he should attend Sunday-school and public worship in his own communion, and should not learn the Church Catechism, he replied—

"I could not receive him; but I have nothing on earth to say against the practice of receiving him; I leave it quite free to others to do as they think right."

It further appears that there are Dissenters in his parish, some of them Baptists, and that there is no school for them. But many of them other than Baptists come to his school, and he goes on to say—

"There is no doubt that the position of the Dissenters in my parish, assuming that there are any, which no doubt is the case, would be an unfavourable one; because I will not admit any child into my school who had not been baptised in the Church of England; but I am aware that my position is not an ordinary one." (A. 3,703.)

And further on he adds:—

"If it so happens that in any place there are a few families which cannot have a school built for them, not being families belonging to the Church of England, I am very sorry for the families; but I am not going, because of them, to damage the Church of England."

The Archdeacon holding this opinion, and adopting this course, is at least himself logical; his parish school is under his entire control, and no money is derived from the State in aid of it. He has a right, no doubt, to do as he thinks fit with his own; he has a right to make the secular instruction he offers dependent upon a certain course of religious instruction; not, perhaps, with freedom from comment, not without raising doubts in bystanders as to whether such a course in a parish where there is no other school in which children can be educated, is consistent with that toleration which is happily become a leading principle of the present age, and on which alone a State

Church can in these days rest securely. But I do not understand that the Archdeacon recommends his course to others; he does not tell them to refuse all aid from the State, and then to follow their own wills in the conduct of their schools. On the contrary, he advises them in accepting State aid to repudiate the Conscience Clause, to take the money, but to refuse the conditions. Others are not so logical as the Archdeacon. The Rev. W. L. Collins, who is a diocesan inspector of schools, in Northamptonshire, a county in which Dissenters are numerous, follows the same course as the Archdeacon; he makes baptism a *sine quâ non* of admission, and insists upon all Dissenters' children in his school attending the Church services, and he states that they do so with the exception of five or six unbaptised children, whom he does not admit into the day school at all. There is this difference, however, between him and the Archdeacon, that his school receives a grant from Government. After expressing his objections to the Conscience Clause, he adds somewhat significantly:—

“If I were a layman, and a manager of a school, I think that my feelings might be different. If I were a person entrusted with the spending of public money, I might take a different view of it; but as a clergyman I certainly would not give my time, and I do not think that I would give much of my money, to the purely secular instruction of the children of my parish.” (A. 7,871.)

The same gentleman speaks of the practice of the parishes in his neighbourhood being the same as his own. He laments, however, the defection from sound principles which many of his fellow clergy have already exhibited:—“In many of these schools where they are complaining of the Conscience Clause, they have already given up the principle by allowing the children to attend Dissenting places of worship” (7,866), adding, very justly, as it seems to me, “If I allow the children under my instruction to attend a Dissenting place of worship, I am unteaching Church principles far more than neglecting to teach them the Church Catechism.” On the other hand, there are districts of the country where the principle of the Conscience Clause is widely acted upon. Such we are told is the case in Lancashire. And it is generally considered that the majority of clergymen throughout the country act upon this principle, though they may disapprove of it being made compulsory.

The Rev. H. G. Robinson, Canon of York, says:—

“I have never known a case where the observance of the Conscience Clause, or the principle involved in it, had any bad effect upon the school. I have known a case where, in consequence of an attempt to enforce the teaching of the Catechism upon all of the children, the school was emptied in a day.”

He proceeds to give reasons for approving the Conscience Clause, which present a new view of the case, and which, as coming from a clergyman, are of peculiar force.

"I think it is quite fair that so long as a school is built partly by public money, in those exceptional cases where there is no other school for Dissenters to have recourse to, and where there is no prospect of their having any other school, their interest should be so far considered as is done by the Conscience Clause; I may perhaps say, also, that the hardship which I would consider most decidedly as a clergyman, would be *not in being forbidden to teach the Catechism to Dissenters, but in being compelled to do so.*

"On what grounds do you hold that opinion?—Because some parts of the Catechism cannot be taught to some classes of Dissenters without putting a lie into their mouths, and making a mockery of a sacred thing. As for instance, a clergyman finds himself in a parish where there are a number of Baptist parents, whose children come to the Church school, and we will suppose the rule in operation that every child must learn the Church Catechism; the consequence is that we have the spectacle every day of a number of children getting up and deliberately saying that their godfathers and godmothers did so and so for them, when they never had a godfather and godmother, and were never brought to Holy Baptism at all. And there have been such cases, I know, of children who were never baptised at all, and who were compelled to learn the Church Catechism, and to speak of themselves as having received certain privileges at baptism, merely to meet the conditions of the school, and in order to enable the managers to say that their school was *bonâ fidé* a consistent and thorough Church of England school for training the children of the poor in the principles of the Church of England, it not being, I think, the principle of the Church of England to teach children to say what is not true." (A. 5,793-4.)

Elsewhere it has been stated of clergymen that, in order to get over this difficulty, their practice has been, when Baptist children were present, to teach them that portion of the Catechism hypothetically; that is, saying, "I know that you are a Baptist and have not been baptised, but such and such are the effects of baptism." Such statements only confirm what is testified to by many witnesses examined before the Committee, mostly in the shape of admissions of most conscientious clergymen, that there is a large minority who do not observe in practice the principle of the Conscience Clause, but who do compel Dissenters' children to learn the Church Catechism, and attend its services, at the peril of exclusion from a school which has received aid from the State, and which is the only school open to them. If more were wanted to convince us that a large class of the clergy agrees with the views of Archdeacon Denison on this point, it is supplied by the proceedings of the recent Church Congress at Norwich, where, on explaining his objections to the Conscience Clause, the Archdeacon met with a most enthusiastic reception from a large audience of clergy and others; and when, in reply to him, it was urged by the Rev. A. Garfitt, "That there was a higher right than that of the Church—the Divine right given to the parent—the right to train up his child in the way it should go, and that they were therefore yielding to the parent and not to the State," the sentiment was, we are informed by the *Guardian*, received by the audience with "hisses."

III. The further arguments remain, that the Conscience Clause is essentially wrong in principle, as tending to dissociate Religion from

Education; that it interferes with the order and course of religious teaching by introducing a secular department into the schools, and will lead to secularising the whole system of education. In order to estimate the weight of these objections it is necessary to bear in mind the full meaning of the clause, and to consider the manner in which it may be carried out.

The Conscience Clause, we are positively assured by the Committee of Council, is not intended to interfere in any way with the course of instruction to children of the Church of England, on the contrary, it leaves the religious instruction of these entirely free from interference; it simply provides for the education of children of Dissenters in such schools, where they are the only schools within their reach, in a manner consistent with the rights of conscience and with the claims which the parents have superior to that of the State or the Church to direct the form of religion under which their children shall be brought up. It is obvious that there are two modes in which this can be carried out; under both, the children of Dissenters attending the Church of England school are not to be compelled to attend the services of the Church on Sunday or the Sunday lessons in the school; under the one, the religious teaching in the week may be confined to a specified time of the day, so that the children of Dissenters may be enabled to absent themselves; under the other, the weekly religious instruction may be restricted to such points as are common to all Christian communities in this country, and the special dogmas of the Church may be kept in the background; passages of the Bible may be read and commented on without going into points of doctrine, and morals may be enforced by an appeal to religious feelings. The second course is that pursued in a very large number of existing schools, and particularly in the British and Foreign Schools, where the special dogmatic teaching in religion is reserved for Sunday.

But objection is taken to this course on the ground that it tends to produce a kind of "colourless religious universalism applicable to every sect and distinctive of no denomination," or "a kind of boiled down, diluted religion;" but those who advance this objection forget that the Sunday still remains to be made use of; for six days of the week the children may be taught moral lessons and hear portions of the Scriptures read, on the Sunday more distinctive Church doctrines may be instilled into the minds and memories of the Church of England children, while the children of Dissenters will receive instruction in the tenets of their denominations at their respective Sunday-schools and chapels. Surely one day in the week must be sufficient for special doctrinal teachings. It must further be recollected that the children seldom remain at these schools beyond the age of twelve; how very small must be the amount of special doctrine which at such an early age can be conveyed to them! For

most children of that age the only possible, the only desirable religious teaching is of the most elementary nature combined with moral teachings, which must be to all sects of Christians identical, and which most people regard as independent of doctrinal questions.

It may be said, however, that though it is scarcely possible that such young children can learn the higher doctrines of the Church so as to understand them or to appreciate the difference between them and the teachings of other religious sects, yet it is desirable that they should be taught them, so that in the earliest youth the memory may be made familiar with these doctrinal points, and impressions produced which, though not grounded on a perfect understanding, will survive through life. It may be answered that even the highest truths when taught in this way become no better than prejudices. They rest not upon the only sure ground, the reasoning powers of the mind, but upon the same slight foundations on which all superstitions and prejudices are reared. To take advantage of youth and weakness of understanding in order to impress the memory with matters which the mind cannot comprehend or the intellect grasp is a course which, though pursued with the very best of motives, is not one which has a claim to any special encouragement or forbearance. The doctrines which separate the Church of England from other religious communities which are common in this country are not of the simplest character, they do not go to the root of Christianity, they are not such as can be easily understood by children up to the age of twelve. Why then go into the questions at all? or, if at all, why not reserve them for the Sunday teaching? To those, however, who disapprove of this course, who think that the special doctrines of the Church should be taught every day of the week, or who think it impossible to teach religion or morality at all without going into these special doctrines, there is open the other course already pointed out, of devoting a certain portion of each day to religious instruction of the scholars, and permitting Dissenters' children to absent themselves during such lessons, so as to share only in the secular education. But this again is objected to on the ground that it is impossible to dissociate religion altogether from secular subjects. The answer to this is an appeal to experience, which shows that the secular subjects in which little children, between the ages of seven and twelve, are educated, namely, reading, writing, and arithmetic, and a little elementary geography and history, are habitually taught without any implication of doctrine or even of religious thought; that it is quite possible to teach so much of these subjects as is required without entering upon any of the questions which are in the remotest degree in dispute between the various religious communities of this country. But it is further said such learning unaccompanied by religious teaching is absolutely useless; that such education is a "mere

skeleton, a heap of dry bones without spirit and without life ;" in other words, that it is better that children should be left absolutely ignorant, than that they should be taught how to read, to write, and to count without, at the same time, being instructed in a religious faith of some kind. Few there are, I believe, who would agree with such a proposition. The discussion of it, however, is needless, because as a matter of fact the case is not likely to arise. As a general rule Dissenters are quite as anxious for the religious instruction of their children in their own faith as are Church of England people ; and wherever there are Dissenters there is almost certain also to be a chapel within reach at which the children can attend, and where they will also receive religious teaching on Sundays.

It is, however, unnecessary to discuss further which of the two modes in which the Conscience Clause may be carried out is the best, because it is clear that very large numbers of the clergy do, in practice, follow its principles, and no doubt they do so in the way which each one for himself thinks most suitable. The real effect of insisting upon the clause is to enforce as a rule on a minority that which is already most fortunately the practice of a majority. It is said, however, by many of those who do thus act upon the clause in practice, that we ought not to impose a line of conduct upon any of the clergy who object to it, that we ought to respect their consciences, and that as the existing system of education derives so much of its energy from the co-operation of the clergy and from their religious zeal, if we choose to accept this co-operation, we must accept it with the conditions which it involves, and that one of the conditions of that zeal is the religious exclusiveness of which we complain. The pleas are somewhat *ad misericordiam*, and it was hardly to be expected that we should be asked to respect the conscience of those who ground their claim for it on the difficulty which they find in respecting the consciences of those below them. But let us put into the balance the conscience of a clergyman who scruples to permit secular instruction being given in his parish school to a Dissenter's child, unless accompanied with religious instruction, against the conscience of a parent who scruples to send his child to a school where it will be educated in a faith which is not his own, and who yet has no other opportunity of educating his child. On which side does the balance incline ? For whom should there be the greater consideration ? For my part I cannot hesitate to say, with the parent ; and for one clergyman whose conscience may be thus hurt, there must be a score of parents in the greater predicament.

Further, though it is scarcely possible to overrate the importance of the assistance which the parochial clergy in the rural districts can and to a great extent do give to the education of the labouring classes, yet is it not possible that this assistance may be pur-

chased too dearly? If it must be bought at the expense of justice and toleration to large numbers of conscientious persons; if to obtain it we must submit to cases where men who, though called upon to pay their part of the taxes spent on education, are yet unable to share in the benefit of it, except at the price of surrendering their parental control over the religion of their children, and in other cases are shut out altogether from it, because their children have not been baptised by the ministers of a Church they do not agree with; I believe it will generally be thought that the price is too high, and that it will be better, if such assistance cannot be obtained otherwise than by such a sacrifice, to look elsewhere for help, and to devise other means for spreading the inestimable benefits of a good and cheap education to the labouring classes. The greatest blow would be given to the cause of education if it were generally spread among the people that the schools aided by the State are to be made use of as the instruments of a missionary enterprise, on the part of any religious community. The question is not simply one between the Church and Dissenters; it involves the far greater issue whether a majority shall have a right to make use of the State schools to enforce its religious views on a minority; the same question arises in Ireland, where the Roman Catholics are in an overwhelming majority; in Wales, where the Dissenters are in the same position; how are we to meet these cases if we concede to the parish clergyman in English rural districts the position of a school missionary?

Lastly, I do not find any alternative suggested by the objectors to the Conscience Clause; they do not go the length of saying that wherever there is a small minority of Dissenters the State must build a separate school for them. Indeed, it is obvious that the result of this would be that in a large proportion of the small parishes there would be two poor and ill-managed schools, for which the supply of competent teachers is quite inadequate; while the expense to the State would be very greatly increased. In the absence of any alternative, the only way of meeting the religious difficulty of the minority is to insist upon the Conscience Clause. Far from thinking that any fault will be found with the Committee of Council for the course they have adopted, I believe the feeling of the country will be, that the principle ought to be carried still further, so as to protect the minority in all cases where there is no other school open to them, and to secure to all parents at once a share in the benefits of the Education Grant, and their undoubted right to direct the form of religion in which their children shall be brought up.

G. SHAW LEFEVRE.

VICTOR HUGO'S LATEST POEMS.¹

IN estimating the genius of a foreign poet, a candid critic will always feel many misgivings; and he will feel these the more pressingly in proportion to his appreciation of the delicate and subtle influences which determine the perfume, so to speak, of poetical expression. He will often have found himself at a loss to detect the grace and music of a passage which he knows to be affecting to the mind of a native; he will miss many of the refinements which elevate it from the region of prose or of level verse; and in missing these he knows that he is only one step nearer to the artistic merit of the poem than if he were altogether ignorant of the language. In every poem there is an element over and above the translatable meaning; and it is this element which the foreigner is least able to appreciate. I suppose no Frenchman ever felt the whole beauty of Wordsworth's line:

"The river wanders at its own sweet will,"

although a very moderate acquaintance with our language would make him master of the meaning. Nor could a Frenchman, unless trained by a long familiarity with our poets, feel the whole prosaism of Wordsworth's lines—

"That adequate provision should be made
For all the people to be taught to read."

His want of a sufficiently delicate sense of our language would prevent his discriminating felicities of choice, and would often cause him to pause delighted over verses which to us seem flat, commonplace, or crude. Macaulay, with superficial scorn, laughed at Racine's "Seigneur" and "Madame," unaware that Shakspeare's "My lord" and "Lady" would call up associations equally ridiculous in the Frenchman's mind: Othello is a droll *milor*, if Achilles is a droll *seigneur*.

There is indeed a perpetual mist between the foreign poet and ourselves, a mist concealing delicate and affecting details, magnifying common details into grandeur. As our acquaintance with the foreign language deepens and extends, we begin to be aware of our altered susceptibility to beauties which had before escaped our notice. As the strangeness disappears, new felicities appear; and phrases which once fastened on our attention by their vividness, are now seen to be commonplaces. When we have lived long in the country, and made the language to some extent our own, we get nearer to the native's con-

(1) LES CHANSONS DES RUES ET DES BOIS. PAR VICTOR HUGO. London: W Jeffs.

dition ; but even then certain phrases have for us accidental and individual associations which make them different to us from what they are to the native. All language is full of fossil metaphors. To the foreigner these fossils are apt to seem alive. The concrete image originally stamped upon the word has become so effaced by usage that to the native mind it is scarcely discernible ; but the foreigner at first can only understand the word in its original signification, and for him the image is sharply defined : he will therefore suppose the poet to be violent, crude, or pictorial, where in truth no imagery was thought of ; he will blame or admire, where the native will be indifferent.

Expression is not everything in a poem ; but those who have reflected on the subject know how large a proportion of poetical effect is due entirely to the subtle influences of music and suggestion, and will see at what disadvantage a critic is when he treats of a poem written in a language not his own. Critics are, however, too apt to overlook this. They speak with unmisgiving contempt of Racine, for example, never reflecting that if they fail to see what native critics feel to be exquisite, the failure must imply some deadness in their sensibility to French expression, and that an enlargement of their knowledge would be an enlightenment of their sensibility. They may criticise the thoughts Racine expresses ; they may point out defects in his psychology, or mistakes in his employment of means ; but they are no more competent to speak of him as a poet than a man without an ear for music is competent to criticise an opera.

It is necessary that some such preface as this should precede my remarks on Victor Hugo's poems, in order that I may speak with perfect frankness, and allow any greater admirer to attribute much of my imperfect sympathy to an imperfect susceptibility. The immense reputation Victor Hugo has achieved implies that he has very remarkable powers of expression. If Frenchmen are delighted with what other nations look upon as tawdriness and tinsel, we may be sure that, making every allowance for literary fashions, and other extraneous conditions, there must be something more than tinsel, some sterling qualities which Frenchmen recognise and we overlook. I leave it to French critics to determine how much of genuine and enduring excellence there is in the latest volume of poems, and proceed to justify my own slight estimation of them, and the slight interest they are likely to excite out of France. There is a common court of appeal before which all foreign poets may be impartially judged. In this court, where questions touching the very life of poetry are discussed, and where all foreign poets are tried by the same standard, we may at least show how Victor Hugo has little claim on our poetical regard. In this court of International Criticism all national peculiarities are set aside ; and the judges seated on its bench are Imagination,

Philosophy, and Common Sense, whose verdicts must necessarily rule. What they pronounce offences against the law will be held such by all nations. I shall, therefore, bring into this court charges which intelligent Frenchmen will consider in the same light as intelligent Englishmen, Germans, and Italians.

There can be no doubt that Victor Hugo is gifted with extraordinary powers of language, and an immense fertility in novel expressions. His imagery is all the more inexhaustible because for the most part it is not drawn from actual experience of nature or human nature, but compounded out of verbal suggestions; often therefore incongruous, very often incapable of being realised in thought. It is not representative, but kaleidoscopic. As in a kaleidoscope the juxtaposition of forms and colours which have no corresponding objects in nature gratifies the incurious eye, so in this kind of poetry the juxtaposition of verbal suggestions having no corresponding thoughts gratifies the indolent mind. No sooner do we pause to contemplate one of these images, to realise in thought the suggestions of the words, than we find ourselves confronted with nonsense or inanity. Read this, for example :—

“ Je suis avec l'onde et le cygne,
Dans les jasmins, dans floréal,
Dans juin, dans le blé, dans la vigne,
Dans le grand sourire idéal.

“ Je sors de l'énigme et du songe.
La mort, le joug, le noir, le bleu.
L'échelle des êtres qui plonge
Dans ce gouffre qu'on nomme Dieu ;

“ Les vastes profondeurs funèbres,
L'abîme infinitésimal,
La sombre enquête des ténèbres,
Le procès que je fais au mal ;

“ Mes études sur tout le bagne,
Sur les Juifs, sur les Esclavons ;
Mes visions sur la montagne ;
J'interromps tout cela ; vivons.”

Here are the elements of imagery, but no images. You cannot think yourself in the “grand smile of the Ideal,” for you cannot understand it ; you have no idea of “quitting the scale of animated beings which is plunged in the gulf named God,” for you never heard God called a gulf, do not understand in what sense God is a gulf, and cannot picture the scale plunged into it ; what the “vast funereal profundities” and the “infinitesimal abyss” may be, you are left to guess.

It is clear that in writing these lines, and hundreds of others, the poet had no vision which he was endeavouring to express in words,

but was trying by the shock of words to elicit a spark. When on the next page he says,

" Je m'en vais causer dans la loge
D'avril, ce portier de l'été,"

one seems to hear Molière's *précieuses* trying their ingenuity on language: "April, the porter of summer!" In another place April is called "un vieil intrigant;" why not a poor-law commissioner? Fancy, thus unrestrained by common sense, may create a new calendar. Suppose we call July the Cleopatra of summer, and June the midwife of spring? Will not every *précieux* and *précieuse* applaud with both hands if we call August the Socrates, and October (in subtle allusion to brewers!) the Cromwell of the year?

The same accent is heard in this couplet:—

" Sur ces deux bouches il semble
Que le ciel met son frisson."

What the shiver of the sky may be, and how it appeared on the lips of two lovers, is by no means clear. This *précieuseté* is however surpassed by the "grandiose sarcasm of the dawn and the forest."

" Cachant son feu sous sa main rose
La vestale ici n'entendrait,
Que le sarcasme grandiose
De l'aurore et de la forêt."

Having made the dawn sarcastic, it was no difficulty to make the sun brazen faced:—

" L'immense Aristophane obsène
Effronté comme le soleil."

If it is permissible to fling words at random in this manner, poetry will present little difficulty, and novel turns of phrase will spring up like mushrooms. We shall have that satirist, the Sea, singing to Night, the old coquette; and Death, the languid trifle, peering into the secrets of Space, while (to run our fancy into verse)

" Insolent lilies mock the modest Moon,
And rocks impassioned pant beneath the Noon."

That it is the mere jingle of verbal suggestions which determines Victor Hugo's use of metaphors, and not any imaginative perception of obscure relations, is proved by the absolute impossibility of making any definite image out of them. Thus he says,

" La terre, hymne où rien n'est vain
Chante, et l'homme est le dactyle
De l'hexamètre divin."

Why is man a dactyl? why not a spondee? If earth sings, why must her song be in hexameters, and not iambs or alcaics? Simply because the poet, having first called man a dactyl, was forced to introduce the hexameter to complete the metaphor.

This kind of writing, which passes with weak minds as imaginative, would be extremely facile if men were not restrained by a wholesome terror at nonsense. To play with verbal suggestions, irrespective of meaning, is not perhaps a very useful occupation, but it gives some readers a vague pleasure. Perhaps they will allow me to quit prose for a moment, to indulge them with

MY PRELUDE.

The involutions of the Infinite
 Dactylic in the beats of rhythmic Thought—
 The evolutions finitesimal—
 The irony of Rain, wet tears of Earth,—
 The Wave's geometry—the pall of Night—
 The pomp funereal of solemn stars
 Gleaming through haggard splendours of the Day—
 These are the grand parabolas of God!

We need only be intrepid in nonsense, and if our poetical vocabulary is rich, "imaginative poetry" (of this kind) may be produced by the yard.

Unless we resign ourselves to the mere jingle of words and their vague suggestions, we must consider what a poem means, and when we find that meaning silly or trivial, we must declare that, however felicitous the rhythm, or however original the expression, the poem is a slight thing. In these *Chansons des Rues et des Bois* I can find but very few which withstand that indispensable test of reflection. This is perhaps the best in the volume: it is very fine.

" Depuis six mille ans la guerre
 Plaft aux peuples querelleurs,
 Et Dieu perd son temps à faire
 Les étoiles et les fleurs.

" Les conseils du ciel immense,
 Du lys pur, du nid doré,
 N'ôtent aucune démençe
 Du cœur de l'homme effaré.

" Les carnages, les victoires,
 Voilà notre grand amour;
 Et les multitudes noires
 Ont pour grelot le tambour.

" La gloire, sous ses chimères
 Et sous ses chars triomphants,
 Met toutes les pauvres mères
 Et tous les petits enfants.

" Notre bonheur est farouche;
 C'est de dire: Allons! mourons!
 Et c'est d'avoir à la bouche
 La salive des clairons.

" L'acier luit, les bivouacs fument;
 Pâles, nous nous déchainons;
 Les sombres âmes s'allument
 Aux lumières des canons.

- “ Et cela pour des altesses
Qui, vous à peine enterrés,
Se feront des politesses
Pendant que vous pourrirez,
- “ Et que, dans le champ funeste,
Les chacals et les oiseaux,
Hideux, iront voir s'il reste
De la chair après vos os :
- “ Aucun peuple ne tolère
Qu'un autre vive à côté ;
Et l'on souffle la colère
Dans notre imbécillité.
- “ C'est un Russe ! Egorge, assomme.
Un Croate ! Feu roulant.
C'est juste. Pourquoi cet homme
Avait-il un habit blanc ?
- “ Celui-ci, je le supprime
Et m'en vais, le cœur serein,
Puisqu'il a commis le crime
De naître à droite du Rhin.
- “ Rosbach ! Waterloo ! Vengeance !
L'homme, ivre d'un affreux bruit,
N'a plus d'autre intelligence
Que le massacre et la nuit.
- “ On pourrait boire aux fontaines,
Prier dans l'ombre à genoux,
Aimer, songer sous les chênes ;
Tuer son frère est plus doux.
- “ On se hache, on se harponne,
On court par monts et par vaux ;
L'épouvante se cramponne
Du poing aux crins des chevaux.
- “ Et l'aube est là sur la plaine !
Oh ! j'admire, en vérité,
Qu'on puisse avoir de la haine
Quand l'alouette a chanté.”

In another style this also has the true poetic inspiration :—

- “ Jeanne chante ; elle se penche
Et s'envole ; elle me plaît ;
Et, comme de branche en branche,
Va de couplet en couplet.
- “ De quoi donc me parlait-elle ?
Avec sa fleur au corset,
Et l'aube pans sa prune,elle,
Qu'est-ce donc qu'elle disait ?
- “ Parlait-elle de la gloire,
Des camps, du ciel, du drapeau,
Ou de ce qu'il faut de moire
Au bavolet d'un chapeau ?

" Son intention fut-elle
De troubler l'esprit voilé
Que Dieu dans ma chair mortelle
Et frémissante a mêlé ?

" Je ne sais, J'écoute encore.
Etait-ce psaume ou chanson ?
Les fauvettes de l'aurore
Donnent le même frisson.

" J'étais comme en une fête ;
J'essayais un vague essor ;
J'eusse voulu sur ma tête
Mettre une couronne d'or.

" Et voir sa beauté sans voiles,
Ft joindre à mes jours ses jours,
Et prendre au ciel les étoiles,
Et qu'on vint à mon secours !

" J'étais ivre d'une femme ;
Mal charmant qui fait mourir.
Hélas ! je me sentais l'âme
Touchée et prête à s'ouvrir ;

" Car pour qu'un cerveau se fêle
Et s'échappe en songes vains,
Il suffit du bout de l'aile
D'un de ces oiseaux divins."

Scattered through the volume there are couplets and stanzas which show that if he could restrain the diseased excitability of his organ of language by a rigorous determination to subordinate language to thought, and if he would relinquish the unfortunate pretension to be a profound thinker, he might produce poems of sterling value. But in England, at least, he will never gain acceptance so long as he talks nonsense, such as defining a king,

" Ce faux nez auguste
Que le prêtre met à Dieu ;"

or saying that the birds instructed God in architecture—

" Dans cette vive architecture,
Ravissante aux yeux attendris,
On sentait l'art de la nature ;
On comprenait que la perdrix,

" Que l'alouette et que la grive
Avaient donné de bons avis
Sur la courbure de l'ogive,
Et que Dieu les avait suivis."

This is not fancy, but folly.

As exercises in versification, and illustrations of a prodigal and often felicitous talent of expression, these "Chansons" will interest

literary students. What Frenchmen may find in them I cannot pretend to say ; but even foreigners cannot be insensible to the music and felicity of passages like this :—

“ J'entends, debout sur quelque cime,
Le chant qu'un nid sous un buisson
Mêle au blémissement sublime
D'un lever d'astre à l'horizon.

“ Je suis l'auditeur solitaire ;
Et j'écoute en moi, hors de moi,
Le Je ne sais qui du mystère
Murmurant le Je ne sais quoi.”

or this :—

“ Aux champs, la nuit est vénérable,
Le jour rit d'un rire enfantin ;
Le soir berce l'orme et l'érable,
Le soir est beau ; mais le matin,

“ Le matin, c'est la grande fête ;
C'est l'aurole où la nuit fond,
Où le diplomate a l'air bête,
Où le bouvier a l'air profond.

“ La fleur d'or du pré d'azur sombre,
L'astre, brille au ciel clair encor ;
En bas, le bleuet luit dans l'ombre,
Etoile bleue en un champ d'or.

“ L'oiseau court, les taureaux mugissent ;
Les feuillages sont enchantés ;
Les cercles du vent s'élargissent
Dans l'ascension des clartés.

“ L'air frémit ; l'onde est plus sonore ;
Toute âme entr'ouvre son secret ;
L'univers croit, quand vient l'aurore,
Que sa conscience apparaît.”

But there are passages and poems which will probably be applauded by many Frenchmen for their fancy and *esprit*, which to Englishmen will seem far from admirable. The poem on woman's finger is an example. It begins thus :—

“ Dieu prit sa plus molle argile
Et son plus pur kaolin,
Et fit un bijou fragile,
Mystérieux et câlin.

“ Il fit le doigt de femme,
Chef-d'œuvre auguste et charmant,
Ce doigt fait pour toucher l'âme
Et montrer le firmament.”

What is there peculiarly fragile, mysterious, or august in a woman's finger? And this finger pointing to the firmament is ludicrously clap-trap,—suggestive of odious “goody” pictures, in which young

ladies with an unexceptionable line of feature are pointing upwards, as the embodiment of a moral lesson. It is droll to be asked to believe that God meant anything like this in making a woman's finger :—

- “ Il y mit l'ombre du voile,
Le tremblement du berceau,
Quelque chose de l'étoile,
Quelque chose de l'oiseau.
- “ Le Père qui nous engendre
Fit ce doigt mêlé d'azur,
Très fort pour qu'il restât tendre,
Très blanc pour qu'il restât pur,
- “ Et très doux, afin qu'en somme,
Jamais le mal n'en sortît,
Et qu'il pût sembler à l'homme
Le doigt de Dieu, plus petit.”

Did any one ever discover the shadow of a veil, or something of the star and the bird, in a woman's finger? And did any sane man ever regard it as the finger of God in small? As the poem proceeds we have a delicious bit of anthropomorphism—“so French!”

- “ Dieu, lorsque ce doigt qu'on aime
Sur l'argile fut conquis,
S'applaudit, *car le suprême*
Est fier de créer l'argile.
- “ Ayant fait ce doigt sublime,
Dieu dit aux anges : Voilà !
Puis s'endormit dans l'abîme ;
Le diable alors s'éveilla.
- “ Dans l'ombre où Dieu se repose,
Il vint, noir sur l'orient,
Et tout au bout du doigt rose
Mit un ongle en souriant.”

The epigram at the close will probably throw many feuilletonistes into ecstasies.

In conclusion it may be observed that, making all allowance for graces which may escape the foreigner, there is so much in these poems that is demonstrably absurd, tasteless, and incorrect, so much that it is impossible to accept as poetical in any serious estimate, that we cannot be far wrong in asserting that although Frenchmen will see many merits we fail to see, yet that they, no less than Englishmen, must be impressed with the great radical faults of vagueness and incongruity.¹ If in the untranslatable element Victor Hugo has

(1) Since this was in type a notice has appeared in *La Revue Contemporaine* in which the writer, though pointing out many of the faults of these poems, speaks thus of the poet's power over language :—“Où, l'homme qui a écrit, qui a sculpté ces choses, est un écrivain extraordinaire, un artiste prodigieux, le plus merveilleux remueur des mots, le plus étonnant pétrisseur de phrases que ce siècle a produit. Ou demeure surpris, déconcerté devant sa puissance.”

powers which escape our perception, in the translatable element we see him to be at variance with logic and common sense. The grace of rhythm and the exquisite choice of diction cannot prevent the images from being incongruous, cannot give the thoughts coherence. They may startle and dazzle like fireworks, but they will not bear examination. The longer the mind pauses over them to endeavour to realise definite images from their suggestions, the more misty or absurd they appear.

The bulk of the volume is occupied with poems about Youth, and as the poet himself is now old we might expect to find in it some vivid transcript of his own experience. Nothing of the kind. We find only the traditional commonplaces; the stock properties of Love, Wine, and Kisses; the cant of literature, not the experience of life. They are not poems which a young man would write if giving sincere utterance to his hopes and aims, his sorrows and joys. They are not poems which an old man would write if he allowed memory to recall the vanished dreams and struggling days, the energies and errors, of his youth. They are masquerade dresses for masquerade thoughts.

Every now and then, as I have already intimated, we come upon phrase, a couplet, or a poem, which reminds us that the writer is not a mere artist in verse, but a genuine singer—a poet. We acknowledge that

“ Le poète a le frisson,
Il se sent extraordinaire.”

But in spite of these occasional flashes we close the volume without any desire to reopen it, and with a fresh confirmation of our old opinion that Victor Hugo, although in some respects splendidly endowed, is so deficient in the cardinal qualities of Vision and Sincerity (using those terms in the sense formerly affixed to them in this Review), that he excites little of the loving admiration which is so willingly given to poets who touch and teach.

EDITOR.

ENGLAND BEFORE AND AFTER THE BLACK DEATH.

I do not intend in the following remarks to offer any elaborate criticism on the contents of the very able papers which were contributed by Mr. Seeböhm to the September numbers of this Review ; but merely to make a few statements, first on the probable population of England at the time in which the Black Death made its appearance in Dorsetshire, and travelled slowly through the whole kingdom ; secondly, on the distribution of wealth in the several English counties ; and lastly, on the social consequences which followed the loss of life by the pestilence, which, whether it were half the population, or much less, was certainly very considerable.

Various guesses have been made about the number of people living in England and Wales during the first half of the fourteenth century ; but if we except calculations from the number and size of parish churches, there has been, as far as I recollect, no attempt made towards establishing any inference which might satisfy the lowest conditions of statistical exactness. After the poll taxes begin, the materials for a wide estimate are supplied ; but, as I have been informed by my friend Dr. Farr, even here the facts are too imperfect for anything that could be relied on. I have never myself essayed to calculate from these tax rolls, because I believe that I have a more trustworthy body of evidence in the facts which I have been able to gather as to the rate of production ; from which I conclude that the population of England and Wales, during the period referred to, could not have exceeded two and a half, and was probably not more than two millions. The evidence referred to is extracted from about eight thousand accounts of farm-bailiffs, extending over the year after the Parliament of Oxford, *i.e.* 1259, to the second year of Henry IV., that is, 1400.

The average rate of production was not more than four times the seed. Where the soil is exceedingly good, as much as eight or ten times might have been reaped ; but such crops are very rare, very local, and occur only in exceedingly prolific years, as for instance, in 1287, 1288, from 1332 to 1338 inclusive, and during the last ten years of the fourteenth century. On many estates the return is considerably less than four times. On the whole, four times is a liberal average. Then, as now, the seed was from two to three bushels of wheat, rye, beans, peas, vetches, and from four to five bushels of barley, bere, and oats, the acre. It is probable that in the settled counties as large an area was under the plough as at present, for while there can be no doubt that much land has been rendered arable in later times by drainage and enclosure, yet, on the contrary,

much has been occupied by buildings, by parks, and by pleasure-grounds. The mediæval house could rarely boast of a garden. Crops were sown up to the very walls of the manor court. Parks in our sense were unknown. We can see in the immediate neighbourhood of ancient castles, still inhabited, the ineradicable marks of ridge and furrow. Much, however, of this land was abandoned annually to fallow, though on the other hand it appears that scanty crops were occasionally reaped on soils which are not worth the tillage now.

If we take for granted that a quarter of corn is needed annually for the support of every person in the country, that about twelve millions of quarters are annually produced in England and Wales, and that the rate of production from wheat is on an average 30 bushels the acre, under the improved system of agriculture with which we are familiar, the proportion between the production in the beginning of the fourteenth century, had the whole country been equally occupied, would have been about three and a half millions. But though the southern and eastern sides of England were in all likelihood fully peopled, the west, north, and north midland counties were very thinly inhabited. Yorkshire, especially the West and North Ridings, Lancashire, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland, were far less wealthy and populous than the other parts of England. Nor was this deficiency in the production of corn compensated by abundance of meat. The price indeed of this article was low, probably not more than from a farthing to a halfpenny the pound. But we may judge of its quality by the high price of all fats, excepting butter. These were at a penny to three halfpence the pound. Since our forefathers had no winter roots and no artificial grasses, they were constrained to live on salt meat during half the year, and sheep and cattle were starved, stunted, and slow in coming to perfection. Nor were they better off by the game which the forest laws left them. The common wild rabbit of modern times was excessively scarce and dear in the fourteenth century, being found only in some localities, into which it had probably been introduced. Then rabbits were worth as much as a sheep. Oxen were small, seldom reaching four hundredweight. Sheep and cattle became much dearer towards the end of the fourteenth century, a conclusive proof that the general condition of the community was prosperous; that sheep were not yet bred for their wool only; and that sheep-farming on a large scale was not yet adopted.

It is hardly necessary to say that the conditions surrounding the mediæval peasant were very unfavourable to life. It is known that the black death, in England at least, spared the rich and took the poor. And no wonder. Living as the peasantry did—in close unclean huts, with no rooms above ground; without windows, artificial light,

soap, linen ; ignorant of certain vegetables ; constrained to live half the year on salted meat—scurvy, leprosy, and other diseases which are engendered by hard living and the neglect of every sanitary precaution, were endemic among the population. Not that, except in the matter of a rude plenty, there was much difference between the dietary of the day labourer or peasant proprietor, the artisan, the shopkeeper, and the clergyman, the few elements of which society was composed. The few luxuries which did exist, or were imported, were shared by a very small number of persons—the nobles and the higher ecclesiastics. Thus, when the pestilence did come—since it was, as is common with epidemics at their first outbreak, exceedingly virulent and fatal—the people died by thousands ; the living, according to the natural amplification of terror, were insufficient to bury the dead ; and the imagination saw the busiest thoroughfares overgrown with grass, as it had embodied the pestilence in a thick dark fog slowly travelling over the land.

I set no great store by the numbers given in Knighton, or by the record which was seen on the stone at the pits of the Charterhouse. Numbers are invariably exaggerated by panic and by hope, and no statistics are less to be relied on than those of chroniclers. In times of scarcity, these writers copied the wildest rumours about the price of food, and the gossip which they heard has been extracted from their pages as trustworthy evidence, and can be corrected only by the record of actual sales. So, when the pestilence destroyed its hundreds, fear magnified them to thousands ; and though much that Mr. Seebohm has adverted to as evidence of depopulation is very suggestive, it cannot, I fear, stand against careful criticism, and the canons of probability.

Calculations as to existing population, derived from the number and bigness of churches, are very deceptive. To the peasant of the fourteenth century the church was the common hall of the parish, in which much of its business was transacted, which formed a place of defence in emergencies, and was often used as a storeroom for articles of value. It was the only place in which warmth and light were to be found. A candle was a choice offering at the shrine of a saint, for it was the sacrifice of a great and costly personal enjoyment. Norfolk, too, the county from which much of the evidence as to the number of churches is derived, was by far the richest county in England, and Norwich was certainly the second city in importance.

Still, though I think that the loss consequent on the plague has been somewhat exaggerated, it must have far exceeded any previous experience. We have, I think, a far safer guide towards determining the amount of the deaths, by the rise in the rate of wages. Despite the statute of labourers, wages nearly doubled, and remained, for

causes sufficiently known to students of prices, permanently at these high rates. In consequence there ensued a total revolution in the system of tenancies, a revolution wholly unknown to historians, and wholly different from that which Mr. Seebohm has suggested.

In vol. ii., page 131, of the Rolls of Parliament, will be found an account of the proportionate contribution of each English county, with the exception of Chester and Durham, towards a subsidy estimated in sacks of wool. The payment was not indeed made in kind, but in money, the sack of wool being worth, in the year 1341, £4 on an average, in money of the time. The table is instructive, for it gives unquestionable evidence as to distribution of wealth seven years before the plague. If we take the number of statute acres in each county, and divide the sum by the contribution paid from the county, we shall find that Norfolk was assessed to a sack in each 610 acres; Oxfordshire and Middlesex (excluding London) at 1 in 760; Beds at 1 in 800; Kent at 1 in 815; Bucks at 1 in 835; Rutland at 1 in 855; Cambridge at 1 in 960; Hunts at 1 in 975. But, on the other hand, the West Riding of Yorkshire is assessed at 1 in 5,105; the North Riding at 1 in 4,905; Lancashire at 1 in 4,260; Cumberland at 1 in 4,290; Hereford at 1 in 3,700; Cornwall at 1 in 3,550; Northumberland (excluding Newcastle) at 1 in 3,500, and so on.

It is, however, to be remembered, though for the sake of uniformity I have taken the present number of statute acres in Norfolk, that no county in England has gained so much by the dereliction of the sea as this. In the twelfth century, and probably later, Norwich had a communication with the German ocean. In the reign of John the sea was close to the hill on which Beccles church is situate. Into this county, then the chief seat of English manufactures, the foreign immigration to which Mr. Seebohm alludes was constantly taking place; the great mart for produce from this region being the fair of Stockbridge, held under the farm of the Prior of Barnwell. Among the tenants of Merton College settled at about this time on their manor on the north bank of the Cam, were, as their names imply, several persons of German descent, as Schnestat, Eigenhall, Baumgered, Schappman, Henkel, and Fitzkauf.

The only consequence of the plague to which chroniclers allude is the demand of the labourers for higher wages, and the legislative efforts made to regulate these demands. The reader will conclude that these enactments were inoperative, as we learn that they were, not only from the incessant complaints contained in the Rolls of Parliament, and which generally proceed from the knights of the shire, as to the imperfect way in which the statute was obeyed, but from the actual record of facts. Scanty as was the rate of profit derived from the cultivation of the soil, when carried on as it was all

but universally, by a bailiff on behalf of the lord, it was grievously reduced by the enhancement of the cost of labour. Even if the law could reach the farm servant, and he could be constrained to work at fixed rates, an effect all but impossible to produce, no legislation could be operative on all values. For instance, the law could not make iron cheap, salt cheap, cloth cheap. But the cost of iron, ordinarily worth by weight of silver £9 the ton in modern money, or £3 in the currency of that time before the plague, was doubled at least by the scarcity of hands. So with salt, an article of great significance in mediæval economy, and with canvas for mill-sails, sacking, and clothing. Almost all that remained to the lord were the fee-farm rents, the labour rents of the villeins, long since commuted to money payments, and the manorial profits.

Very speedily after the plague the system of farming by bailiff is discontinued, and that of farming on lease adopted. Some landowners were conservative, and despite the discouragement of high prices paid for necessary materials, and the difficulty of dragging the labourer to work at parliamentary rates, continued to farm on their own account. But even these exceptions cease at the beginning of the fifteenth century, and the great interest derived from the farm accounts passes away, that, namely, of their being the record of prices received and paid for farm produce and farming materials. It is doubtful whether the older system would have held its ground so long as it did in some districts had it not been for accidental causes.

In the period immediately preceding the occurrence of the plague, the distribution of land in country places or manors was as follows. I have before me the rental of Ilstone, the manor of which has been the property of Merton College from its foundation, and which may be fairly taken as a type of the social system in most if not all the mediæval parishes. The parish contains, if the present boundaries are identical with those of more than 500 years ago, 1,112 statute acres. It is probable, however, that its limits comprised part of Lewknor and part of Fingest. The lords held two carucates of land. One tenant holds a virgate of land, an amount variously computed, but probably equal to twenty acres. Four hold half a virgate each. One holds half a virgate and twenty-one acres besides, with a curtilage. Some hold less quantities. In all there are twenty freeholders, some tenants at money rents, some at labour rents. There are four villein tenants; each holding more than a virgate, and there are four coterells who hold huts with small parcels of land annexed. Every man in the parish possessed land. Besides the arable land which they occupied, the tenants had right of pasturage on the unenclosed ground.

I quote this case, typical of thousands of manors, to show how generally land was distributed. What we see in France at the pre-

sent day, did prevail in England 500 years ago, under, indeed, somewhat different circumstances, since such lands were seldom if ever mortgaged; the subdivision, namely, of land into small portions. I may say, by the way, in opposition to the view generally entertained, that there is no trace of the villenage described in Glanville and Bracton, among the tenants of a manor 500 years ago. All customary services were commutable for money payments; all villein tenants were secure in the possession of their lands; and the only distinction between socage and villein occupation lay in the liberation of the former from certain degrading incidents which affected the latter. Space, however, will not allow me to give further information on these points.

When the plague came, and bailiff farming, never particularly profitable, became quite unproductive, there were few persons in any of the manors possessed of sufficient capital for carrying on the cultivation of the lord's estate. The free tenant who paid a quit rent was distressed, to some extent at least, by the fact that his rent was virtually enhanced by the dearness of the times; the lord of the manor suffered by the difficulty of finding any person who would cultivate his lands on lease, at a rent at all commensurate with the old rates of profit on bailiff farming. The difficulty was met by an arrangement analogous to *métairie* holding. The lord granted seed, stock, &c., to the tenant at a term of years; the tenant binding himself to replace these articles, or to pay a sum agreed at the commencement of the lease, in lieu of replacement.

This system prevailed for about fifty years, though the lord was often compelled in very cheap years to abate something from his fixed rent. After a time, the ordinary system of farming commences, and the profits of the estate are gathered from two functionaries—a farmer who held the land on lease, and a collector of rents, who exacted quit rents, fines, and compositions for services. Finally, and especially in the civil wars, much of the land which had belonged in fee to the feudal lords passed away by purchase to the tenant farmers.

A study of the economical facts which preceded and followed the great insurrection of 1381—the whole of which have hitherto been misconceived—would throw more light on the real condition of the English people, and illustrate the gradual formation of the national character more fully, than any other inquiry. But hitherto English history has not been treated from its social aspect; and while we know a good deal about the pedigrees and alliances of kings and nobles, are acquainted with wars, and diplomatic transactions, we know but little of that which is of infinitely greater significance, the rise and progress of the English nation.

JAMES E. THOROLD ROGERS.

THE PLACE OF LANDSCAPE PAINTING AMONGST THE FINE ARTS.

LANDSCAPE painters are very generally aware that there exist amongst figure painters and in society opinions relative to landscape art which tend to assign it a very inferior position. These opinions are not without grounds; they are founded on reasons which deserve consideration; but they fail to take into account other reasons, of equal weight, which would, if fairly heard, have the effect of at least partially counterbalancing them. I therefore invite the reader's attention to the whole question, and beg him to enter with me into a fair examination of it. Without hoping to settle definitively either this or any other disputed point about art, for it is idle to expect perfect harmony of opinion on these matters, we may still benefit ourselves by discussing such questions as this, since they involve the recognition of truths which we are always apt to lose sight of.

Amongst figure painters success in landscape painting is usually held in slight estimation as an artistic achievement, from the idea that it is so easy that no very great credit is due to mastery in it. The truth on which this opinion is founded is that accurate drawing is not necessary in landscape, and that scarcely any painter who confined his studies to that branch of the profession has ever been able to draw accurately. "In England," says Mr. Armitage, "nobody knows what drawing is."¹ Without going quite so far as Mr. Armitage we may safely admit that learned drawing, or what Mr. Ford Madox Brown would call the pedantry of drawing, is much rarer in England than in France. But it is a fact very much to our present purpose that the French, who so rigorously exact this kind of drawing from their historical painters, scarcely so much as take it into consideration as one of the minor points in a landscape painter. The favourite landscape painter amongst artists in France, the one whose reputation has been made by the admiration of artists, Corot, can scarcely draw better than a school-girl. Our own Turner was not an accurate draughtsman, but he was a *good* one. The distinction which figure painters fail to observe in their criticisms of landscape art is this one between quality and accuracy. The necessities of pictorial composition make accuracy impossible for all but the most rigidly topographic landscape painter. When Titian or Paul Veronese wants a form to support another, he may make one figure bend and still draw it well; but when Turner needs the same thing in a mountain composition, he has to alter the main lines of the whole scene, and

(1) Minutes of Evidence before the Royal Academy Commission. Question 5051.

consequently every detail within them, and as he must do this every time he lays pencil to paper he becomes habitually inaccurate. But quality may be sought for and attained notwithstanding this inaccuracy. What I mean by quality of drawing in landscape is its truth to the *nature* of the thing represented. Perfectly accurate drawing would have this, of course, for it would be included in the merit of accuracy; but much topographic exactitude may be reached with very low quality indeed. The popular views of Switzerland, that so many tourists have such an odd fancy for carrying away in their portmanteaus as reminiscences of the country, are more truthful as to accuracy than Turner's, but in quality of drawing they are beneath contempt.

The next question is, whether this quality is easy of attainment.

It means, as I have said, the power of representing the nature of things,—their abstract, innermost nature. For example, cloud must look like cloud, oak tree like oak, granite like granite; and in mountain drawing the most expressive markings must be instinctively selected. In all things the kind of touch and workmanship must be found which will most truly render the nature of the object. An accurate outline, even accurate modelling, would often be easier of attainment than the craft which can accomplish this.

I find on examining the works of great landscape painters that quality of this kind, in drawing and colour, has come to be their chief aim in middle life. They may try to draw accurately at first, but they usually discover, before the age of thirty, that to be accurate is of little artistic use in comparison with that far deeper kind of truth which for want of a special word we have to call quality. Turner let many of his more solid merits melt away from his canvases in the hope of reaching some exquisite results of this kind, and ultimately his aspirations ended in utter shapelessness. Constable in another way tried for quality, and if he failed in form, Troyon and the Bonheurs understood his aims and profited by his example.

"If landscape painters could draw," say historical painters, "they could draw the figure. Now we see that every time they attempt a figure they make things no better than puppets or dolls dressed as peasants, therefore we decline to consider them draughtsmen." One step more, and it is easy to refuse even the title of artist to a landscape painter. If you consider Academic drawing *everything*, as Ingres does; if you consider that without accurate drawing there can be no serious art, as Mr. Armitage does, then you can scarcely look upon landscape painters as artists in the serious sense at all.

The difficulty of arguing this point on my side of it is, that whilst the figure painter appeals to a merit easily ascertainable, I appeal to a merit which cannot be proved to the satisfaction of any but competent judges, and for them all such proof is needless. *They know*

that right abstraction is rare and difficult. All landscape painters find that to abstract in such a manner as to explain in every touch the essential nature of the object, requires infinite care and study. But who shall judge of the relative merit of *different* abstractions? It is evident that no measuring by compasses will do this; for we admit that landscape abstraction does not profess accuracy of this kind. Relative merit can then only be determined by persons who have at the same time an intimate acquaintance with the kind of object represented, practical familiarity with the technical difficulties of the art, and a mind both philosophical enough to comprehend the nature of abstract ideas, and capacious enough to tolerate various interpretations. This last quality is perhaps the rarest of the critical endowments, because it requires us to have seen in nature all the facts which the united observation of the whole body of landscape painters has been able to discover there, and still at the same time to be catholic enough to praise one man for seeing one order of truths, and another for seeing a quite different order.

Now it is hopeless to expect these critical requirements from any one who in the least *despises* landscape art. If you perceive in any one, whether painter or connoisseur, the slightest approach to superciliousness in speaking of landscape, you may rely upon it that he neither has acquired, nor ever can acquire, so long as he remains in that mood, any real knowledge of the subject. And the objection I have to make to the criticism of persons inclined to think little of landscape lies there, that they begin by despising it, and look upon the subject as unworthy of their serious attention, consequently they are from the very beginning in an unteachable and unobservant frame of mind.

It is evident how seriously belief in the facility of landscape must detract from the consideration of landscape painters amongst artists, for artists always esteem each other mainly by reference to a standard of technical difficulty. This is probably one reason why landscape painters find Academic honours all but hopelessly unattainable by them. One of the most distinguished of living Academicians said to me, "The great charm of landscape painting is that it is so delightfully easy," and I believe most other figure painters share this impression. The feeling that they are no longer obliged to draw accurately when painting landscape backgrounds is to them a feeling of relief. They enjoy a liberty which has removed an irksome responsibility and restraint, and are little capable, in the full fruition of this novel pleasure, of estimating the real difficulties of an art which they take up occasionally in the spirit of relaxation. The public, too, is particularly kind and indulgent in its demands upon the landscape backgrounds of figure painters. It expects nothing more than a slight sketch which shall surround the figures with not

inharmonious colouring. No true colourist can give less than that, even in his most careless hours.

But *is* landscape easy? Let us consider what elements it is composed of, what materials it attempts to represent.

A landscape painter has to encounter the difficulties of imitating the sky, the earth, vegetation, and water, and these difficulties are complicated and multiplied infinitely by *effect*, which, in landscape, utterly transfigures every object it touches, so that an object under one effect does not seem to be the same thing, has not even apparently the same *form*, as under another. It may also be observed that the difficulties of landscape painting are most seriously increased by the evanescence of the appearances it attempts to represent. If the effect would *stay*, the art would be less difficult, though still very far from easy. But so soon as the landscape painter desires to record any of those magnificent unities of nature, when her scenery masses itself together in full synthesis, he must work from memory alone.

Has the reader ever actively *looked* at a cloud, or a tree, or a running brook, or a calm lake? Perhaps not, for the majority never *look* at these things; they like pleasant landscape, they benefit by its exquisite influences, sunshine, lovely colours, sweet sounds, and pure refreshing air; all these they truly appreciate and value in their way, but they no more *study* them than an amorous boy studies the anatomy of the fair face he delights in. External nature is, to the mass of mankind, a source of sensuous refreshment, not a matter of laborious observation; it is passive pleasure and perpetual benefit. Happier than critic or painter, the rest of mankind need only enjoy what these have to investigate and remember.

But if the reader has ever looked at a cloud, can he believe that clouds are easy things to paint? Take a great, elaborate, well-developed cumulus, for example,—would not the modelling of it puzzle Ingres himself, and the unapproachable splendour of it defeat him? Could he, could any one, remember the true detail of it faithfully enough? Could any one draw it delicately enough?

Who ever really painted a field of the cloud vulgarly known as mares' tails,—those long films, delicate as the trains of comets, which wave with gentle curves across the sky? Who can remember a field of thirty thousand cirri so as to paint it truly? Hundreds of artists have attempted to render storms, but who ever gave the true evolution of the heavily-laden thunder-cloud? You who say that landscape is easy, paint for us the form and hue of those threatening messengers! There is modelling enough *there*, and strange gradations of lurid colour too.

And the flames of sunset, dashing the blue lead colour of the clouds at the horizon with intense streaks of crimson fire, fainter as they rise towards the zenith, and fading over our heads in scarcely per-

ceptible inward glowing; are *they* easy? Is it easy to get *that* light with *that* colour?

And the gradations in the exquisite open sky, so deep, so pure, so ever varying, by whom have they been quite rightly, quite unexceptionably wrought? By one or two early religious painters, it may be, but not in their full variety. Who can graduate quite truly an evening sky with intense gold at the horizon and cold blue at the zenith? Will there not generally occur some dubious or false passage between the gold and the blue? Skilful painters of draperies, are you perfectly confident that you can quite successfully resolve this particular little problem? And if you had mastered it, why, there are a million more such problems in reserve for you, *tous plus difficiles les uns que les autres*.

Mountains, too, are supposed to be easy. I may be excused for feeling sceptical on that point. I lived a few years under the shadow of Ben Cruachan, and carefully observed him under thousands of very different aspects, but it never occurred to me that that immense agglomeration of ever-changing, *yet always perfectly harmonious* detail, could by any possibility become easy to paint. Every separate aspect of that mountain would have cost the labour of months, and it did not last even *minutes*, only fractions of a minute. Who can carry in his memory for months the true relative colour and true apparent form of the hundred minor hills that boss his craggy sides? But if Cruachan and Schehallion are too easy, have we not the Alps on which to wreak our energies? If bosses of crag and heather are unworthy of us, the white waves and azure crevasses of a glacier may deserve our condescending attention. Why does not some famous painter of history deign to prove to us that glaciers are easy enough, after all, to men who have had the advantages of a sound Academical education?

The subject of foliage is sure to draw forth the usual reference to Titian's "Peter Martyr." On this, however, two observations may be made: the first, that all figure painters are not necessarily Titians; the second, that his foliage, though the best in old art, is not nearly so good as his figures. However, I have not yet seen his "Peter Martyr," and prefer, for the present, to avoid any discussion in which I could only speak on the authority of engravings.

I do not admit that Titian succeeded as a landscape painter, further than this, that he painted landscape backgrounds which, as such, were satisfactory, and suited his figures. They are partly naturalistic, but also to a great degree governed by a conventionalism of his own. But even if Titian *had* painted landscape as well as paint would permit, would the necessary inference be that landscape was easy, or even that it was easy for *all* figure painters? That would be a poor compliment to Titian. Probably I, who consider landscape difficult,

respect Titian more for what seems to me a very partial mastery in the art, than many others do for what seems to them absolute success in it.

With regard to the foliage in the backgrounds of modern figure painters, it may be summarily divided into two classes—the careless and the careful. To the careless belongs *all* modern background foliage up to the second quarter of this century, and most of it since. To the careful belongs the work of Leslie, Mulready, Millais, and a few less celebrated men. Now Leslie, though everybody dislikes the chalkiness of his colour, was a real painter. He could paint an expression, but he could not paint a tree; there are some trees of his at South Kensington, which, though excusable enough in a painter of polite comedy, would not do credit to a professor of landscape. I should imagine that Millais would paint a better tree now than when he attempted the willow in the *Ophelia*, or the blooming orchard that we all remember. Those efforts, though serious, and therefore most creditable (for how rare is such condescension on the part of a painter of genre!), failed on the side of hardness. The leafage was not like free soft natural leafage, with life and sap in its vessels; it was like artificial leaves carefully cut out of sheet metal painted green. The foliage and even the bough drawing of Mulready fail in another way. They attempt *massing*, but they are entirely conventional, and as examples for young landscape painters no models could well be worse. His trees are bad examples, on account of his satisfaction with them; there is no sign of effort after better things. They are drawn with more refinement perhaps, as to line, than Constable's, but there is a quality in Constable's work which all landscape painters must appreciate, the noble dissatisfaction which would rather even daub than draw, if in "drawing" is to be involved the sacrifice of moisture, and mystery, and freshness. Constable's trees are painted by a man who feelingly loved nature, and desired to express how nature affected him. Mulready's are either empty abstractions, or cold, though industrious, studies.

Not that an intelligent critic could, without reserve, say that any one's foliage is "good." No painter hitherto has done more than express two or three of the chief qualities of trees. Foliage is so infinitely difficult that human craft always fails before it in some point, and always must.

In near leaf drawing no landscape painter has hitherto particularly distinguished himself. A few figure painters have introduced leaves well when they have paid attention to them; but they seldom give their natural relations as to position; they usually separate the leaves more than nature does, and avoid, to some considerable extent, the difficulties of fore-shortened curves.

When you add to difficulties of drawing and colour those of illu-

mination, you have a complication which only the greatest executants may hope to contend with. An accomplished master of the figure showed me several studies in which he had seriously attempted to paint near leaves in sunshine, all failures, and he knew it. The intensity of reflection and the brilliancy of transparency in sun-lighted leaves, all acting upon and through surfaces of such extremely varied and complex curvature, produce in the aggregate difficulties which no mortal hand may conquer.

Of water I hardly know how to speak, so little is popularly known of it. Even such a comparatively common and simple fact as the interruption of a reflection by a breeze is beyond the cognizance of many persons who concern themselves with the fine arts. I had a curious instance of ignorance of water phenomena one day when talking with a French art-critic. I discovered that he was under the impression that an object could not be reflected in water unless the sun was behind the object; he actually believed that reflections and shadows were the same thing. A moment's observation on the side of any pond would have taught him a very different theory, but this little effort of observation is just what you cannot get people to give. The fact that breezes take all sorts of different *colours* is also not generally understood, a breeze being popularly supposed to be white, even by persons advanced enough to know that there are such things as breezes. So if any historical painter chooses to say that water is very easy, I scarcely know how to answer him, the word "water" not signifying the same thing to both of us.

To paint a lake surface rightly, if it is varied by breezes and calms, and semi-calms and demi-semi-calms (for there are such things, and they are often all visible at one time), to paint such a lake surface, I say, with all the curves of its breeze outlines, and the truth of reflection in its little isolated bits of perfect mirror, and the ineffably light dimness of places that the faintest airs have breathed upon, and the million-rippled acres where the breeze is stronger,—to paint that vast and marvellous surface, so perfect in its finish, so exquisite in the phantasy of its design, so wide, so wonderful, and above all so evanescent, is a task to try the utmost skill of hand, the utmost power of memory, the utmost delicacy of sight ever reached by, or given to, the most finely organised of men!

And sea waves, what of them? Who can paint a wave, who can even draw one? Stanfield and Turner have given us two interpretations of waves which do indeed render some of the facts, and are full of honest intentions; but if you want difficulties, even the elementary ones are as yet unconquered.

Is there not an admission of the difficulty of landscape in the very desperation of the best landscape painters? When Turner came to paint at last in his wild later way, that was due to a recklessness

brought on by two causes ; first, the impossibility of really painting the facts he desired to record ; secondly, the uselessness of trying to make them intelligible to the common public. And Corot, too, is reckless of much that a less sensitive artist would strive for. When he gets the right relative tone on any part of his canvas, he dares not meddle with it, dares not put detail upon it, may lightly sketch a thin twig or two across it, but is far too prudent to attempt what we call "finish." For finish in landscape painting is generally false, because true finish is so infinitely difficult. When a third-rate artist industriously dots over his trees with little regular lumps of paint, he calls *that* "finish." No sensitive painter could endure to do that ; he would rather splash like Constable, daub like Daubigny, blur and rub like Corot, blot and wash like David Cox. All these men would have told you that they considered their methods quite inadequate to represent nature, but that landscape painting was so difficult that they were forced to content themselves with anything that would even approach the kind of quality they desired.¹

Those who most habitually undervalue landscape painting for its inaccuracy are the very persons who least clearly understand what accurate drawing in landscape is and leads to. *It would lead to pure topography*, and there is little encouragement to draw landscape in that manner. A painter is an author, and likes to move his public, and topography moves nobody. And not only that, but topography, being the product of an artificial and rigidly self-conscious, self-governing state of mind, does not even satisfy the artist himself. If you draw an object freely and innocently as it appears to you, even setting aside all intention of composition, it will be quite wrong topographically. To get into a cool and accurate state you must reason with yourself, and say, "Every hill is half the height it looks, every curve looks twice as round as it is, every interesting feature is insignificant." You must disbelieve the evidence of your senses, divest yourself not only of the enthusiasm of the artist, but even of the common feelings of humanity ; you must train yourself by patient labour and cautious self-denial to become a looking-glass. Are the backgrounds of the great historical painters models of this accuracy ? And if they have it not, and can yet maintain a reputation as draughtsmen, why may not landscape painters who are but equally far from such rigid exactitude, escape the reproach of bad drawing ?

(1) I ought to say that since writing "A Painter's Camp in the Highlands," in which (vol. ii. p. 374) I spoke somewhat severely of Constable, some change has taken place in my views of him. Seeing much more in nature than I did then, I can better enter into the true spirit of his work. His execution still seems to me empirical, but I have learned to prefer intelligent experiments which prove original observation, even when they are only partially successful, to clever traditional handicraft. I have not space here to do Constable justice, but hope to do so fully on a future occasion.

Historical painters are no doubt generally in the right when they consider themselves more highly trained than landscape artists. It is not because they are more industrious or more intelligent, but the figure, though not less difficult than the materials of landscape, affords a more convenient and regular training. Its modelling can be studied quietly under a manageable light day after day; its surface is not broken as tree masses are by leaves, and mountain masses by rocks and forests; it is not so full of unforeseen accident; you know what to expect, and you find it; and, above all, when you are wrong you readily perceive your error. Landscape, as usually pursued, affords no such steady and instructive training. Many clouds are as elaborate in form as a living model, but the model will stay for you and the cloud not. Cloud drawing, as training, is therefore what the figure would be if the students were only allowed to see nude figures marching past them, never for one instant still. Waves are even worse than clouds, mountains somewhat better, yet not so much better as would seem to persons who have not tried to paint them from nature; for a mountain never gives you time to study its modelling fairly. As for trees, the changes of light affect them even more than they do a solid substance, for the light gets *into* a tree amongst the leaves, and alters it continually from within as well as from without. Then, if you want to study leaves,—draw them on the bough, the light alters, the breeze moves them; bring them into the house, and they droop and fall out of their places. And for the first elementary study of mountains or foliage, what can you get comparable in point of practicable utility to a statue for the figure? The best model of mountain scenery in the world is probably that of Mont Blanc and its surrounding valleys, at Geneva; but a student of landscape could not procure such models, and if he could, they are only topographic sketches of the very rudest kind, lacking all those refinements that an artist looks for.

Again, the first training of a figure painter is more useful, as we see; but, what is of still greater consequence to him as an artist, his practical work after is more improving than landscape work. Landscapes are for the most part painted in the studio; they are *always* painted, even when in the presence of nature, to a large extent from memory. Painting from memory may exercise that faculty, but it adds nothing to the stock of acquired information. A figure painter, working constantly more or less from models, painting even inanimate accessories from the actual objects, is always acquiring information, always training and maintaining his faculty of representing things, and that faculty is nothing less than the very foundation of pictorial power. So that figure painters are likely to be better craftsmen than landscape painters. And are they not so in fact? Surely no unprejudiced observer can have failed to remark it.

The low position of landscape in the estimation of academies is probably in part attributable to this cause. The faculty of able representation is rightly esteemed by all good painters, and a class of artists which is habitually deficient in this quality is sure to find a difficulty in acquiring, *from artists*, honour and recognition. But the niggard recognition of landscape is also due to still more serious objections. It is the commonly received doctrine amongst painters of history and genre, that figure painting is the representation of *mind*, whereas landscape painting is the representation of matter. By an inference, not altogether justified, as I hope to show, not altogether logical, yet an inference of a kind which many persons are in the habit of accepting without question, they proceed thence to the conclusion that to paint the figure requires *mind*, whilst to paint landscape mind is not requisite, or at any rate, never called for in anything like the same degree.

There are writers who speak of Turner as a copier of lifeless matter. This view ignores two things; first, the mind of Turner, who threw his whole soul into an interpretation of nature which was as far removed from copyism as Shakspeare's writing is from newspaper reporting; and secondly, the mind of God, which invests external nature with all its interest, exactly as the mind of an author invests paper and print with interest.

The fact is, that by our ingenious invention of a goddess of nature, whom we are in the habit of speaking very lightly about, we have left the idea of God to theologians. In our mythology this nature-goddess holds a peculiar place of her own. She is half demon, half deity. Tennyson says she is

"Red in tooth and claw,
With ravine."

Ruskin accuses her of miserliness! "Sometimes I have thought her miserliness intolerable; in a gentian, for instance, the way she economises her ultramarine down in the bell is a little too bad." Scores of writers speak of her in the same disrespectful tone. Substitute God for nature, and Him for her, and see how that little accusation of miserliness reads!

Do these writers really believe that nature consciously exists as a working goddess? Probably not. She is a fiction for the sake of convenience. In the present state of the public mind no fearless investigation of the Divine system of government, *as we see it actually at work*, is permitted to us; so when we talk of any hard and inexorable law, it is a "law of nature;" we do not exactly like, as yet, to call it a law of God. By this timidity we do ourselves serious intellectual injury, and, amongst many other unfortunate results, we arrive at one which closely concerns our present argument. Natural

scenery, as the work of a supposed nature-goddess, whom we do not respect, has not, for us, anything like that serious interest which it would have had if we could have received it as a direct expression of the Supreme.

I put forward this argument with no intention of writing what foreigners so justly reprobate as our English cant. For instance, in looking at a fine natural scene, the head of Loch Awe if you will, it never occurs to me to imagine that God designed it as an artist composes a picture. I believe, rather, that by the operation of general laws depressions in the earth were produced, nobody knows exactly how, and that these basins become lakes, as the depressions in a Yorkshireman's plate of porridge become pools of milk, whilst the lumps rise out of them mountainously. And in my view the Scotch or Swiss lakes and mountains cost the Creator just as much thought as, and no more than, the hollows and lumps in the porridge. So of effects; I see God's invention in them, but do not superstitiously imagine that He designed every sunset separately as a painter does.

But, on the other hand, in spite of this modern recognition of pervading law, producing artistic beauty as it produces mechanical construction, I never look at any natural scene or object without the sense of being placed by it in direct communication with the Supreme Artist. You may, if you will, call this world inanimate nature, but every atom of it is inscribed. And let the reader be assured that to comprehend never so slight a manifestation of the Divine mind is no unworthy task for the proudest and cleverest of us. All who study the great natural Revelation are, as to the subject matter of their studies, on a footing of fraternal equality. Anatomists, astronomers, botanists, geologists, landscape painters, figure painters, no one of these has a right to despise the pursuit of the other. There are inequalities of *capacity*: Raphael is greater than Duguet, but so is Turner greater than Haydon and West. In science we find no such narrow classifications. Men who explore the solar photosphere do not scorn men who explore a grain of pollen; men who dissect the human body do not scorn men who dissect vegetables.

And one great reason why we go to external nature now is because man no longer conveys to us the Divine idea in its purity, as an alp or a wild chamois does. It is very well to say that all human developments are in their origin Divine ideas, and no doubt this is in a certain sense true; no doubt the industrial age, for example, was a Divine intention, so that in this sense even the most unlovely life in the hideous streets of Oldham and Rochdale deserves study for its interest as a necessary phase of human evolution. But the artistic instinct turns away from this. The artistic instinct is warned that such phases of human life do not concern it. They concern thinkers and rulers, not artists.

For there is no beauty there. Long rows of cottages, whose monotonous brick fronts are dark with soot; heaps of ashes on the black acre of building-ground yet unoccupied; foul ordure visible everywhere; filthy children playing amongst it with bits of broken pot; behind the cottages a roaring factory, six or seven stories high, its vast monotonous wall pierced with a hundred windows, all alike, and all ugly—half an acre of ugliness, set up vertically against the sky, to bar the sunshine out; great chimney-stalks for towers,—ay, fifty of them within a mile,—pouring opaque clouds of foul coal-smoke into the vitiated atmosphere;—no human beauty left there that has not been marred beyond recognition by the life the men and women lead there from infancy; no costume but shapeless fustian for the men, having neither grace nor gaiety; and long straight pinafores for the factory girls, bound round their waists with greasy leathern belts.

To any one having the sense of beauty,—and all true artists have it,—nothing can well be more depressing than the influences of such a scene. The heart sinks, the sight suffers under them. Yet within the distance of a day's ramble there are wild moors where the heather blooms, and little dells where pure streams fall over rocks of sandstone, under green fern, into lucid pools, where the crimson-spotted trout dart swiftly.

We are at the point at last. That street under the factory seems less Divine than this solitude. The street may have a more tragic interest, and some wood-cut designer, working in the same temper as Hood when he wrote the "Song of the Shirt," might find matter there for his note-book, but he must be a man caring nothing for beauty in comparison with human interest,—that is, he must be less an artist than a moralist.

One day I was in the cottage of a factory operative in a back street in Rochdale. The young man who was master of the house (they marry early there) was in a loud agony of grief. After the expiration of a minute, some men brought in a sack, apparently heavy; in the sack was the poor lad's young wife, dead. The sack was opened, and the surgeon who was with me gave the decisive word, "Nothing to be done." It was a most impressive scene, the dead woman's eyes were still quite bright, for she had died of heart disease, most suddenly, ten minutes before, and her face was by nature beautiful; but the prosaic character of all the accessories quite unfitted the subject for pictorial treatment. It would have done for Cruikshank, however.

Nothing turns away true painters from human life so soon as the loss of visible dignity. And our English life, in every class, has lost it. Our prosy ugly costume and love of convenience have taken away all grandeur from our visible style and carriage. Besides,

we are not serious enough, mentally, to deserve the attention of the most serious artists. We are exactly suited for the caricaturist; we are the right material for Doyle and Leech; taking us at the best, we may do for Frith, but we should not much gratify Titian or Velasquez.

"Chose digne d'attention!" said the venerable Delécluze, "c'est lorsque rien n'est plus pris au sérieux, c'est quand l'homme en est arrivé à rire de lui-même que les artistes, ainsi que les poètes qui conservent cependant encore le sentiment et le goût des grandes choses, las de chercher en vain dans les actions des hommes quelque chose de cette grandeur dont la Bible, dont Homère entre autres fournissent tant d'exemples, rejettent en quelque sorte l'humanité comme une matière épuisée, et vont chercher dans la nature végétale et dans les animaux des sujets où la vie est imparfaite, mais demeurée pure depuis la création. Comment expliquer autrement le goût de Poussin pour la solitude, le soin qu'il a pris—lui, peintre d'histoire si excellent, de peindre les bois, les bords ombreux et tristes des fleuves, si ce n'est pas ce besoin impérieux qu'ont les grandes âmes de se retremper aux sources primitives et inaltérables de la création?"

Men and women are more wonderful than mountains, if in the overpowering marvel of creation one thing *can* be called more wonderful than another, when all are, alike, utterly incomprehensible by us. But men and women have a fatal liberty which mountains have not. They have the liberty of spoiling themselves, of making themselves ugly, and mean, and ridiculous. They tattoo themselves in South Sea islands; what they do in North Sea islands it would be more prudent not to particularise. But a mountain does not know how to be ridiculous. A mountain cannot dress in bad taste. Neither is it capable of degrading itself by vice. Noble human life in a great and earnest age is better artistic material than wild nature; but human life in an age like ours is not.

Note the subjects that true artists choose and avoid, and believe that their instincts lead them rightly. If they paint men, they go back to some age of costume and dignity, or else to some golden time of early poetry, when the primitive human creature fought and loved under the bright sky of the world's youth. Or, if it is contemporary life that they choose, they choose it as humble as possible, *to get down below the strata which vulgarity permeates*. Thus a noble artist will gladly paint a peasant driving a yoke of oxen, but not a commercial traveller in his gig.

I have said so much in other places about the popular ignorance of landscape, that it would be tiresome to harp on that string any longer; but any one who is habitually attentive to the indications which show the state of culture on a subject that interests him, cannot help forming an opinion, more or less favourable, of the degree to which it is generally understood. What is to be regretted in

the present condition of popular information about landscape is this: landscape painters feel no confidence in the public, whereas an artist ought always to feel satisfied that if he merits acknowledgment he will receive it. Here is a little anecdote to the point. Last autumn I found myself on the deck of a steamer plying on the Lake of Geneva. It was crowded with passengers, and just as we got past Coppet, their great object of interest was Mont Blanc. A white cloud concealed the mountain, and all the passengers that I overheard were quite certain that the cloud was Mont Blanc itself. Shortly afterwards the snowy crest became visible, and then they believed that to be a cloud. This mistake would have been impossible if they had known anything about landscape; because, although clouds under certain unusual circumstances do occasionally look like mountains, that particular one had forms so entirely unlike mountain forms, that nobody acquainted with mountain anatomy could have made the mistake. Such little occurrences as this are, I repeat, discouraging to a landscape painter. Here were many gentlemen and ladies, rich enough to travel, who could not recognise a mountain when actually set there before them; how, then, should they render justice to the same thing in a picture? They used telescopes and opera-glasses; but no trained eye would have needed a telescope; that sharp delicate outline of the snow would have been enough for it.

The reader is not aware, perhaps, that some figure painters even deny to landscape the right to exist as an independent art at all. Landscape is very good, they say, for backgrounds, but it was never intended as anything else than a foil to human or animal life. The doctrine may be shown to be untenable by reminding the reader that there exist, in all *scenic* nature, magnificent compositions, any one of which would be entirely destroyed by the intervention of a large figure or animal in the foreground. No one who is familiar with the Highlands of Scotland, or Switzerland, or even with our English lake district, would desire to hand over pictures of their most striking scenes to a historical painter in order to have figures of large size painted upon them. Surely there are scenes in nature complete enough to deserve a few square feet of canvas to themselves!

A theory more commonly received is the following. It is urged that no scene in nature is worth painting without some direct reference to humanity; that nature without human interest is devoid of artistic value.

This is one of those questions which cannot be settled in any definite way for the whole body of spectators. If you say that pure nature has no artistic interest, you speak truly, no doubt, so far as your own feelings are concerned, but I cannot admit that your proposition is universally true, because pure nature has an infinite

artistic interest for me, and therefore probably for others who are similarly constituted. It is from the belief that I am on this point the spokesman of a considerable class that I venture to explain this sentiment more in detail. We who love pure nature are not indifferent to humanity. We may, as thinkers and moralists, take the keenest possible interest in human affairs, but we perceive that in this age men and their dwellings are not usually objects of much artistic interest, both because they have so little beauty, and what is a far graver deficiency, so little sublimity. In these respects the loneliest defiles of the Alps are better than the hotels and tourists of Chamonix. Indeed Switzerland, in our view, is as nearly as possible *spoiled* by its visitors. In like manner we believe the valleys of Lancashire and Yorkshire, the beautiful vale of Todmorden, for example, to be (artistically) ruined by factories, and rows of cottages, and railways, and excellent turnpike-roads. We have no objection to an old castle, we consider the head of Loch Awe to be improved by Kilchurn; but we cannot admire the modern castles of Taymouth and Inverary, much as we may respect the families of Breadalbane and Argyll. In short, when the human interest increases the pictorial value of the locality, as mediæval fortifications do, we are glad to have it, but when it diminishes the pictorial value, as almost all modern buildings and engineering works do, we prefer wild nature.

It remains only to indicate what, in the present writer's opinion, ought to be the chief aims of landscape painting, and what position is due to it. Its great object as an art ought to be the faithful rendering of the spirit and character of natural scenery and interesting localities. Any accuracy is worthless which does not express character; every inaccuracy is to be praised which helps to express it better. Everything in landscape art ought to contribute to render, with the most striking fidelity, not merely the scene, but that which is far deeper and more divine, the *spirit* of the scene. And here, I am bound to observe, many of our most popular artists fail, and they fail from a dread of producing strange-looking pictures. If you paint local character, your work is sure to have peculiarities which will fail to correspond with the vague general ideas that exist on the subject of landscape, and therefore you are likely to offend. A well-known and most experienced dealer said to me one day, in all friendliness, "If you paint a truth which one spectator has not seen in nature, you make that man your enemy." A recent critic, speaking of an artist of real genius, Mr. E. B. Jones, said, what was true, that his works pleased some and offended others; but then the critic proceeded to mention another artist, of whom he said, with understood allusion to Mr. E. B. Jones, that this man "trod on nobody's toes." To paint, then, in a manner not agreeable to the spectator, is resented by him as a personal annoyance and injury—a treading on

the toes. Now it is very desirable that a more liberal view should prevail. If the works of an artist do not please you, pass on to those of another whom you like better, and try to believe that there is no intention to hurt or offend *you* on the part of the painter you dislike. In all probability he has been aiming at some quality he thinks desirable; perhaps he has not attained the quality, but is on the road to it. It is not his interest to give offence; he would be ten times happier to give pleasure; but he is trying to accomplish something that *he* sees clearly enough, no doubt, yet which it is not to be expected that we should see until he has fully set it forth.

I may have insisted upon this somewhat importunately; I may have offended by praising the truth that gives offence, but no art doctrine has need of more frequent reiteration than this, *Local truth should be held sacred and inviolable*. I do not mean that we ought to confine ourselves to rigid topography, but that local character ought to be everywhere affectionately studied, thoroughly understood, faithfully though freely rendered. And there is the more need to preach this doctrine that many critics have a lofty scorn of local truth, as something opposed to the true spirit of art and incompatible with noble work. For example, because Gustave Doré went into Spain before illustrating Don Quixote, a well-known French critic thought it the right thing to say that the work would have been better if Doré had not seen Spain.

I would entreat the reader to use all his influence in favour of that kind of landscape which really means something and expresses something. If a painter, by the side of some French river, is struck by some long, monotonous line of poplars, do not find fault with the monotony, but thank him for it; it is the spirit of the place. If another painter far in the Scottish hills reproduces the sadness and solitude of their dear humble, barren crests, grey and purple in the chilly twilight, do not find fault with the melancholy and loneliness of his work; it *ought* to be melancholy and lonely, for that was the spirit of the scene.

It is generally a waste of time to trouble ourselves much about classifications of painters according to subjects; the points of real importance are the qualities of the individual artist. Any one who has the true critical faculty can easily recognise great powers in the treatment of very simple subjects. It is those powers by which an artist takes his place. And whatever branch of art a man may have chosen, if he has contrived to make first-rate gifts manifest in his work, I put him in the first rank. The phrases "*simple paysagiste*" and "*mere landscape-painter*" imply that criticism is a much easier business than it really is. Truly, if the rank of artists might be settled by the kind of subjects they paint, anybody might be an art

critic. The real difficulty of criticism lies in the fact that the most splendid artistic faculties may be lavished on apparently humble work, and a good critic is neither to be dazzled by ambition in the choice of a subject, nor turned aside from what is good and able because it does not happen to be at the same time pretentious.

The strong point of landscape is its power of affecting the feelings by influences very difficult to define in words. Music also has nameless powers, and, as a writer lately observed in the *Cornhill Magazine*, there is some resemblance between the way landscape painting and musical compositions move us.

I am inclined to believe that the communicative powers of musical sounds are habitually underrated. They deserve passing allusion here in connection with landscape painting, because music, like landscape art, is not strictly what is called an intellectual pursuit, and is held in exceedingly low estimation by all who are insensible to it. But may not these vague musical expressions of thought and feeling be the only expression possible for *those* thoughts and *those* feelings? I have often felt whilst listening to great music that something was thereby communicated to me which could not reach me through any other channel. Literary expression is no doubt more practical and positive, but are we quite sure that it is higher, merely because it is more definite? The same narrow spirit of classification which roughly sets down landscape as unmeaning, would put music below poetry; but the more we understand it, the more embarrassing it appears to settle its place. It may be that music expresses aspirations that words cannot express, and these aspirations may very possibly be higher than those we utter verbally.

If the peculiar strength of landscape lies in this vague kind of influence, that of figure painting is to be sought in dramatic expression. Thus, so far as it is possible to compare one man of genius with another, we might say that Leslie was a successor of Pope and Goldsmith, whilst Millais is the younger brother of Tennyson and Keats, whereas Turner might be better compared with some very great musician, as Beethoven, though my knowledge of Beethoven's music is not yet complete enough for me to know positively how far such a comparison would be reasonable.

As to the rank which landscape painting ought to hold amongst the fine arts, I claim for it simple independence. One of my critics said that I seemed to rank it above figure painting, but that such would never be the general opinion. This is one of those misinterpretations to which every public writer is liable. Some previous writers have treated landscape with contempt, and I say that it does not deserve contempt; *therefore* it is inferred that I set up landscape art above figure art. The inference is entirely unwarranted. If any one asserts that landscape is easy, that it is a mindless copyism of

dead matter, I am ready to answer him that it is *difficult*, and that, when good, it is a mindful *interpretation* of mind; that is to say, an interpretation by human genius of the Mind that created the world. But the idea of giving precedence to artists according to the subjects they choose, seems to me so unpractical, so inapplicable, so deficient in the simplest elements of common sense, that it never once occurred to me to entertain it.

The fact will always remain, that men take a keener interest in each other than in the external world, and so naturally pay most attention to the art which deals with man. Perhaps, too, our love of landscape is in great part due to a repulsion from the present unartistic and unlovely aspect of humanity. In an age when men and architecture are fit only to be caricatured, artists who have not the peculiar faculty of the caricaturist naturally go to external nature and the life of animals or peasants. But if, in the future, man and his dwellings should again become noble and interesting, will not artists turn to him and them again, and neglect the forests and mountains? There is some chance of this.

Meanwhile we have the beauty of the earth, and its grandeur. But can we paint its grandeur? Is it wise to desert the common pastoral subjects of Claude and Cuyp for the snowy crests that dazzled the eyes of Calame? M. Delaborde doubts this; he does not exactly admit that art may deal with the extraordinary in landscape. He is right in one point, I think. Painting, even the truest, is a kind of fiction; and it is admitted that fiction cannot quite safely deal with extraordinary truth, because it appeals to the recognition of the fidelity of its representation, and few can recognise what is rare in nature. So far, it may be admitted that Troyon, for instance, was wiser than Calame. But I object to M. Delaborde's idea that Alpine scenery is more "irregular" than commonplace landscape; and I object also to another theory of his, that such scenery lies out of the conditions of portraiture. Alpine scenery may not be familiar to Parisians, but it is strictly natural, strictly under the influence of *law*, and of very wonderful and beautiful laws too; indeed, the laws of earth structure can nowhere be seen more plainly than in Switzerland, where, from flat diluvial ground to Alpine *aiguilles*, you can study every manifestation of the energy of the earth. And as to the objection that the Alps lie out of the conditions of portraiture, let this little anecdote answer it. Not very long ago, I entered Martigny in the evening from the Forclaz. A nameless mountain rose before me, but I knew it instantly from a drawing of Ruskin's. I had quite forgotten the locality of the drawing, but on returning home I looked through "Modern Painters" and found it. The real truth is, that every mountain has features of its own which bring it within the conditions of portraiture quite as much as a man's face; but faithful landscape is too modern to obtain recognition, as yet, from

orthodox criticism, which always makes a point of being a century or two behind its age.

Of Calame's degree of success in Alpine landscape I have not space to speak here with justice; but, considering what had been done before him, he was a discoverer in art. What is more to our present purpose is the comparison instituted by M. Delaborde between Flandrin and Calame, so much to the disparagement of the latter. This is only one instance the more of the extreme difficulty of obtaining in landscape anything like that serious kind of consideration awarded to distinguished figure painters. Calame deserved this if ever any one did. He was quite as earnest as Flandrin, and quite as pure and devoted a genius. Calame had the highest aims, and in great part realised them; so indeed had also Flandrin. But Calame practised an art which did not admit of the direct display of those human sympathies which most surely reach the heart of humanity. Flandrin painted saints and princes; Calame gave the energy of a life to the chilling sublimities of nature.

Closely connected with the dislike to extraordinary scenery is the dislike to extraordinary effects. The spectator's impression on looking at a picture in which one of these effects is attempted appears to be frequently something of this kind: "The artist is amusing himself at my expense;" or else, "The artist means to read me a lesson on my own ignorance;" and in either case a feeling of rebellion or resentment arises. The simple truth is, that effects are the life of landscape, and that the most powerful of them are the moments when this life is carried to its utmost pitch and paroxysm of intensity. Such effects are necessarily rare, as the crises of passion are rare in the soul of man; but no one knows a landscape who has not seen it under a noble effect, just as no one knows a human being who has not seen him in a moment of supreme excitement. And again, not only for their intensity of life are the noble effects observed and valued, but still more for their great artistic quality of synthesis. A fine effect is pictorially complete; a common effect is usually scattered and comparatively unmeaning: a fine effect has large masses and vigorous oppositions; a common effect is apt to be broken and feeble, requiring much artistic faculty in the painter himself to get a synthetic whole out of it. And it is especially natural that colourists should like the rare effects because they always give magnificent arrangements of colour. Intense gold and purple are to be seen on the horizon of hilly countries for ten minutes at a time, on perhaps twenty evenings in a year; rich crimson and fiery scarlet still more rarely. A landscape painter who loves gold and purple, or crimson and scarlet, is therefore very naturally led to attempt these rare effects. A figure painter who loves the same colours may introduce them whenever he chooses by means of draperies and accessories.

As to the prudence of attempting these effects, no doubt that is another question. If we cannot paint plain daylight, it is useless to attempt these splendours. But no young landscape painter would be worth much who did not long to try for them ; and even a few failures may be better for him than placid contentment with sober green and grey.

The worst of adopting landscape as a means of expressing yourself is the difficulty, *not* of putting intelligence and feeling into your work, for landscape will absorb any quantity of both, but of getting credit for them when there. It may be answered, that painters ought to be above the desire for public recognition, above the vanity which cannot live without praise. But we may observe that not painters only, but *all* men, need recognition in their avocations to enable them to work cheerfully. It is not praise and fame they want so much as the satisfaction of feeling that the amount of mind they put into their work will reach others. Nothing is more cruelly discouraging to an intellectual and feeling workman than the sense that an obstruction exists between his mind and the mind of the public.

This may serve to account for the fact, that whereas we have in England, at the present day, at least a dozen most excellent landscape painters, and twenty or thirty really good ones, we hear on every side complaints of the decadent condition of landscape. Now it is a positive truth that the *average* merit of landscape work has never been so high, or anything like so high, as it is now. But a few years since a great commotion was made about the works of Turner, and the brilliant advocacy of a distinguished writer directed, for a time, public attention to the branch of the art which Turner professed. Since then the public mind has reverted to its natural channel, and even such landscape painters as Davis and Johnson, who are nothing less than *great masters*, have no chance of obtaining that degree of attention which is freely accorded to third-rate painters of the figure. Lee Bridell awoke a little murmur of fame before he died, and a few were aware that a noble career had been cut short in its early prime ; but the busy world was ignorant of its loss. The Imperial biographer of Cæsar has read the nations a lesson on their want of confidence in that order of genius which must subjugate before it can improve ; yet it is not unnatural that we should fail to recognise benefactors who begin by requiring us to be slaves. An ingratitude far less excusable is that which repels a benefit accompanied by no condition, and turns away coldly from the kindly teaching which would lay no yoke upon us but the thrall of a sweet pleasure that never knew repentance.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

THE CONDITION OF OUR STATE HOSPITALS.

It has recently become abundantly evident that a general inspection of the infirmaries of our workhouses is, for many reasons, advisable. Grave scandals such as those which rose to the surface in the investigation following the deaths of two paupers, Gibson and Daly, in different workhouses, gave but too much reason to suspect that there were underlying strata of mismanagement and neglect, which might with advantage be examined. It is difficult to say how long we might have waited for an official inquiry, sufficiently searching and well conceived to have gone quite below the surface, and exposed the facts which lie beneath the superficial layer of orderly and well-squared arrangement prepared for the public eye. It may almost be doubted whether an official investigation would have been likely to elicit the same information, or to afford such good data for an impartial judgment, as may be found in the independent reports which have been prepared by some medical gentlemen, commissioned by a contemporary medical journal, to visit the infirmaries, and to record the observations made in their visits. A commission which is tied up in more or less effectively applied bonds of red tape, and proceeds by summoning official witnesses of all classes, would probably succeed in obtaining more complete statistics and more elaborate tables, but for the purpose in view nothing could exceed in value the testimony of independent eye-witnesses, educated by hospital experience to gather trustworthy impressions as to the general aspect and management of sick wards, and knowing beforehand precisely to what matters of detail, questions and observation could be most profitably addressed.

If the result of these inquiries had been merely to elicit proof of individual instances of neglect or mismanagement, it would hardly be necessary that they should here be submitted to analysis, and they would only call for such local attention as in the nature of things they could not fail to secure. But the issue of the inquiry suggests matter of much larger significance, and opens very distinctly questions of imperial importance. Our workhouse system, like most of our national institutions, has been slowly evolved out of the growing wants and been modified by the conflicting interests of an ever-increasing population. Originally, and in the main, workhouses were intended for the reception of a class of paupers, including many sturdy worthless vagrants, many idle helpless drones, who undoubtedly needed to be treated with a modified severity which should discourage their

pauper tendencies. By a series of restrictions and tests which have more or less effectually served the purpose in view, the indoor population of our workhouses has been brought to such a condition that in a metropolitan house an average of nine-tenths are chronically infirm and disabled, imbecile, or acutely sick. Thus the inmates of the sick wards properly so called constitute but a small proportion of the actually diseased population. This is a rule without exception. To give examples taken at random: at Clerkenwell, out of 560 inmates, there were found about 250 sick and 280 infirm (including about 80 insane). At Shoreditch, out of 700 inmates, there were 220 in the infirmary, 140 insane and idiotic, and seven-eighths of the remainder were chronically infirm. In most metropolitan houses the term able-bodied is a mockery when applied to any considerable section of the inmates. To adopt, however, official figures, there were returned, in 1863, 31,354 paupers in the London houses; of these 1,683 were insane, 20,622 were sick and infirm, requiring medical tendance, and although the remaining 9,049 are described as able-bodied, yet we may affirm on reliable grounds that at least two-thirds of these would be diseased or infirm. Now compare these figures with those expressive of the accommodation provided for the sick in the great metropolitan hospitals, to which we look with pride and of which we think with gratitude. Those eighteen hospitals of London provide only 3,738 beds. They barely skim the surface of the sickness and suffering of this seething cauldron of human misery, and we are bound to recognise the fact that the great State hospitals of the country are in very truth the infirmaries of the workhouses.

This fact has been too little known. Private munificence and the continued stream of popular charity have not failed to supply the voluntary hospitals with the means of adequately tending the poor received within their walls; and the watchful care of subscribing governors and the medical staff has the effect of making them truly what they assume to be—houses of restoration for the sick. But we have been accustomed to think of the infirmary as mainly an appendage to the workhouse, and rather as a receptacle for pauperism than as a healing home for the great mass of the destitute diseased. The contrast between the two interiors is painful and violent, but probably it was never known how extreme or disgraceful, until this commission had undertaken systematic and instructed inquiry. The infirmaries having grown gradually in size and importance, the system of their present administration presents all kinds of variety. In some the buildings are good, in others they are execrable, and entirely incompatible with the welfare of their inmates; some have a resident officer, others have none; some few have paid nurses; in some the guardians provide the drugs, in others the paid medical

officer farms the place, himself providing drugs, attendance, and dispensing for the inmates. There is no uniformity; there is a general meanness of administration; frequent examples of neglect amounting to extreme cruelty; many instances of gross mal-administration; and a prevailing ignorance on the part of the authorities of the principles on which what are in truth great hospitals should be managed, and of the means by which such establishments may be made to fulfil their functions and to deserve their name.

It is desirable to state some of the leading facts on which this judgment rests. We may fairly predicate some of the more prominent features which should characterise hospitals. There should be suitability and salubrity of site; good drainage and water supply; separation of the sick from the convalescent, of the acute cases from the chronic, and the contagious from the non-contagious; an architectural construction which admits of free ventilation, admission of light, supervision by the medical officers and superintendent nurses; an educated nursing staff, and competent medical attendants, sufficiently numerous, and at hand when required. Such a combination is the rule at all our voluntary hospitals. Not only is it not to be found in most of our workhouse infirmaries, but it is abundantly evident that it can hardly be said to exist in any of them; that the greater number are deficient in many of the most important particulars, and the majority in all. Thus, at the Strand workhouse, not only are the buildings in themselves thoroughly unfitted for hospital occupation, but they are closely encircled by workshops, mews, &c., and the guardians have had the inconceivable stupidity to raise a nuisance of their own, by establishing and carrying on for years a large carpet-beating business, which is transacted in the yard immediately below the windows of the sick wards, so that the patients are choked with the poisonous dust and stunned with the perpetual noise of this offensive trade. Although many remonstrances have been made, the guardians have proved so blind to a sense of their duty as to persist in this noisome nuisance to the sick of whom they have the care, because the business is profitable. At St. Martin-in-the-Fields the ground within the buildings is raised greatly above the level of the surrounding streets; so much so, that the ground-floor rooms look like basement cellars, and this is due to the fact that the site is an ancient and well-stocked *churchyard*; and these rooms, with this offensive abutment of churchyard earth blocking up the windows on one side, have been converted into surgical wards. Not one of the wards is more than eight feet six in height, and the surgical wards are scarcely over eight feet. The allowance of cubic feet per bed on the average of four wards is only 428 feet, and to afford the elements for

appreciating this fact, we may state that 1,200 feet is the allowance prescribed for military hospitals by the recent decision of the Barrack and Hospital Commission. These surgical wards are not only thus limited in space, detestable in site, and low in elevation, but they are gloomy and dark. At the Clerkenwell house the cubic space actually allowed is again only 429 feet. The house is a tall, gloomy brick building, consisting of two long parallel blocks, separated from each other by a flagged courtyard, not more than fifteen or twenty feet wide, the hinder block closely environed by a low class of buildings, the front looking into the street. The cramped, winding staircases, interrupted by all manner of inconvenient landings, render the stairs a special nuisance instead of an effective source of ventilation, as they should be. The imperfect allowance of entire space in the wards is aggravated greatly by their low pitch, the very insufficient number of windows, and the absence of thorough ventilation; while here again, to put the climax on the extreme unfitness of the building, the authorities have established the parish *dead-house* in a snug corner of the yard just mentioned, and in close proximity to it a dust-bin, which the parish ought to empty twice a week, but which they occasionally neglect.

At the Strand workhouse, perhaps, the buildings are more ill fitted for the purposes of an infirmary than in any of the London unions, not excluding those just described. The house, as originally constructed, consisted of a large brick building, capable of accommodating 288 persons. At one extremity of the grounds is a small building, capable of receiving 64 inmates. Of this, the ground-floor was designed to serve as the infirmary of the workhouse. But if we compare the actual practice with the original intention, we find the strongest evidence of the development of the hospital department of the union, and the absence of any proportionate extension of the means of accommodating sick patients after the manner which their condition demands. No less than seven-eighths of the sleeping accommodation provided in the workhouse is now occupied by more or less sick people.¹ We have already referred to the closeness of the wards, the confinement of the site, and the voluntary nuisance of carpet-beating under the ward windows superadded by the guardians. Let us not omit to speak of the infirmary of St. George-the-Martyr, surrounded by bone boilers, greave and catgut manufacturers, and placed amid a nest of ticket-of-leave men. At Greenwich the site is below water-mark, and the foundations are liable to be

(1) Bermondsey workhouse presents many of the worst defects of the Strand. Aaron and Lazarus wards are low, dark, and miserable, lighted only from one side, abutting on a dead house and other nuisances. The old part of the house is very ill built, the infirm patients are treated with a painful disregard of humanity, and the sick are badly nursed. The only day-room for men is a closed wood-shed.

flooded. The entire space per bed is about 450 feet. A number of wards in the roof are low, hot, crowded, and badly ventilated. Several of the wards (*e.g.* the lying-in ward) have no water-service at all, and the subsidiary architectural arrangements are correspondingly bad. We might multiply examples, but it will suffice to say that the infirmaries of the Strand workhouse, Islington, Clerkenwell, St. Giles, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, St. George-the-Martyr, Greenwich, and London West Smithfield, have irredeemable defects which render them quite unfit for hospital purposes, and that St. James's, Westminster, Chelsea, St. Luke's, Lambeth, Lewisham, Camberwell, Bermondsey, Holborn, and London East, are only suitable for chronic cases, even after carrying out necessary improvements.

It is to be noted that even where the guardians are building new metropolitan infirmaries, as St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, they strictly confine themselves to the absurdly small minimum of space which the Poor-law Board sanctions indiscriminately for hospital as for general accommodation. No one possessing adequate information on the subject would think of building infirmary wards with less than 1,100 or 1,200 cubic feet of space for each bed, but the St. Leonard's guardians speak with great pride of the really fine pile of buildings which they are erecting, but which are calculated only to afford a bare modicum of 500 feet to each patient. As a contrast to this ignorant parsimony let us mention that at the Chorlton Union Hospital, near Manchester, which is now in course of erection, the building will consist of five portions or blocks, at a distance of 100 feet apart, each portion being 124 feet in length by 24 feet in breadth, with three floors, and to contain ninety-six beds. To each patient will be allotted 1,350 cubic feet of space. While commending this example to the notice of the builders of the new Shoreditch Infirmary, which is still in process of erection, we must ask how it is that the Poor-law Board is still satisfied with the wretched allowance of 500 feet, which is little more than a third of what is really desirable; and we must mark also the tacit censure on the authorities implied by the intelligent expenditure of the Chorlton Union. The greater number of the London unions are governed by guardians who are small tradesmen, chiefly anxious to save the rates, and inclined to every kind of cheese-paring which, at the cost of ultimate waste, may effect a present saving. They not only misconceive the character of their duties as governors of State hospitals, but they know nothing of the wise liberality by which the efficiency of a hospital is made to constitute the essence of its economy—an economy in health, strength, and rapidity of convalescence, which has its own true and considerable money value to the parish. Fresh air, free ventilation, plentiful light, a dry site, and abundant supply of water; these are among

the primary necessities of a hospital building. It is not a satisfactory reflection that in the great metropolitan infirmaries not only are the sick denied the fitting combination of these elementary requisites, but that in many of them they have hardly one of the list. It is still less consolatory to know that the authorities who govern these institutions have not yet been awakened to even a sense of their deficiencies, and have for the most part turned a deaf ear to remonstrance; nor is it hopeful to find that the requirements of the Poor-law Board are so considerably below the acknowledged standard of sanitary law.

If we pass from the review of the constructions now used for infirmary buildings by the metropolitan unions to the investigation of their interior arrangements, we shall find them present yet greater contrasts with the ordinary standard of hospital care and varieties *inter se*. To speak first of the medical attendance. The duties assigned to the medical officers are frequently such that the exertions of two or three properly remunerated persons, whose time should be wholly given to their performance, could hardly perform them adequately. We desire to speak with all respect of the medical officers. Assuredly no more hard-working and ill-paid officials exist in this country. But we do not hesitate to say that the medical attendance supplied to the sick poor in the workhouse infirmaries, as compared with that which they get in the hospitals of the metropolis, is, to speak plainly, and regarding these infirmaries as a whole, painfully insufficient. At St. George's Hospital, for example, with 350 patients, there are four surgeons and four physicians, who each pay an average of three visits a week; there are two resident apothecaries, three resident house-surgeons, and a dresser for each surgeon. At St. Mary's Hospital, with 150 patients, there are three physicians in ordinary charge of in-patients, three surgeons, four resident medical officers, and three dressers. Now let us take examples of the provision made at union workhouse infirmaries. In the Strand union, for the charge of nearly two hundred persons acutely sick and four hundred infirm, one medical officer only is employed. The salary which he receives is so absurdly small, £105 a year (he being expected to find the majority of the drugs), that it is of course necessary, and it is expected, that the medical officer will largely supplement his means by private practice. He is of necessity non-resident. At Greenwich, where out of one thousand inmates, some nine hundred are more or less disabled, four hundred being on an average officially under medical care, there is again only one medical officer, non-resident, without a dispenser, and absurdly under paid. At Shoreditch Infirmary, for the care of 220 sick patients, 140 insane, epileptic, and imbecile, besides the usual large proportion of infirm, out of a total population of 700, there is but one

medical officer and no dispenser or assistant. This gentleman, non-resident, wretchedly ill paid at the rate of £120 a year, is supposed to find an opportunity for performing adequately the medical service of this vast establishment in about two hours of morning visit, during which he has to perform the combined duties of medical officer, dietist, and dispenser. To say that such arrangements are an insult to common sense, and an outrage on humanity, will only be to express the sentiments of every one who thinks over the disproportion of the duties to the time and energy assigned to them, and the pitiful remuneration by which the work of sick services is officially gauged. To offer such salaries, and to prescribe such arrangements for the medical care of this large number of sick, bespeaks an absence of appreciation of the character and extent of the tendance necessary and usual, whether in hospitals or elsewhere, which affords a key to the general mismanagement of these infirmaries.

Skilled nursing is hardly a less important element in the good management of sick wards than sufficiency and competency of the medical staff. Unhappily the deficiency which we have to note here is one which it may not be very easy effectually to remedy. The majority of the nurses employed are pauper nurses, either unpaid or rewarded by a very small gratuity. They are for the most very unfitted for the work. Nursing is an art of no small difficulty, and requiring a proper training, and very few persons, even of the better class, are fitted to perform the duties of a hospital nurse without a proper apprenticeship. What the interior may be of an infirmary ruled by pauper nurses may be best gathered from the following picture from the life, descriptive of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, an establishment which, as we have noted, possesses superior architectural pretensions, and has good provision of baths and lavatories, &c., attached to each ward.

"To make matters as bad as possible, the nurses, with one exception, are pauper nurses, having improved rations and different dress, but no pecuniary encouragements. They are mostly a very inferior set of women; and the males, who are 'nursed' by male paupers, are yet worse off. The nursing organisation at this establishment is as bad as can be. The male nurses especially struck us as a peculiarly rough, ignorant, and uncouth set. There are no night-nurses. Desirous to ascertain what was the condition of the patients under such an administration, we became a little curious as to details. . . . The outer surface of the beds is clean, and the linen generally, through the able-bodied wards, tolerably so; but as to the lying-in wards, they were frequently filthy with crusted blood and discharges, and in the sick wards also they were far from being well kept.

"The next part of inquiry was as to the regularity of the adminis-

tration of food and medicines. Medicines are administered in this house with shameful irregularity. The result of our inquiries showed that of nine consecutive patients, only four were receiving their medicines regularly. A poor fellow lying very dangerously ill with gangrene of the leg, had had no medicine for three days, because, as the male 'nurse' said, his mouth had been sore. The doctor had not been made acquainted either with the fact that the man's mouth was sore, or that he had not had the medicines ordered for him. A female, also very ill, had not had her medicine for two days, because the very infirm old lady in the next bed, who it seemed was appointed by the nurse to fulfil this duty, had been too completely bed-ridden for the last few days to rise and give it to her. Other patients had not had their medicine because they had diarrhœa; but the suspension had not been made known to the doctor, nor had medicine been given to them for their diarrhœa. The nurses generally had the most imperfect ideas of their duties in this respect. One nurse plainly avowed that she gave medicines three times a day to those who were very ill, and twice or once a day as they improved. The medicines were given all down a ward in a cup; elsewhere in a gallipot. The nurse said she 'poured out the medicine, and judged according.' In other respects the nursing was equally deficient. The dressings were roughly and badly applied. Lotions and water-dressings were applied in rags, which were allowed to dry and stick. We saw sloughing ulcers and cancers so treated. In fact, this was the rule. Bandages seemed to be unknown. But the general character of the nursing will be appreciated by the detail of the one fact, that we found in one ward two paralytic patients with frightful sloughs of the back; they were both dirty, and *lying on hard straw mattresses*; the one dressed only with a rag steeped in chloride-of-lime solution, the other with a rag thickly covered with ointment. This latter was a fearful and very extensive sore, in a state of absolute putridity; the patient was covered with filth and excoriated, and the stench was masked by strewing dry chloride of lime *on the floor under the bed*. A spectacle more saddening or more discreditable cannot be imagined. Both these patients have since died: no inquest has been held on either."

This description of what I actually saw, and noted at the time in writing, I can vouch to be minutely accurate. Dr. Anstie, of the Westminster hospital, one of my colleagues in the inquiry, accompanied me. at my request, at my second visit, and adds his personal testimony to all the details; while an attempted refutation of some details by the guardians has only afforded the most ample confirmation of the entire accuracy of these statements. They will long remain as a striking record of abuses of which it were otherwise impossible to believe the existence in this century, and in this metropolis. It is unnecessary to say

much more about the system of nursing to show the necessity for grave alterations ; but there is one point very lightly passed over in this statement to which we must direct attention. "There are no night nurses at this infirmary," nor are there at most other houses. Yet not one who is at all cognizant of the working of hospitals, not one indeed who has had any personal acquaintance with the nursing of any sick friend or relative, but will know that a ward management which does not include systematic night nursing is deficient in the first and most necessary elements of success. It is impossible probably for the managers of our voluntary hospitals to suppose their wards destitute of night nursing ; but we all know how much the sufferings of the sick are, in many acute diseases, nay, in most, aggravated during the night ; how often the invalid is athirst ; how much the helpless require to be occasionally shifted, and to be attended to in a thousand different ways ; the urgent need for frequent nourishment in the night to the feeble whose life-power is waning, or to the convalescent not yet out of danger.

Enough evidence has been adduced to support the statement that the infirmaries of our metropolitan parishes are at present on a footing altogether unsatisfactory ; and that their inefficiency as hospitals is intolerable, and cannot be permitted to endure now that it has been fully disclosed. What are the remedies which can be suggested ? If the unions could be induced to act in concert, a plan might be devised for reorganising the infirmaries on a greatly improved scale, and without any large increase of expenditure. Some considerable increase there evidently must be, for the sick establishments of the workhouses have altogether outgrown the original anticipations of the founders : when, as at the Strand, there was provision for some sixty sick, there are now some four hundred infirm, one half being absolutely on the "sick list." The houses are now great receptacles for the sick and infirm : at Greenwich, out of 1,000 inmates, only 100 were able to dine in the hall. Thus the traditions of the past are no longer suitable as guides for the present authorities, nor could any course be more costly in the end than a reckless parsimony. Not to speak for the moment of any humane motives, the negligence or the inefficiency, whether of construction or management, which prolongs the sickness, aggravates the consecutive disablement, or costs the life of a patient, has its own direct money cost, which in the first case is often to be multiplied by the progressive expenditure which is entailed on the rates for years by a disabled bread-winner and an unprovided family. If the parishes would combine, many of the worst infirmary buildings might at once be disused, and such buildings as are well fitted might be employed as receptacles for several of the parishes. Elsewhere three or four might unite to provide fitting hospitals. Those of Fulham, Kensing-

ton, Marylebone (if rebuilt), Paddington, St. Pancras, Stepney, Richmond, the out hospital of St. George's, Newington, Wandsworth, City of London, Mile End Old Town, Bethnal Green, Hackney, belong to the latter list. In these amalgamated hospitals something like a true hospital system should be introduced; the duties and remunerations of the visiting officers of the unions should be fairly apportioned; resident officers and dispensers must of necessity be employed; the staff of nurses be weeded and reorganised; a small staff of consulting officers be appointed, and a proper system of inspection inaugurated. In the last report of the Poor-law Board reference is made to the functions of the visiting committees by law provided at each infirmary, and the regulations laid down for them. In this connection it is important therefore to note that in houses where the most gross mismanagement and excessive abuses have been discovered by medical inspectors in a few hours, the visiting committees have been most regular in their attendance and systematic in their reports. The fact is, that the material of which London boards of guardians are composed does not supply a sufficient number of men able and willing to perform duties which require special knowledge, considerable tact, and the devotion of much time. Moreover it is evident, from the fact that these abuses had largely escaped the attention of the able Poor-law inspector of the Metropolitan district, while they were so quickly discovered by medical observers, that the infusion of a medical element into the inspection of poor-law union houses is essential to their efficiency. This subject cannot escape notice in Parliament during the next session, and unless the Poor-law Board is ready to assume the responsibility of a general measure of reform, which it will be necessary previously to concert with the authorities of the unions, it is probable that a Government commission or committee of the House will be required to investigate the whole matter, or to supply data for satisfactory legislative action.

ERNEST HART.

THE TRUE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

THE shortening of the route to the Indies by a western passage is a design which has long occupied the attention of maritime nations, and within the last few years various circumstances have combined to deepen the interest of the British public in the subject. The discovery of gold in British Columbia has already attracted thither thousands of adventurers, who are building up a colony that is destined to form the western terminus of a belt of British settlements gradually extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The precious metal has also been found of late, in very remunerative quantities, north of the United States' boundary, on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, and the testimony of hundreds of Canadians who have travelled across the Hudson's Bay Company's territory to the mines of the Far West has completely silenced doubts formerly expressed respecting the practicability of railway communication from ocean to ocean. It is not long since Major Smith and Mr. Wilson, in pamphlets which they published, urged the importance to national interests of this scheme of overland transit. The blue books containing particulars of Government explorations conducted by Captain Palliser and Dr. Hector in 1858-59, furnish evidence to the same effect. Last year Colonel Synge, R.E., whose mind has been engaged upon the details of the enterprise for twenty years, read a masterly paper before the British North American Association on the subject. The narrative of a journey by Viscount Milton and Dr. Cheadle from Canada to British Columbia, and a work published by me on the resources and prospects of the latter colony this year, have, I hope, also contributed to stimulate statesmen and capitalists to a deeper consideration of the proposed undertaking.

In Canada, too, great exertions have been made to advance this object. In 1851 application was made to the Colonial Legislature for the incorporation of a company to construct a railway from Lake Superior through British territory to the Pacific. The Bill was read a second time, but afterwards thrown out, solely in consequence of barriers opposed to the action of the railway company by the monopolising claims of the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1853 and 1855 application to the Legislature was renewed, but on each successive occasion was rejected on the same ground. Now, however, a more auspicious future seems to be dawning for the promoters of this stupendous work. Repeated attempts have been made by the Canadian Parliament to prove the invalidity of the Company's charter, on the plea that when the territory was conveyed to them by Charles II., it really belonged to France. But the law advisers of the Crown

have dissuaded the Imperial Government from encouraging any proceedings on the part of Canada that would involve the Crown in litigation with the Company, since the tenure of the latter, covering a period of two hundred years, could with difficulty be now legally disturbed. But when the deputation from the Canadian Government was recently in this country, conferring with the Colonial Secretary in regard to the contemplated British North American Confederation, one of the propositions agreed upon was, that the Canadian authorities should negotiate with the Hudson's Bay Company for the transfer to Canada of the entire north-west territory bounded by the Rocky Mountains, that the claims of the Company should be liquidated by fair compensation, and that her Majesty's Government should guarantee the loan to be raised for that purpose. Should this business be satisfactorily arranged, as there is every reason to believe it will, the chief obstacle to the making of this great highway of commerce from Asia to Europe will be removed.

The tide of emigration has, since the earliest swarming of mankind, been rolling westward from Asia, and still advances restlessly toward the lands of the setting sun, undeterred by the turbulent waters of the Atlantic, or the lonely wilds of the great American continent. As certainly as Europe, once the abode of barbarians, has become densely studded with the homes of civilisation, so will the expanse of prairie and forest on British American soil, extending from ocean to ocean, become cheerful with the sound of well-remunerated industry, and beautiful with the ornaments of cultivation. The increasing necessities of this multitude, whose watchword is "Westward, Ho!" will unavoidably create the machinery of transit to which I have referred. Then, as time progresses, and the relation of England to Eastern countries becomes still more intimate, the expediency of making an inter-oceanic railway, to run the entire distance through British America, will be increasingly felt, both on commercial and political grounds.

Control of trade with the East has been coveted as a prime source of wealth by western nations, from the remotest antiquity. Mercantile communities, engaged from age to age in carrying Eastern freight, have invariably prospered from that cause, and the grandest cities of ancient and modern times have owed much of their splendour to this rich traffic passing through them; in the degree, moreover, to which it was at any time diverted from an accustomed channel, the commercial centres that had previously thrived under it declined. The Tyrians, Greeks, Romans, Saracens, Venetians, Portuguese, Dutch, and English, afford monumental illustrations of these statements.

Alexander the Great had no sooner obtained a footing in India than he set about opening up communication between that country and his western possessions. Failing to discover a suitable overland

route he sent a fleet down the Indus to explore the passage thence to the mouth of the Euphrates. Not satisfied with the route by the valley of the latter river, he resolved to bring the wealth of India to Europe by the Red Sea and the Nile. He, therefore, fixed on the western mouth of that stream as the site of the city which was to perpetuate the memory of his name and his political sagacity.

Antiochus the Great, Tamerlane, and Nadir Shah, all sought, like the famous general above-mentioned, to enrich their kingdoms by fostering commerce with India and the countries beyond; and what privileges they could not secure from Eastern nations by request, they endeavoured to extort by force of arms. In the Persian era a large trade was carried on between Greek cities in the Black Sea and Scythia, north and east, from Siberia to India. Different caravan routes were used from time to time; cities sprang up at the extremities of these routes, and extensive depôts were established at intervals on the way. A chain of mercantile peoples extended at a very remote day from China and India to the Black Sea and the countries in the Mediterranean. Gold was then so plentiful that iron was accounted more valuable, and armour, bridle-bits, and vessels were plated with it.

Mahomet, who in early life was a shrewd merchant, authorised his followers to associate objects of commerce with their religious pilgrimages to Mecca; and the astonishing spread of their faith in the eastern parts of Asia was greatly indebted to this cause. Vast caravans of pilgrims from the distant regions of the East, as well as from the shores of the Atlantic, travelled to Mecca, and the profitable disposal of their wares at this *religious mart* gave a considerable impetus to commerce by sea and land. In the Holy City were exposed for sale the chintzes and muslins of Bengal, the shawls of Cashmere, the spices of Malabar, the diamonds of Golconda, the pearls of Kilcare, the cinnamon of Ceylon, the nutmegs and cloves of the Moluccas, and the silks of China.

The Arabians, under Caliph Omar, experienced a remarkable improvement in their condition from the same potent influence. From barbarian hordes, violent robbers, "dwellers in tents," and despisers of civilisation, they became patrons of art, contributors to science and literature, and founders of cities. So highly did they esteem mercantile relations with the East that they built Bassorah to protect their monopoly of Eastern trade; and it is significant that their overwhelming power as conquerors and as propagators of religion was contemporaneous with their being exclusive carriers between China and Europe. Their trade was universal in the Indian Archipelago, and their vessels plied from the Persian Gulf to all the ports of China. The Saracens were so numerous at one period in Canton that the Emperor granted his sanction to their having a *cadi*

of their own religion. Trade flowed afterwards from the north-west of China to Constantinople, and infused such life into that city that the historian Robertson says the decline of the Roman Empire, of which it was then the capital, was retarded in consequence.

When the commerce of India was conveyed by the Persian Gulf, the Euphrates, and the Syrian desert, "Tadmor in the Wilderness" burst into splendour, like some huge tropical blossom. In presence of great and ambitious neighbours it long enjoyed prosperity, and even rivalled the "Eternal City." Egypt, Mesopotamia, and a large section of Asia Minor, were subdued by its arms, and its renowned queen, Zenobia, did not shrink from contesting dominion with a Roman Emperor. When subsequently Eastern commerce was diverted from the Persian to the Arabian Gulf, the sun of Babylon, Bassorah, Palmyra, and Tyre went down, and Petra arose as a chief medium of supplying Europe with Oriental merchandise. At length the renown of Alexandria eclipsed all surrounding commercial centres. The glory of Venice, "the bride of the sea;" of Genoa, "the superb, the city of palaces;" of Florence, the metropolis of arts; of Bruges, the grand inland point for the distribution of Eastern goods to Western Europe under the Hanseatic league, of Antwerp, Lisbon, and London,—the glory of all these cities, whether as seats of commerce, manufactures, learning, or art, was derived in various degrees from their being mouths to receive Oriental freight for the supply of adjacent countries.

The discovery of a path to India by the Cape of Good Hope not only turned the course of trade carried on between Europe and the eastern parts of Asia, but changed the political "balance of power." The golden tide now swept the shores of Portugal and Spain, and by sharing the boon that had enriched other nations, these kingdoms suddenly rose into commercial magnitude, and vied in opulence, political weight, and maritime adventure, with the proudest nations of that time.

The next important historical event bearing upon commerce with the East was the discovery of America. The hope which inflamed the ambition and roused the energy of Columbus in undertaking that first exploratory voyage westward was that across the untracked waters of the Atlantic lay *the true, the shortest, and the best way to the riches of the East*. All the earlier expeditions of discovery from Europe to the shores of the Western Continent had their origin in this idea. It was in prosecuting the search of a passage to the East that the Atlantic seaboard came to be more accurately known. It was while exploring for a maritime route to China that John Cabot, in the reign of Henry VII., discovered the coast of Newfoundland and afterwards entered the St. Lawrence.

The thought that gave inspiration to all the luckless attempts

that have been made by England, during the last seventy years, to find a north-west passage, was that commerce with the East might be facilitated. After examining every sinuosity of the American shore in both oceans, from north latitude 30° to the Arctic Sea, and expending upwards of one million pounds in the work, it has at length been demonstrated to be impracticable. In passing through the icy portals of the Frigid Zone, in 1850-51, McClure, as far as mercantile interests were concerned, closed the gates behind him. While Polar expeditions have met with defeat, projects have been meditated by France and other powers to pierce the Western Continent within the limits of a foreign country, and, last April, Mr. Laurence Oliphant, M.P., one of the secretaries of the Royal Geographical Society, read a paper before that body on the expediency of cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Panama to unite the two oceans.

But why should England, with unrivalled facilities within her own territory for a north-west passage to Asia and to her colonies in the South Pacific, imperil her monopoly of Eastern trade, and place herself at the mercy of foreign nations? British North America is ready to her hand, a natural link connecting the continents of Europe and Asia, and lying in the track of their nearest and best communication with each other. Why, then, it may be again asked, if this Western route to the East exists, has it never yet become a practical reality? The reason is obvious; the speediest line of transit, though earnestly longed for and industriously sought, has never been sought in the way in which it *does* exist; and cannot be found in the way in which it has nearly always been attempted. A maritime passage has been the object of all preceding ages, and, practically, communication by that medium is impossible. But there is a passage across the continent by rivers, lakes, and land, and that may be made immensely more valuable than any mere maritime passage could have been, even had such been available. "Two irresistible agents are at work, bringing to light the incalculable value of that conformation [across British America] so long deemed an insuperable obstacle. They have changed the requirements for the attainment of the objects of the North-West passage, and have disclosed the inexhaustible latent wealth of a *land* instead of a maritime passage. Railroads and the electric telegraph will cause new commerce and new life to spring up at every step along the distance. . . . It is too late, alas! to lament the waste of life, of money, and of energy, that have been expended in repeated Arctic voyages which were impossible of success, so far as these related to any passage of practical use; but they serve to illustrate very forcibly the predominance of the ideas of *maritime* effort and of *maritime* connection with the Pacific. . . . The lavish and continued expenditure thus incurred appears in striking contrast to the rigid refusal simultaneously main-

tained of all aid to the prosecution of the same work and of the same object in its practicable form by land; and this refusal, amounting almost to opposition, has extended from the days of McKenzie, the first great discoverer of both the northern and western coasts of the continent, and is not yet perfectly dispelled."¹

The principle known as "great circle sailing," by which distance is abridged in long voyages, may be advantageously followed in travelling westward across America. Communication with the East is made shorter and shorter the farther north its line of route is removed. The application of a string to the measurement of the distance between two places on a geographical globe will at once illustrate the system of sailing or travelling on "the spherical line of shortest distance." The greatest breadth of the Western Continent happening to lie in British North American territory, here (paradoxical though it may seem, but nevertheless in strict conformity with the principle just adverted to, which is universally acknowledged in practical navigation) we have the shortest possible route from England to the East. It is surely an interesting circumstance that where we desired the connection between Eastern Asia and Western Europe should be formed, through America, almost every possible facility for its formation is lavishly afforded. Our place of starting may be Europe, the west coast of Africa, the West Indies, or the eastern coast of the North American Continent; but if the East be our destination, our best route is unquestionably across the great plain of Central British America. *There* is the point of junction where all the traffic of the continent, south, east, and north, most naturally unites, if its goal be yet farther west, till the eastern antipodes be reached. To this position we are inevitably shut up. It is, in fact, determined for us by the spheroidal conformation of the earth, and the relative distances thereby created. The long continuation of rainless deserts and passless mountains in the territory of the great Republic renders Yankee competition with us, as to facilities of overland transit, hopeless. Can it be uneconomic, then, to open a country having this generality of access, and yet holding such a monopoly of advantage?

If the utmost abbreviation of distance be our object, and the far East the goal, by availing ourselves of the proper season we may shorten the distance from Europe 1,500 miles, by proceeding across Hudson's Bay. But from wherever we may come, we necessarily unite in the great stream of traffic that, bound for the East, in future years will meet on the plains of the Red River or the Saskatchewan. In this region, where the climate is the most healthful on the American continent, and where the flag of England still

(1) Paper read on "Central British North America," by Col. Synge, R.E., F.R.G.S., July, 1864, before the British North American Association.

waves, nature has marked out the most expeditious line of route, and combined every topographical advantage for its completion.

The great water systems of British America are an instructive object of study, and, as affecting the topic under consideration, have never received the attention they merit. The direction in which navigable rivers flow usually indicates the course commerce will take in a country; and, as a rule, a railroad admits of easiest construction through valleys scooped out by the perennial action of streams. But to execute a line across the direction of many water-courses must be acknowledged to be a very cross-grained and expensive operation. Now it is a curious fact in the geography of America that, in the direction of the St. Lawrence, and there only, the rivers of America follow a course east and west. The Mississippi and the Missouri, having their courses close to the British frontier, disembogue into the Gulf of Mexico; the McKenzie, after winding its way through nearly sixteen parallels of latitude, discharges into the Arctic Sea. On the other hand, in that track which possesses the climate most favourable for an overland route, the waters of the St. Lawrence, penetrate well-nigh half-way across the continent. That river joins on to a chain of lakes and navigable streams that finally merge in the Winnipeg River, and by the branches of the Saskatchewan, this water system strikes into the heart of the Rocky Mountains, marking out the practicable passes through that otherwise stern barrier.

As misrepresentations respecting the soil and climate of that section of British North America now under review have prevailed in this country, let a word or two suffice for the inquiry whether the nature of the country in these particulars is incompatible with settlement in, and transit through, it. The space between Fort William, at the head of Lake Superior, and Fort Garry, Red River, comprises large and fertile tracts, varying from 20,000 to 200,000 acres in size. Sir George Simpson, in his evidence on the subject given before a Committee of the House of Commons, in 1856, eulogises the qualities of the soil in the valley of Kamenis Toquoiah. Every one of the ten thousand settlers already cultivating the land in the Red River district is a witness to the abounding agricultural wealth found there. For 400 miles up the Assiniboine, to its junction with the Moose River, there is nothing to be seen but prairie, covered with long red grass. "On the east, north, and south," says Sir George, "there was not a mound or tree to vary the vast expanse of green sward; while to the west were the gleaming bays of the Assiniboine, separated from each other by wooded points of considerable depth." The productiveness of Red River settlement may be inferred from the yield of wheat there, as compared with the average in the adjoining States of America. In Minnesota it stands

at 20 bushels to the acre, in Massachusetts at 16, and in Red River at 40. The average weight, north of the States' boundary, is from 64 to 67 lbs. per imperial bushel, while that of the best Illinois wheat is from 60 to 65 lbs. per bushel. M. Bourgeau, botanist to the Palliser expedition, in a letter to Sir William Hooker, writes thus in regard to the Saskatchewan district:—"This district is much more adapted to the culture of the staple crops of temperate climates—wheat, rye, barley, oats, &c.—than one would have been inclined to believe from its high latitude. The prairies offer natural pasturage, as favourable for the maintenance of numerous herds as if they had been artificially created. On the south branch of the North Saskatchewan extend rich and vast prairies interspersed with woods and forests, where thick wood plants furnish excellent pasturage for domestic animals."¹ A vast coal formation, too, has been traced from the 49th parallel of latitude far beyond the 60th, which, with other elements of wealth in the soil, would seem to indicate that the region is designed to become a great field for human industry.

In regard to the climate of the route, it may be stated generally that the ocean to the windward of America being larger and warmer than that which washes its eastern shores, and the inland waters being so extensive north of the boundary, the climate is tempered accordingly. The isothermal line therefore runs farther north on the west coast than on the east. That line starting from New York, for instance, and drawn across the continent, would pass through Lake Winnipeg to Fort Simpson, which is 1,000 miles north of the commercial capital of the United States. The northern shore of Lake Huron enjoys the mean summer temperature of Bordeaux in the south of France (70° Fahr.), while Cumberland House, in lat. 54°, long. 102°, on the Saskatchewan, exceeds in this respect Brussels and Paris. One of the witnesses before the House of Commons in 1856 stated that on the 1st of May the Saskatchewan country was free from snow, and the river half full of water; and Captain Palliser records that on January 9th, 1858, there was little or no snow on the ground from Edmonton to Rocky Mountain House.

The superiority of our advantages in reference to the courses of rivers, and the basins formed by them, has already been touched upon. We also enjoy facilities immeasurably surpassing those of the Americans in having convenient passes through the Rocky Mountains. The peculiar physical difficulties that oppose the construction of an inter-oceanic railway through American territory, as contrasted with the much fewer trials of engineering skill to be met with on the British side, give us an opportunity of yet being first, if we will, to complete this enterprise, though the rival nation has so

(1) Explorations by Captain Palliser, p. 250.

far got the start. Ever since the discovery of gold in California the ablest military engineers of the United States have been engaged in searching for a practicable outlet in the Rocky Mountains, but not a single pass has been detected for 1,000 miles south of the 49th parallel less than 6,000 feet high. Ten years ago, when Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War, he said, "the only practicable route for railway communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts of North America is through the Hudson's Bay territory, on account of the desert land from the north boundary of the United States to the extreme south of Texas." In 1858 the Governor of Minnesota also admitted that a "great inter-oceanic communication is more likely to be constructed through the Saskatchewan basin than across the American desert." Depressions in the passes north of lat. 49° are generally manageable, numerous, and so well distributed as to leave us at no loss in entering whatever portion of British Columbia from north to south we may desire. Captain Palliser takes notice of eight passes,¹ the altitudes of which were measured by him, the Vermillion Pass, 4,944 feet high, being the most convenient of ascent he had discovered. About three years after the explorations conducted by that gentleman, the Leather Pass attracted attention as the most favourable for wheel conveyances and as requiring the least expense for grading. It is situated in lat. 54°, is 400 or 500 feet lower than the Vermillion, and has a mean clear ascent of only from 3¼ to 3½ feet in the whole distance from Fort Edmonton. It was crossed in 1862 by several parties of adventurers bound for the mines of British Columbia, embracing more than two hundred persons in all. One of these companies travelled with one hundred and thirty oxen and seventy horses. From the lips of many of these emigrants I have received uniform testimony to the clear and level aspect of the country through which they journeyed, and to the practicability of the Leather Pass for railway purposes. From the description given by Viscount Milton and Dr. Cheadle of their travels through the Rocky Mountains, it will be seen that these sublime heights, covered with eternal snows, are no longer invested to the traveller with repellent terrors. His lordship and his friend thus write: "From Red River to Edmonton, about 800 miles, the road lies through a fertile and park-like country, and an excellent cart trail already exists. From Edmonton to Jasper House, a distance of about 400 miles, the surface is slightly undulating. . . . From Jasper House to Tete Jaune's Cache—the pass through the main ridge of the Rocky Mountains, about 100 or 120 miles in length—a wide break in the chain, running nearly east and west, offers a natural roadway, unobstructed except by timber. The rivers, with the exception of the Athabasca and the Fraser, are small and fordable, even at their highest. The

(1) Explorations, p. 14.

ascent to the height of land is very gradual, and, indeed, hardly perceptible. . . . The descent on the western slope, though more rapid, is neither steep nor difficult. From the Cache the road might be carried in almost a straight line to Richfield, in Cariboo, lying nearly due west. . . . This part of the country is mountainous and densely wooded, but the distance is not more than 90 miles, . . . and a road has already been made from the mouth of Quesnelle, on the Fraser, to Richfield, through similar country."

Engineering skill has already triumphed over natural obstacles infinitely more formidable than are here to be encountered, in cutting paths through the Alleghanies in the United States, the Scemmering heights in Austria, and the Bhore Ghauts in India. The railway from Kan-Kan to the Deccan, through the last-named mountains, had to contend with an elevation, in a very short distance, from a base 196 feet to an altitude 2,627 feet, with a gradient of 1 in 48. Twelve tunnels were formed, equal to 2,535 yards; also eight viaducts, eighteen bridges, and eighteen culverts, at a cost of £41,118 per mile, making a total of £597,222. In comparison, too, with the difficulties successfully grappled with by Russia in opening up internal communications through her sparsely populated and much more inhospitable territory, and in extending her trade with China through the interior of Asia, those attaching to our overland enterprise are of the most Lilliputian character.

But the grand question remains to be answered. What would be the real gain to commerce by the proposed undertaking? Would it be satisfactory as an investment? It is the opinion of those fully competent to deal with this practical bearing of the subject that the amount of direct traffic which would be created between Australia, China, India, Japan, and England, by a railway from Halifax to the Gulf of Georgia, would soon render the work a financial success. The following table will illustrate the distance and time in the Vancouver Island, or British Columbian route, from England to Hong-Kong, as contrasted with the present mail route *via* the Isthmus of Suez:—

Distance, overland by Suez, from Southampton to Hong-Kong,	
9,467 miles, 50—60 days.	
Distance from Southampton to Halifax,	2,532 miles, 9 days' steam.
Distance from Halifax to Vancouver	
Island	2,536 miles, 6 days' rail.
Distance from Vancouver Island to	
Hong-Kong	6,053 miles, 21 days' steam.
Total	11,121 miles, 36 days.

With a clear saving of some twenty days the route now advocated would combine the advantage of shortening the time now spent at sea on the voyage *via* Suez by the same number of days, and a large

proportion of passengers who at present travel to China by that isthmus and the Cape of Good Hope, might be expected to select in preference the railway through British North America, as less trying to the constitution as well as more expeditious than the routes now in use. In these busy days, when the proverb, "Time is money," is more signally exemplified than ever, and when the six hundred millions of Orientals in China and India are becoming increasingly interested in our articles of export, an abbreviated communication with these countries cannot very much longer escape the attention of political economists and men of business. Large cargoes would probably continue to be conveyed by the Cape, but light freight, mails, treasure, the better class of passengers, and troops, would be certain to go and come *viâ* the Trans-American Railway. Nor is this all. Not to speak of the reduction of distance to Vancouver Island and British Columbia, which by this mode of transit would be 5,650 miles as contrasted with 9,000 by the Panama route, consider the saving that would be effected in the passage to our South Pacific colonies. The route by the Isthmus of Panama is the shortest practicable one at present in existence, and a steam-packet mail service is to be opened through it, at the beginning of 1866, to New Zealand and New South Wales. But if the intended railway were connected with a line of steamers plying between Vancouver Island and those colonies, Vancouver Island being 900 miles nearer to Sydney than Panama is, the time to Sydney would be reduced to 47 days, or ten days less than by steam from England *viâ* Panama.

But the importance of this railroad scheme is enhanced when its *political utility* is taken into account. Military emergencies may arise, if not in our day, perhaps in some coming generation, when necessity for such a great highway to our Eastern possessions, wholly through British territory, may be strongly felt. Happily Great Britain lives at present on terms of amity with the rest of the civilised world. Can we be certain, however, that in the extension of French power eastward, British and French interests will never come in collision? Is it possible to predict what may be the issue of the noiseless but real aggrandising policy of France in seeking fresh acquisitions of territory in the Mediterranean, and in expending so vast an amount upon the formation of the Lesseps canal across the Isthmus of Suez? In the event of war with that or any other European power interrupting the existing overland passage from England by the Red Sea, it is almost needless to remark that our Indian empire would be placed in imminent jeopardy. Should we, under these circumstances, be destitute of those facilities for the expeditious transport of troops and military stores which the proposed line of railway could alone adequately supply, *actum est* would be aptly descriptive of all we hold dear in the East.

We are the only first-rate power on the globe that is not striving to obtain ready access to the Pacific for commercial and political objects through its own territory. Mexico is virtually under the control of France, and Chevalier, in his recent work on that country, helps us to unravel the secret of Napoleon's conquest of it. The erection of a barrier against the application of the Monroe doctrine by the United States, and the development of the boundless resources of Mexico, are but subordinate acts in the great drama to be played there under French appointment. The acute eye of the Emperor cannot fail to discern that the marvels of commerce and civilisation by which so high a degree of lustre has been shed on the European coasts of the Atlantic, are about to be repeated with probably tenfold greater brilliance on the American shores of the Pacific. He has deeply pondered the history of Eastern trade, now flowing eastward from Asia, while in the past it has only streamed westward. He sees the imperative necessity of possessing an uninterrupted route over soil of which he has absolute command. Mexico affords this desired facility, stretching as it does from ocean to ocean. A railway is in progress from Vera Cruz, in the Gulf of Mexico, and now rapidly approaches the city of Mexico. Thence it is to be carried westward to Acapulco, the ancient port for Spanish trade with Manilla on the one hand, and Spain on the other. From Acapulco he has resolved that there shall be lines of French steamers in future years plying to China, Japan, the Sandwich Islands, and the more fertile portions of southern Polynesia. French interference in some of the islands of the Pacific of late has been specially noticeable.

Then Russia, whose aggressive policy was regarded by the first Napoleon with more apprehension than was felt by him in reference to any other single European nation, has recently established herself in great maritime strength on the banks of the Amoor river, in the vicinity of China and Japan. She alone of all the Powers of Europe has possessions extending in unbroken continuity from the European shores of the Atlantic, or at least the Baltic, to the Pacific, and all her energies are bent to the gigantic task of completing clear and easy transit from her Asiatic shores, *via* Siberia, to St. Petersburg. That she will eventually have a railway from the Baltic to the Pacific is beyond doubt. Already she is active in building a line of telegraph over this route, and at the present moment there is a fleet at Behring Straits engaged in surveys with a view to bringing that line from the Amoor river across to Sitka, or New Archangel, the capital of the Russian possessions in America. But how shall I speak of the indomitable and restless enterprise of the United States in this respect? The House of Representatives at Washington, several years ago, as is well known, passed a Bill for the completion of an iron road from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In spite of an exhaustive war, and the

discouraging physical difficulties on the route which have been described, the line has been steadily advancing to California, and another from the proposed terminus in that State is being formed to meet it. It is estimated that at the present rate of progress this entire railway will be finished in six years. With a view to the extension of commerce with China and Japan, the lion's share of which already falls to California, among countries on the western shores of the American continent, the government of the United States has just granted a subsidy to a line of steamers about to run between San Francisco and the coasts of Asia. So bold and liberal a measure must bring incalculable commercial returns. Vancouver Island is 200 miles nearer the Amoor river, 300 miles nearer Shanghai, and 240 miles nearer Canton and Calcutta than San Francisco is. Yet we are compelled to stand by and see a neighbouring country, much less conveniently situated to Asia, carrying off the prize that ought to be jealously guarded by ourselves. The young and thriving populations that increase with such fabulous rapidity on the western shores of America will soon be found emulating the zeal and enterprise of ancient nations, in regard to commerce with the East, and that nation which happens to possess the greatest topographical advantages for uniting the two oceans by a railway, and is also quick to improve these advantages, must become master of the situation. The fear cannot be altogether repressed, that notwithstanding the obviously superior advantages presented by our territory for the execution of this noble and desirable work, these may be nullified by our national indifference about the matter, and our designs forestalled by more progressive rivals. Would that the cogent appeal of Lord Bury, some years since (a nobleman who has no equal in the British legislature in acquaintance with this subject), were duly considered by the government and the people :—" Our trade in the Pacific Ocean, with China and with India, must ultimately be carried through our North American possessions ; at any rate, our political and commercial supremacy will have utterly departed from us if we neglect that very great and important consideration, and if we fail to carry out to its fullest extent the physical advantages which the country offers to us, and which we have only to stretch out our hands to take advantage of." Through the ignorance and neglect of her rulers twenty years ago, England threw away much rich territory on the north-west coast, and she has still much at stake in the Pacific. She once snatched from Holland the East Indian trade, and if she allow herself to be blinded by past prosperity to the urgent claims of present interest, some rising power may gradually eclipse her commercial glory.

MATTHEW MACFIE.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE so-called "negro insurrection" in Jamaica, and its bloody suppression, have attracted more attention than any other topics during the past fortnight, and if we do not misread the temper of the public, they will occupy men's minds still more, and to more purpose, when Parliament meets. The outrages of the negroes at Morant Bay have sunk into the background, and the foreground is now filled by the spectacle of the punishments inflicted indiscriminately on the "coloured race of two parishes in the east end of the island by the Governor, by the white West Indians, by officers of her Majesty's regular army, and by their dark allies, the Maroons, for the crimes committed in Morant Bay, and the subsequent ravages of plantations. It would be hard to find, out of the annals of Poland, a series of incidents more astounding, not to say revolting, of acts committed by authority in more flagrant violation of the commonest principles of justice and of law. Standing out in bold relief, like a giant figure against a lurid sunset, is one distinct act of proscription committed in defiance of all law. The figure of Mr. George Gordon, swinging on a gibbet in Morant Bay, with a background of massacre, has made an impression on the public mind, far deeper even than the picture of the Maroons in their "war-paint," performing a savage dance around the dangling bodies of a score of "rebels," or than the brutal carnage in and around Morant court-house. These are strong assertions, and these assertions we mean to justify out of the official despatches. For the honour and credit and good name of England are involved, and these must be vindicated, either by the production, on the part of the Jamaica authorities, of ample warrant for what they have done, or by a disavowal of what they have done on the part and in the name of the Imperial Government.

Take the narrative of Governor Eyre and the despatches of his subordinates. On the 7th of October, a black man created a disturbance in the court-house at Morant Bay, and when he was arrested, his friends rescued him by main force and blows. "The magistrates seem to have thought little of it," and did not report to the Executive. But on the 9th they resolved to vindicate the law, and directed the arrest of the ringleaders. Six constables were sent to seize twenty-eight persons; they were opposed and maltreated by an armed mob, and returned with empty hands. On the 10th the Custos of the parish, Baron von Ketelholdt, arrived at Morant Bay, but he did not "think much of what had taken place." Urged by the clerk of the peace, however, he officially informed Governor Eyre that "serious disturbances were apprehended," and requested that troops might be sent. Governor Eyre got the letter on the morning of the 11th; by eventide he had put a hundred men on board a ship-of-war, bound for Morant Bay, which is close to Kingston, and then he rode up the mountains to be present at a dinner party at Flamstead. In the meantime, as we learn from other sources, for the Governor does not narrate this part of the tragedy, Morant Town had been the scene of dreadful crimes. Anticipating another visit from the blacks, the Custos, now alive to the danger, called into the town the Bath volunteers, and placed them in front of the court-house. The negroes, headed by one Paul Bogle, hitherto deemed civil,

inoffensive, and well-conducted, arrived in a body, and as they were armed, they were refused admittance. The Riot Act was read, and answered by a shower of stones. Thereupon the volunteer captain ordered his men to fire. The volley, far from frightening the mob, made them furious, and they proceeded to make a fierce and sustained attack on the volunteers. Driven at once into the court-house, the volunteers and the gentlemen inside maintained a fire upon the insurgents; but as they fell killed or wounded one by one, as their ammunition was exhausted, as the house was fired, they sallied out, and nearly all those who escaped the bullets of the rebels, fell under their knives and cutlasses. Here the negroes, "it is said" (we quote the words of the Governor), not content with mere murder, mutilated and tortured their victims, showing no mercy, except to medical men. The nominal returns give nineteen killed, and seventeen wounded. After plundering the town, the insurgents quitted it, but where they went to, and what they did, have not been intelligibly described. It is plain, however, that they spread alarm far and wide, and forced the white folks to flee in terror, and that these or other insurgents pillaged several places in the parish of St. Thomas. But it is only fair to say that many blacks behaved nobly. "They offered no violence to any women or children." A Mr. Cooke owed his life to a black man who "watched over and protected him." "Several black men made the greatest efforts to save the lives of the victims." Mr. Henry Mais was saved by some women who turned him back from a perilous road, and pointed out a place of shelter. Several ladies took refuge in the Wesleyan Mission House. They were dying of thirst, when a "devoted black woman" stole forth and brought them water. A Mr. Fitzherbert met a gang who threatened to slay him, but they desisted when he said he "had just come to the island and had done them no harm." But they slew his bookkeeper. A Mr. Da Costa was saved by his wife, who, with streaming eyes, begged the blacks not to kill him. These are the bright spots in a sombre picture.

Here then is the parish of St. Thomas, a corner of the island, in full rebellion. We are now to see how the rebels fought and how they fell; we have come to the campaign of the troops and the Maroons on both sides of the Blue Mountains, and we have to record their valorous deeds. Alas! the record is one of great slaughter, but it is not marked by a single combat of any kind, nor did her Majesty's troops or the Maroons lose a single man! Nay, when officers and men ended their labours they were all the better for the exercise and excitement.

Governor Eyre and General O'Connor showed no want of either sense or energy. Martial law was proclaimed in the whole county of Surrey, Kingston excepted. With promptness and skill they disposed of the royal and West Indian troops available, and applied to Halifax and Nassau and Barbadoes for reinforcements. The Maroons had anticipated the call of the Governor, and were at once in the field under their appointed white leaders. By these agencies the district assumed to be full of rebels was occupied by the soldiers and sailors and savages in such a way as to cut off all communication between the rebels and the rest of the island. They were enclosed by the Maroons from the north and by the march of troops from the south and west and east. The men-of-war and an American ship had carried off the terrified women and children, and by the 15th, three days after the news of the outbreak reached

Kingston, the whole of the rebellious quarter, a mere corner, was firmly in the grasp of the Governor. After the fight and massacre at the court-house there was not anywhere a scintilla of resistance.

The reader will now assume that, having gained possession of the little district, every inch of which would be included between the sea and a line drawn from Port Antonio to Kingston, the Governor and the soldiers and police proceeded to arrest all coloured persons who were suspected of being concerned in the brutal outrages, and in resistance to law at Morant Bay, and in the plunder of the plantations. That is the course, and the only course which the Executive would dare to pursue in the United Kingdom, in Australia, or in Canada, under similar circumstances. That was not the course pursued in Jamaica. Martial law was defined by Wellington to be the will of the general in command, and the general in command in Surrey was Governor Eyre, and the will of Governor Eyre appears to have been—we judge by results—that the black population of Surrey should be hunted down. “No stand has ever been made against the troops”—these are the Governor’s words. On the 13th a body of soldiers were sent to surprise some rebels in their huts. They found and brought in two men and some women. “One of the men was a principal in the disturbance. He was tried by court-martial and at once hung. The second, quite a young man, was flogged.” Was he flogged for being young? On the 15th “we had for the first time a quiet night,” and on the 16th “a court-martial sat to try prisoners, and twenty-seven were found guilty and hung.” One of the parties of soldiers sent out was commanded by “J. Francis Hobbs, Colonel 6th Royals,” and he has recorded his doings in despatches. On the 16th he had reached Monklands, and he reports that he had executed a rebel chief, and that subsequently to the execution numbers of rebels came in, “having thrown away their arms, seeking protection.” He could not guard them. He believed them “all worthy of death,” but shrunk from the responsibility of executing them without orders. But he soon ceased to be so particular. On the 18th he marched in the night from Monklands to a place he calls “Jigger Fort Market,” probably Chiefofoot Market. The rain fell in torrents, the road was difficult, and perhaps this may account for what followed. At daylight on the 19th he found “a number of special constables who had captured a number of prisoners from the rebel camp. Finding their guilt clear,” he continues, “and being unable to either take or leave them, I had them all shot. The constables then hung them up on trees, eleven in number. Their countenances were all diabolical, and they never flinched the very slightest.” Thence he went to “Stony Gut,” where it was supposed the rebels were in force, but where he found none. Carrying with him a lamp from Paul Bogle’s chapel as a trophy, he returned to Monklands. “I have,” he writes, “Paul Bogle’s valet for my guide, a little fellow of extraordinary intelligence. *A tight rope tied to the stirrups, and a revolver now and then to his head, cause us thoroughly to understand each other; and he knows every single rebel in the island by name and face, and has just been selecting the captains, colonels, and secretaries out of an immense gang of prisoners just come in here, who I shall have shot to-morrow morning.*” Governor Eyre admirably sums up the exploits of Colonel Hobbs in these words: “Colonel Hobbs had *seen* and *shot* a good many rebels, as well as captured some prisoners.” So that we may infer Hobbs went about with the gallant 6th shooting coloured people at

sight! Captain Hole reports that he sent out a party of men from Manchioneel. "They did not encounter any rebels," but they fired huts in two places. "Three of the men of the 1st West India Regiment"—themselves negroes, be it observed—"got separated from their party, proceeded as far as the Plaintrain Garden River district, and from their reports I learned a great number of rebels are lurking in that district. They informed me on their return last evening that *they had shot about ten rebels*, three of whom were concerned in the murder of Mr. Hire."

It may have been just to slay the three concerned in the murder of Mr. Hire, but what of the other seven? and what are we to think of these straggling negro soldiers going about and acting after this fashion as judge, jury, and executioner? Captain Hole himself presided at the burning of a settlement, in which he was "informed" the rebels of the neighbourhood had resided. This is the first news we have of any rebellion in Manchioneel. One of the Kingston papers thus describes the exploits of the Maroons under the orders of the Honourable A. G. Fyfe. "They are," says the writer, "already scouring the country for rebels, dragging them from their concealment, and extirminating them wherever they have been found. Over one hundred rebels are reported to have been shot by the Maroons in this mission already. At an execution of the rebels, and while the dead bodies were hanging as a public example, the Maroons, we are informed by Colonel Hunt [aide-de-camp to Governor Eyre], assembled around the gallows, where they had a war-dance, the savage wildness of which was truly grand." A body of "supposed rebels" were brought in to Morant Bay on the 16th, and on the 17th they were examined before the Provost-Marshal. "Beyond being stragglers, nothing was proved that warranted the committal of the whole of them." Of course they were liberated, or simply held in arrest as a precaution? That is not the way they do things in Jamaica. Thirty were tied to a gun, and, in succession, received "fifty lashes on the bare back, laid on after man-of-war fashion." These were the innocent; for the rest, twenty in number, were committed for trial by court-martial as rebels. "Amongst the rebels was George Marshall, a brown man of about twenty-five years old, who, on receiving forty-seven lashes, *ground his teeth, and gave a ferocious look of defiance at the Provost-Marshal*. He was immediately ordered to be taken from the gun and hanged. No time was lost, and he was accordingly strung up in the presence of the insurrectionists." We read of one man who received fifty lashes "for escaping from prison during the insurrection;" and of four who got "the same punishment for insubordination while they were being examined." These details are sufficient to show how Governor Eyre and his subordinates suppressed an insurrection in a corner of Jamaica, by waging a war of extermination. No one will say a single word against the punishment of murderers. It was just and merciful to seize and destroy them, and to take the lives of the leaders. But it is not just to hunt down a race, and perpetuate indiscriminate slaughter. The provocation was great. It is hard to be cool and fair when the corpses of your friends are lying about the streets, and when women and children are flying for their lives. Nevertheless it was the duty of Governor Eyre to be cool, and, as he represented Queen Victoria, to stand between the planter class and the coloured race. He ought not to have allowed the former to take advantage of the opportunity to make an unlimited use of the cat, the rope, and the bullet.

But even if we were to admit that there were excuses for the conduct of Hobbs, and Hole, and Fyfe and of his Maroons, and of the militia captains who sat on the court-martial, there can be no excuse for the hanging of Mr. George Gordon. He was a coloured man, but nearly white. He was educated, prosperous, a member of the Assembly; he had an English wife, and he was known personally to many gentlemen in England. He had made himself obnoxious to the powers that be by acting as "opposition," and by taking the part of his race in the endless quarrels which trouble the island. He had probably been in communication with Bogle and other black leaders in Morant Bay, but his place of residence was Kingston, and he was at Kingston when the riot and slaughter at Morant took place. He was not the only man in Kingston hateful to the ruling few. It may be remembered that when martial law was proclaimed, Kingston was excepted. The magistrates did not like this, and one of their first steps was to urge Governor Eyre to include Kingston, and had he done so, it is plain there would have been a proscription. Fortunately he refused. But this did not baulk the enemies of Mr. Gordon. Governor Eyre states that in his tour along the coast he found "most unmistakable evidence that Mr. George William Gordon" had "not only been mixed up in the matter, but was himself, through his own *misrepresentations and seditious language*, the chief cause and origin of the rebellion." These are curious terms to use by way of preface to so grave a charge. Evidence on oath being furnished that "certain seditious printed notices had been sent through the post-office, directed in his handwriting to the parties who have been in rebellion," Governor Eyre ordered his arrest. Governor Eyre had arrived at Kingston, at seven A.M., on the 17th of October, met the magistrates at nine A.M., and issued his warrant for the arrest of Mr. Gordon. By noon Mr. Gordon was in custody. Yet Governor Eyre, in his despatch, meanly tries to make out that Gordon tried to "evade capture." The warrant could not have been signed until after nine, the man was in custody before noon. In fact he "gave himself up" to General O'Connor, and the fair inference is that he surrendered as soon as he knew the warrant was out. What did the Governor do with him? Keep him in safe custody for trial at Kingston, where he was arrested, and where his offence was alleged to have been committed? Try him before the civil courts in a town where martial law had *not* superseded civil law? No. That would not have secured his conviction and death. Governor Eyre took Mr. Gordon from under the protection of the law, assumed his guilt without trial or examination, packed him on board a ship of war, and carried him to Morant Bay. Here he was landed on the 20th, tried before a court-martial composed of Brigadier Nelson of the Queen's army and certain "militia officers," found guilty, and at eight A.M. on the 23rd hanged "beneath the great arch of the burnt court-house" at Morant Bay!

Now this is a proceeding which can find its justification in no rule or principle of law. Governor Eyre had no authority to send Mr. Gordon to Morant Bay for trial; the Brigadier and his militia officers had no authority to try him; and consequently neither the Governor nor the so-called court had any authority to hang him. Mr. Gordon has been slain in violation of the law. He may have been guilty of all that is charged against him—of that we know nothing; but Governor Eyre and Brigadier Nelson have been guilty of a crime quite as great as that imputed to Gordon—they have taken life by an illegal process; they have, in the name of the Queen, and by misusing the powers

entrusted to them by the Queen, committed a judicial murder. Unless these men are called to a strict account, it will be impossible to say that any man is safe in any British possession, or even in Great Britain itself. The way in which Mr. Gordon was treated by his political opponents throws a painful glare of light into the very heart of the system adopted to suppress this "rebellion," and reveals the fact that it was a mere work of vengeance. Governor Eyre in his despatch states, first, that Mr. Gordon was the chief cause of the rebellion; and, next, that it was "in a great degree due to Dr. Underhill's letter, and the meetings held in connection therewith;" and in another part of his despatch he asserts that "it is absolutely necessary, for the future security of Jamaica, that condign punishment should be inflicted upon those through whose seditious acts *and language* the rebellion has been originated." He has executed Mr. Gordon for seditious language, and one is surprised he did not request Mr. Cardwell to transport Dr. Underhill to Morant Bay for trial by court-martial and execution by the hangman.

Into all these bloody transactions—the record of which has sent a shudder through the State, and has lowered the name of England before the world—and into the condition of Jamaica, and the real causes both of this atrocious "rebellion" and its equally atrocious suppression, there must be strict inquiry by authority of Parliament. Governor Eyre is a man of undoubted courage and a man of honour. "The whole responsibility of what has been done rests upon me," he writes. Let the responsibility be felt. Governor Eyre ought to be recalled; and those officers who, on their own showing, did flagrantly illegal acts, should be directed to report to the Horse Guards. The public conscience demands satisfaction, and will have it.

May we not regard the appointment of Mr. W. E. Forster, member for Bradford, as in some degree a warrant for expecting very vigorous dealing with the authorities at Jamaica?

The reconstruction of the Administration goes on slowly, and at present no obvious attempt even has been made to re-construct the Cabinet. If any efforts have been made, and we believe some have been made, the secret has been well kept. The Cabinet, then, still remains as it was, the Duchy of Lancaster being unfilled, and a seat thus kept for a man of might when one can be found. If Mr. Bright were spoken of, only to be set aside with regret, as a politician who, if brought in, would split up the party; was Lord Stanley applied to or sounded, and found to be proof against the seductions of the Premier and the Chancellor? How many tears have been shed over the sad reflection that the only other men of Cabinet rank on the Liberal side, Mr. Lowe and Mr. Horsman, banged the door of the Cabinet in their own faces when they denounced Reform? As the Cabinet at present stands there is room only for one man, and since they will not admit any of the new fellows to those divine altitudes, where is he to come from? Lord Russell might answer in the words of Napoleon at Waterloo, when Ney asked for fresh infantry, *Où voulez-vous que j'en prenne? Voulez-vous que j'en fusse?* Yet it is difficult to see how the Cabinet can maintain itself unless Lord Russell finds a means of taking men from somewhere, or of making a few for the occasion. At present the modifications are in the rank and file. Two of the old members have been extruded. Sir Robert Peel cedes the Irish Secretaryship to Mr. Chichester Fortescue, and Mr. Hutt goes out of the Vice-President's chair at the Board of Trade to make way for Mr. Göschén. This

has furnished a place for Mr. W. E. Forster, who did not signify his willingness to succeed Mr. Fortescue, as Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, until *after* he had made a very marked Reform Bill speech to his constituents. By these changes the Ministry gains the support of two of the new men. The third, who has for various reasons—not the least of which was his handsome behaviour when so ruthlessly persecuted by the Tories and sham Liberals,—the third, who has greater claims than either, Mr. Stansfeld, has not yet found a place at the Ministerial banquet. There was a time when Lord Clarence Paget professed to have a longing for “the sea, the open sea.” Has the longing passed away, and does he prefer instead the cruising ground of Whitehall? Up to this time, except that they have enlisted two debaters, and unmuzzled Mr. Fortescue by giving him a representative office, Ministers, we repeat, have not strengthened that citadel of the administration, the Cabinet. Changes may yet be made; the difficulty of getting on to the Treasury benches of the Lower House, either the First Lord or the Minister of War, may be overcome. But we are within six weeks of the meeting of Parliament—of a Parliament which is to see a Reform Bill, and perhaps a Reform agitation; which will have to discuss American claims and Jamaica outrages, and last, but not least, the cattle plague; which will have to decide on demands for retrenchments,—and the thing has not been done. The Cabinet is still what it was defined to be six weeks ago: Lord Palmerston’s Cabinet *minus* Lord Palmerston. The Liberal party has not yet received that re-organisation which its numbers and the exigencies of the moment alike require. Yet it cannot truly be said that there is any abatement of the qualified confidence with which Lord Russell has been received, and which he deserves. The patience of the public is most edifying. May it be rewarded.

While there can be no doubt the French Emperor watches with interest the modifications in the British Cabinet, and feels satisfaction at the appointment of Lord Clarendon, his own proceedings are calculated to attract some attention. All his thoughts appear to be directed towards economy, and he would probably be more economical if the “vested interests” would let him. M. Fould is fighting hard for retrenchment in order that he may not be engulfed in a big deficit, and so far the Emperor has supported him in what is a stiff fight with his colleagues. He has succeeded in obtaining a decree to rid the French financial administration of the almost sinecure posts of receivers-general; an excellent reform which will save two and a half millions of francs, but which deprives the Government of a considerable mass of patronage. The most salient economy, however, is the vaunted reduction of the army. This measure was first announced in a stage-whisper by a semi-official journal, contradicted by the *Moniteur*, and then carried out immediately by Imperial decree. The *Moniteur*, however, was in the right. As announced by the *Patrie*, it appeared that there was to be a real reduction of considerable extent—40,000 men, and a saving of £2,000,000 sterling. This was an error. Instead of reducing the army by 40,000 men, it has been reduced by 10,296, and increased by three new native Algerian battalions. The net saving, in 1867, will not be £2,000,000, but a little over a fourth of that amount. Moreover, it is only the *cadres* of troops of all arms that are reduced; the men forming the substantial part of squadrons, batteries, companies, are absorbed in the untouched parts of the army, and the reduced officers and non-commissioned officers will also be

absorbed, in fixed proportions, as vacancies occur. It will be seen that this is a very different thing from the wholesale reduction of battalions, squadrons, companies, and batteries, as at first announced. But, even had the larger reduction been effected, no appreciable change would have been made in the efficiency of the whole military machine for instant action, since every officer and man is as available as ever. If we were to see General Allard rise in his place in the next session and state that the Government would be content with 80,000 conscripts, as in the days of the monarchy, instead of 100,000 conscripts, as is now the rule, then it might be argued that France was disarming. That conscript vote is the test of the readiness of France to stand on the defensive. The present change in the army merely gives a certain amount of relief to the French Treasury—nothing more.

King Victor Emmanuel, in opening his new Parliament, hinted at reduction also. In Italy the need for it is greater than in France; for in Italy the accumulated deficit is prodigious, almost unfathomable. When the Italians look at their budgets, how the sight thereof must increase their permanent sorrow for the loss of Cavour! And, after all, it is not the army and navy alone that create these deficits. The cost of collecting the revenue and maintaining the civil service is something enormous, the expenses of the finance department being nearly one-half the whole expenditure. It is plain that the army of placemen eats up more than the army of soldiers. Besides retrenchment in some shape, the Italian monarch promises his Parliament plenty of work:—the formation of a body of law common to all the kingdom, rather a large task; the separation of Church and State, the exact bearing of which one does not well see, but which, it is well to remember, is an idea of Baron Ricasoli; some educational measures; and one to suppress religious houses. The king, however, at a time when scarcely any, if any, direct negotiations exist between Rome and Florence, undertakes to execute the Convention of September, and affirms emphatically that it will be carried out by France within the period fixed in that instrument. The present state of Italy is not very satisfactory; but a people who have shown so much courage and moderation and sense, will find a way out of their perplexing troubles.

The quarrel which Spain has fastened on Chili is a most unpleasant incident. The original complaints against the Chilian Government were frivolous and vexatious. The accredited Minister of Spain had accepted, from the Chilian Government, explanations regarded by him as satisfactory, when a new Government at Madrid refused to accept these explanations, and directed Admiral Pareja to insist on reparation, including a fine of £60,000, with the alternative of instant war. By common consent this is regarded as a proceeding more worthy of buccaneers than a regular government, and England and France have remonstrated at Madrid. And surely Chili, beset by a bankrupt Power, has a right to every aid it is possible to give her. It would be iniquitous to allow Spain to maintain a navy out of moneys extorted from the South American republics.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE CARTOONS. By W. WATKISS LLOYD. Williams and Norgate. 1865.

It is not often that an author makes one wish him less original and independent than he is; but Mr. Lloyd's book will probably produce this effect upon some of his readers. He has here united a description of Raphael's celebrated Cartoons with an analysis of the facts upon which he considers that those portions of the New Testament represented in the Cartoons rest. In this analysis Mr. Lloyd adheres to that "mythical" view of the Gospel narrative with which the names of Strauss and Baur have been conspicuously connected, although Mr. Lloyd has worked independently, and in many cases reaches conclusions of his own. From this standing-point he has criticised the story with great candour, research, and ingenuity; and that profound study of the Greek mythology, in which Mr. Lloyd has probably no living English rival, has supplied him with some curious, and, perhaps, some over-subtle illustrations. Mr. Lloyd's heart is obviously in his subject, and he writes with the force inspired by sincerity and conviction. Looking, however, at the book from the side of literature, even those who, in these days of compromise and sentimental *suppressio veri*, honour from their hearts the thoughtful man who speaks courageously what he holds deliberately, may find it impossible not to feel that the author has here united two subjects so widely disparate, not only in their importance, but in the frame of mind which they respectively exact from the reader, that the effect of either portion, and of the book as a whole, runs a risk of injury. Had the ideas which Raphael held on the New Testament been the subject of explanation, there would have been clear reason for a biblical commentary. As the book stands, it appears open to the very same objection which would have been justly made had it "improved" the cartoons in a set of sermons of the ordinary type. It is remarkable, also, that Mr. Lloyd should have fallen into a line of argument similar to that with which preachers have often been reproached. His criticisms appear to pre-suppose that the reader shall have adopted the author's creed: in Lamb's phrase, "he converts the already converted:" and those who do not start from his point of view can hardly, perhaps, do justice to the curious and elaborate arguments with which he has supported it.

But it will be best not to follow Mr. Lloyd in what, from the literary point of view, I venture to consider want of discrimination and method. Regarding, then, the book as a critical description of Raphael's art, as exhibited in the cartoons, the English public is largely indebted to Mr. Lloyd's labours. Art, indeed, like theology, has its sects, heresies, and animosities; and it will be thought by some readers that Mr. Lloyd has passed too indulgently over the conventional limitations and the comparative want of characteristic expression in Raphael's mature or "Roman" style. The cartoons, however, with some of the Vatican frescoes, and one or two great works in oil, are unquestionably the most complete productions of the great painter, and on the whole may be said to sum up more fully than any other series of pictures the mediæval ideas of Scriptural art. Taking them as they are, Mr. Lloyd has analysed each with scrupulous diligence, pointing out the unity of

each subject, as conceived of by Raphael, and the singular dramatic power of his representations. The facts and the allusions are explained with great care and research; nor is it too high praise to say that in what relates to the art displayed in the Cartoons, Mr. Lloyd writes with a taste and technical exactness which are parallel to the criticisms of Reynolds in his famous "Lectures." One rarely finds a book which gives so much the sense that the author is master of his subject. Mr. Lloyd's taste appears to be of that high and certain kind which rests upon thorough knowledge added to natural instinct; he is one of the few cultivated men of the day who should be appealed to as a perpetual committee of reference by the promoters of public monuments, if anxious to avoid the common fate which attends zeal, without knowledge of painting and sculpture.

As a specimen of Mr. Lloyd's analysis, the following passage is given from his chapter on the "Delivery of the Keys to St. Peter."

"Again, in this cartoon, we stand with the Master Jesus and the Apostles, by the Lake of Gennesareth; but between this moment and the former [the Draught of Fishes] lies a lifetime of instruction, of institution, and of suffering; the life's work is finished, and the subject of the picture represents the very instant when, the personal agency of Jesus having come to an end, the world was to be left to make what it could of the germs of development with which His career had endowed it.

"The bight of the lake in the background fixes the scene; and the end of a fishing-boat, that extends into the picture, is reminiscent of the origin of the fishers of men.

"The Apostles are eleven in number, the traitor being gone; and the appearance and costume of the Saviour declare that the incident is subsequent to his passion and resurrection. The scars of the cross are visible upon hand and foot, and perhaps also in the side.

"Christ, then, is before us, in the aspect and array of a revelation, an apparition, an *epiphania*—the significant New Testament term for his reappearance. He stands entirely apart and disengaged from the group of his disciples, in a manner to remind of the warning to Mary, 'Touch me not, for I have not yet ascended to my Father;' and a tranquillity of pose and moderated symmetry of gesture complete the dignity of a conception as grand as it is appropriate. Tenderness and love are in his eyes, as he appeals to Peter's profession of love to himself as warranty that he can have loving care of the flock committed to him.

"The scene, the time, and the leading circumstance of the picture, are taken from the last chapter of John; but the text is made subservient to a broad general treatment which enabled the painter to combine a wider range of expression than belongs to the particular incident as there narrated. In the neighbourhood of the lake and the fishing-boat, and in the presence of disciples, Jesus appeals thrice to Peter whether he loves him, and receives three assurances, not given without pain at the repetition of the inquiry; and thrice the commission is given, 'Feed my sheep.' So far, and in the detail that John, the disciple whom Jesus loved, is following upon Peter during the colloquy, the painter is content to take his outline from the Evangelist. But the significance on which he was interested to insist, was the assignment to Peter of a certain primacy over the Church and the Apostles. He therefore assembles as witnesses all the other ten Apostles, instead of merely those enumerated in the text, 'Thomas, Nathaniel of Cana, the sons of Zebedee, and two other of his disciples.' He suppresses all indication, by costume of 'fisher's coat,' of that resumption by Peter of his occupation, which is so incongruous in the text. He arrays them all with a dignity that comports with the full establishment of their office. He then transfers to this occasion the committal of the keys to Peter, the power to bind and to loose on earth and in heaven; and in displaying the effect which this produces upon the other Apostles, he finds the means to give expression to all the intimations which are scattered through the Gospels and Acts, of the workings of feeling and temperament among their community.

"Peter, with crossed arms, embraces rather than clasps the keys, which seem to have been just delivered to him with intimation of the control that they symbolise; he is

humbly on his knees, as in act of homage, but his attitude presses forward, his foot is visibly not yet inactive, and the entire figure breathes out the zeal, and sense of responsibility, and the ardour that had so readily professed that though all others might be faithless, he would never fail, and that grieved at the renewed requirement of avowal of love, either simply or as greater than that of others.

"The keys and the browsing sheep are realised figures of speech, which support each other harmoniously, and continue into this cartoon the spirit of symbolism which in the former suggested the introduction of the cranes. By these happy inventions incidents from the life of Christ seem to be brought into sympathy with that very tendency to apologue and parable that characterise his teaching. This treatment also conduces not a little to give to the two designs in which the Saviour is introduced the same ideal air that establishes a certain contrast between the narratives of the Gospels and the greater naturalism of the Acts of the Apostles and the cartoons from the Acts. This is a gradation which always reminds me of that by which we are conducted from the beginning of the *Iliad* to the end of the *Odyssey*. The kneeling position of Peter on this, the great occasion of his preferment, signifies something in addition to fitting deferential homage to the Saviour; it is in accordance with the terms of Christ's rebuke to the disciples, after they had disputed by the way which should be greatest in the kingdom of heaven, and when they were told that he that was eldest among them was bound to be as the younger, and he who should be leader of all to be as a servant.

"The spirit indicated in that discussion finds full expression in the general group, and is indeed the key of its chief contrasts.

"Immediately behind Peter, John, conspicuous by youth and grace, presses forward with eyes of devotion fixed on the Saviour, and with countenance and hands composed to warmest sympathy and adoration. The air of his head, the lines of his drapery, bent knee, and foot, are in immediate harmony with those of Peter; and the four Apostles who are grouped with him most closely, share in various degrees his sympathetic impulse.

"On the other hand, the spirit and liveliness of his action find a contrast in the most advanced figure of the group remote from the Saviour, where the germs or the remains of different feelings are equally evident. This figure, which in its suspended pose shows less action than any other in the picture, was probably intended for Thomas, representative of a disposition, not to denial, but to doubt. With head poised in steady attention, he stands quite upright, and his ample robe slips directly downwards from his shoulder, as his right hand—reversed as usual in the cartoon—drawn back upon his breast, seems to keep down the slightest movement to enthusiasm. The left hand has a movement to collect the cloak which is neglected by the unconscious right, and the left foot could be prompt for advance, but that the right is so entirely quiescent,—altogether the most complete embodiment conceivable of absorbed attention and most equivocal suspense, of coolness and hesitation.

"It is impossible to over-estimate the force, facility, and invention which are exercised by the genius of Raphael in this wonderful composition. The most contrasted feelings are blended by gradation, the finest lines of modified sentiment are rendered with complete distinctness. The manner in which the expression of the hands of John and Thomas are defined by contrast with those that appear on either side of them respectively, is illustrative of the principle that pervades the condensed apposition of gestures, and the play of line and flow of draperies, throughout."

England, which possesses so many great works of art, is much behind France and Germany in critical accounts of them adapted to popular reading. Will Mr. Lloyd excuse the wish that he would reprint those portions of his book which bear on the Cartoons as a guide to these treasures? He would thus "give eyes" to thousands who, now that they are transferred to London, will see them with little profit or pleasure in the absence of a fit interpreter.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

HISTORY OF THE VICEROYS OF IRELAND, WITH NOTICES OF THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN AND ITS CHIEF OCCUPANTS IN FORMER TIMES. By J. T. GILBERT, Esq., Author of "History of the City of Dublin," &c. James Duffy, Dublin. 1865.

MR. GILBERT has dedicated this work to the Royal Irish Academy, which awarded a medal to his "History of the City of Dublin." On that occasion, the president of the Academy, of which he is a distinguished member, expressed a hope "that such appreciation and sympathy might evoke further labours towards supplying the many and acknowledged wants of Irish history." In his preface the author says, "From the number of works styled 'Irish Histories,' published in the present century, it might be supposed that little remained to be told of the Viceroys, or representatives of the Kings of England in Ireland. The authors of such compilations, however, relied upon the statements of those who had preceded them in the same path, and neither examined primary Irish sources, nor consulted the archives of England and Ireland, which form a main authentic basis of Anglo-Irish history. Thus, hitherto there has not been published even an accurate catalogue of the Viceroys of Ireland. . . . Even with the aid of accurate catalogues, the elimination of truth and the collation of evidences in writings ranging from the twelfth to the fifteenth century, in Gaelic, obsolete Latin, and Anglo-Norman, is a task involving serious labour. Such work, moreover, demands special knowledge, to be acquired only by the long and careful study of the language and bearings of antique documents." For this task Mr. Gilbert was admirably fitted, as the product of his labour shows. In this volume are embodied, in a very readable narrative, the results of his researches in printed and unpublished documents and chronicles bearing upon the chief administrators of the English Government in Ireland, from the conquest by Henry II., down to the end of the reign of Henry VII. in 1509. Documents and extracts from hitherto unprinted archives are appended to the end of the volume. Mr. Gilbert has woven from these materials an interesting narrative; while as an accurate, reliable epitome of the contents of historical documents not generally known, his work is valuable.

The branch of Irish history which Mr. Gilbert has taken up in this volume confines him almost exclusively to the doings of the English pale. The feuds between the Fitzgeralds, the De Berminghams, the De Botillers, the Fitzmaurices, the De Burghs, the Fitzgiselberts, and other founders of great Anglo-Irish houses; now waging a war of extermination against the unhappy natives, and anon renouncing their allegiance to the English Crown, leaguings with the Irish chiefs and hoisting the standard of rebellion; at one time leading their followers in the train of a Pretender to give battle to the King's troops, and again binding themselves by the most solemn oaths to his service; often invading and seizing on their English neighbours' territory, but still oftener despoiling the wretched Celts of what was still in their possession,—all these exciting events are related in a graphic style that enchains the attention of the reader. Biographical sketches of eminent individuals who exercised an influence on the Irish administration,—the Bruces, Simnel, the alleged Duke of York Perkin Warbeck, and all the pretenders who set up a claim to the crown, and made that unhappy country the field of their first treasonable essays,—impart an ever-varying interest to the general narrative.

In the midst of a history abounding in murder, robbery, and treachery it is,

pleasing occasionally to see a gleam of savage grandeur and nobleness of thought relieving the ferocious spirit of the age. Sir Robert le Sauvage was a fine old knight, full of martial fire. Like all the colonists, the shooting of a few natives sat as lightly upon his conscience as the death of so many snipes; yet he was incapable of baseness or treachery. As one day he was preparing to march against a neighbouring sept, he ordered to be killed, as provision for his return from battle, "beeves, vension, fowl—great plenty." Some of his captains, doubting the result of the conflict, proposed to secrete part of the provisions and poison the remainder, rather than that their caitiff Irish enemies might enjoy such princely fare. "Hereat," continues the tale, "the ancient knight smiled, and said, 'Tush! ye are too full of envy. This world is but an inn, whereunto ye have no special interest, but are only tenants at the will of the Lord. If it please Him to command us from it, as it were from our lodging, and to set other good fellows in our room, what hurt shall it be to us to leave them some meat for their suppers? Let them hardly win it and wear it. If they enter our dwellings, good manners would be no less than to welcome them with such fare as the country breedeth; and with all my heart, much good may it do them. Notwithstanding, I presume so much upon your noble courage, and verily my mind giveth me, that we shall return at night, and banquet ourselves with our own store.' And," adds the story with due exaggeration, "so they did, having slain three thousand Irishmen."

Another story, illustrative of Irish border warfare, and which would form a good basis for a historical romance, was related by an English settler, Henry Crystede, to Sir John Froissart. "I," said Crystede, "know the language of the Irish as well as I do French and English, for from my youth I was educated amongst them, and the Earl of Ormonde kept me with him out of affection for my good horsemanship. It happened that this earl was sent, with three hundred lances and one thousand archers, to make war on the frontier of the Irish; for the English kept up a constant warfare against them in hopes of bringing them under subjection. The Earl of Ormonde, whose lands bordered on his opponents', had that day mounted me on one of his best and fleetest coursers, and I rode by his side. The Irish having formed an ambuscade to surprise the English, advanced from it, commencing to throw their darts; but were so sharply attacked by the archers, whose arrowing they could not withstand, for they were not armed against them, that they soon retreated. The earl pursued them, and I, being well mounted, kept close by him. It chanced that in the pursuit my horse took fright and ran away with me into the midst of the enemy. My friends could never overtake me; and in passing through the Irish, one of them by a great feat of agility leaped on to the back of my horse and held me tight with both his arms, but did me no harm with lance or knife. Turning my horse, he rode me for two hours till we reached a large bush, in a very retired spot, where he found his companions, who had retreated thither from the English. He seemed much rejoiced to have made me his prisoner, and carried me to his house, which was strong, and in a town surrounded with wood palisades and still water. The name of this town was Herpelipin, and the gentleman who had taken me was called Brin Costere, a very handsome man. This Brin kept me with him seven years, and gave me his daughter in marriage, by whom I have two girls. I will now tell you how I obtained my liberty. It happened in the seventh year of my captivity

that one of their kings—Irt McMurragh, King of Leinster—raised an army against Lionel, Duke of Clarence, son of King Edward of England (then acting as viceroy). In the battle that followed, many were slain and taken on both sides; but the English gaining the day, the Irish were forced to retreat, and the King of Leinster escaped. The father of my wife was made prisoner under the banner of the Duke of Clarence; and as Brin Costeree was mounted on my horse, which was remembered to have belonged to the Earl of Ormonde, it was then first known that I was alive, that he had honourably entertained me at his house in Herpelipin, and given me his daughter in marriage. The Duke of Clarence, Sir William de Windsor, and all our party, were well pleased to hear this news; and he was offered his liberty on condition that he gave me mine, and sent me to the English army with my wife and children. He at first refused the offer, from his love to me, his daughter, and our children; but when he found no other terms would be accepted, he agreed to them, provided my eldest daughter remained with him. I returned to England with my wife and youngest daughter."

The Geraldines, of course, occupy a very prominent position in this history; not alone because they frequently filled the post of viceroy, but because they were by far the most numerous, powerful, fearless, and unruly of all Anglo-Irish families. Of the head of that illustrious house, the Earl of Kildare, who represented Henry VII. in that country, some amusing anecdotes are related. He had been cited to appear before the king in London for burning the Cathedral of Cashel, his accusers having prepared witnesses to prove the truth of the indictment. To their astonishment he boldly confessed it; and when he was asked what excuse he had to plead, "By Jesuf," he exclaimed, "I never would have done it had I not been told that the Archbishop was within!" "Merrily laughed the king at the plainness of the man, to see him allege that intent for excuse which most of all did aggravate his fault." His accuser, the Archbishop, concluded his charges against him by saying, "All Ireland could not rule that man." "Then," replied the king, "he must rule all Ireland." And so he was sent back as the king's representative.

We look forward with interest to Mr. Gilbert's second volume; he will have arrived at a period rich in important events, without the difficulties which he has had to encounter, and which he has so successfully overcome, in the first portion of his work.

G. S. GODKIN.

ANCIENT DANISH BALLADS. Translated from the Originals. By R. C. ALEXANDER PRIOR, M.D. 3 Vols. Williams & Norgate.

It was not until some weeks after the publication of my article on the Old Ballads of Denmark,¹ in which I expressed a hope that we might some day have a good translation of those ballads in English, that I received the above-named three bulky volumes. I had neither heard of nor seen those volumes before, or they would have been mentioned in their due place. A word or two concerning them may not be uninteresting by way of supplement.

It is evident that Dr. Prior knows his subject well, and that he can bring

(1) FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, No. vi.

a considerable amount of scholarship to bear upon it ; and it is quite as evident that he admires Danish ballads intensely, not injudiciously. His preface is excellent in respect to matter ; his notes, especially those wherein parallels are drawn between the Danish ballads and the early ballad-literature of Spain, are full of suggestiveness. But when that has been said, all praise has been said. The Doctor, so far from being a poet, has not mastered the mere vocabulary of poetry. His renderings are too often bald and awkward ; bald from that kind of literalness which prevents felicity, awkward through the inversions of a style which moves uneasily in rhyme. His verses waddle, they do not trip ; e.g.—

“It was the stately Dame Grimild,
Let brew the wine and mead,
And sent for many a gallant man,
Renown'd for mighty deed,”—

which just passes below the boundary-line separating ballad-simplicity from bathos. I much prefer Jamieson's versions in broad old Scotch, barbarous though they are called ; for they have the true ballad ring, and abound in happy touches. But then English readers find them almost as difficult to read as the original Danish.

The perusal of these “Ancient Danish Ballads,” which are written entirely in English, satisfies me of one thing, — that any future translators, to succeed at all, will have to employ the Scottish dialect to some extent ; and happily, Burns has familiarised cultivated readers with many of the necessary expressions. There is a vantage-ground between Prior and Jamieson. Something like the right plan was employed by Mr. Tom Taylor, in his book of Breton Ballads, where Scotticisms were liberally employed, greatly to the advantage of the text. Mr. Taylor, by the way, might attempt the Danish ballads with some hope of producing a creditable work. He likes such labour, and although he is not a poet, he possesses that great essential, through the lack of which Dr. Prior has been unsuccessful,—the poetical vocabulary.

But in the meantime, Dr. Prior's work should suffice for those who do not know Danish, and are interested in the ballads. While lacking felicity, it is literal, faithful, and in good taste. If it were a little cheaper, it would be worth buying for the prose remarks alone.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

SIX MONTHS AMONG THE CHARITIES OF EUROPE. By John de Liefde. 2 vols. Alexander Strahan and Co. 1865.

MR. LIEFDE is a Dutchman, who quite unnecessarily apologises for his English, which is excellent, and only here and there by a trifling variation of idiom betrays the foreigner. He is also a gentle-natured, pious Protestant, sharing the usual prejudices against the Catholics, but saved from acrimony by a placid sweetness of temper, and rejoicing with his whole heart in all good work. The narrative of his visits to fifteen charitable institutions is somewhat “sugary” perhaps, and betrays too superficial an acquaintance with the working of the institutions to have more than a mild stimulating influence on benevolent readers ; but it is readable, interesting, stimulating. It shows how moral energy will overcome obstacles that seem enormous, how faith and enthusiasm

move mountains. It has pretty little biographical sketches, and conveys a general idea of the objects and plans of the various institutions. But Mr. Liefde is a partisan, not a critic. In this he is both wise and modest, since his knowledge is of that superficial kind which is gleaned by "going over" an establishment with its director, and reading the director's reports with undoubting faith.

The various plans adopted by the philanthropists for raising funds are suggestive. When Mr. Spittler, penniless, propounded his scheme for training schoolmasters for the poor, small gifts poured in; among them a handsome gold box, sent by a lady, with this note:—"Do with this box what Mrs. von Oinhausen once did with a brilliant ring presented to her—that is, found a school; and may the Lord vouchsafe His abundant blessings upon it." Mr. Spittler at once put it up as a prize to be raffled for; the hundred *louis d'or* were quickly subscribed. The winner presented Mr. Spittler with the box again; again it was raffled for, and again returned. It is still kept by the Society "as a remembrancer till the Lord gives further hints about its destiny." Mr. Spittler hit upon a still more ingenious plan for getting furniture. He made a little book of blank leaves, with headings written on the top of each page, such as parlour furniture, kitchen utensils, earthenware, &c. He sent this little beggar from house to house, and each person wrote down the name of the article he was willing to give. Thus every subscriber could see what had been given already, and what was still wanting, and many were reminded of gifts which perhaps would not otherwise have been thought of. This is a hint for philanthropic schemers. Hundreds give nothing because they don't know distinctly what to give.

Here is a curious glimpse at a sale of land by auction in Prussia. "Everybody knew that no one was more anxious to buy the lot than Mr. Dietrich, and all were anxious to witness the race. The lot was put up at £150, and soon rose to £270. This was Pastor Dietrich's bid. It was a very low price, but nobody offered a higher one. Then the auctioneer, according to the custom of the place, put three little wax candles on the table, of which he lighted one. 'Eighteen hundred thalers!' he cried, 'will nobody bid more?' There was silence. The little candle burnt down, and the second one was lit. 'The second candle is burning!' cried the stentorian voice; 'eighteen hundred thalers are bid!' No voice was heard. 'The third candle is burning! Friends, this is your last chance! Eighteen hundred thalers for such a splendid property!' But the third candle burnt down quietly, and when the dying flame disappeared, the crowd, which in breathless attention had been looking at the momentous little light, burst out into the cry, 'It is for the Asylum!'" One likes to learn that next day some one offered fifty per cent. for the bargain. The friends, naturally enough, concluded that "some higher than human power had ruled the proceedings of that remarkable auction."

Mr. Liefde we imagine to be better than his opinions. At any rate, the man impresses us pleasantly, which is more than we can say for many of his views. For example, mentioning that at Kaiserswerth, although a Protestant institution, "free admission is granted to the Roman Catholic priest to visit the members of his Church, and to administer extreme unction to the dying." Mr. Liefde remarks, "*This act of toleration proceeds rather from necessity than latitudinarianism.*" The necessity being a *conditio sine qua non* of the government sanction. But the idea of seeing no other alternative to necessity than

latitudinarianism in such toleration, shows how theology will make even earnest philanthropists narrow and mean-spirited in their views. If those who are devoting themselves specially to alleviate the sufferings of fellow-men permit the dying Catholic to have his last moments soothed by the presence of his priest, they are open to a suspicion of latitudinarianism—they cannot be earnest in their own religion if they allow others to fulfil the duties of theirs!

EDITOR.

A SELECTION FROM THE WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING. (Moxon's Miniature Poets.) E. Moxon and Co.

THIS is the third volume of Moxon's "Miniature Poets," a series with which thousands of drawing-room tables are already familiar, and which deserves its success: daintier "gift-books" cannot be mentioned. The series is not meant for the readers of the poets: they want the works and not selections. But it is charmingly adapted to the large class who wish to have "a taste," many of whom will be lured by that taste into more serious acquaintance with the poets; and it is just the sort of series to place in the hands of the young. Were these books intended for the poetical public, we should consider it extremely hard upon Robert Browning, that while his great rival, Tennyson, is presented in selections taken from all his works, Browning's finest works are here excluded, by the fact that a "selection" (and a most precious volume it is) has already been published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. To make up the present volume, Mr. Browning had to glean, from what had already been gleaned by skilful and loving hands, or else to rely mainly on the volume which was published after that selection had been made. This he has done. The present selection contains nothing that had a place in the former selection; but it contains some favourite pieces which had been omitted, and the rest are from "James Lee and other Poems."

EDITOR.

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THE BELTON ESTATE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THERE IS NOTHING TO TELL.

CAPTAIN AYLMER had never before this knelt to Clara Amedroz. Such kneeling on the part of lovers used to be the fashion, because lovers in those days held in higher value than they do now that which they asked their ladies to give,—or because they pretended to do so. The forms at least of supplication were used; whereas in these wiser days Augustus simply suggests to Caroline that they two might as well make fools of themselves together,—and so the thing is settled without the need of much prayer. Captain Aylmer's engagement had been originally made somewhat after this fashion. He had not, indeed, spoken of the thing contemplated as a folly, not being a man given to little waggeries of that nature; but he had been calm, unenthusiastic, and reasonable. He had not attempted to evince any passion, and would have been quite content that Clara should believe that he married as much from obedience to his aunt as from love for herself, had he not found that Clara would not take him at all under such a conviction. But though she had declined to come to him after that fashion,—though something more than that had been needed,—still she had been won easily, and, therefore, lightly prized. I fear that it is so with everything that we value,—with our horses, our houses, our wines, and, above all, with our women. Where is the man who has heart and soul big enough to love a woman with increased force of passion because she has at once recognised in him all that she has herself desired? Captain Aylmer having won his spurs easily, had taken no care in buckling them, and now found, to his surprise, that he was like to lose them. He had told himself that he would only be too glad to shuffle his

feet free of their bondage ; but now that they were going from him, he began to find that they were very necessary for the road that he was to travel. "Clara," he said, kneeling by her side, "you are more to me than my mother ; ten times more !"

This was all new to her. Hitherto, though she had never desired that he should assume such attitude as this, she had constantly been unconsciously wounded by his coldness,—by his cold propriety and unbending self-possession. His cold propriety and unbending self-possession were gone now, and he was there at her feet. Such an argument, used at Aylmer Park, would have conquered her,—would have won her at once, in spite of herself ; but now she was minded to be resolute. She had sworn to herself that she would not peril herself, or him, by joining herself to a man with whom she had so little sympathy, and who apparently had none with her. But in what way was she to answer such a prayer as that which was now made to her ? The man who addressed her was entitled to use all the warmth of an accepted lover. He only asked for that which had already been given to him.

"Captain Aylmer——," she began.

"Why is it to be Captain Aylmer ? What have I done that you should use me in this way ? It was not I who,—who,—made you unhappy at Aylmer Park."

"I will not go back to that. It is of no use. Pray get up. It shocks me to see you in this way."

"Tell me, then, that it is once more all right between us. Say that, and I shall be happier than I ever was before ;—yes, than I ever was before. I know how much I love you now, how sore it would be to lose you. I have been wrong. I had not thought enough of that, but I will think of it now."

She found that the task before her was very difficult,—so difficult that she almost broke down in performing it. It would have been so easy and, for the moment, so pleasant to have yielded. He had his hand upon her arm, having attempted to take her hand. In preventing that she had succeeded, but she could not altogether make herself free from him without rising. For a moment she had paused,—paused as though she were about to yield. For a moment, as he looked into her eyes, he had thought that he would again be victorious. Perhaps there was something in his glance, some too visible return of triumph to his eyes, which warned her of her danger. "No !" she said, getting up and walking away from him ; "no !"

"And what does 'no' mean, Clara ?" Then he also rose, and stood leaning on the table. "Does it mean that you will be forsworn ?"

"It means this,—that I will not come between you and your mother ; that I will not be taken into a family in which I am

scorned; that I will not go to Aylmer Park myself or be the means of preventing you from going there."

"There need be no question of Aylmer Park."

"There shall be none!"

"But, so much being allowed, you will be my wife?"

"No, Captain Aylmer;—no. I cannot be your wife. Do not press it further; you must know that on such a subject I would think much before I answered you. I have thought much, and I know that I am right."

"And your promised word is to go for nothing?"

"If it will comfort you to say so, you may say it. If you do not perceive that the mistake made between us has been as much your mistake as mine, and has injured me more than it has injured you, I will not remind you of it,—will never remind you of it after this."

"But there has been no mistake,—and there shall be no injury."

"Ah, Captain Aylmer! you do not understand; you cannot understand. I would not for worlds reproach you; but do you think I suffered nothing from your mother?"

"And must I pay for her sins?"

"There shall be no paying, no punishment, and no reproaches. There shall be none at least from me. But,—do not think that I speak in anger or in pride,—I will not marry into Lady Aylmer's family."

"This is too bad;—too bad! After all that is past, it is too bad!"

"What can I say? Would you advise me to do that which would make us both wretched?"

"It would not make me wretched. It would make me happy. It would satisfy me altogether."

"It cannot be, Captain Aylmer. It cannot be. When I speak to you in that way, will you not let it be final?"

He paused a moment before he spoke again, and then he turned sharp upon her. "Tell me this, Clara; do you love me? Have you ever loved me?" She did not answer him, but stood there, listening quietly to his accusations. "You have never loved me, and yet you have allowed yourself to say that you did. Is not that true?" Still she did not answer. "I ask you whether that is not true?" But though he asked her, and paused for an answer, looking the while full into her face, yet she did not speak. "And now I suppose you will become your cousin's wife?" he said. "It will suit you to change, and to say that you love him."

Then at last she spoke. "I did not think that you would have treated me in this way, Captain Aylmer! I did not expect that you would insult me!"

"I have not insulted you."

"But your manner to me makes my task easier than I could have hoped it to be. You asked me whether I ever loved you? I once thought that I did so; and so thinking, told you, without reserve, all my feeling. When I came to find that I had been mistaken, I conceived myself bound by my engagement to rectify my own error as best I could; and I resolved, wrongly,—as I now think, very wrongly,—that I could learn as your wife to love you. Then came circumstances which showed me that a release would be good for both of us, and which justified me in accepting it. No girl could be bound by any engagement to a man who looked on and saw her treated in his own home, by his own mother, as you saw me treated at Aylmer Park. I claim to be released myself, and I know that this release is as good for you as it is for me."

"I am the best judge of that."

"For myself at any rate I will judge. For myself I have decided. Now I have answered the questions which you asked me as to my love for yourself. To that other question which you have thought fit to put to me about my cousin, I refuse to give any answer whatsoever." Then, having said so much, she walked out of the room, closing the door behind her, and left him standing there alone.

We need not follow her as she went up, almost mechanically, into her own room,—the room that used to be her own,—and then shut herself in, waiting till she should be assured, first by sounds in the house, and then by silence, that he was gone. That she fell away greatly from the majesty of her demeanour when she was thus alone, and descended to the ordinary ways of troubled females, we may be quite sure. But to her there was no further difficulty. Her work for the day was done. In due time she would take herself to the cottage, and all would be well, or, at any rate, comfortable with her. But what was he to do? How was he to get himself out of the house, and take himself back to London? While he had been in pursuit of her, and when he was leaving his vehicle at the public-house in the village of Belton, he,—like some other invading generals,—had failed to provide adequately for his retreat. When he was alone he took a turn or two about the room, half thinking that Clara would return to him. She could hardly leave him alone in a strange house,—him, who, as he had twice told her, had come all the way from Yorkshire to see her. But she did not return, and gradually he came to understand that he must provide for his own retreat without assistance. He was hardly aware, even now, how greatly he had transcended his usual modes of speech and action, both in the energy of his supplication and in the violence of his rebuke. He had been lifted for awhile out of himself by the excitement of his position, and now that he was subsiding into quiescence, he was unconscious that he had almost mounted into passion,—that he had spoken of love very nearly with

eloquence. But he did recognise this as a fact,—that Clara was not to be his wife, and that he had better get back from Belton to London as quickly as possible. It would be well for him to teach himself to look back on the result of his aunt's dying request as an episode in his life satisfactorily concluded. His mother had undoubtedly been right. Clara, he could now see, would have led him the devil of a life; and even had she come to him possessed of a moiety of the property,—a supposition as to which he had very strong doubts,—still she might have been dear at the money. "No real feeling," he said to himself, as he walked about the room,—“none whatever; and then so deficient in delicacy!” But still he was discontented,—because he had been rejected, and therefore tried to make himself believe that he could still have her if he chose to persevere. “But no,” he said, as he continued to pace the room, “I have done everything,—more than everything that honour demands. I shall not ask her again. It is her own fault. She is an imperious woman, and my mother read her character aright.” It did not occur to him, as he thus consoled himself for what he had lost, that his mother's accusation against Clara had been altogether of a different nature. When we console ourselves by our own arguments, we are not apt to examine their accuracy with much strictness.

But whether he were consoled or not, it was necessary that he should go, and in his going he felt himself to be ill-treated. He left the room, and as he went down stairs was disturbed and tormented by the creaking of his own boots. He tried to be dignified as he walked through the hall, and was troubled at his failure, though he was not conscious of any one looking at him. Then it was grievous that he should have to let himself out of the front door without attendance. At ordinary times he thought as little of such things as most men, and would not be aware whether he opened a door for himself or had it opened for him by another;—but now there was a distressing awkwardness in the necessity for self-exertion. He did not know the turn of the handle, and was unfamiliar with the manner of exit. He was being treated with indignity, and before he had escaped from the house had come to think that the Amedroz and Belton people were somewhat below him. He endeavoured to go out without a noise, but there was a slam of the door, without which he could not get the lock to work; and Clara, up in her own room, knew all about it.

“Carriage;—yes; of course I want the carriage,” he said to the unfortunate boy at the public-house. “Didn't you hear me say that I wanted it?” He had come down with a pair of horses, and as he saw them being put to the vehicle he wished he had been contented with one. As he was standing there, waiting, a gentleman rode by, and the boy, in answer to his question, told him that the horse-

man was Colonel Askerton. Before the day was over Colonel Askerton would probably know all that had happened to him. "Do move a little quicker; will you?" he said to the boy and the old man who was to drive him. Then he got into the carriage, and was driven out of Belton, devoutly purposing that he never would return; and as he made his way back to Perivale he thought of a certain Lady Emily, who would, as he assured himself, have behaved much better than Clara Amedroz had done in any such scene as that which had just taken place.

When Clara was quite sure that Captain Aylmer was off the premises, she, too, descended, but she did not immediately leave the house. She walked through the room, and rang for the old woman, and gave certain directions,—as to the performance of which she certainly was not very anxious, and was careful to make Mrs. Bunce understand that nothing had occurred between her and the gentleman that was either exalting or depressing in its nature. "I suppose Captain Aylmer went out, Mrs. Bunce?" "Oh yes, Miss, a' went out. I stood and see'd un from the top of the kitchen stairs." "You might have opened the door for him, Mrs. Bunce." "Indeed then I never thought of it, Miss, seeing the house so empty and the like." Clara said that it did not signify; and then, after an hour of composure, she walked back across the park to the cottage.

"Well?" said Mrs. Askerton as soon as Clara was inside the drawing-room.

"Well," replied Clara.

"What have you got to tell? Do tell me what you have to tell."

"I have nothing to tell."

"Clara, that is impossible. Have you seen him? I know you have seen him, because he went by from the house about an hour since."

"Oh yes; I have seen him."

"And what have you said to him?"

"Pray do not ask me these questions just now. I have got to think of it all;—to think what he did say and what I said."

"But you will tell me."

"Yes; I suppose so." Then Mrs. Askerton was silent on the subject for the remainder of the day, allowing Clara even to go to bed without another question. And nothing was asked on the following morning,—nothing till the usual time for the writing of letters.

"Shall you have anything for the post?" said Mrs. Askerton.

"There is plenty of time yet."

"Not too much if you mean to go out at all. Come, Clara, you had better write to him at once."

"Write to whom? I don't know that I have any letter to write

at all." Then there was a pause. "As far as I can see," she said, "I may give up writing altogether for the future, unless some day you may care to hear from me."

"But you are not going away."

"Not just yet;—if you will keep me. To tell you the truth, Mrs. Askerton, I do not yet know where on earth to take myself."

"Wait here till we turn you out."

"I've got to put my house in order. You know what I mean. The job ought not to be a troublesome one, for it is a very small house."

"I suppose I know what you mean."

"It will not be a very smart establishment. But I must look it all in the face; must I not? Though it were to be no house at all, I cannot stay here all my life."

"Yes, you may. You have lost Aylmer Park because you were too noble not to come to us."

"No," said Clara, speaking aloud, with bright eyes,—almost with her hands clenched. "No;—I deny that."

"I shall choose to think so for my own purposes. Clara, you are savage to me;—almost always savage; but next to him I love you better than all the world beside. And so does he. 'It's her courage,' he said to me the other day. 'That she should dare to do as she pleases here, is nothing; but to have dared to persevere in the fangs of that old dragon,'—it was just what he said,—'that was wonderful!'"

"There is an end of the old dragon now, as far as I am concerned."

"Of course there is;—and of the young dragon too. You wouldn't have had the heart to keep me in suspense if you had accepted him again. You couldn't have been so pleasant last night if that had been so."

"I did not know I was very pleasant."

"Yes, you were. You were soft and gracious,—gracious for you, at least. And now, dear, do tell me about it. Of course I am dying to know."

"There is nothing to tell."

"That is nonsense. There must be a thousand things to tell. At any rate, it is quite decided?"

"Yes; it is quite decided."

"All the dragons, old and young, are banished into outer darkness."

"Either that, or else they are to have all the light to themselves."

"Such light as glimmers through the gloom of Aylmer Park. And was he contented? I hope not. I hope you had him on his knees before he left you."

"Why should you hope that? How can you talk such nonsense?"

"Because I wish that he should recognise what he has lost;—that he should know that he has been a fool;—a mean fool."

"Mrs. Askerton, I will not have him spoken of like that. He is a man very estimable,—of excellent qualities."

"Fiddle-de-dee. He is an ape,—a monkey to be carried on his mother's organ. His only good quality was that you could have carried him on yours. I can tell you one thing;—there is not a woman breathing that will ever carry William Belton on hers. Whoever his wife may be, she will have to dance to his piping."

"With all my heart;—and I hope the tunes will be good."

"But I wish I could have been present to have heard what passed;—hidden, you know, behind a curtain. You won't tell me?"

"I will tell you not a word more."

"Then I will get it out from Mrs. Bunce. I'll be bound she was listening."

"Mrs. Bunce will have nothing to tell you; and I do not know why you should be so curious."

"Answer me one question at least;—when it came to the last, did he want to go on with it? Was the final triumph with him or with you?"

"There was no final triumph. Such things, when they have to end, do not end triumphantly."

"And is that to be all?"

"Yes;—that is to be all."

"And you say that you have no letter to write."

"None;—no letter; none at present; none about this affair. Captain Aylmer, no doubt, will write to his mother, and then all those who are concerned will have been told."

Clara Amedroz held her purpose and wrote no letter, but Mrs. Askerton was not so discreet, or so indiscreet, as the case might be. She did write,—not on that day or on the next, but before a week had passed by. She wrote to Norfolk, telling Clara not a word of her letter, and by return of post the answer came. But the answer was for Clara, not for Mrs. Askerton, and was as follows:—

"Plaistow Hall, April, 186—.

"MY DEAR CLARA,

"I don't know whether I ought to tell you, but I suppose I may as well tell you, that Mary has had a letter from Mrs. Askerton. It was a kind, obliging letter, and I am very grateful to her. She has told us that you have separated yourself altogether from the Aylmer Park people. I don't suppose you'll think I ought to pretend to be very sorry. I can't be sorry, even though I know how much you have lost in a worldly point of view. I could not bring

myself to like Captain Aylmer, though I tried hard." [Oh, Mr. Belton, Mr. Belton!] "He and I never could have been friends, and it is no use my pretending regret that you have quarrelled with them. But that, I suppose, is all over, and I will not say a word more about the Aylmers.

"I am writing now chiefly at Mary's advice, and because she says that something should be settled about the estate. Of course it is necessary that you should feel yourself to be the mistress of your own income, and understand exactly your own position. Mary says that this should be arranged at once, so that you may be able to decide how and where you will live. I therefore write to say that I will have nothing to do with your father's estate at Belton;—nothing, that is, for myself. I have written to Mr. Green to tell him that you are to be considered as the heir. If you will allow me to undertake the management of the property as your agent, I shall be delighted. I think I could do it as well as any one else; and, as we agreed that we would always be dear and close friends, I think that you will not refuse me the pleasure of serving you in this way.

"And now Mary has a proposition to make, as to which she will write herself to-morrow, but she has permitted me to speak of it first. If you will accept her as a visitor, she will go to you at Belton. She thinks, and I think too, that you ought to know each other. I suppose nothing would make you come here,—at present, and therefore she must go to you. She thinks that all about the estate would be settled more comfortably if you two were together. At any rate, it would be very nice for her,—and I think you would like my sister Mary. She proposes to start about the 10th of May. I should take her as far as London and see her off, and she would bring her own maid with her. In this way she thinks that she would get as far as Taunton very well. She had, perhaps, better stay there for one night, but that can all be settled if you will say that you will receive her at the house.

"I cannot finish my letter without saying one word for myself. You know what my feelings have been, and I think you know that they still are, and always must be, the same. From almost the first moment that I saw you I have loved you. When you refused me I was very unhappy; but I thought I might still have a chance, and therefore I resolved to try again. Then, when I heard that you were engaged to Captain Aylmer, I was indeed broken-hearted. Of course I could not be angry with you. I was not angry, but I was simply broken-hearted. I found that I loved you so much that I could not make myself happy without you. It was all of no use, for I knew that you were to be married to Captain Aylmer. I knew it, or thought that I knew it. There was nothing to be done,—only I knew that I was wretched. I suppose it is selfishness, but I felt, and still feel,

that unless I can have you for my wife, I cannot be happy or care for anything. Now you are free again,—free, I mean, from Captain Aylmer;—and how is it possible that I should not again have a hope? Nothing but your marriage or death could keep me from hoping.

“I don’t know much about the Aylmers. I know nothing of what has made you quarrel with the people at Aylmer Park;—nor do I want to know. To me you are once more that Clara Amedroz with whom I used to walk in Belton Park, with your hand free to be given wherever your heart can go with it. While it is free I shall always ask for it. I know that it is in many ways above my reach. I quite understand that in education and habits of thinking you are my superior. But nobody can love you better than I do. I sometimes fancy that nobody could ever love you so well. Mary thinks that I ought to allow a time to go by before I say all this again;—but what is the use of keeping it back? It seems to me to be more honest to tell you at once that the only thing in the world for which I care one straw is that you should be my wife.

“Your most affectionate cousin,

“WILLIAM BELTON.”

“Miss Belton is coming here, to the castle, in about a fortnight,” said Clara that morning at breakfast. Both Colonel Askerton and his wife were in the room, and she was addressing herself chiefly to the former.

“Indeed. Miss Belton! And is he coming?” said Colonel Askerton.

“So you have heard from Plaistow?” said Mrs. Askerton.

“Yes;—in answer to your letter. No, Colonel Askerton, my cousin William is not coming. But his sister purposes to be here, and I must go up to the house and get it ready.”

“That will do when the time comes,” said Mrs. Askerton.

“I did not mean quite immediately.”

“And are you to be her guest, or is she to be yours?” said Colonel Askerton.

“It is her brother’s home, and therefore I suppose I must be hers. Indeed it must be so, as I have no means of entertaining any one.”

“Something, no doubt, will be settled,” said the Colonel.

“Oh, what a weary word that is,” said Clara; “weary, at least, for a woman’s ears! It sounds of poverty and dependence, and endless trouble given to others, and all the miseries of female dependence. If I were a young man I should be allowed to settle for myself.”

“There would be no question about the property in that case,” said the Colonel.

“And there need be no question now,” said Mrs. Askerton.

When the two women were alone together, Clara, of course, scolded her friend for having written to Norfolk without letting it be known that she was doing so ;—scolded her, and declared how vain it was for her to make useless efforts for an unattainable end ; but Mrs. Askerton always managed to slip out of these reproaches, neither asserting herself to be right, nor owning herself to be wrong. “ But you must answer his letter,” she said.

“ Of course I shall do that.”

“ I wish I knew what he said.”

“ I shan’t show it you, if you mean that.”

“ All the same I wish I knew what he said.”

Clara, of course, did answer the letter ; but she wrote her answer to Mary, sending, however, one little scrap to Mary’s brother. She wrote to Mary at great length, striving to explain, with long and laborious arguments, that it was quite impossible that she should accept the Belton estate from her cousin. That subject, however, and the manner of her future life, she would discuss with her dear cousin Mary, when Mary should have arrived. And then Clara said how she would go to Taunton to meet her cousin, and how she would prepare William’s house for the reception of William’s sister ; and how she would love her cousin when she should come to know her. All of which was exceedingly proper and pretty. Then there was a little postscript, “ Give the enclosed to William.” And this was the note to William :—

“ DEAR WILLIAM,

“ Did you not say that you would be my brother ? Be my brother always. I will accept from your hands all that a brother could do ; and when that arrangement is quite fixed I will love you as much as Mary loves you, and trust you as completely ; and I will be obedient, as a younger sister should be.

“ Your loving sister,

“ C. A.”

“ It’s all no good,” said William Belton, as he crunched the note in his hand. “ I might as well shoot myself. Get out of the way there, will you ? ” And the injured groom scudded across the farmyard, knowing that there was something wrong with his master.

CHAPTER XXX.

MARY BELTON.

It was about the middle of the pleasant month of May when Clara Amedroz again made that often repeated journey to Taunton with the object of meeting Mary Belton. She had transferred herself and her own peculiar belongings back from the cottage to the house, and had again established herself there so that she might welcome her new friend. But she was not satisfied with simply receiving her guest at Belton, and therefore she made the journey to Taunton, and settled herself for the night at the inn. She was careful to get a bed-room for an "invalid lady," close to the sitting-room, and before she went down to the station she saw that the cloth was laid for tea, and that the tea parlour had been made to look as pleasant as was possible with an inn parlour.

She was very nervous as she stood upon the platform waiting for the new-comer to show herself. She knew that Mary was a cripple, but did not know how far her cousin was disfigured by her infirmity; and when she saw a pale-faced little woman, somewhat melancholy, but yet pretty withal, with soft, clear eyes, and only so much appearance of a stoop as to soften the hearts of those who saw her, Clara was agreeably surprised, and felt herself to be suddenly relieved of an unpleasant weight. She could talk to the woman she saw there, as to any other woman, without the painful necessity of treating her always as an invalid. "I think you are Miss Belton?" she said, holding out her hand. The likeness between Mary and her brother was too great to allow of Clara being mistaken.

"And you are Clara Amedroz? It is so good of you to come to meet me!"

"I thought you would be dull in a strange town by yourself."

"It will be much nicer to have you with me."

Then they went together up to the inn; and when they had taken their bonnets off, Mary Belton kissed her cousin. "You are very nearly what I fancied you," said Mary.

"Am I? I hope you fancied me to be something that you could like."

"Something that I could love very dearly. You are a little taller than what Will said; but then a gentleman is never a judge of a lady's height. And he said you were thin."

"I am not very fat."

"No; not very fat; but neither are you thin. Of course, you know, I have thought a great deal about you. It seems as though you had come to be so very near to us; and blood is thicker than water, is it not? If cousins are not friends, who can be?"

In the course of that evening they became very confidential together, and Clara thought that she could love Mary Belton better than any woman that she had ever known. Of course they were talking about William, and Clara was at first in constant fear lest some word should be said on her lover's behalf,—some word which would drive her to declare that she would not admit him as a lover; but Mary abstained from the subject with marvellous care and tact. Though she was talking through the whole evening of her brother, she so spoke of him as almost to make Clara believe that she could not have heard of that episode in his life. Mrs. Askerton would have dashed at the subject at once; but then, as Clara told herself, Mary Belton was better than Mrs. Askerton.

A few words were said about the estate, and they originated in Clara's declaration that Mary would have to be regarded as the mistress of the house to which they were going. "I cannot agree to that," said Mary.

"But the house is William's, you know," said Clara.

"He says not."

"But of course that must be nonsense, Mary,"

"It is very evident that you know nothing of Plaistow ways, or you would not say that anything coming from William was nonsense. We are accustomed to regard all his words as law, and when he says that a thing is to be so, it always is so."

"Then he is a tyrant at home."

"A beneficent despot. Some despots, you know, always were beneficent."

"He won't have his way in this thing."

"I'll leave you and him to fight about that, my dear. I am so completely under his thumb that I always obey him in everything. You must not, therefore, expect to range me on your side."

The next day they were at Belton Castle, and in a very few hours Clara felt that she was quite at home with her cousin. On the second day Mrs. Askerton came up and called,—according to an arrangement to that effect made between her and Clara. "I'll stay away if you like it," Mrs. Askerton had said. But Clara had urged her to come, arguing with her that she was foolish to be thinking always of her own misfortune. "Of course I am always thinking of it," she had replied, "and always thinking that other people are thinking of it. Your cousin, Miss Belton, knows all my history, of course. But what matters? I believe it would be better that everybody should know it. I suppose she's very straight-laced and prim." "She is not prim at all," said Clara. "Well, I'll come," said Mrs. Askerton, "but I shall not be a bit surprised if I hear that she goes back to Norfolk the next day."

So Mrs. Askerton came, and Miss Belton did not go back to

Norfolk. Indeed, at the end of the visit, Mrs. Askerton had almost taught herself to believe that William Belton had kept her secret, even from his sister. "She's a dear little woman," Mrs. Askerton afterwards said to Clara.

"Is she not?"

"And so thoroughly like a lady."

"Yes; I think she is a lady."

"A princess among ladies! What a pretty little conscious way she has of asserting herself when she has an opinion and means to stick to it! I never saw a woman who got more strength out of her weakness. Who would dare to contradict her?"

"But then she knows everything so well," said Clara.

"And how like her brother she is!"

"Yes;—there is a great family likeness."

"And in character, too. I'm sure you'd find, if you were to try her, that she has all his personal firmness, though she can't show it as he does by kicking out his feet and clenching his fist."

"I'm glad you like her," said Clara.

"I do like her very much."

"It is so odd,—the way you have changed. You used to speak of him as though he was merely a clod of a farmer, and of her as a stupid old maid. Now, nothing is too good to say of them."

"Exactly, my dear;—and if you do not understand why, you are not so clever as I take you to be."

Life went on very pleasantly with them at Belton for two or three weeks;—but with this drawback as regarded Clara, that she had no means of knowing what was to be the course of her future life. During these weeks she twice received letters from her cousin Will, and answered both of them. But these letters referred to matters of business which entailed no contradiction,—to certain details of money due to the estate before the old squire's death, and to that vexed question of Aunt Winterfield's legacy, which had by this time drifted into Belton's hands, and as to which he was inclined to act in accordance with his cousin's wishes, though he was assured by Mr. Green that the legacy was as good a legacy as had ever been left by an old woman. "I think," he said in his last letter, "that we shall be able to throw him over in spite of Mr. Green." Clara, as she read this, could not but remember that the man to be thrown over was the man to whom she had been engaged, and she could not but remember also all the circumstances of the intended legacy,—of her aunt's death, and of the scenes which had immediately followed her death. It was so odd that William Belton should now be discussing with her the means of evading all her aunt's intentions,—and that he should be doing so, not as her accepted lover. He had, indeed, called himself her brother, but he was in truth her rejected lover.

From time to time during these weeks Mrs. Askerton would ask her whether Mr. Belton was coming to Belton, and Clara would answer her with perfect truth that she did not believe that he had any such intention. "But he must come soon," Mrs. Askerton would say. And when Clara would answer that she knew nothing about it, Mrs. Askerton would ask further questions about Mary Belton. "Your cousin must know whether her brother is coming to look after the property?" But Miss Belton, though she heard constantly from her brother, gave no such intimation. If he had any intention of coming, she did not speak of it. During all these days she had not as yet said a word of her brother's love. Though his name was daily in her mouth,—and latterly, was frequently mentioned by Clara,—there had been no allusion to that still enduring hope of which Will Belton himself could not but speak,—when he had any opportunity of speaking at all. And this continued till at last Clara was driven to suppose that Mary Belton knew nothing of her brother's hopes.

But at last there came a change,—a change which to Clara was as great as that which had affected her when she first found that her delightful cousin was not safe against love-making. She had made up her mind that the sister did not intend to plead for her brother,—that the sister probably knew nothing of the brother's necessity for pleading,—that the brother probably had no further need for pleading! When she remembered his last passionate words, she could not but accuse herself of hypocrisy when she allowed place in her thoughts to this latter supposition. He had been so intently earnest! The nature of the man was so eager and true! But yet, in spite of all that had been said, of all the fire in his eyes, and life in his words, and energy in his actions, he had at last seen that his aspirations were foolish, and his desires vain. It could not otherwise be that she and Mary should pass these hours in such calm repose without an allusion to the disturbing subject! After this fashion, and with such meditations as these, had passed by the last weeks;—and then at last there came the change.

"I have had a letter from William this morning," said Mary.

"And so have not I," said Clara, "and yet I expected to hear from him."

"He means to be here soon," said Mary.

"Oh, indeed!"

"He speaks of being here next week."

For a moment or two Clara had yielded to the agitation caused by her cousin's tidings; but with a little gush she recovered her presence of mind, and was able to speak with all the hypocritical propriety of a female. "I am glad to hear it," she said. "It is only right that he should come."

"He has asked me to say a word to you,—as to the purport of his journey."

Then again Clara's courage and hypocrisy were so far subdued that they were not able to maintain her in a position adequate to the occasion. "Well," she said, laughing, "what is the word? I hope it is not that I am to pack up, bag and baggage, and take myself elsewhere. Cousin William is one of those persons who are willing to do everything except what they are wanted to do. He will go on talking about the Belton Estate, when I want to know whether I may really look for as much as twelve shillings a week to live upon."

"He wants me to speak to you about—about the earnest love he bears for you."

"Oh dear, Mary!—could you not suppose it all to be said? It is an old trouble, and need not be repeated."

"No," said Mary, "I cannot suppose it to be all said." Clara looking up as she heard the voice, was astonished both by the fire in the woman's eye and by the force of her tone. "I will not think so meanly of you as to believe that such words from such a man can be passed by as meaning nothing. I will not say that you ought to be able to love him; in that you cannot control your heart; but if you cannot love him, the want of such love ought to make you suffer,—to suffer much and be very sad."

"I cannot agree to that, Mary."

"Is all his life nothing, then? Do you know what love means with him;—this love which he bears to you? Do you understand that it is everything to him?—that from the first moment in which he acknowledged to himself that his heart was set upon you, he could not bring himself to set it upon any other thing for a moment? Perhaps you have never understood this; have never perceived that he is so much in earnest, that to him it is more than money, or land, or health,—more than life itself;—that he so loves that he would willingly give everything that he has for his love? Have you known this?"

Clara would not answer these questions for awhile. What if she had known it all, was she therefore bound to sacrifice herself? Could it be the duty of any woman to give herself to a man simply because a man wanted her? That was the argument as it was put forward now by Mary Belton.

"Dear, dearest Clara," said Mary Belton, stretching herself forward from her chair, and putting out her thin, almost transparent, hand, "I do not think that you have thought enough of this; or, perhaps, you have not known it. But his love for you is as I say. To him it is everything. It pervades every hour of every day, every corner in his life! He knows nothing of anything else while he is in his present state."

"He is very good ;—more than good."

"He is very good."

"But I do not see that ;—that—— Of course I know how disinterested he is."

"Disinterested is a poor word. It insinuates that in such a matter there could be a question of what people call interest."

"And I know, too, how much he honours me."

"Honour is a cold word. It is not honour, but love,—downright true, honest love. I hope he does honour you. I believe you to be an honest, true woman ; and, as he knows you well, he probably does honour you ;—but I am speaking of love." Again Clara was silent. She knew what should be her argument if she were determined to oppose her cousin's pleadings ; and she knew also,—she thought she knew,—that she did intend to oppose them ; but there was a coldness in the argument to which she was averse. "You cannot be insensible to such love as that !" said Mary, going on with the cause which she had in hand.

"You say that he is fond of me."

"Fond of you ! I have not used such trifling expressions as that."

"That he loves me."

"You know he loves you. Have you ever doubted a word that he has spoken to you on any subject ?"

"I believe he speaks truly."

"You know he speaks truly. He is the very soul of truth."

"But, Mary——"

"Well, Clara ! But remember ; do not answer me lightly. Do not play with a man's heart because you have it in your power."

"You wrong me. I could never do like that. You tell me that he loves me ;—but what if I do not love him ? Love will not be constrained. Am I to say that I love him because I believe that he loves me ?"

This was the argument, and Clara found herself driven to use it,—not so much from its special applicability to herself, as on account of its general fitness. Whether it did or did not apply to herself she had not time to ask herself at that moment ; but she felt that no man could have a right to claim a woman's hand on the strength of his own love,—unless he had been able to win her love. She was arguing on behalf of women in general rather than on her own behalf.

"If you mean to tell me that you cannot love him, of course I must give over," said Mary, not caring at all for men and women in general, but full of anxiety for her brother. "Do you mean to say that,—that you can never love him ?" It almost seemed, from her face, that she was determined utterly to quarrel with her new-

found cousin,—to quarrel and to go at once away if she got an answer that would not please her.

“Dear Mary, do not press me so hard.”

“But I want to press you hard. It is not right that he should lose his life in longing and hoping.”

“He will not lose his life, Mary.”

“I hope not;—not if I can help it. I trust that he will be strong enough to get rid of his trouble,—to put it down and trample it under his feet.” Clara, as she heard this, began to ask herself what it was that was to be trampled under Will’s feet. “I think he will be man enough to overcome his passion; and then, perhaps,—you may regret what you have lost.”

“Now you are unkind to me.”

“Well; what would you have me say? Do I not know that he is offering you the best gift that he can give? Did I not begin by swearing to you that he loved you with a passion of love that cannot but be flattering to you? If it is to be love in vain, this to him is a great misfortune. And, yet, when I say that I hope that he will recover, you tell me that I am unkind.”

“No;—not for that.”

“May I tell him to come and plead for himself?”

Again Clara was silent, not knowing how to answer that last question. And when she did answer it, she answered it thoughtlessly. “Of course he knows that he can do that.”

“He says that he has been forbidden.”

“Oh, Mary, what am I to say to you? You know it all, and I wonder that you can continue to question me in this way.”

“Know all what?”

“That I have been engaged to Captain Aylmer.”

“But you are not engaged to him now.”

“No—I am not.”

“And there can be no renewal there, I suppose?”

“Oh, no!”

“Not even for my brother would I say a word if I thought——”

“No;—there is nothing of that; but—. If you cannot understand, I do not think that I can explain it.” It seemed to Clara that her cousin, in her anxiety for her brother, did not conceive that a woman, even if she could suddenly transfer her affection from one man to another, could not bring herself to say that she had done so.

“I must write to him to-day,” said Mary, “and I must give him some answer. Shall I tell him that he had better not come here till you are gone?”

“That will perhaps be best,” said Clara.

“Then he will never come at all.”

“I can go;—can go at once. I will go at once. You shall never

have to say that my presence prevented his coming to his own house. I ought not to be here. I know it now. I will go away, and you may tell him that I am gone."

"No, dear; you will not go."

"Yes;—I must go. I fancied things might be otherwise, because he once told me that—he—would—be—a brother to me. And I said I would hold him to that;—not only because I want a brother so badly, but because I love him so dearly. But it cannot be like that."

"You do not think that he will ever desert you?"

"But I will go away, so that he may come to his own house. I ought not to be here. Of course I ought not to be at Belton,—either in this house or in any other. Tell him that I will be gone before he can come, and tell him also that I will not be too proud to accept from him what it may be fit that he should give me. I have no one but him;—no one but him;—no one but him." Then she burst into tears, and, throwing back her head, covered her face with her hands.

Miss Belton, upon this, rose slowly from the chair on which she was sitting, and making her way painfully across to Clara, stood leaning on the weeping girl's chair. "You shall not go while I am here," she said.

"Yes; I must go. He cannot come till I am gone."

"Think of it all once again, Clara. May I not tell him to come, and that while he is coming you will see if you cannot soften your heart towards him?"

"Soften my heart! Oh, if I could only harden it!"

"He would wait. If you would only bid him wait, he would be so happy in waiting."

"Yes;—till to-morrow morning. I know him. Hold out your little finger to him, and he has your whole hand and arm in a moment."

"I want you to say that you will try to love him."

But Clara was in truth trying not to love him. She was ashamed of herself because she did love the one man, when, but a few weeks since, she had confessed that she loved another. She had mistaken herself and her own feelings, not in reference to her cousin, but in supposing that she could really have sympathised with such a man as Captain Aylmer. It was necessary to her self-respect that she should be punished because of that mistake. She could not save herself from this condemnation,—she would not grant herself a respite,—because, by doing so, she would make another person happy. Had Captain Aylmer never crossed her path, she would have given her whole heart to her cousin. Nay; she had so given it,—had done so, although Captain Aylmer had crossed her path and come in her way. But it

was matter of shame to her to find that this had been possible, and she could not bring herself to confess her shame.

The conversation at last ended, as such conversations always do end, without any positive decision. Mary wrote of course to her brother, but Clara was not told of the contents of the letter. We, however, may know them, and may understand their nature, without learning above two lines of the letter. "If you can be content to wait awhile, you will succeed," said Mary; "but when were you ever content to wait for anything?" "If there is anything I hate, it is waiting," said Will, when he received the letter; nevertheless the letter made him happy, and he went about his farm with a sanguine heart, as he arranged matters for another absence. "Away long?" he said, in answer to a question asked him by his head man; "how on earth can I say how long I shall be away? You can go on well enough without me by this time, I should think. You will have to learn, for there is no knowing how often I may be away, or for how long."

When Mary said that the letter had been written, Clara again spoke about going. "And where will you go?" said Mary.

"I will take a lodging in Taunton."

"He would only follow you there, and there would be more trouble. That would be all. He must act as your guardian, and in that capacity, at any rate, you must submit to him." Clara, therefore, consented to remain at Belton; but, before Will arrived, she returned from the house to the cottage.

"Of course I understand all about it," said Mrs. Askerton; "and let me tell you this,—that if it is not all settled within a week from his coming here, I shall think that you are without a heart. He is to be knocked about, and cuffed, and kept from his work, and made to run up and down between here and Norfolk, because you cannot bring yourself to confess that you have been a fool."

"I have never said that I have not been a fool," said Clara.

"You have made a mistake,—as young women will do sometimes, even when they are as prudent and circumspect as you are,—and now you don't quite like the task of putting it right."

It was all true, and Clara knew that it was true. The putting right of mistakes is never pleasant; and in this case it was so unpleasant that she could not bring herself to acknowledge that it must be done. And yet, I think, that by this time, she was aware of the necessity.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THE POLISH INSURRECTION OF 1863.¹

IN the spring of 1863 all Europe was watching, with lively interest, the heroic efforts of Poland to free itself from the Russian yoke. The subject has lost much of its attraction now, and the very names of the men who were then leading the movement are all but forgotten. At that time the portraits of the chiefs of the national party not only filled the windows of every library and print shop in Galicia and the duchy of Posen, and were sold with little pretence of secrecy in Warsaw itself, but numbers found their way into every European capital, making sympathisers of all nations familiar with the features of the men who were maintaining an unequal struggle amid the distant Polish and Lithuanian forests. To those who collected them they seemed to speak then of hope and confidence, but now they recall none but the saddest of memories. Of the men whom those portraits represent, only a few have escaped death or captivity. Many have fallen on the field of battle, or have died of their wounds in the forest or the hospital; some have perished by the hand of the executioner, and others are wasting away their lives within some Russian fortress, or beneath the inclement skies of Siberia. Those who have been more fortunate are, for the most part, wandering afar from their native land, painfully earning a scanty living, or eating the bitter bread of dependence—downcast, yet not despairing, and amidst the thick darkness which now envelops their country, anxiously looking for the faintest streak of light which may predict the dawning of another day. Many a once happy home is saddened by their absence; and in too many a family the pictures which, less than three years ago, used to be proudly passed from hand to hand by brave men and fair women, while their hearts beat joyfully in anticipation of their expected deliverance, now only serve to remind their possessors of hopes which can never be realised, and of friends who will never return. The outward appearance of Poland has not been greatly affected by the storm which has swept over the land. Some of its forests have been cut down or burned; here and there, chiefly in Lithuania, a village has been destroyed, and a number of country-houses, which the peasants or the Cossacks have pillaged, are falling into decay; but springtide and harvest still cover the great plains with a sea of verdure or of gold; the vast pine woods, for the most part, continue to offer their accustomed shelter from the summer's glare or the winter's snow; the market towns attract, as of old, their

(1) *THE PRIVATE HISTORY OF A POLISH INSURRECTION, FROM OFFICIAL AND UN-OFFICIAL SOURCES.* By H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS, late Special Correspondent of the "Times" in Poland. 2 vols. Saunders, Otley & Co. 1865.

crowds of traffickers, and in the cities the tide of life flows along as smoothly as if nothing had recently occurred to break the even tenor of its way. Order reigns, not only at Warsaw, but throughout the conquered land, and to a careless observer even content may appear to prevail. But far too deeply fixed in the hearts of the people to be soon eradicated, lie hatred and fierce indignation, compelled at present to be silent, but only biding their time.

The present state of Poland somewhat resembles that to which it was reduced by Nicholas. From the time when he crushed the insurrection of 1830, till the end of his reign, that terrible ruler kept his Polish subjects in so strict a bondage that the country resembled one vast prison house. His orders were obeyed in fear and trembling; and so great was the terror which he struck into the hearts of the Poles, that even after his death they scarcely dared at first to avail themselves of their comparative freedom. During the early part of the Crimean war they did not venture even to think of moving; and when, towards its close, a rising was suggested, the idea was soon allowed to drop. The chiefs of the Polish emigration in Paris sent word to Warsaw that quiet ought to be maintained, and an opportunity which may never recur was allowed to pass away unutilised. Meanwhile the accession of the Emperor Alexander II. brought with it a new system of government for Poland. The old regulations were relaxed, the chief abuses were reformed, and milder and wiser laws replaced some of the late Emperor's worst decrees. The Russian Government made a decided attempt to conciliate its Polish subjects, but they were not to be conciliated. As soon as the crushing weight which had kept them down was raised a little, most of them began to think about getting rid of it altogether, and in a short time the Russian authorities saw with anxiety a number of little clouds on the political horizon, too plainly betokening a coming storm.

Soon after the death of Nicholas, a hope of seeing their country liberated once more entered into the breasts of all those Poles who were capable of independent thought. The peasants, who were too degraded to be able to rise to the level of patriotism, cared very little about anything beyond their daily bread, except the chance of becoming the possessors of the lands they tilled. It mattered little to them whether the territory were Polish or Russian; as long as they could get possession of a portion of it for themselves. But the educated classes, almost to a man, hated the rule of the stranger, and were ready to make any sacrifice which would conduce to their liberation from it. In that feeling they were all but unanimous, but there were several opinions as to the best method of bringing about the result they desired. During the Crimean war the Russians did all they could to keep foreign newspapers out of Poland; but in spite of their precautions and their mendacious bulletins, their disasters became known, and the Poles heard with exultation how

the Czar's legions were melting away before Sebastopol. Next came the news of the enfranchisement of Naples and the inauguration of the kingdom of Italy; and men began to dream of such a triumphal entry into Warsaw as that of which they had read, when the allied monarchs were welcomed into Milan by the enraptured thousands whom they had freed from the hated yoke of the foreigner. The educated part of the nation was divided into two political parties. One was for immediate action; the other for prudent delay, and progress slow but sure. In the former, the democratic element prevailed; in the latter the aristocratic. The men of extreme opinions, who were chiefly small landowners, shopkeepers, students, and officials, put themselves in communication with the revolutionists who swarmed in every European capital, and they were generally supposed to have adopted as their leader a man whose normal state appeared to be one of rebellion, the cosmopolitan insurgent, General Mieroslawski. The moderate party, on the other hand, which included almost all the great landed proprietors and men of weight and influence in the country, kept aloof from the school of Mazzini, and chose as their representative the most honoured man in Poland, Count Andrew Zamoyski. These two leaders had little in common beyond a desire to see Poland emancipated from a foreign yoke. Mieroslawski was known to be brave and energetic; but he was also headstrong and reckless. His life had been passed among revolutions. The son of an officer who held a commission in the national army re-organised under Alexander I., he entered the Russian service at an early age, and almost immediately became actively involved in the Warsaw insurrection of 1830. When that had failed he retired to Paris, where he became an influential member of the Polish Democratic Society. Having been elected a leader of the rebellion which was organised by the Russian Poles in 1846, he made his way into the Grand Duchy of Posen, but was soon arrested, and sent to Berlin. His trial there lasted eighteen months, during which he defended himself with spirit and ability; but it resulted in his being sentenced to imprisonment for life. Freed by the insurgents of 1848, he was placed at the head of an army, which he commanded so ill that nothing but an accident saved it from destruction at Miloslaw. Captured by General Colomb, he was soon set at liberty again, and appeared before long at the head of an unsuccessful revolt in Sicily. A little time elapsed, and he re-appeared as the commander of the army raised by the Provisional Government of Baden, and in that capacity he gave a good deal of trouble to his old enemies the Prussians. After the suppression of the Baden insurrection, he retired once more to Paris, and there set up a journal, in which he advocated such measures as a general massacre of all the Russians in Poland. So extreme were his opinions, that the majority of the party which

he was supposed to lead, looked on him as a firebrand, and thoroughly distrusted him. In reality, they preferred to place themselves under the guidance of Martin Borelowski, an influential iron-founder at Warsaw, a simple-minded, straightforward patriot, who kept his party from extravagance up to the final outbreak, and then boldly led his workmen to the field, and made his assumed name of "Lelewel" feared and respected by the Russians as long as he lived. Mieroslawski, on the other hand, who has always been the evil genius of Poland, did nothing during the insurrection but sow dissension among the ranks of his countrymen, and give rise to as much mischief as the bitterest enemy of his country could have desired.

Very different to his was the reputation borne by Count Andrew Zamoycki. Grandson of the great chancellor who resigned office rather than affix his seal to the First Partition, he had always worthily maintained the traditions of his family. During the insurrection of 1830 he was sent on a diplomatic mission of the greatest importance to Vienna. After fording the Vistula at night, dodging the police, and making his way through the three sanitary cordons instituted to keep off the cholera which was then raging, he at last contrived to see Prince Metternich. The Prince sent him to Marshal Paskievitch, who at first threatened to shoot him, but at length let him go home. There he devoted himself to the amelioration of his country, and the development of its material resources; giving his attention to its husbandry, its trade, and its commerce, establishing breeding stables, giving prizes for agricultural improvements, and starting steamers on the Vistula. In all these good works he was ably supported by the Agricultural Society, of which he was the founder. It was composed of all proprietors who chose to pay a small annual subscription, their number amounting to about four thousand. Similar societies in Lemberg, Cracow, and Posen, sent delegates to it, so that it bore a thoroughly national character, and, under the guidance of its President, it fairly represented the opinions and wishes of the more thoughtful section of educated Poles. The Count himself was so beloved throughout the country, that all classes spoke of him with affection as *Master Andrew*.

In addition to the two great parties into which the Poles were divided was a small knot of men who followed the lead of the Marquis Wielopolski. Of all the statesmen who have made themselves conspicuous in Poland during the present century, the Marquis is by far the most remarkable. His character is as strange and original as his career has been singular and unfortunate. Sincerely attached to his country, he has dealt it a deadly blow; and in his anxiety to improve the condition of his countrymen he has made himself the object of their unbounded and universal detestation. A man of such firm resolve and unwearying perseverance that he was known by the

name of the "Iron Marquis," he never faltered on the path which he had once chosen, and he displayed the loftiest courage and the greatest energy in meeting the dangers and removing the obstacles with which it was beset ; but it was one which brought himself to disgrace and ignominy, and the cause of his country to utter ruin. In early life he opposed the Russians with characteristic vehemence, and took an active part in the insurrection of 1830. Going to London at the time when Zamoyiski was sent to Vienna, he did all he could to obtain the recognition of an independent Poland from the English Government. His labours proving fruitless, he returned to Warsaw, and after the failure of the insurrection he retired to his estates, and gave himself up to abstruse studies, varied by a succession of lawsuits.

For some years he amused himself by quarrelling with everybody whom he could engage in a dispute ; for his nature was so contentious and his temper so violent, that he could not exist comfortably if he was not opposing somebody or something. At length the Galician massacres of 1846, when the Austrians hounded on the peasants against their masters, and revelled in the news of the outrages and murders which were the result, recalled Wielopolski to public life. Horrified at the terrible crimes which afforded so much satisfaction to the Court of Vienna, he wrote his famous "Letter to Prince Metternich," and determined from that time forward to try what Russia would do for his nation. With all his accustomed energy he set to work to bring about a reconciliation between his countrymen and the Russians, hoping that a time would come when they, together with every other Slavonic people, whether Bohemians, Servians, Illyrians, Slovaks, Wends, or Croats, would zealously co-operate in the foundation of one grand Panslavonic confederacy, of which Russia would be the head. To bring about that consummation he worked unceasingly for years, striving to make the Poles forget their antagonism to the Russians, and the Russians give up their habit of oppressing the Poles. He agreed with the Zamoyiski party in their desire to develop the resources and improve the condition of Poland, but his whole will was bent against their attempt to render it independent of Russia ; and as to the extreme party of his countrymen, he despised them as an aristocrat as much as he detested them as a politician. Had he been a man of conciliatory disposition, he might have given the Poles a constitution instead of driving them into an insurrection ; but he was of all men the worst qualified to play the part of a mediator. Obstinate, proud, and haughty, he could not be brought to see the force of any wishes or arguments but his own, and rather than give up any part of the plan he had formed for the benefit of his countrymen, he was ready to drive them into what he must have known would be a fatal revolt.

Such were the chief parties into which Poland was divided during the first years of the reign of Alexander II. The men of moderate

ideas, who desired to raise their country and to obtain its freedom by constitutional means, appeared at first to have by far the greatest influence. Wielopolski and his adherents then took the lead; and at last the men of action came to the front and swept away into utter ruin both the moderate party and their own. When the new Czar paid his first visit to Warsaw he was received with enthusiasm by its inhabitants, who hoped that he was about to restore their freedom to them at once. But they were soon undeceived, and after he had warned them not to indulge in "dreams," they took to manifestations instead. The first occurred in 1858, when Madame Sowinska was buried. She was the widow of that General Sowinska who commanded the garrison of the village of Wola during the siege of Warsaw, in 1831. Towards the close of the bombardment of the city he called his troops together in the church, and made them swear on the crucifix not to surrender. The church was stormed, and all its defenders slain, including Sowinska, who fell covered with wounds at the foot of the altar. The Wola church still bears testimony to the courage of its garrison, more than sixty cannon balls remaining fixed in its walls, their carefully blackened surfaces standing out in bold relief from the whitewash around them. A long troop of citizens attended the body of Madame Sowinska to the grave, and then for the first time those chants and hymns which afterwards became so unpleasantly familiar to the Russians assumed a political importance.

The next manifestation of any note took place in 1860, when the Czar paid his fifth visit to Warsaw, for the purpose of meeting the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria, and, as it was supposed, of forming a league with them against France and the new kingdom of Italy. This was looked upon as such an insult that all the Poles who could contrive to leave Warsaw went away before the Czar arrived. Those who remained received him with a very bad grace. When the piece of the "Two Thieves" was performed at the theatre, in the presence of the royal trio, the number "three" was substituted for "two" on the playbills, the clothes of the Poles who attended the representation were burnt by vitriol, and the atmosphere of the theatre was rendered intolerable by means of asafetida. A grand reception was held at the Belvedere, but the Polish officials who attended it were hooted and pelted by the mob, and at length it was found necessary to bring the fêtes to a premature close. From that time manifestations became the order of the day. On the anniversary of the outbreak which preceded the insurrection of 1830, a grand patriotic demonstration was organised and carried out. Prince Gortchakoff, who then commanded in Poland, telegraphed to St. Petersburg for instructions, and received orders not to interfere. A vast crowd assembled, a long procession was formed, standards on which floated the white eagle of Poland were openly displayed, and the

National Hymn was sung in general chorus. Day after day similar scenes were repeated. The Poles flocked to the churches, walked in procession wherever the police allowed them to go, and sang hymns in unison through the open streets. The authorities stationed patrols of cavalry outside the churches, and marched detachments of infantry up and down the streets to keep them clear, but in spite of all their efforts the processions could not be put down. This state of things continued for three months, during which the moderate party did its best to dissuade the people from anything like an open breach of the law, and the men of action prepared themselves for the outbreak which they hoped was imminent.

On February 25, 1861, the anniversary of the great battle which took place at Grochow between the Russians and the insurgents of 1830, a great procession was organised in memory of the event. The troops were marched out of their barracks, and the Poles were ordered to disperse and go home. They refused, and the Cossacks attempted to drive them back, but the torch-bearers who headed the procession defended themselves with their torches, the flames of which kept the horses at a distance for a time. The rest of the crowd, meanwhile, kept its ground, only surging a little to and fro, singing all the while hymns and patriotic songs. At last the torches went out, and then the Cossacks succeeded in dispersing the assemblage, not without wounding a number of persons. The next day, by some mysterious means, word was passed round the town that the nation was to go into mourning, and in a few hours the streets assumed the sombre aspect which they continued to wear for nearly three years, the men who passed through them being attired in dark clothes, while the women dressed entirely in black. Two days after the "Grochow Massacre" a funeral service was being celebrated in the Church of the Bernardins, watched from the outside by a crowd of lookers-on and a strong detachment of troops. At its close a procession was formed with the intention of proceeding to the cemetery, but as soon as it emerged from the portals of the church it was attacked by the Cossacks. Unable to break it up, they fell back and made way for a column of infantry, who marched up, deployed into line, loaded, and then fired into the unarmed crowd until it dispersed. Five corpses were afterwards taken up by the people, one of which was carried to the Zamoyski Palace, as a sort of mute reproach to Count Andrew for recommending moderation in dealing with the Russians. The other bodies were taken to the Hôtel de l'Europe, and there laid out in a kind of state. At night an officer came to claim them. He knocked, but no notice was taken of his demand. The doors were on the point of being broken open when he was recalled. A telegram had arrived from St. Petersburg allowing the Poles to do what they wished with their dead. The funeral took

place on the 2nd of March. Almost every house was closed, and those before which the coffins were to pass were draped with black. The procession extended nearly three miles, reaching from the Hôtel de l'Europe in the centre of the town to the cemetery beyond the barriers. At its head marched the ministers of the different religious persuasions, the Catholic priest, the Lutheran pastor, and the Jewish rabbi, walking side by side. The ceremony lasted from midday till dusk, but no disorder took place. A promise had been given in the name of the people that if the troops were kept away no disturbance should arise, and that promise was religiously kept.

For some time afterwards all collisions between the soldiers and the people were avoided. The troops were confined to their barracks, and order was maintained in the streets by a band of special constables organised by the Poles themselves. The Agricultural Society took the lead in a species of constitutional agitation, and a petition, asking for certain reforms, was sent to the Emperor. He replied by dissolving the society and making the Marquis Wielopolski Minister of the Interior. From that moment the control of the people passed from the hands of the moderate party into those of the men of extreme opinions. On April 8 a vast crowd went with banners and crosses to visit the graves of those who had fallen in the February massacre. From the cemetery it proceeded to the Sigismund Square, and filled the open space in front of Prince Gortchakoff's palace. He came out into the balcony and urged the people to retire. Just then, it is said, a cornet was heard playing the air of Dombrowski's legions, "No, Poland shall not die," and the enthusiasm of the crowd reached a point which the Governor found intolerable. The National Hymn was sung by thousands of voices, the Emperor's reply to the Warsaw Address was torn up and burned, and increasing cries overpowered Prince Gortchakoff's exhortations. At last he lost all patience, and calling out the troops, gave them orders to fire on the people. The Poles locked hands, and falling on their knees, again intoned the National Hymn. The troops loaded in front of the crowd; the first rank fired, and the second advanced to collect the killed and wounded. A pause ensued, and the crowd still remaining firm, the firing recommenced, and went on at intervals, it is said, for three hours. At first the volleys merely served to increase the enthusiasm of the people. As one fell another took his place, and those who were inclined to retire were entreated by the rest to stand firm. But after a time their loss became so heavy that they fell back, the soldiers following, and still firing upon them, and at last the square was evacuated, and the city left in the hands of the troops. Prince Gortchakoff had carried the day, but the victory was the last he was to gain. Soon afterwards he fell ill, and the Poles believe that as he lay on his sick-bed he was haunted by shadows which no

eye but his could see. As it was said of Paskievitch that his last moments were troubled by the apparition of the Countess Zawisza, who had in vain thrown herself at his knees to implore him to spare her son's life, so Prince Gortchakoff is reported to have seen the forms pass by of the mothers and daughters, the wives and sisters, whose homes he had made desolate, and to have repeatedly called out to his attendants to "drive away those women in black." Before he died, however, his thoughts recurred to the war in which he had gained such well-earned renown, to the battle of the Alma, in which he had led in person the charge of the Vladimir Regiment, which lost forty-eight officers and 1,300 men in the course of the action, and to the siege which he had so stubbornly resisted, and his last directions were that his body should be carried to Sebastopol, and there buried in the town which he had so well defended.

After the great collision between the troops and the populace, Warsaw presented all the appearance of a city in a state of siege. Outside the town was an immense artillery camp, and strong detachments of infantry occupied barracks in all its quarters. In front of the Saxon Gardens, the chief promenade of the inhabitants, the open space was held by troops and cannon, and the plain which stretches away from the city, on the other side of the Vistula, was dotted by the huts and canvas tents of the soldiers. All day Cossacks and dragoons rode up and down the streets; all night patrols were going round, the tramp of their horses' hoofs and the clank of their sabres hourly breaking the silence; and day and night close watch was kept where the bright red walls of the citadel rise above its green earthworks, surrounded by its broad and deep moat. There, as the people knew well, around the statue erected to Alexander I., "the Benefactor of the City," the cannon balls were piled in frowning heaps, which, if an outbreak took place, would soon carry out the threat of Nicholas when he said, "At the slightest disturbance I will reduce the town to ashes. I will destroy Warsaw, and I shall not be likely to build it up again." But although the city was so completely in the hands of the troops, who were constantly being reinforced from Russia, the inhabitants showed no signs of fear. Only passive resistance was offered; but it was manifested in every conceivable way. The streets were rendered sombre by the mourning dresses worn by the passers-by, all amusements were suspended, and at the theatres the Russians assisted at representations performed by unwilling actors in all but empty houses. The churches, on the other hand, were thronged by earnest worshippers, and on Sundays and festival days the National Hymn was sung with heartfelt fervour. The Government in vain remonstrated with the archbishop. He could not interfere, he said, for the clergy took no part in the proceedings. After a service was over, and the priest had left the altar, some one would go to the

organ-loft and play the well-known air. A few voices would commence the hymn, others would gradually chime in, and before the first verse was ended, the heart's desire of the whole congregation would make itself heard as all—men, women, and children—joined in the prayer, "Deign, to restore us, O Lord, our free country." Those who sang most vehemently were sometimes marked on the back with a cross in chalk, and seized by the police when they left the church; but such arrests produced no effect, and the people still sang on. All parties were united in these demonstrations. A common feeling actuated all hearts, and expressed itself in the same words and deeds.

The summer of 1861 passed away without any further outbreak. Prince Gortchakoff was succeeded by General Soukhozanet; and, after a short rule, the general gave way to Count Lambert. The municipal elections took place at Warsaw in September, and resulted in the return of members chiefly belonging to the "White," or moderate party. The "Reds" showed symptoms of an inclination to intimidate the electors, but they were kept in order by Borelowski, the "Lalewel" of a later period, and his disciplined band of workmen. Immediately after the elections the demonstrations recommenced, and Warsaw was declared in a state of siege. On October 15th religious services in memory of Kosciuszko were performed in all the churches. Vast crowds were gathered together to assist at them, and the military authorities deemed it a good opportunity for teaching a moral lesson. The doors of all the churches were simultaneously invested, and the congregations, after being detained some hours, were dispersed by the troops, who carried off a great number—some three or four thousand—to the citadel. The captives were for the most part speedily liberated; but the indignation created by the act was immense. Count Lambert himself, being a Roman Catholic, spoke so angrily on the subject to General Gerstenschweig, the officer who had given the orders to the troops, that the general blew out his brains. The Count soon afterwards retired from his post, and General Lüders ruled in his stead.

Meanwhile the extreme section of the patriots had decided that the time for action was at hand. On the day which witnessed the investment of the churches, a meeting of the democratic leaders was to have taken place at the Leipsic Hotel. But when the appointed hour arrived it found them shut up in the churches, from which many of them were transferred for a time to the citadel. They met, however, two days afterwards, and on that occasion was organised what afterwards became the "Central National Committee." It was divided into three sections—one for propagating patriotic ideas, another for enlisting and drilling recruits, and a third for managing financial questions. At that time it had only about five hundred

pounds in hand, a sum which had been collected after some religious services performed in memory of the slaughtered patriots, by a few government officials, the association of hackney-coachmen, and the guild of house-porters. For two months every member of the committee exerted himself to the utmost. Their emissaries went through the length and breadth of the country, sending before them a thrill of expectation and of hope. The Poles were, in general, ripe for revolt, and the women of all classes above that of the peasants were eager for the fray. The great landed proprietors and their immediate friends, however, were almost universally opposed to anything like an immediate outbreak, and if they had possessed the power, they would have stopped what they foresaw would be a fatal movement. But the men of extreme opinions proved too strong for them, especially as a reckless deed, committed by the party which was for uniting the interests of Poland with those of Russia, enlisted the sympathies of the entire nation on the side of the agitators for rebellion. This was the more unfortunate, inasmuch as the Russian Government was at that time sincerely anxious for peace. Conciliatory measures had been adopted, and there appeared to be a fair prospect of a constitution being granted, and of the just claims of Poland meeting at last with a hearing. But the National Committee was not in favour of such measures, and it opposed their influence by deeds of the most unjustifiable character. Before General Lüders had been long in Warsaw, as he was walking in the Saxon Gardens, a man came close up to him and fired a pistol in his face. The general was carried away, his jaw horribly shattered; and when he recovered, it was found necessary to remove him. The Grand Duke Constantine succeeded him, a prince of a generous and noble disposition, of enlarged views, and of tendencies so liberal that they rendered him suspected by the retrograde party in Russia. He came full of hopes that he would be able to conciliate the Poles, and of kindly feelings towards them, bringing with him his wife and children, to show that he wished to make Warsaw his home. But even as he entered the city a fanatic lay in wait for him, and was only deterred from carrying out his murderous intentions because he was moved by the sight of the young wife who sat smiling by the side of the intended victim. A few hours afterwards, when the Grand Duke was coming out of the theatre, the assassin came close up and fired a pistol at him. The Grand Duke fortunately escaped with a slight wound, but his hopes of winning the hearts of the Poles received a violent shock. Month after month went by, and he did all he could to please the people he ruled, but all was in vain. Wielopolski assisted him to the best of his power, but he could do little, for he was the most universally detested man in Poland. The life of the Marquis was so often attempted, that at last he became accustomed to murderous assaults; and the

advanced patriots, who longed to shoot or stab him, or to put poison in his food, grew tired of trying to kill him.

In the early part of 1862 provincial committees were everywhere formed in connection with that which was now styled the "Central National Committee," and which began to issue stamped orders, and to levy taxes in preparation for a coming insurrection. During the whole year its leaders matured their plans, acting with great secrecy, but not unsuspected by the Government. At the beginning of 1863 a meeting took place of the most advanced members of the party of action, who resolved that the time was come for an open outbreak. The rest of their party, however, was opposed to them, and their ideas were altogether scouted by the aristocratic party, which still maintained the opinions of Count Andrew Zamoyski, though they had lost his personal influence, for he had been sent into a species of honourable exile. But while the National Committee was deliberating over the proposals of their extreme men, came the fatal night of January 14, bringing with it what Lord Russell so justly stigmatised as a "proscription," rather than a conscription. Poland was then tottering on the verge of revolt. With the best intentions in the world, Wielopolski pushed it over the precipice.

Exhausted by the losses consequent on the prolonged defence of Sebastopol, it had not been deemed wise until 1863 to subject the Russian Empire to the heavy drain entailed by a universal levy for the army. But in that year a general recruitment was decided upon, and in January the Polish quota became due. In the time of Nicholas the conscripts were selected at the pleasure of the Government, but one of the reforms of Alexander II. was to substitute for this system that of the ballot. Wielopolski saw that the conscription, if it were carried out in the former manner, might be used as a means of ridding Warsaw of its principal agitators, and he strongly recommended a return to the now illegal principle of selection. The Grand Duke long remonstrated, but he was compelled at last to yield a reluctant assent. On the night of the 14th of January, the forced levy was executed at Warsaw. In the dead of night the troops issued silently from the citadel, and set a watch at the corner of every street. All passers-by were stopped, and either sent home or taken into custody. Every house in which a suspected insurgent lived was invested by the troops, and soldiers with lanterns in their hands woke up the inmates, and dragged the men they wanted from their beds. Before the morning dawned, 2,000 Poles were prisoners in the citadel, and their families were sadly awaiting the break of day, in order that they might learn some news of their fate. All had passed off quietly; no resistance had been made; and the official journal was able to say that order reigned in Warsaw, and even to add that the captives seemed to like their fate. But that very evening the

members of the National Committee met in haste, and it was resolved that a rising should be organised for the 22nd. Messengers were sent off at once in every direction. From town to town, from village to village, and from house to house the news was passed, and brave hearts beat quickly and fair cheeks glowed as the call to arms made itself heard throughout the kingdom. Thousands knew the secret, yet not one divulged it. The Russians thought all danger was over, and Wielopolski was congratulating himself on the success of his plan, when the 22nd arrived, and the insurrection broke out simultaneously over all parts of the country. Small bands of insurgents appeared at a variety of places; the Russian troops at outposts and at isolated stations were obliged to fall back on their head-quarters; bands were organised in the woods, and a few attacks were made on the towns, though not with much success. Mieroslawski appeared at Posen, disguised as a traveller in the champagne trade, crossed the frontier, and was, as usual, defeated, and compelled to go home again. In foreign countries the news of the rising produced an immense sensation; the official journals of France declared that the Polish question had become one of European interest; and on the 20th of February, Prince Ladislas Czartoryski telegraphed from Paris that the insurrection must be kept up.

Until this time the moderate party had taken no share in the movement, and had even bitterly deplored it, for it seemed to them to be likely to undo all the good they had done during the last seven years. But when the news came from their representative at Paris that the Emperor wished it to be continued, and that England was entirely in its favour, they yielded to the force of circumstances, and consented to join the party of action. On the 4th of March a meeting took place at Cracow, at which a union of the two factions was brought about. The White and Red Committees were abolished, a new National Government was organised, and the general who had hitherto most distinguished himself was appointed Dictator.

Maryan Langiewicz, who was a native of the Grand Duchy of Posen, had been originally intended for the medical profession, but he preferred that of arms. After passing some time in the Prussian army, he transferred his services to Italy, and after a time became one of the professors in the Military School at Cuneo. After the suppression of that institution he returned to Poland, and took an active part in the plots which preceded the outbreak. His military talents, his strength of character, and his energy of purpose, soon made him one of the most conspicuous men of the day, and after he had gained a succession of small victories, he became the man to whom the great majority of his countrymen turned in the hope of deliverance. All parties united in hailing him as their chief, Mieroslawski and his immediate adherents being the only exceptions. Time-honoured

animosities were laid aside, prejudices which centuries had nursed were overcome, and from the great noble whose estates covered half a province to the shopkeeper or the artisan, from the dignitary of the Roman Church to the Jewish rabbi, all classes and all descriptions of men agreed to forget their mutual hatreds and to work together in brotherly love towards the redemption of their country.

But resolute as were the hearts of the insurgents, their prospects were far from being cheerful. They had but little money and scarcely any arms. Keeping up a guerilla warfare among the forests, they terribly harassed the Russian troops, and here and there gained a trifling success. All that could be done by the most heroic courage and the most devoted self-sacrifice, they did; but it was little that men armed with scythes and a few swords, and here and there a rifle, could do in the open field against a force which soon amounted to 80,000 well-appointed and well-disciplined troops. Such an incident as the charge of Wengrow, where a couple of hundred youths are said to have devoted themselves to certain destruction, in order to save their comrades during a few critical minutes from the fire of the enemy's cannon, served to rouse the enthusiasm of friends abroad as well as at home; but sacrifices of that kind were too costly to be often repeated. For a time it seemed as if Langiewicz had discovered the secret of beating the Russians in open fight. He collected something like a regular army around his standard, and he defeated the enemy on several occasions. But each victory cost him dear. His best men fell in every fight, while the Russians lost none but conscripts, whom they could easily replace. Little by little he felt that he was being hemmed in and driven towards the Galician frontier. Up to this time the Austrians had shown themselves unexpectedly favourable to the insurgents. For months past arms had been smuggled across the frontier without any great difficulty being experienced by the Poles. On one occasion an official called the attention of his superiors to the immense cases, purporting to be filled with altar candles, which were perpetually arriving by rail, and which gave him the impression of being made to hold rifles, but he gained nothing by his pains but a reprimand. When the Cossacks crossed into Austrian territory in pursuit of insurgents, the Hungarian officers, at least on one occasion, encouraged the fugitives to turn upon their pursuers. It was rumoured that Austria would not object to give up Galicia to an independent Poland, and that the Emperor and his Court wished well to the insurgent cause. These reports, strengthened by rumours that France and England were arming against Russia, raised the spirits of the Poles to such an extent that they fully believed in their country's approaching resurrection. Day after day they heard that Langiewicz had gained a new victory, and even the aristocratic party, which had never

expected much from the insurrection, began to hope for the best. Meantime the Dictator was being still more closely hemmed in, and the intrigues of Mieroslawski made him fearful of dissensions among his followers. On the 15th of March, 1863, the Austrian frontier was closed against him, and all possibility of victualling his army of 4,000 men was taken away. A few days afterwards he suddenly broke up his camp, took leave of his troops, and crossed the Vistula in disguise, attended only by Mademoiselle Pustovoitova, a young lady who, although the daughter of a Russian officer, had served through the campaign, dressed in male attire, and acting as aide-de-camp to General Czachowski. The Austrians soon discovered who the travellers were, and Langiewicz was arrested, and sent as a prisoner to Cracow.

With the fall of Langiewicz the insurrection would in all probability have collapsed if the Western Powers had openly stated that they would not go to war in its cause. The members of the moderate party knew their own weakness well, but they looked to foreign countries for aid which eventually failed them. From Paris and from London their agents sent them words of encouragement, couched in a species of cypher, which enabled them to communicate by means of the telegraph. In Stockholm Prince Constantine Czartoryski was enthusiastically welcomed by the King and the populace; at Copenhagen the Court anxiously followed the progress of the insurrection, conscious that if Poland fell and the Western Powers made no sign, Denmark's hour of danger would be close at hand. Throughout the new kingdom of Italy the feeling was very strong in favour of the Poles; at Rome secret societies met to discuss the insurrection, and cordially to wish it success, and it was rumoured that Garibaldi was coming to fight the battle of freedom on a new soil. Every country was willing enough to lend its moral support, but as no material help followed, the Poles were merely cheered on to the attack, and then left to their destruction.

The Grand Duke at Warsaw did all that was possible to stay the evil. He offered an amnesty, but it came too late. He proffered reforms, but the public mind was too excited to appreciate them. Wielopolski retired from office, baffled and disappointed, but still refusing to acknowledge that he had been wrong. All his plans were defeated, all his hopes were blighted, all the edifice he had been for years so carefully rearing was thrown down. He stood alone in the world, for he was as much shunned and suspected by the Russians as he was hated by his countrymen; the insurrection he had provoked being as annoying to the imperial troops as it was ruinous to the Poles. The flame of rebellion was being trampled out, but the operation was costing the victors dear. Every week saw fresh reinforcements arrive from Russia. All the cities

were occupied by troops, detachments scoured the country, the railways had little armies to guard them, yet the insurrection maintained its existence. In Galicia, every gentleman's house along the frontier was turned into a barrack or a hospital. At his table very likely sat every day a score of strangers, chiefly boys, who had come thither full of an enthusiasm that was too soon, perhaps, to be extinguished by death. In the bedrooms, other poor lads, fever-struck or wounded, would be tended by his wife or daughters, who treated as if they were dear brothers those whom they affectionately designated "Ours." In the garden or the plantations, very probably, lay buried a score of rifles, a case of ammunition, or a box of equipments. At last the signal would come that all was ready, and the insurgents would set off for the woods, taking a hasty farewell of the house in which they had become almost members of the family. At the rendezvous, other little bands would drop in, one after another. In the dead of night, the insurgent-chief would inspect his men by the light of the moonbeams, or of the camp-fires scattered here and there among the solemn forest shades. There the owner of the neighbouring estate would be seen by the side of one of his servants, the boyish student from the university beside the veteran who had fought in the same cause thirty years before, the careworn exile from London or Paris beside some romantic girl who had donned male attire, and come out to fight her country's foes. A few hours later, and all would be sleeping, folded in their cloaks or rejoicing in the luxury of a couch of straw, and guarded by a few sentries posted at different points of the wood,—sleeping tranquilly, though they knew that outside the forest they were waited for by deadly enemies, who far outnumbered them, and who were well disciplined and well armed. In the morning a rude altar of pine-branches would be erected, and there, beneath the open sky, or under the shadow of the interlacing pines, a priest would offer mass, the slanting sunbeams lighting up the faces of his audience, and the cool morning breeze tossing the hair about their foreheads. Then they would advance gaily against the foe. Outside the forest, the Russians would receive them with a murderous fire, to which the insurgents could too often respond with little more than their usual hurrah. Sometimes the troops were driven back, but more often the insurgents would be forced to return into the woods, and even, if closely pressed, to break up their ranks, and once more distribute themselves in the houses of their friends. Such was the state of the Galician border during the spring and summer of 1863.

After the capture of Langiewicz a number of attacks were made upon the Russians in the neighbouring provinces by expeditions organised on the Austrian territory. The most important of these were Jezioranski's invasion of Lublin, and Wysocki's attempt to stir up a revolt in Volhynia. Both were utter failures. Jezioranski was

obliged to retreat after the battle of Kobylanka, having gained nothing of importance, and having lost many valuable lives; and Wysocki's brief campaign was even more unfortunate. For the two months which preceded it the proprietors in Eastern Galicia kept 2,000 men concealed on their estates. During that period the insurgents led the lives of hunted wild beasts, lying hidden in the woods, the greater part of the time, drenched, dirty, and often half starved, exposed by day to the fierce blaze of the sun, and at night to cold against which they had little protection. At last the signal for the march was given, a simultaneous attack upon the town of Radziwillow having been planned by the leaders of the expedition, Wysocki, Horodycki, and Minniewski. But so many difficulties arose that the three chiefs were unable to co-operate properly. Horodycki arrived first, and drove the Russians before him into the town, but after a time his detachment was repulsed with great loss, he himself being killed in the fight. Wysocki came up too late to assist him, and was also compelled to fall back after a stubborn contest, and on the next day to disband the little army which had been raised at the cost of so much money and so great suffering. With this defeat the Galician campaign came to an end, though the insurgents continued to swarm during the rest of the year at Cracow and at Lemberg, and to fill the little watering-places, hidden away amidst the slopes of the Carpathians.¹

In the centre of Poland the insurrection was still kept alive in spite of the most vigorous efforts to subdue it on the part of the Russians. They held the cities and the towns, but the insurgents occupied the forests, and sallied from them in all directions across the open country. As the unfrequent traveller drove along the roads he would meet at one moment a Russian detachment—long files of dirty, brown-coated infantry soldiers, worn out by constant marches and countermarches in pursuit of a foe whom they scarcely ever saw, their faces, amid the seams of the small-pox which disfigures so great a proportion of the Czar's troops, marked by a universal expression of care and anxiety, and deep lines which told a sad story of toil and suffering—preceded and followed by the invincible troops of Cossacks, endless swarms of whom were everywhere to be met with, ragged, filthy creatures, for the most part mere boys, of savage, eager, and ravenous aspect, commanded by officers who were often horrible to the beholder, so incongruous was the mixture of their natural barbarism with their affected civilisation. The troops would pass by, and then for miles not a soldier would be seen as the carriage passed through the apparently interminable woods, with their tedious monotony of stems and the varied play of light and shade on

(1) An excellent account of the state of affairs in Galicia will be found in Mr. Bullock's "Polish Experiences."

the turf beneath their branches, or between the two great cornfields on either side of the road—bright garden-lands in spring, and undulating seas of gold in early autumn, but at a later period of the year desert wastes, sweeping away without a break to the horizon, and without a sign of life save where a solitary peasant moves under a cloud of light dust, or later in the year appears as a dark speck on the dazzling field of snow. Every here and there, at the little villages, an official of the National Government would appear, and ask for the traveller's passport, or a small band of insurgents would pass by, footsore, worn, and weary, but full of life and enthusiasm; brave and hardy, and withal full of gentleness and kindly feeling towards all but their foe. Along the railways the scene was no less strange. At every station a detachment of troops met the eye, and all along the line Cossack patrols appeared at brief intervals, while the train constantly conveyed bodies of infantry, and even on the tender soldiers were to be seen, their rifles ready to their hands, and their melancholy faces peering out of handkerchiefs tied over their caps.

In Livonia the state of the country was terrible in the extreme. There the peasantry, especially the Raskolniks, or dissenters from the Greek Church established in Russia, rose against the Polish proprietors, numbers of whom were seized and dragged off to prison at Dunaburg. In Lithuania the insurrection at first seemed likely to make rapid progress, General Nazimoff, who commanded at Wilna, being incapable of coping with it. In the midst of the great Lithuanian forests, in solitudes scarcely ever invaded by the foot of man, the insurgents were able to light their camp-fires in peace. Their principal leader was a young officer named Narbutt, who had served in the Russian army in the Crimea, and at the siege of Kars. So popular did he become in Lithuania, that eleven other insurgent chiefs called themselves after him; and the Russians were perpetually exulting over the death of a Narbutt, while the real owner of the name was alive and in safety. For a long time he held out against his foes, but at last he was betrayed and surrounded. Wounded early in the fray, he still continued to give his orders, being supported in the arms of his companions, till a ball struck him in the breast and terminated his career. After the battle a number of Polish ladies came to attend the wounded, and among them were two sisters of Narbutt. They were allowed to take away their brother's dead body, and on the next day it was buried, amidst the tears of all the neighbouring inhabitants, in the little church of Dubiczany. Paul Suzin was another of those young leaders of the Lithuanian insurgents who had originally served in the Russian army. After retiring from it he went to Paris, and had just married there when the insurrection broke out. He at once left his bride, devoted as he was to her, and set out for Lithuania, where he

soon obtained a command. Life had many attractions for him, but he longed to pass it in a liberated Poland. "*Je veux vivre, et je vivrai,*" he wrote one day to his wife. A short time afterwards he was dead. His was a soldier's death, an enviable one compared with that of Sigismund Sierakowski, another ex-officer of the imperial army, who fell into the hands of the Russians, and was hanged by them at Wilna, although already mortally wounded, and so crippled that they were obliged to support him on the scaffold. He was succeeded by his chaplain, the Abbé Makievicz, who long continued to maintain a guerilla warfare among the great forests near the Niemen. At last, however, Mouravieff came to Wilna, and all chance of a successful issue to the insurrection vanished. As Minister of the Public Domains he had made himself detested by the Russians, who gave him the name of "*the Locust,*" but he was known to be a man of a very determined character, and his countrymen soon discovered a striking likeness between him and the archangel Michael. He at once destroyed the forests for some distance on each side of the railway; he turned out the Polish officials from their posts; he destroyed whole villages in which the insurgents had received assistance; and in the cities he imprisoned every man who refused to obey him, and fined every woman who insisted on wearing mourning. In a short time the prisons were full, and the greater part of the proprietors were ruined, but the insurrection in Lithuania was at an end.

At Warsaw, in the meantime, the National Government had managed to prolong its existence, even under the guns of the citadel, and close to the Grand Duke's palace. Though an invisible power, it was felt and feared over all the country. Throughout the kingdom of Poland, and even in the border provinces of Austria and Prussia, taxes were levied and received in its name. It issued passports, one of which every Pole possessed—tiny pieces of paper, small enough to be swallowed in case of need. Sometimes even Russians availed themselves of them, and the Grand Duke himself is said to have received one when he was taking his final departure. In the early morn, proclamations which bore the stamp of its private presses used to be found scattered about the streets. At tolerably regular intervals it published newspapers, with copies of which the chief government officials were sedulously supplied. An air of profound mystery shrouded its habitation and its deeds. On one occasion, it is said, the Grand Duke received its order to pay a certain sum at a specified house. He sent an officer with the money, and a guard to watch the premises. The officer paid the money to an old man, who left him in one room while he went to write the receipt in another. The police rushed in on a signal being given, but the old man was nowhere to be found. The officer returned disconcerted to the palace, and found that the receipt for the money he had just paid had already

been placed in the hands of the Grand Duke. Another story tells how a spy whom the National Government had sentenced to death, fled to St. Petersburg in the hope of saving his life, but how, even there, in the Russian capital itself, he was found one morning dead, a dagger, bearing the device of the mysterious body which had sentenced him, sheathed in his breast. These tales are probably fabulous, as well as that of the man who offered to betray a secret press to the Russians, and whose dead body was all that they found when they came to take advantage of his disclosures. But others of the anecdotes on the subject are well authenticated, as, for instance, that which relates how the Russians wished to demolish a house, but could not induce a single mason to help them, on account of the National Government having forbidden its destruction; or the story about the music in the Saxon Gardens—how the leader of the Polish band forgot himself one day so far as to allow a Mazurka to be played, in spite of a decree of the National Government restricting the performance to serious compositions; and how a dozen bars had scarcely been played before a paper was handed to him, ordering him instantly to desist from playing, and withdrawing from the band its license to perform for the future.

It was a strange aspect which Warsaw offered at that time. From the bridge of boats across the river, and the low sandy shores on the other side, the city looked bright and cheerful as the sunlight fell on the long line of buildings that crowns the crest of the ridge which slopes away towards the Vistula. But under that smiling appearance universal sorrow and indignation were concealed. A semblance of animation was given to the streets by the constant movements of troops, and the variety of uniforms which met the eye. But in the interiors of the houses but little gaiety prevailed. The churches were hung with mourning, and no music was ever heard at their services. Even the bell was silenced, and only blows struck by a stick announced the elevation of the Host. Scarcely anywhere could an assemblage of the inhabitants be found out of doors, except before the gates of the prison, where a crowd, composed of women of all classes, waited patiently for leave to send in a few simple luxuries, or at least a message, to some dear friend or relative within; or at the cemetery, where many a sad group might be seen standing around a newly-made grave; or where on the glacis of the citadel a gibbet would rise, surrounded by a strong band of soldiery, and watched at a little distance by a mass of men, whose lowering faces betrayed the anger they strove to suppress, and of women who would break into a low wailing cry as the drop fell and one more insurgent passed away. As evening came on, lights would begin to glimmer in the streets, as if fire-flies were sailing along them, for after dusk no one was allowed to go out without carrying a lantern. After ten the streets would

be almost cleared of passers-by; any one who was found out of doors after that hour being liable to imprisonment, unless he had special permission. From that time till the break of day no sound was to be heard in the streets but the roll of some officer's carriage, the clank of a sentry's arms, or the clatter of hoofs as a Cossack patrol rode by. The city would appear to have been altogether given up to the Russians during the night, were it not that as the early morning light began to render objects visible, white papers, bearing the stamp of the National Government, would be seen glimmering in courtyards and under doors, and in some dark corner would be found the dead body of a man whom that secret tribunal had sentenced the day before.

At last the Grand Duke's position became untenable. On the anniversary of the Emperor's coronation a grand reception was held at the Lazienki Palace, and there, on a terrace thronged by crowds of officers of every grade, he and the Grand Duchess said farewell to most of the friends he was about to leave behind him. As the sun set he drove in to his residence in Warsaw, through streets which the police had made a feeble attempt to illuminate, but in which the general darkness frowned down the unfrequent and ineffectual lights. The next morning he left the city which he had entered with feelings so different to those with which he went away from it. All the way to the frontier the line of rail was guarded by troops; at every quarter of a mile was posted a group of Cossacks; the roads which here and there crossed the railway were occupied by infantry, and at every station a little army was drawn up. Thus protected from the people he had come to conciliate, he arrived at the frontier; and in the uncomfortable light of an early September morning he was met at Berlin by the Prince of Prussia, and congratulated on his arrival in a civilised land.

His administration had been a failure, and his successor, Count de Berg, soon commenced a stricter rule, founded on the plan adopted by Mouravieff at Wilna. The National Government retaliated by throwing Orsini bombs at him as he was driving past the Zamoyiski Palace. He revenged himself by sending a body of troops, who sacked the building, flung the furniture out of window and made bonfires of it in the street, destroying in their rage Professor Kowalewski's priceless collection of Oriental manuscripts. Shortly afterwards a Russian spy named Bertholdi was assassinated in the Hôtel de l'Europe. The police instantly turned out all the inmates and shut up the hotel. By the time of the burning of the town-hall, which took place in October, 1863, the National Government had all but collapsed. In Galicia the Austrians became more and more strict as winter approached, and when they declared a state of siege in March, 1864, the insurrection was at an end. The moment when it actually expired cannot be fixed, for it died slowly out. When the

summer of 1864 arrived it found order reigning over the kingdom of Poland.

Those who wish to learn more of the insurrection than this brief sketch can tell, will find an excellent account of it in the book which Mr. Sutherland Edwards has lately published, and from which a great part of the preceding account has been taken. As an eye-witness of much that took place at Cracow, on the Galician border, and at Warsaw—as a personal friend of several of the men who took a leading part in the insurrection—and as a traveller who is thoroughly well acquainted with Russia, its people, and its institutions—he is better qualified than any one else to speak with authority on the subject. In addition to these qualifications, he evinces so much judgment and discretion, such an utter freedom from anything like passion or prejudice, and so much moral courage in speaking out what may be unpleasant truths about his friends, that we cannot but be glad that the task of writing the history of the movement should have fallen into such competent hands. He has produced a book which is one, not only of great interest to the general reader, but also of very great value to every one who studies history and politics, and especially to those who wish to know the real truth about a movement which has, by direct or indirect means, seriously affected the welfare of more than one of the nations of Europe.

W. R. S. RALSTON.

THE COMEDIES OF ETHEREGE.

It has been said of the comedies of Etherege that they are mere Conversation Pieces, with barely enough of plot in them to thread the scenes together—a capital defect which weakens their whole foundations; and that the characters are shadows speaking a common language, so little marked by individuality that the dialogue might be shuffled like a pack of cards. The stage literature of the Restoration having long ceased to be either read or acted, nobody has thought it worth while to disturb a verdict, in the justice or injustice of which the world takes little interest; and Etherege has accordingly come down to us as a loose, easy dramatist, who was master of a certain airy way of making his characters talk, but who was altogether wanting in the power of putting them into action.

This judgment has been too hastily adopted. Etherege's comedies are essentially comedies of manners. They seize the fleeting colours on the surface of society, and dispose them on the canvas with a corresponding gaiety of tint and lightness of hand. A weightier treatment would be inconsistent with the aims of those brilliant and

volatile productions. There is not much bustle in any of them ; but there is everywhere a progressive movement which, worked out with quiet skill in its attenuated details, always rises to a climax at the close. Modern audiences, spoiled by coarser excitements for the carte and tierce of wit, would, probably, consider the dialogue tedious and languid ; and the disorderly episodes that delighted the Londoners of the seventeenth century, who recognised their fidelity, would now be endured with impatience, if, indeed, they would be endured at all. Compared with the more advanced comedy of later times, which embraces a wider range of life, presented in more active development, the romping, dissipated comedy of Etherege must be admitted to be diffuse and tame. It has no startling effects. There are no violent transitions or unexpected situations. It never deals in sentiment ; and wherever a scrap of seriousness crops up it generally looks like a sly touch of burlesque. The plot, slender as it is, sometimes stands still for half a scene together to let the scapegraces have full swing for their wicked pleasantries ; and the current foibles and vices are often lashed in a round of repartees to the suspension of an intrigue, for the certain issue of which the audience are quite willing to be kept waiting on such agreeable terms. Now all this prodigality of the animal spirits, this trusting to impulse rather than to rule, and the setting up of headlong enjoyment above the canons of art, which would be fatal to a comedy of our day, if there were nothing more solid to depend upon, are vital elements in a comedy of manners of the age of Charles II. We must test such plays by the contemporary standard ; and, tried by that test, Etherege is at the head of his class.

But it is a mistake to suppose that these comedies are deficient in plot. They have as much plot as they want, or as they could bear. They abound in sprightly incidents, are constructed with considerable ingenuity, considering the fragility of their texture, and are remarkable for the unity and compactness of such action as there is. If the scenes do not always advance the story, they never fail to heighten the colouring ; and it would not be easy to retrench them without doing injury to the general effect. Nor should it be overlooked that the story is, by intention, of minor importance in these pieces. In that sense at least they fulfil one of the severest conditions of dramatic art by relying upon Expectation, which is the highest source of interest, in preference to Surprise, which is the lowest. Mysteries or sudden turns of fortune never enter into their design. There are no secrets in them to be kept from the audience. Everything that is done is clear, and everything that is coming is the obvious sequel of what has gone before. The audiences, consequently, who witnessed these plays, knowing what was going to happen quite as well as the author, were not impatient about the catastrophe, and, therefore, could afford to listen at ease to the dialogue.

Sir George Etherege wrote three comedies, the first of which, *The Comical Revenge; or, Lure in a Tub*, was produced at the Duke's Theatre, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in 1664. He was then about twenty-eight years of age, had not long returned from a tour in France, and had just relinquished the study of the law for the more dazzling attractions of fashionable life. The date of the production of *The Comical Revenge* determines his position as the founder of English comedy. During the four years that had elapsed since the re-opening of the theatres, the plays acted were nearly all revivals; and the few new pieces produced, such as *The Adventures of Fiv Hours*, either owed their origin to foreign sources or were composed of mixed and heterogeneous materials. *The Comical Revenge* was the first prose comedy that embodied living manners, and reflected back from the stage the habits of the people. Shadwell did not produce his first comedy, *The Sullen Lovers*—a piece adapted to English modes rather than drawn from them—till 1668, after Etherege's second comedy had appeared; nor did Shadwell acquire distinction as a writer of comedies, notwithstanding the success of his *début*, for three or four years afterwards, when Etherege was at the height of his reputation. Wycherley's first comedy, *Lure in a Wood*, came out in 1672, eight years after *The Comical Revenge*; Congreve's *Old Bachelor* in 1693; and Vanbrugh did not appear as a writer for the stage till 1697. These dates are important, as enabling us to trace to its source that form of pure English comedy whose descending stream has been enriched by the contributions of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Farquhar, and Sheridan. "The dawn," observes Mr. Hazlitt, speaking of this style of comedy, "was in Etherege, as its latest close was in Sheridan:" and with this passing recognition he dismisses a claim to priority which a little closer examination would have led him to acknowledge with a larger measure of justice.

Etherege's second comedy, *She Would if She Could*, was produced at the same theatre, and played by the same actors, in 1668. It was not so successful as the first, although it exhibits some structural improvement.

His third comedy, *The Man of Mode; or, Sir Fopling Flutter*, was brought out at Dorset Gardens in 1676. Wycherley had produced all his comedies, except *The Plain Dealer*; Sedley had launched his *Mulberry Garden*; Shadwell had followed up *The Sullen Lovers* with three pieces, including the *Epsom Wells*; and this form of drama had by this time become familiar to the public. In the school which Etherege had himself founded, skilful competitors had appeared, and become established favourites; and it is, therefore, the more worthy of note that this, his last production, was not only his best, but, as a picture of existing society, the most perfect comedy of the age. It is in this particular excellence that Etherege is to be distinguished

above all other writers who attempted to transfer the living manners to the stage. He is excelled by Wycherley in greater attributes; but he is incontestably superior to him in the closeness and high finish of his contemporary portraiture. In those qualities none of the dramatists of the Restoration will bear comparison with him. Shadwell's comedies are more crowded with local allusions; but they belong to a lower and ruder order of dramatic writing. Remarkable for audacious invention and prodigious variety, they are no less remarkable for want of symmetry and glaring defects of judgment. They served the fugitive purpose, however, for which they were written, and the very disorder that runs through them was probably one of the secrets of their popularity. But they made no permanent impression on the literature of the stage, supplied no models for study or imitation, and are now never read, except when some industrious antiquary consults their pages for the curious light they throw on extinct habits and fashions. Etherege, on the other hand, although he produced only three comedies—about a fifth of the number bequeathed to us by Shadwell—imparted a permanent character to that form of composition, and created materials out of which many subsequent reputations have been built without acknowledgment. Even Farquhar lies under large obligations to Etherege; and the lineage of most of the fine gentlemen of modern comedy may be distinctly traced back to the *Man of Mode*. Much of the special merit of these pieces, their comparative refinement in an age of grossness, their disciplined taste, and authentic tone of high breeding, may be referred to the fact that Etherege lived in the circles whose modes he described, and was himself one of the most accomplished men of fashion at the Court of Charles II.

Following the order of production, for the sake of showing the course of Etherege's genius, from its first step to its highest point of development, we will begin with the *Comical Revenge; or, Love in a Tub*. This comedy offers a striking contrast to the other two, in so far as it is addressed to a different phase of society. We have not to deal here merely with fine ladies and gentlemen. The main interest lies in an opposite direction, the intention being to exhibit in a broad light the roarers, scourers, cheats, and gamblers who infested the town, and made the taverns ring day and night with their riots. Mixed up with these rampant scenes is a pure love story, treated more gravely and earnestly than usual. This love story is the weakest part of the comedy. Etherege was out of his element in a true passion, and, as if he were conscious of the defect, he endeavours to make up for the want of real emotion by turgid declamation. There are two sisters, with romantic names to help them through their tender difficulties—Graciana and Aurelia. Colonel Bruce, a gallant cavalier, is in love with Graciana, who has bestowed her affections

upon³ Lord Beaufort, a walking gentleman of the seventeenth century. The rivals fight a duel on the stage, and the Colonel is disarmed. Resolved not to survive the loss of his mistress, he falls on his sword, and is severely wounded. Carried in bleeding to the house of the lady's father, he discovers that Aurelia, who had magnanimously urged his suit with her sister, has all the time secretly loved him; whereupon he displays a nobility of soul worthy of Bayard himself, by at once relieving Graciana from his importunities, and transferring his affections to Aurelia. The passage in which this evolution is performed, affords a fair sample of that spurious coinage which passed current for the true metal with audiences to whom honourable love was little more than a myth.

Bruce. Graciana, I have lost my claim to you,
And now my heart's become Aurelia's due;
She all this while within her tender breast,
The flame of love has carefully suppressed,
Courting for me, and striving to destroy
Her own contentment to advance my joy.

Aurelia. I did no more than honour pressed me to;
I wish I'd wooed successfully for you.

Bruce. You so excel in honour and in love,
You both my shame and admiration move.

Aurelia, here, accept that life from me,
Which heaven so kindly has preserved for thee.¹

This meretricious glitter, lacquering such remarkably shabby verse, would have been intolerable from sheer dreariness, but for a humorous underplot, crowded with absurdities, to which it acts as a foil. Sir Nicholas Cully, one of Oliver's knights, is the hero of the low comedy life, or more properly, the broad farce, of the play. He is an unmistakable gull, with a sufficient touch of cunning in him to make him a rogue when occasion serves; a genuine sot of the old, absolute stamp—a swilling, vapouring, country fool; the type of a class of sensual, sweltering ninnies, that abounded at the time, and were remorselessly choused and fleeced by town sharpers through their egregious vanity and love of drink. Whenever he appears, this consummate ass throws the stage into an uproar, kicks the drawers before him with monstrous oaths, is perpetually bellowing out for more wine and music, and is altogether so outrageous and contemptible a wittol, that when Sir Frederic Frolic dupes him into a marriage with his cast-off mistress, under pretence that she is his sister, and then, the cheat being disclosed, advises him to take her down into the country, where she will be sure to pass current amongst his neighbours for a very honest, well-bred woman, one cannot help feeling that the wife, with all her drawbacks, has the worst of the bargain.²

(1) Act v., sc. 5.

(2) In the last scene we have one of the numerous illustrations to be found in the

The Sullen of Farquhar is a lineal descendant of Sir Nicholas Cully, and closely resembles him—with a difference. Sullen lacks the active principle that makes Cully turbulent and uproarious. His constitution is not so robust. With Sullen all the vigour is soaked away in tobacco and sleep. Cully is a harder drinker, although he, too, sometimes sinks under it, as when he talks of marrying a widow whom, in his cups, he has mistaken for another woman. "Widow, Sir Frederic shall be one of our bride men; I will have none but such mad fellows at our wedding;—but before I marry thee, I will consider upon it," and then, by way of considering upon it, he sits down and falls asleep. But his faculties, as far as he has any, are wide awake up to the last moment of speech, and he is no sooner roused than he bursts out as tempestuous as ever. He never complains, like Sullen, of headache and nausea. He is superior to such infirmities. He has not stupified himself with ale; and seems to have got something of the ruddy sunshine of the grape into his nature, only rendered a little muddy now and then by the lees. He is more genial than Sullen; is subject to none of his moods of spleen and brutality; and, although his notions about women are barbarous enough, he regards them through a bacchanalian medium which, at least, makes him treat them more hilariously. In nervous energy he is the representative of the great profligates of the time: his frame is capable of sustaining an incessant round of dissipation, and his animal spirits are inexhaustible. However offensive such a portrait would be on the modern stage, we can easily imagine the popularity that attended it two hundred years ago. There was a provocation to enjoyment even in the name of this boisterous fool, which was much the same as if we were now to put a rich country booby into a play, and call him Sir Nicholas Goose.

The brawls of Cully and his companions are set off by the more fashionable licentiousness of Sir Frederic Frolic, the fine gentleman of the piece—an inferior variety of the *genus* Dorimant, which was to be brought to full perfection in a future comedy. The first scene plunges at once into the town life, introducing the hero with a flourish of preliminaries, which has been imitated with sundry modifications by subsequent dramatists. Sir Frederic is a pattern rake. He passes his days in adventures with ladies, and his nights in the taverns, seldom finding his way home before six or seven o'clock in the morning. The play begins at noon in his lodgings. He had been out as usual, the night before, carousing after the play. From the tavern he had proceeded to knock up a frail acquaintance at the

Restoration comedies, of the indiscriminate mixture of women of character with others of tainted reputation. No less than two of these graceless ladies are brought in married to wind up the play, and join in the general wedding festivities with which it closes, the peculiar antecedents of the brides furnishing a characteristic joke to tag the whole.

unseasonable hour of two o'clock, and, being denied admittance, he finished his exploits by breaking the windows and fighting the constables. When the scene opens, his French valet comes into the ante-chamber with a plaister on his head, complaining of his master's conduct; when presently Sir Frederic makes his appearance in a morning gown. This is a key to the whole play; and it makes a capital dramatic opening, which has been appropriated in several modern comedies. But the age of window-breaking and constable-beating is at an end; and the pictures of extinct manners we find in this piece, although very curious to the reader, no longer possess any interest for the spectator.

Notwithstanding his "sorrow and repentance" in the first act, Sir Frederic knocks up a respectable widow in the third, with a rout of link-boys and fiddlers; and the widow, who is not disinclined towards him, lets him in rather than alarm the neighbours and bring a scandal on the house. It is a choice of evils, and she risks her honour to save her reputation. But the adventure leads to nothing: for the lady has no sooner got him into the house, and appeased the uproar, than she very coolly dismisses him to the streets again. This oscillation between impetuous pursuit on the one side, and encouraging repulses on the other, keeps up the movement of the play to the end, when it settles down into the usual contract, with stringent stipulations for future good behaviour.

The second title of *Lore in a Tub* is taken from a single scene, of a thoroughly farcical kind, which has so little to do with the plot that it might be advantageously left out. The French valet makes love to a chambermaid, and after drinking himself asleep is put into a tub with a hole in it for his head, and in this helpless condition he ramps about the stage, swearing and sputtering, to the infinite merriment of the Abigails who have put the trick upon him. Devices of this absurd description are common to this whole class of plays, and are generally so preposterous that one wonders how they could have been endured.

Upon the whole, this comedy is not very artistically put together. The scenes are too detached, and do not always help the progress of the action. There are two hostile meetings on the stage—one serious, and the other humorous. In the former, a duel is fought out before the audience, and the vanquished man and his second, after being fairly overcome, attempt to fall upon their swords—rather too grim an effect for comedy; and in the latter, the coward yields to the bully, and grants his conditions rather than engage. But although the scenes are strongly contrasted, the repetition of the same incident, however varied in treatment, is a blemish in art.

Pepys, whose judgment in these matters is not always so critical, had a poor opinion of *The Comical Revenge*. He describes it as "very

merry, but only so in gesture, not wit at all." At another time, seeing it played at Whitehall by the Duke's people, he speaks of it as "a silly play," and adds, "the whole thing being done ill, and being ill also, I had no manner of pleasure in it." As it is one of those plays that materially depend for their effects on the free humours and high spirits of the actors, the flatness of its performance may, possibly, be attributable to the restraint the players felt themselves under in the presence of the Court, for the cast was exactly the same that had unprecedented success at Lincoln's Inn Fields, the comedy having brought no less than £1,000 to the house in the course of a month. The play was, indeed, so great a "hit," that it raised the popularity of all the actors concerned in it, especially of Nokes, whose Sir Nicholas Cully was considered his masterpiece. All the parts were in skilful hands; Betterton was the Lord Beaufort (a character much beneath his subsequent reputation), Harris Sir Frederic Frolic, Prince the French valet, and Mrs. Betterton and Mrs. Davis were amongst the ladies.

The Comical Revenge was followed four years afterwards by *She Would if She Could*, which was not successful, although it had the advantage of the same excellent actors. The idea attempted to be developed in this play is indicated clearly enough in the title. The wife of a country knight, who has outlived her attractions, but not her vanity (to express the lady's weakness inoffensively), lays open siege to a young town gallant, who humours her wishes only to disappoint them, while he prosecutes his designs in another quarter. There is more grossness in the language and conduct of this play than in either of Etherge's other comedies; but in invention it is superior to both. The broad humour is contributed by two country knights, who are resolved to make the most of their visit to London, and are detected in their unlawful indulgences by the ladies of their families. The ladies are themselves engaged in similar courses, and, in order to avert exposure, they adroitly turn the tables on the gentlemen. There is an ingenious situation where they all meet at the "Bear" in Drury Lane, which, unknown to each other, they had selected for their rendezvous; and another, where Lady Cockwood, perpetually frustrated in her object by Courtal, writes notes in the names of her young kinswomen to make an appointment in Spring Gardens with Courtal and his friend Freeman, and then surprises them together. Lady Cockwood's character is abominable enough, but it is full of humour. Her method of managing her husband, and persuading him that she is a woman of exemplary virtue and devoted affection, is irresistibly comical. The imbroglio in the last scene, with the two gallants shut up in a closet (a situation often borrowed, and altered to suit circumstances), and the audacity of the explanations by which the honour of the wife is saved, all suspicions cleared up, and everybody enabled to come off handsomely at the conclusion, are happily contrived.

Some of the usual extravagances are interwoven with the plot to amuse the galleries. Of this description is the stratagem resorted to by Lady Cockwood to keep her husband at home, while she goes out to an appointment with Courtal. The trick consists in locking up his clothes, and leaving him only what she calls his "penitential suit," a ridiculous costume she forces him to wear, by way of punishment for having been drunk the night before, just as a fool's-cap is put upon a naughty boy at school. The husband, however, is persuaded by his friend, the other tipsy knight, to go to a tavern, and his appearance abroad in this ludicrous dress is a source of infinite mirth to the rest of the characters.

Altogether, we have few examples in English comedy of so much clever mechanism wrought out of such slender materials; but unfortunately the play is so saturated with licentiousness as to render all this constructive skill mere waste and abuse. The laxity of public morals is here presented with startling candour. The whole business of the scene is illicit pleasure. There is not a single person concerned, from the young ladies who come up to town with roses in their cheeks, to the experienced rake-hells into whose arms they are ready to throw themselves, that is not engaged in the same pursuit. The ordinary comedy of intrigue has generally some relief; there is none in *She Would if She Could*. It is intrigue from first to last. Even the young ladies enter into it with avidity, although it must be admitted to their credit that they betray a little fright when they find matters growing serious.

Pepys was present at the first representation of this comedy, and it appears from his account of its reception that the audience, who came in great crowds to see it, went away disappointed both with the play and the actors.¹ This was on the 6th February, 1667-8:—

"My wife being gone before, I to the Duke of York's playhouse, where a new play of Etherege's, called *She Would if She Could*; and though I was there by two o'clock, there was one thousand people put back that could not have room in the pit; and I at last, because my wife was there, made shift to get into the 18^d. box, and there saw; but, Lord! how full was the house, and how silly the play, there being nothing in the world good in it, and few people pleased in it. The king was there; but I sat mightily behind, and could see but little, and hear not all. The play being done, I into the pit to look for my wife, it being dark and raining, but could not find her, and so staid going between the two doors and through the pit an hour and half, I think, after the play was done; the people staying there till the rain was over, and to talk with one another. And, among the rest, the Duke of Buckingham to-day openly sat in the pit; and there I found him with my Lord Buckhurst, and Sedley, and Etherege, the poet; the last of whom I did hear mightily find fault with the

(1) Dennis says that, although it was esteemed by men of sense for the truthness of some of its characters, and the purity, freeness, and easy grace of its dialogue, yet, on its first appearance, it was *barbarously* treated by the audience. Shadwell, it will be seen, ascribed its failure to the negligence of the actors, an opinion strongly expressed by Etherege himself.

actors, that they were out of humour, and had not their parts perfect, and that Harris did do nothing, nor could so much as sing a ketch in it;¹ and so was mightily concerned; while all the rest did, through the whole pit, blame the play as a silly, dull thing, though there was something very roguish and witty; but the design of the play, and end, mightily insipid."²

This passage is interesting in two or three points of view. It lets us into the interior of the playhouse, and enables us to see what sort of place it was, with all the celebrities "assisting" at the inauguration of the new piece, and the fine company flocking down from the boxes into the pit when the play was over, weather-bound and waiting for their "Flemish barbs," and glad of an excuse for a lounge amongst the wits, to pick up stray crumbs of scandal, and a little criticism. It shows us also something of the life of the stage; the imperfect study and ill-humours of the actors—Harris especially, who had a leading part, one of the ramping, uproarious country knights, yet could not sing a catch in it; the excitement of a first representation, drawing so great a concourse to the house that a thousand people were turned away from the doors, and Pepys himself, although he went so early as two o'clock, being obliged to put up with a back seat in the 18*th* box, where he could see little and hear nothing; and, still more characteristic of a scene repeated often enough from that time to this, the mortification of the author condemned to see his play spoiled in the acting. And here, too, we have Etherege in his true position amongst the men of taste and fashion, who gave a tone to the literature of the day, and were themselves the principal persons to whom the stage held up its mirror.

The next, and last, is the greatest of Etherege's works. All the characters in *The Man of Mode* are now the common property, under different modifications, of many plays. But here these stock figures are for the most part new, and contain the germs of suggestions which later writers have expanded and adapted to other circumstances. Dorimant, the universal gallant of the piece, the prince of

(1) Harris played Sir Joel in Jolly, to whom nearly all the catches or snatches of song were given. Nokes, who had done wonders in Cully, was again fitted with a country knight; but, like most reproductions of a good thing, the second country knight was very inferior to his predecessor. Songs and dances were always introduced into the comedies of this period, and, being highly popular, often retrieved the credit of a new piece. Shadwell attributes the redemption of the *Humourists* from total condemnation to the success of a favourite *figurante*, "who, for four days together, beautified it with the most excellent dancing that had ever been seen upon the stage."

(2) Others, it should be noted, held a different opinion. Shadwell, in his preface to the *Humourists*, threw the whole blame of its ill-success upon the actors. "The imperfect action," he says, "had like to have destroyed *She Would if She Could*, which I think (and have the authority of some of the best judges in England for it) is the best comedy that has been written since the restoration of the stage; and eventually, for the imperfect representation of it at first, received such prejudice that, had it not been for the favour of the Court, in all probability it had never got up again; and it suffers for it, in a great measure, to this very day." Phillips, Gildon, and Langbaine also pronounce *She Would if She Could* one of the best comedies of the age.

intriguers, dashing, handsome, irresistibly impudent, and adding to the rest of his fascinations the prestige of a most dangerous reputation, is the progenitor of the Belcours, Doricourts, and a score of brilliant heroes of modern comedy, lacking only those sentimental qualities which were considered necessary some sixty years ago to balance the recklessness of youth, but which would have taken off all its piquancy in the days of the Restoration. Dorimant is not wholly unredeemed, however, by a touch of grace, for after betraying two ladies, he settles down in marriage with a third, the sting of the moral being that the ladies he has undone are reconciled to his desertion by the consideration that he has abandoned them, not for a mistress, but a wife. This desperate refuge of a profligate philosophy lets us a little into the social ethics of the time. When a man married, instead of being shut out from the wild pleasures of the town, he became a sort of licensed libertine, and was more in favour than ever, especially when it was thought desirable, which was seldom the case, to consult appearances. The last woman in the world a mistress would be jealous of was the wife of her lover. It seemed, indeed, to be quite true, as a married *roué* says in one of these comedies, when he is following up an amour, that "marriage is the least engagement of all, for that only points out where a man cannot love."¹

This lax doctrine was carried down traditionally in our popular comedies long after, it is to be hoped, the practice of it had gone into disuse, and was last openly proclaimed under the *régime* of Garrick, subsequently to which it appears to have given way before a stricter code of domestic morality.

The other characters are a couple of young fellows about town, an old gentleman from the country, and the usual supply of ladies at cross-purposes, and bent upon adventures, with a dash of reserve and prudence thrown in amongst them in the persons of a suspicious mother and, what must have been regarded by most people as an anomalous hybrid, a respectable woman of fashion.

The old gentleman, although he has very little to do, stands out prominently from the rest. We are now so familiar with the portrait of prurient senility on the stage that we must keep in view the chronology of these plays in order to do full justice to the merits of the conception. But with a hundred copies of Old Bellair before us, the rich colouring of the original eclipses them all. Not wanting in sense, he betrays the folly of age only in the dawdling imbecility of a liquorish tooth; and this constitutional weakness is brought into play by his taking a violent fancy to a young girl, and making love to her with an hysterical gusto which has often been imitated, but rarely without degenerating into caricature. His delight is to chirp

(1) Shadwell's *Epicoen Wella*.

up to her, and then retreat from her, chuckling and pretending to chide her with a "Go—you're a rogue, you're a rogue;—dod, I can't abide you—I can't abide you!" When he is suddenly called off the scene, he cries out to one of the young sparks who are paying court to her, and laughing in their sleeves at him, "A-dod, what does she say? Hit her a pat for me there!" A vice so ludicrously peccant, and so liable to be overcharged, must have run into mere drivelling grossness in the hands of most of these dramatists—of which we have, indeed, plenty of examples; but it is restrained by Etherege within such careful limits, and regulated with such a judicious regard for the more rational features of the character, as to become a perfectly natural bit of genuine comic humour.

The great part is Sir Fopling Flutter, who gives the title to the play. Upon this elaborate fribbler Etherege has bestowed infinite pains, and the result is the most consummate coxcomb in the repertory of an age when the species were as common as flies in summer. All our stage fops and male coquets trace their lineage to this early exquisite, who overshadows the whole tribe by the costliness of his style and the surpassing self-satisfaction of his bearing. Sir Fopling is a special product of the period; the type of that class of travelled popinjays that brought home to England, in the train of Charles II., the most egregious follies and vanities of France. He has just arrived from Paris, and presents in his person a complete reflection of the extremity of the mode. His costume is a picture of the newest fashions carried to the height of the prevailing extravagance; and its details, which are enumerated with scrupulous minuteness, reveal all the secrets of a fine gentleman's toilet. His periwig is "more exactly curled than a lady's head newly dressed for a ball;" he wears a pair of fringed and perfumed gloves that stretch up to his elbows; every article upon him is of Paris make—the suit by Barroy, the garniture by Le Gras, the shoes by Piccar, the mountainous periwig by Chedreux,¹ and the gloves by Orangerii, always to be detected by their peculiar odour; knots, tassels, and ribbons stream from every available point of his body; he is literally steeped in scents; he carries his head on one side with the languishing air of a lady lolling in her coach, or angling for admirers from her box at the play; and his mincing conversation, which is the moral counterpart of his dress and action, acquires zest from a pretty lisp which he has studied and practised till it has become indispensable to the expression of his thoughts. Dryden, in his admirable epilogue to the comedy, gives a sketch of Sir Fopling, which, for what it is, is as good as the

(1) Extravagant periwigs were by no means the exclusive mark of the fribbler and the coxcomb, nor were they even confined to the laity. They were worn by vain clergymen. Pepys was horribly scandalised at seeing the Earl of Carlisle's curate preach in a flowing periwig.

character itself. He describes him as the representative of the whole race of fops, and as being composed of features selected from a variety of originals.

“ Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him, can call,
 He's knight o' th' shire, and represents ye all.
 From each he meets he culls whate'er he can,
 Legion's his name, a People in a Man.
 His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
 And, rolling o'er you, like a snow-ball grows.
 His various modes from various fathers follow ;
 One taught the toss, and one the new French wallow.
 His sword-knot this, his cravat this designed,
 And this the yard-long snake he twirls behind.
 From one the sacred periwig he gained,
 Which wind ne'er blew nor touch of hat profaned.
 Another's diving bow he did adore,
 Which with a shog casts all the hair before ;
 'Till he with full decorum brings it back,
 And rises with a water-spaniel's shake.”

This illustrious fop brings before us in colours that will never fade one of those portraits of bygone manners which are entitled to be received as valuable contributions to the gallery of history.

Sir Fopling's share in the action of the comedy is not much. He is merely made use of as a set-off to promote the intrigues of others, he being allowed, all the time, to flatter his vanity with the belief that he is achieving conquests on his own account. It clearly would never have answered the purpose of the dramatist to suffer such a butterfly to carry off the *éclat* of a successful amour from any of the lusty wooers, who, in their sweeping licentiousness, represented the ascendant spirit of the time. Poor Sir Fopling, therefore, after parading his equipage in the Mall, with a retinue of six footmen and a page, for the purpose of making an impression on a lady who affects to be smitten by him merely to pique the triumphant Dorimant, is unceremoniously dismissed with contempt in the end. But he bears his humiliation like a gentleman, and consoles his wounded pride by resolving henceforth to dedicate himself, not to one woman, but to the whole sex. There is a grandeur in this view of the matter which was, probably, designed to appease the boxes, and reconcile the courtly part of the audience to the discomfiture of a character drawn from living originals in Whitehall.

In this comedy we have an example of that intrigue upon intrigue literally taking place, so to speak, in the open air, and conducted with the most peremptory frankness, which may be accepted as the express image of the scenes that were enacted every day in Spring Gardens, the Mall, the New Exchange, the China-houses, and other favourite places of resort. From the nature of the incidents, the scenes are unavoidably tinged with licentiousness ; but they are singularly free from the gratuitous grossness which stained the bulk

of the contemporary drama. Etherege threw into his dialogue a tone of society that gave it a certain softening air of refinement. He wrote upon the most dangerous themes like a gentleman.

The following scene will show how complete a master he was of stage art. The situation is constructed with remarkable skill. Old Bellair and Lady Woodvil having determined to force their son and daughter into a marriage, the young people plot together to contrive an escape from it, and have just hit upon the expedient of pretending to be in love with each other for the purpose of deceiving their tormentors and gaining time, when the father and mother make their appearance. The girl, although she professes to be a novice in such matters, falls into the plan with facility, and discovers an aptitude for improvised coquetry which must have been highly piquant in the acting.¹ The whole scene is played aside.

Y. Bell. Can you play your part?

Harriet. I know not what 'tis to love; but I have made pretty remarks by being now and then where lovers meet. Where did you leave their gravities?

Y. Bell. In the next room. Your mother was censuring our modern gallant.

Enter Old Bellair and Lady Woodvil.

Har. Peace! Here they come. I will lean against this wall, and look bashfully down upon my fan, while you, like an amorous spark, modishly entertain me.

Lady Wood. Never go about to excuse 'em; come, come, it was not so when I was a young woman.

Old Bell. A-dod; they're something disrespectful.

Lady Wood. Quality was then considered, and not rallied by every flooring fellow.

Old Bell. Youth will have its jest, a-dod it will.

Lady Wood. 'Tis good breeding now to be civil to none but players and exchange women; they are treated by 'em as much above their condition, as others are below theirs.

Old Bell. Out a-pize on 'em,² talk no more, the rogues ha' got an ill habit of preferring beauty, no matter where they find it.

Lady Wood. See your son and my daughter, they have improved their acquaintance since they were within.

Old Bell. A-dod, methinks they have! Let's keep back and observe.

Y. Bell. Now for a look and gestures that may persuade 'em I am saying all the passionate things imaginable——

Har. Your head a little more on one side; ease yourself on your left leg, and play with your right hand.

Y. Bell. Thus; is it not?

Har. Now set your right foot firm on the ground, adjust your belt, then look about you.

Y. Bell. A little exercising will make me perfect.

Har. Smile, and turn to me again very sparkish!

Y. Bell. Will you take your turn, and be instructed?

Har. With all my heart.

(1) The name of the actress who played Harriet, at Dorset Gardens, is omitted from the cast, although the names of all the other performers are given. Jevon played Young Bellair; Bettarton was the original Dorimant.

(2) Equivalent to "plague on 'em!"

Y. Bell. At one motion play your fan, roll your eyes, and then settle a kind look upon me.

Har. So?

Y. Bell. Now spread your fan, look down upon it, and tell the sticks with a finger.

Har. Very modish.

Y. Bell. Clap your hand up to your bosom, hold down your gown, shrug a little, draw up your breasts, and let 'em fall again gently, with a sigh or two.

Har. By the good instructions you give, I suspect you for one of those malicious observers who watch people's eyes, and from innocent looks make scandalous conclusions.

Y. Bell. I know some, indeed, who out of mere love to mischief are as vigilant as jealousy itself, and will give you an account of every glance that passes at a play, and in the circle.

Har. 'Twill not be amiss now to seem a little pleasant.

Y. Bell. Clap your fan then in both your hands; snatch it to your mouth, smile, and with a lively motion fling your body a little forwards. So—now spread it; fall back on the sudden, cover your face with it, and break out into a loud laughter—take up! look grave, and fall a fanning of yourself. Admirably well acted!

Har. I think I am pretty apt at these matters.

Old Bell. A-dod I like this well.

Lady Wood. This promises something.¹

A fuller flavour of the comedy may be obtained from a scene of higher pretensions, in which Dorimant comes out in all the glory of his inconstancy. Wearied of his mistress, Mrs. Loveit, whose violent temper and inconvenient jealousy have worn out his patience, he prevails upon Belinda, her successor in his vagrant affections, to enter into a scheme for getting rid of her. The two ladies are intimate acquaintances, but love cancels all other considerations in the heart of Belinda, who is easily persuaded to accept Dorimant's sacrifice of her friend as a proof of his devotion to herself. It is arranged that Belinda shall pay a visit to Mrs. Loveit, and inflame her jealousy by a story of Dorimant's infidelities with another (who is in reality Belinda herself), and that Dorimant shall break in upon them when the lady is at the height of her fury, and make a pretext of her invectives to discard her on the spot. The conspiracy is sufficiently base; but we must take these people in their own way. We must not look to their conduct for instances of fidelity, nor to their professions for maxims of love. On the other hand, there was no assumption of that "sentimental French plate," which Joseph Surface substitutes for the "silver ore of pure charity," and which, he tells us, "makes quite as good a show, and pays no tax." Everybody knew what they had to trust to in matters of this kind, and took the risk of the issue. Engagements such as that of Dorimant and Mrs. Loveit were regulated by an understood license, which greatly relieves our conscience in contemplating their ruthless violation. The lady could have expected nothing better from a man whose indiscriminate gallantries were so notorious; and, considering the general laxity to which he might have appealed for precedents, it is

(1) Act II., sc. 3.

rather a sign of latent grace in Dorimant, that instead of outraging her pride by open desertion, he pays her the artful compliment of affecting to find in her own actions an excuse for his perfidy. A woman is naturally inclined to extract from such a situation whatever solace it may be made to yield; and the lover who throws upon her the sole responsibility of their separation leaves with her at least the miserable consolation, true or false, that she might have kept him if she had tried.

The scene is sustained with unflagging spirit and energy. The jealous rage of Mrs. Loveit, finding vent in torrents of abuse and despair, and the coolness and gaiety of Dorimant, floating triumphantly above the storm, present a striking opposition of temper, character, and circumstance. But this is merely the dramatic side of the picture. So mean a stratagem, conducted to so successful a close, would utterly revolt our better feelings, were it not that the moral which creeps out at the end, when Belinda expresses her fear that the lover who has acted so cruelly to another may one day act as treacherously to herself, goes some way, if not to redeem a little of the turpitude of the proceeding, at least to deprive it of complete impunity. In a more artificial age, when it would be necessary to propitiate the moral scruples of the audience, Belinda would have been made to exhibit remorse at the barbarous treatment she had brought upon her friend; but there is no affectation in these plays, and the only regret of which she is conscious, and to which she honestly confesses, is purely selfish—a slight, but significant, indication of the predominant sentiment that entered into such incidents in real life.

Etherege's intimate association with the Buckinghams, Dorsets, and Rochesters gives a special value to his comedies. He lived the life he painted, and represented in his own person all the experiences which other dramatists derived at second-hand. His plays have the direct impress of the lax high-breeding of the circles in which he moved.

Etherege was born about 1636. His family had long been seated in Oxfordshire, and the fortune he inherited entitled him to the social position upon which his wit and his gallantries conferred celebrity. He passed through an unfinished collegiate course at Cambridge; but was indebted for the more practical part of his education to a tour on the Continent, which he made at an early age. On his return from France, according to the scanty memorials that have been preserved of him, he began to prepare himself for the bar, and commenced with the study of the municipal laws of the kingdom in one of the Inns of Court. Whitehall and the green-room, however, possessed greater attractions for him than the statutes, and, as one of his biographers tells us, he soon "quitted the law for pleasure and the pursuit of gayer accomplishments."

His first play established his fashionable reputation at once; and his gallantries procured for him the sort of notoriety which men of fashion coveted most. He began with actresses and maids of honour, and ended with a princess. It was an ambitious ascent from Mrs. Barry to the beautiful Mary of Modena, the second Duchess of York, and afterwards Queen of England, who is said to have showered unbounded favours on him.¹ Thus elevated, caressed, and tempted, he surrendered himself to a career of pleasure which in the long run ruined his fortune and constitution. Gambling, wine, and other excesses inseparable from them, reduced him to the extremity of seeking to repair his estate by a wealthy marriage. The whole affair was the story of his own Dorimant put into action in real life, and acted with higher zest than ever it was on the stage.² He made love to a rich widow, who insisted upon her terms, just as the cunning ladies in the comedies make conditions with the shattered gallants who, exhausted in health, purse, and reputation, resort to wedlock as ruined gamblers to their last stake. There being no other advantage she could hope for from the match except the personal distinction it might bring her, the widow stipulated for a title; and Etherege, investing all his interest at Court in this last desperate speculation, was enabled to secure her by a knighthood. It is not known how this marriage turned out; but the sequel of Etherege's life suggests no more fortunate issue than might be reasonably looked for from the weddings of the Frolics and the Courtalls. In all the accounts that have come down to us, the lady disappears the moment she becomes a wife. Of Etherege's relations with Mrs. Barry we hear nothing further than that there was a daughter, upon whom the poet settled some five or six thousand pounds, and who, not unhappily for herself, died young.

The end of this gay and dissolute life was shocking enough. The last scene turned the reckless comedy into dismal tragedy. Having obtained an appointment as envoy at Ratisbon, through the favour of the Duchess, now Queen, Etherege found himself in a new style of

(1) He dedicated *The Man of Mode* to her, and it appears from the following passage that at that time, 1676, he held an appointment about her person: "I hope the honour I have of belonging to you will excuse my presumption; 'tis the first thing I have produced in your service, and my duty obliges me to what my choice durst not else have aspired."

(2) Dorimant excuses himself to his mistress for marrying on the ground of necessity: "Believe me, a wife, to repair the ruins of my estate that needs it." Whether Etherege was married when he wrote this, and drew Dorimant's dilemma from his own experience, which would help to justify the supposition that he sat for the portrait, or that he conceived Dorimant first, and imitated his example afterwards, cannot be determined with certainty. It has been conjectured, on the authority of a contemporary poem ascribed to the Duke of Buckingham, that the marriage took place seven years later, which is the more probable supposition of the two, as he was in the service of the Princess when he produced *The Man of Mode*, and not likely to be in such forlorn extremities as to render a marriage for money unavoidable.

society, which threw his philosophy into a comical dilemma between the table excesses of the men and the rigorous formality of the women. He "unbosomed himself frankly and freely," to use his own words, in some sprightly letters to the Duke of Buckingham, and confesses to the difficulty he felt in balancing his conduct between these extremes. Speaking of the people by whom he was surrounded, he says, "They are, indeed, a free-hearted, open sort of gentlemen that compose the Diet, without reserve, affectation, and artifice; but they are such unmerciful plyers of the bottle, and wholly given up to what we sots call good-fellowship, that 'tis as great a constraint upon my nature to sit out a night's entertainment with them as it would be to hear half a score of long-winded Presbyterian divines cant successively one after another." He had been accustomed to a different mode of living in England, where, much as they indulged in wine, they regarded it only as one of the ministers of pleasure. "Judge then, my lord," he adds, "whether a person of my sober principles, [a piece of impudent pleasantry his Grace must have laughed heartily over] and one that only uses wine, as the wiser sort of Roman Catholics do images, to raise up my imagination to something more exalted, and not to terminate my worship upon it, must not be reduced to very mortifying circumstances in this place, when I cannot pretend to enjoy conversation without practising that vice which directly ruins it." Notwithstanding, however, his aversion to the habits of the gentlemen of the Diet, he suffered himself on one occasion, when he entertained them at his house, to be so far carried away by their example, that, upon attending them at their departure, being overcome by the quantity of wine he had drunk, he tumbled down the stairs and broke his neck.

In his youth Sir George Etherege was handsome; but in the latter part of his life his fine features suffered severely from the dissipation in which he had indulged. A lampoon that was written upon him thus coarsely alludes to this misfortune:—

"His meagre face did his bad fate foretell,
That, like himself, 'twould not be countenanced well."

His figure was tall and slender, and the softness and grace of his manners are attested by the kind and even affectionate terms in which he is spoken of by his contemporaries. Evelyn has hit off these distinctive traits in a lucky epithet which has descended to us as the true description of the man; and the "easy Etherege" is, perhaps, as faithful a portrait as the most elaborate touches could bring before us. He is commonly called the "gentle Etherege;" Steele calls him the "polite Etherege;" and Rochester, who familiarly alludes to him as the "gentle George," declares that

"Of all men that writ
There's none had more fancy, sense, judgment, or wit."

"None of our writers," said Pope, "had a freer way for comedy than Etherege and Vanbrugh," adding, "now we have named all the best of them," including him with Wycherley, Congreve, Fletcher, Jonson, and Shakspeare.¹ His contemporaries frequently united him with Sedley in the same panegyric, although there was little in common between them as poets. Thus one of their admirers writes—

"Here gentle Etherego and Sedley's muse
Warm the coy maid, and melting love infuse;
No unchaste words, with harsh offensive sound,
The tender ears of blushing virgins wound," &c.

This may appear very astonishing to us, who regard the said muse as a flagrant sinner against decorum; but the truth is, that the "tender ears" regulated their blushes by a different standard of morals from that which prevails in our day. It might be supposed that this praise of Etherege and Sedley was really satire in disguise; but the writer is perfectly sincere. He absolutely means what he says. Words had the same meaning then as now, but the imagination of the audiences was trained to their use, and familiarity stripped them of offence. Seeing, however, the length to which licentiousness of expression was carried—not so much in Etherege and Sedley as in others—the wonder is what could have been the farther unknown region which it would have been dangerous for the dramatists to invade.

Dean Lockier describes Etherege as one of the most thorough fops he ever saw—the exact counterpart, or prototype, of his own Sir Fopling; and yet, said the Dean, he designed Dorimant, the genteel rake of wit, for his own picture.² The Dean was in error on this latter point. Dorimant was designed for Rochester, and Sir Fopling was drawn from the perfumed fribbler, Beau Hewitt. It is generally supposed that Etherege intended Young Bellair for himself, and the saving gentlemanly graces he has thrown into the character are favourable to the conjecture, although some critics imagine they have detected a closer resemblance to his temperament in the wilder animal spirits of Medley. In the Epilogue all personalities are, of course, disclaimed, especially in the case of Sir Fopling, which was, nevertheless, so close to its original that nobody could mistake the copy.

As for the personal foppery of Etherege reported by Dean Lockier, it may be fairly doubted; for had he been so absurd as to appear abroad with his ribbons cracking in the winds, his periwig floating in a cloud of curls over his shoulders, and his whole body steeped in perfumes, he would hardly have committed the still more egregious folly of holding up his own vanity to public ridicule upon the stage.

ROBERT BELL.

(1) Spence's "Anecdotes."

(2) *Ibid.*

PEEL AND PALMERSTON: THE ETHICS OF STATESMANSHIP.

It is generally felt that the death of Lord Palmerston has closed an era in the political life of England. The popular instinct, which is usually false in its judgment of persons and as usually true in its estimate of events, has recognised this; philosophic students of politics, who look on them from their retirement, observing all but unobserved of any, at once admit it; and practical politicians show by their movements that they are conscious of the change. Yet we can hardly say that the new age is fully born as yet. Conscious as we are of a great political transition, its nature has not yet been realised, nor have more than its very earliest consequences been rendered clear. Political life exists during the parliamentary recess in a condition of hybernation, or suspended animation; and it is not until the annual awakening comes that we shall begin to estimate the change in our political condition, and to forecast the future of our political life. We may be pardoned, therefore, for lingering awhile among the shadows of the past. A time of pause is the fit time for thought. In the gloom of a closing year we all moralise a little more severely than is our wont, and from a survey of the retreating period get strength and wisdom for the time that is approaching. May we not do so now? To many of us, as we lately stood, in fact or fancy, around the grave of our venerable statesman, in the fading sunshine of an October day, it was impossible to resist the feeling that we stood in the "gloaming" of a closing era. We were burying amid the memories there a representative man and the age he represented. The living had come to the resting-place of the illustrious dead, to bid their farewell to the Past before they addressed themselves to the new duties of the Future. It was the eve of a new political year. It marked the coming of a time of pause. It suggested inevitable comparisons, and seemed to call for a distinct re-estimate of what is the true glory of a statesman's memory, and what is the noblest purpose that can animate a statesman's life.

It is not my intention to attempt an estimate of Lord Palmerston either as a statesman or as a man. If the time for such an estimate has not yet come even in the case of the late Sir R. Peel, much less can it have come in the case of a statesman whose career began earlier than his, though it ended so much later. Yet when a new era is opening, and a large number of new men are stepping forward into public life, the time seems to be a fit one to discuss some ethical questions which the dissimilar careers of Palmerston and Peel alike suggest. The

public estimate of each of them has proceeded upon no intelligible principle. The praise accorded to one has been entirely inconsistent with the blame given to the other, and the admirers of each have seen that to be a virtue in the one which was a vice in the other. It cannot, therefore, be impertinent to raise, in connection with their names, the great questions which the Ethics of Statesmanship include; and the very feeblest contribution to the settlement of any of those questions, or even to the public appreciation and understanding of them, may be of some service to the State.

Sir Robert Peel and Lord Palmerston were, in nearly every respect, the antitheses of each other. The wide difference of ancestral descent was only typical of as wide a difference of manner, method, and aim. Peel was a man of the middle class. Guizot says of him (*Mem. Sir R. Peel*, p. 374):—"He was proud of his plebeian¹ origin, and did not seek to conceal it either by his manners or by his maxims. He was dignified without elegance. . . . On seeing him at Court, in the drawing-rooms of Windsor, I was struck by a little constraint and stiffness in his attitude; he was evidently the most important and most respected man there, and yet he did not look as if he were at home; his sway did not appear to be exempt from embarrassment; he governed without reigning." Palmerston was the reverse of all this. He was proud of his aristocratic birth; his manners, his maxims, his prejudices, were those of the aristocracy. He knew nothing of constraint or stiffness. He was entirely at home everywhere—in the drawing-rooms of Windsor, on the hustings at Tiverton, or on the platform of the Free Trade Hall; his sway was at all times exempt from even the appearance of embarrassment, and he reigned without governing. Nor was their deportment in the House of Commons less widely different. Peel was solemn and precise; Palmerston was humorous and inexact. Peel was fluent and oratorical; Palmerston was hesitating and conversational. The one would reply to a frivolous question or a foolish onslaught by a grave argument; the other would put off even a serious questioner with a joke, or parry an earnest attack by ingenious fencing or light banter. To the one, life was serious and earnest, and the cares of office sat heavily upon his shoulders; to the other, life was somewhat of a masquerade, and all the responsibilities of State added nothing even to the weight of years. In great questions of public policy, "three courses" were always open to the view of Sir Robert Peel; he saw all the dangers and difficulties of each, weighed and compared them earnestly, and, after much hesitation, took the course his best judgment indicated to be right. Lord Palmerston's narrower but clearer vision saw only the nearest and easiest way, and he dashed gaily into it, careless of the difficulties he shirked.

(1) It should rather be "middle class." The word "plebeian" is used by the middle classes as synonymous with "working class." A plebeian is, in their speech, an uneducated man.

or the future "complications" he entailed, and as indifferent to "absolute right" and "abstract justice" as he was to the hereditary principles of his party or the personal convictions of his supporters. Nor did they differ less widely in the qualities which conduce to personal popularity. There was in Lord Palmerston that intense and abundant life—that "surcharge of arterial blood," as Emerson calls it—that "*plus* condition of mind and body, on which," he says, "all success depends." He had in consequence a most genial manner, a sunny temper, an utter absence of all irritability or dulness, all anxiety or oppression—a gaiety that was indestructible, and a flow of animal spirits which never slackened. Sir Robert Peel was of a highly nervous organisation, was cold in manner, and by that reserve which covered an irritable and anxious temper, left an impression of *hauteur*, and produced an oppressive feeling of discomfort in the minds of the majority of those who had to do with him. Palmerston was made to be the idol of a multitude; Peel to be only the admiration of a few. Palmerston's was, in consequence, a personal popularity; Peel's popularity was that of his measures alone. The one was distinguished for faithfulness to his friends, never abandoning them, but risking everything in their defence; the other laid himself open to the charge of want of faith. For a time of tolerable smoothness, when the strife of parties had relaxed, when the conflict of great interests and the war of great principles was suspended, Palmerston was exactly fitted, and it was in presiding over a political truce that his unbounded popularity was won; but for darker days and more stormy times, when party war was fierce, and the shock of class antagonism endangered the institutions of the State, Peel was pre-eminently qualified, and it was in such times his great services were rendered and his name imperishably associated with his country's welfare. Thus wide apart in the spirit and temper of their lives, they were no less different in the manner of their deaths: Peel's career cut suddenly short by accident; Palmerston, fortunate even in the time of his decease, "coming to his grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in its season." The quiet funeral of the great Liberal leader of the Conservative party, in Drayton churchyard, while winter fog and rain obliterated a summer day, was but the outward symbol of that quiet hush of despair, that dulness of disappointed expectation, and sickness of extinguished hope, which fell upon the nation when the sun of such a life went down at noon; the public interment of the Conservative head of a Liberal government in the Abbey at Westminster, with the feeble sunshine of later autumn gleaming across his grave, and shining on the faces of a generation younger than his own, was a symbol of the gentle reverence and mild regret with which the nation he had served saw him "gathered to his fathers," and felt that with him his generation

had departed, and that a new age was already dawning round them while they did the last well-deserved and appropriate honours at his tomb.

There can be no question that these very dissimilar men embodied in themselves the spirit of very dissimilar times. The most illustrious part of Sir Robert Peel's career lay along the pathway of the most troublous times of our later history. The period of Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill, and that of the Anti-Corn Law agitation, the Irish famine, and the establishment of Free Trade, were each periods of unusual excitement. It is at such times that nations rise to their heroic moods. The atmosphere of public life is cleared by storms, and great principles become more visible to the dim-eyed multitude who live upon the dead level of ordinary life, and do not often see the mountain ranges of the highest thought. Then it is that great changes come, and great acts of justice are done; that the false policy of a generation is reversed, and the iniquities of ages are destroyed. It is a man of grave and solemn purpose who is needed at such a time,—a man who has in him something of the heroic. That he should go to his work of change with reluctance; that he should sorrowfully, or at least, without exultation or excitement, admit the need of it; that he should be a convert to the new measures required, and should see in the past, which he is about to abolish, his own past self; that he should thus understand the charm and recommendation of the old, while he feels the necessity and sees all the desirableness of the new, is the condition of success in his leadership. It was exactly this condition which Sir Robert Peel so well fulfilled. A Tory by birth, education, prejudice, and conviction, he became the instrument of most important reforms, and his name lives in association with some of the greatest Liberal triumphs which have been won. He did not change because the nation changed,—he changed with it; the process which converted the nation to Catholic Emancipation and to Free Trade, converted him. He was therefore able to do what the nation willed, not because the nation willed it, but because he saw it to be right; and he did it, not as an act of triumph and victory, but as one of submission and self-sacrifice. But the heroic mood of a nation passes away. When the upward and onward step has been taken, and some great clear gain has been made for humanity, or justice, or truth, a time of lassitude comes. We gather up our forces for a great step, and under heroic leadership we make it; and then the tension relaxes, the inspiration dies, we are content with what we have attained; on the new step we have gained we make ourselves easy; rest, and are thankful. This was just the case with England after Sir Robert Peel's leadership was over. The heroic impulse of those stormy times lasted through the calm which followed them,

and drove us at length into the war with Russia. We went into that war full of heroic zeal, we came out of it disenchanted and worldly. The millennium dawned in 1851 ; but it was only for a moment, and the old night soon came back as dense as ever. The nation ceased to believe in millenniums. Peace Congresses came to an end, and Reform movements languished. Liberal in conviction, the nation did not care to embody its convictions in actual legislation ; it was pleasanter to look on at other nations, and to gratify at once our sentiment of Liberalism and our desire for rest, by rejoicing over the victories, and mourning over the defeats, of the great Liberal cause in other lands. For such a time and such a mood Lord Palmerston was exactly fitted. His great eulogist, the *Times*, said of him, "Lord Palmerston had little faith in what has been called 'world-bettering.'" The statement is just as true of the mood of public opinion of late years as it was of its great leader. Lord Palmerston was made to be the statesman of a self-satisfied and contented period. He represented the nation's unheroic mood. He embodied its temporary distaste for schemes of improvement. Liberal in his sympathies abroad, but Conservative in all his tendencies at home ; too old for a vigorous initiative in large and comprehensive measures, but too young in his tone and temper to lay down his leadership ; beloved by a vast majority of the nation, though thoroughly disliked by a few ; trusted by the Tory opposition, and not mistrusted by any considerable section of the Liberal party,—he was able to impose a truce on party warfare, and to give the people just that rest from earnest legislation and the strife of progress its ignoble mood demanded. With a masterly hand he guided us through some seasons of outward difficulty ; and by his vast popularity, his buoyant spirits, his unequalled tact, and his great skill in making earnestness appear ridiculous, he kept even the most active and restless spirits under a spell which made them powerless. His policy was to have no policy. "A masterly inaction" was his boast. His political programme was—Palmerston. He substituted his own great personal qualities for great principles, and ruled not by the vigour of his policy, but by the vivacity of his nature. He leaves no great measures associated with his name ; and though he stands as the greatest figure in the history of his time, a head and shoulders taller than his contemporaries, he does not stand, as Peel does, on the pedestal of a nation's gratitude, and will, perhaps, mingle in the dim crowd of History much sooner than he.

It ought to be quite possible to discuss the moral questions which these two great names suggest, without any attempt to sit in judgment on either of them. Of course there is difficulty in applying a moral standard to the acts of public men, for people seem to under-

stand by it the estimate of their public doings by their private character, or the measurement of their intellectual capacity by a moral rule. History and contemporary politics are full of this mistake, notwithstanding Macaulay's eloquent rebuke of it as applied to Charles I., and its obvious absurdity when applied to our familiar life. There is a moral aspect to every action. George Herbert quaintly says—

“ Who sweeps a room as by Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.”

But we should judge of the sweeping of a room, not by the moral character of the person who swept it, but by direct observation of the room itself; and it would be a most absurd thing to reply to a complaint that the room was badly swept, by saying that a most excellent person swept it. Yet in politics such an argument is constantly used, and used both ways. To the statement that Lord Palmerston was indifferent to great principles, it is replied that he was incorruptibly honest; to the complaint that he did not do his duty to his party, and that he broke his public pledges on the subject of Reform, it is answered that he stuck most firmly to his friends; and the absence of great measures from the history of his administration is supposed to be sufficiently condoned by the presence of great qualities in his character. And who does not recollect the personal charges which were heaped on Sir Robert Peel by the infuriated Protectionists, arising merely out of his public conduct. His name was associated with every kind of hypocrisy, and among the political fossils of the present day Protectionists may yet be found who believe him to have been not only a bad statesman, but a bad man. Yet the distinctions which these shallow judgments confound—the distinction between public and private virtue, and the more obvious distinction between ability and character—are fundamental to all true moral criticism of public men. This should be so obvious as not to need to be stated. Everybody judges a general by his generalship, and everybody perceives that a bad man may be a good general. He may be as unprincipled as Napoleon, as bad in character as Marlborough, as loose in morals as Nelson, but as a general he may be the model and pattern of successful leadership. Imagine a general chosen because he was good-natured, or rejected because he was licentious, and the folly of not distinguishing between public and private virtue is felt at once. But the same argument applies to statesmanship. In a wise estimate of a statesman we rightly divide off, as no responsibility of ours, all that portion of his life which does not bear upon his public duties, and judge him by the qualities which, in those public duties, he exhibits to the world. There are points of contact between his public and his private life, but there are also points on which no such contact takes place. A man may

be faithful to his principles, but false to his friends—or he may carry every principle of honour between man and man to the highest point, but have no sense of honour towards the impersonal public. He may be noble on the public side of his character, but ignoble on its private side; or he may charm those who are in contact with him, but betray the State. This apparent inconsistency belongs to us all. “No man is a hero to his valet,” who sees his unheroic side. Nor are examples wanting which show that the converse of the proverb is equally true. Charles I. was vicious and unprincipled as a king, but excellent as a parent and a man—a very hero to his valets. Louis XVI. was feeble and paltry as a monarch, but in private was a most estimable person. But the courtier folly which makes public heroes of them on the strength of their private goodness, should, to be consistent, deny the services and contradict the fame of all those who were heroes abroad but weak sinners at home. Grant the Tory writers, then, their assertion that Peel’s public policy was unprincipled and vicious, and no reflection should even then be cast upon his private conscientiousness or his personal honour. And let it be granted that Lord Palmerston’s personal qualities were conspicuously great, as they unquestionably were, and it may still remain open to discussion whether his administration was noble, or his statesmanship high-principled, or his public life worthy of any imitation by successors who may emulate his fame.

But this is a question that belongs to the moral criticism of statesmanship; more important questions arise out of the personal relation of the statesman to his time. It was brought as a heavy charge against Sir R. Peel that he acted, in his public conduct, upon mere expediency, doing not that which he saw to be right, but that which he found to be convenient. His conduct on the question of Reform, when he sacrificed a great opportunity to preserve his consistency, sufficiently refutes the charge. But it has been made a boast by the supporters of Lord Palmerston, that he recognised expediency as the one actuating motive of his public policy; and his conduct in the later phase of the Reform question, in the non-settlement of the Church Rate difficulty, and in other important matters of Liberal policy, justifies the boast. But it surely cannot have become, since Sir Robert Peel’s death, a settled axiom of statesmen’s ethics, that expediency is, after all, the true principle of public action. If private virtue is obedience to an absolute law of duty in preference to personal wishes, public virtue must, in like manner, be the setting up of duty in opposition to public passion or to party exigence. Of course, the question may be asked, what is “duty” to a statesman? It is quite easy for me to see my duty when I act for myself, but it is a much more difficult question what that duty is when I am acting for others. But a statesman is acting for others; and the great question

is, how far is he, in so acting, to be influenced by them? Mr. Buckle, with his usual vigour, but not his usual wisdom, decides the question peremptorily. He says (Hist. Civ., vol. i. p. 416), "The aim of the legislator should be, not truth, but expediency. . . . All political principles have been raised by hasty induction from limited facts, and therefore it is the part of a wise man when he adds to the facts to revise the induction, and instead of sacrificing practice to principles, modify the principles that he may change the practice. . . . The proper business of a statesman is, to contrive the means by which certain ends may be effected, and shaping his own conduct, not according to his own principles, but according to the wishes of the people for whom he legislates, and whom he is bound to obey."

He gives these principles as Burke's teaching, and fortifies the statement by a reference to Burke's words. Burke defends the position, so far as it is his at all, by saying that the relation between statesmen and people is one in which the people are the masters and the statesmen are the servants. But if we admit that servile view of statesmanship, it does not support the whole superstructure of Mr. Buckle's argument. For no one will maintain that a servant is bound to execute all his master's orders, without reference to their moral bearing. In matters which have no moral relation, it is for the master to order and for the servant to obey. The servant may have a strong opinion that something the master wants done is inexpedient or unwise, or that another way of doing it would be better, and he will of course represent this to the master; but if the master retain his opinion, the servant must yield. A master has a right to demand that the servant shall put his own opinions aside, shall manage the horses in the master's way, keep the garden to the master's mind, and do the work the master requires. In such matters his law is the master's will. But this cannot extend to matters in which principles are involved. Above master and servant alike stands a high law of Right and Truth and Duty; in view of that law there is neither master nor servant, ruler nor ruled, but all are equally responsible to it and equally bound to obey it. Nor can there be any possible combination of circumstances which will justify the master in giving, or the servant in obeying, any command which conflicts with this absolute right. Even supposing that in the master's view, and according to his principles, the act he orders is *not* morally wrong, but in the servant's view, and according to his principles (the echoes in him of the Eternal Right), it is wrong, the master may be justified in giving the order, but the servant is not justified in obeying it. Nor can any plea justify such obedience. Say that the master has power, and will unscrupulously use it; he will try to set himself above the Right in that servant's mind, and will use absolute physical authority in order to do so. The position is a miserable one

for the servant, but if he be a true man he has but one course to take. He can take the penalty of disobedience to his master, but cannot disobey his convictions. He can submit to injustice, but he cannot do it. He can forfeit his post, can give up his lucrative position, can become poor, or starve, or die, but he cannot do wrong.

This rule applies to public life just as forcibly as it does to private life. Even on the assumption that a statesman is nothing but a servant, he must not "modify the principles to change the practice." He may yield to the public will in matters indifferent, but in matters in which any moral principle is involved, he is bound to resist, and to bear the consequences of his resistance. He may yield an excise duty to clamour, but he may not yield an act of spoliation. He may allow the people to build any monument they please to their folly or their fear; but he may not lead them into an unjust war, however vigorously they may demand it. He may accept the offer of an indiscreet subordinate to become a political Jonah, and may throw him overboard to appease the storm and save the ship; but he may not spare a guilty Barabbas, nor yield an innocent man to the executioner. He can resign, can bear years of exile from place and power, can put himself out of sympathy with his time; but he cannot put his deepest convictions aside to be the mere instrument of the convictions of a mistaken public; he cannot be the willing agent in any act which he conceives to be unjust. Peel believed in 1832 that Reform was equivalent to Revolution. But in the summer of that year, when the Bill had passed the Commons, and was waiting to be again rejected by the Lords if they dared, Peel was offered office on condition that he would bring in a Bill equivalent to the great Whig measure, and save the *amour propre* of the Lords by allowing them to reject the Bill then before them, in favour of a like Bill from the Tory side. On Mr. Buckle's principle, or on any principle of "expediency," Peel should have accepted the offer and robbed Lord Russell of his laurels. He should have thought "only of contriving the means by which certain ends might be effected." He should have "shaped his conduct, not according to his own principles, but according to the wishes of the people." But if he had done so, his name would have become really identified with that political profligacy which a disappointed party has endeavoured to fix on him. The temptation was great. His political friends were quite ready to turn their backs on seventeen months' strenuous opposition to the Bill, and by accepting it with him to follow him to power. His refusal exasperated them. But he could not deny his convictions, nor belie his principles, nor consent to do that in his public capacity which in his private life honour and truth would restrain him from doing. He preferred to see the prospect of place and power fade away into the remotest distance, rather than do the one act of dishonest "expediency" which would have given him

office for half a generation, and would have put the course of modern legislation into his hands. He recognised in his conduct a higher law than "expediency." He was not only a party leader; he desired to be something more than a statesman—he would be an honest man.

If these principles are true, and it is taken as settled that "expediency" is not the *aim* of the legislator, it is evident that no true statesman can be a mere waiter upon the tendencies of his time. To do nothing but what must be done, to leave the initiative to the people themselves, and even to drop promised measures of reform because they are not demanded with urgency, may be a course to which but little moral objection can be taken, whatever be the relation it bears to true statesmanship. If a statesman has no principles, he can take his instructions, and carry them out whatever they are; but he should not call his proceedings statesmanship, nor should he object if others call them "unprincipled." But if he has convictions, if he professes principles, he is bound to be faithful to them; and if they are opposed to the tendencies of his time, his proper place is in opposition, and he can only become a leader by an act of immoral abnegation. It may, however, be maintained that an honest man may have convictions, but may consent to set them aside for the sake of peace. There must be concessions where opinions differ, and among honest men opinions must differ, for openness to conviction is a part of honesty. But does not the acknowledged difference between opinions and principles at once provide for this difficulty. There may have been men in Lord Palmerston's cabinet who held an adverse opinion on his Fortification Scheme—to put it aside for the sake of peace was only a right and natural course; but when the great Chinese question was before Parliament, and the mind of the nation was agitated by a great moral question, it would have been impossible for Mr. Gladstone to hold his tongue and vote against his conscience, or even to abstain from voting, if he was still anxious, as he was, to preserve his integrity. An honest statesman may put his personal opinions aside, but he is bound to abide by his convictions, and to refuse to be a party to a policy which contravenes them. If his party abandons them, he must abandon his party. If holding his place be no longer consistent with them, he must give up his place. He must be something more than a place man or a party man, for he is an honest man.

It is a more delicate and difficult question how far an honest statesman must act on his convictions "aggressively." I take it as proven that he may not deny them, nor be a consenting party to any policy which contravenes them. But how far should he assert them? The late Sir G. C. Lewis—alas! that the melancholy epithet must be applied to a statesman so steady, so judicial, and so full of promise of

great though sober service—in his work “On the Methods of Observation and Reasoning in Politics,” compares the functions of a statesman with those of a physician. He says (vol. ii. pp. 404, 407)—

“Sometimes the physician’s plan of treatment may be borrowed from the feelings or desires of the patient; he may prescribe the remedy which the patient wishes *because* he wishes it. This mode of treatment must often be pursued by the statesman, even in cases where his own judgment would prescribe a different course, because a community who are the subjects of his care are not so willing to submit to a treatment prescribed by the advice of others, and repugnant to their own wishes, as a patient who calls in the assistance of a physician. . . . The politician, like the physician, will have frequent cause to perceive that time is an essential element in the exercise of his art; he will learn the necessity not only of adopting proper measures, but of carrying them into effect at the right moment; and he will find by experience, that the best remedies will always be impeded, will often be vain, and sometimes even be mischievous, if they are administered out of season.”

These wise observations apply to one aspect of aggressive action. The writer carefully limits them to “cases where some positive ill is either to be prevented or removed.” They apply to measures remedial of ills which are admitted to be such by both statesman and people. But a statesman would be no more justified than a physician in adopting any popular nostrum—such as many believe the Ballot to be—unless he *knew* it was innocuous, and saw that it might possibly be good. Under such circumstances he might most honestly apply it, though not believing in it, for even its entire failure would only prepare the way for the treatment he saw to be right.

We may apply the same principle of a wise and just expediency in some higher relations between convictions and conduct. In his chapter “On Ideal Models,” Sir G. C. Lewis says (vol. ii. p. 292)—

“For the progress of civil society and political amelioration three conditions are requisite:—(1) the conception of a better state of things than that which actually exists; (2) the desire to attain it; (3) the choice of apt means for the purpose.”

This is a complete account of the true attitude of a statesman with respect to abstract truth and aggressive action in its reduction to concrete form. Its application may bear hard upon the great career which has so lately closed, but it is to be most earnestly hoped that no idolatrous reverence for the past will prevent its full realisation by the statesmen of the coming time. For as the morality of common life demands that we embody in conduct something of our ideal of right and duty, so the morality of statesmanship demands a continual endeavour to embody in laws and institutions the statesman’s ideal of Right and Justice. If a law exist which enacts any wrong, or inflicts

any injustice, it is immoral to defend it. If from the temper of the time it be impossible to remove it, the statesman who sees it to be wrong should at least prepare the way for its removal. He may not sacrifice his whole influence in the national counsels by a Quixotic attack upon it; this may be so clearly useless as not even to be justifiable. But he should not, even by implication, defend its retention, for that is to defend injustice, to protect wrong, and to apologise for iniquity. Such a course is happily as thoroughly unstatesmanlike as it is dishonest.

But if this is the case with respect to the removal of injustice and the undoing of admitted wrong, it is no less so with respect to the vindication of right and the establishment of truth. I am bound to have an ideal in life and to try to live up to it. I am bound to have some established principles to which I refer my actions, and by which my conduct is ruled. But if that is so with me in my sphere, why is it not equally so with the statesman in his? Is there anything peculiar in statesmanship that statesmen can lay even the highest obligations aside? Are they bound to acknowledge an ideal law of obligation in their ordinary duties, and can they throw that obligation off when they turn to those wider duties which their statesmanship imposes? Such questions answer themselves. No honest man would cajole his neighbour,—can statesmen cajole a nation and be honest? No honourable man would make professions which he did not mean,—can statesmen use professions of political faith as foils and still preserve an inviolate honour? No true man will soil his conscience with an acted lie,—shall statesmen talk of right and justice to attain power, and deny right and justice in order to keep it, and not be held to have compromised their fame? The true statesman is first of all a true man.

But if a high ideal of right and justice ought to animate a statesman he "must consider practical effects and consequences" in his endeavour to realise it. He "will have frequent cause to perceive that time is an essential element" for the development of his plans. Nothing is more destructive than haste. Perhaps one of the worst vices of public life is impracticability. Perhaps the very worst man, as a public man, is he who must have all that he thinks right done at once, or he will have nothing done. If the too compliant statesman compromises his own future fame, the impracticable man compromises a right which is not his own, and stands in the way of the justice he intends to serve. Such a man may be impersonated honesty, but he is not a statesman,—he is the natural enemy of statesmanship. He makes honesty itself distasteful and renders a policy of pretence and seeming—a policy of merely personal motives and temporary aims—not only possible, but successful. There is a personal and a public expediency, the one false, the other true.

The noblest statesmanship avoids the one but seeks out the other. And so the very highest morality and the most brilliant statecraft coincide at length. For he is not a statesman who consults his own interests and rules for his own good; he is but a blundering tyrant or a foolish demagogue bringing the deluge after him. He is not a statesman who lays principles aside, and does what the hour suggests as most convenient and easy, and listens to the voice of the people as the voice of God; he is but a temporary panderer, a "judicious bottle-holder," marking a period of moral hesitancy and political collapse. Nor is he a statesman who demands that "in season and out of season" his principles shall be asserted; who would do justice by force, and antedate the natural victory every truth must win; who would sow spring seed in autumn or grow summer flowers amid winter winds. But he only is a statesman, in the highest sense, who keeps great truths in view, and acts on noble principles; who cherishes a great ideal, and works on steadily to its realisation; little by little removing venerable wrongs and establishing the Everlasting Right, content to leave the world a little better than he found it, and hand on his work for others to finish when the time for its completion comes. Such a man is neither optimist nor pessimist, neither Truth's too rash knight-errant nor its Judas, neither innovator nor reactionist. Faithful to his principles he serves them moderately, and therefore well. True to his best knowledge, he is true to all who trust him. As such a man looks back on his completed course, and sees that all along he has been honest and sincere, that the compromises he has made have been gains for truth and right—instalments of full right and perfect justice—steps forward to yet greater things; as he sees how even his inconsistencies have arisen from faithfulness to an ideal within warring with faithfulness to ties and claims without, he may surely "rest and be thankful," confident that his life's work will live, that his fame will last, and that his example will be powerful in succeeding time. And though he may have been misunderstood, and some contemporary fame denied him, he may sum up his experience in the noble words with which Plato concludes his greatest work—that earnest search after an "ideal State":—

"If the company will be persuaded by me, considering the soul to be immortal and able to bear all evil and all good, we shall always persevere in the road that leads upwards, and shall by all means pursue JUSTICE IN UNION WITH PRUDENCE, that so we may be friends as well to ourselves as to the gods, both while we remain here, and when we afterwards receive its rewards, like victors assembled together, and so both here and in our journey hereafter we shall be happy."

P. W. CLAYDEN.

A CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM :

IN WHICH FEDERIGO DI MONTAFELTRO, DUKE OF URBINO, GIVES HIS
VIEWS OF RAFFAELLE.

OH ! I admit his talent,—there's no lack
Of facile talent ; what in him I blame
Is that he travels in his master's track
With such a slavish, imitative aim.
'Tis Perugino all, from head to foot :
Angels the same, with their affected grace,
Playing the lyre with sideways upturned face ;
Round-faced, small-eyed Madonnas,—all the same.
Landscapes mere copies ; subjects, branch and root,
His master's subjects,—not an arch or shaft
Of all his architecture, but you see
That too is copied. Every little shoot
Upon his genius is his master's graft.
And yet, through all, there's clear ability.
Why will he never grow his special fruit ?

Lately he's striven to affect a change,
But still an imitator he must go,
From peaceful Perugino's timid range
To the extravagance of Angelo,
Behind them both, of course, in both their ways ;
For, as uncompromising Michael says,
" Who follows after, cannot go before."

Then why, too, will he try so many things ?
Instead of sticking to one single art,
He must be studying music, twanging strings,
And writing sonnets, with their " heart and delert." ;
Lately, he's setting up for architect,
And planning palaces ; and, as I learn,
Has made a statue,—every art in turn,—
Like Leonardo (and you recollect,
How with his many arts even he was wrecked) ;
But if he failed, what can this youth expect ?

A touch of this same vice his father had :
He laid aside the brush to use the pen ;

And though he praised my deeds,—and I, of men,
Should be the last to call the praising bad,
Though over-praised,—yet, be the truth confest,
No man in more than one art can be best.

'Twas but the other day I spoke to him,
With earnest hope to make him change his course ;
I told him he would dissipate his force
By following the lead of every whim,
And (for I like the youth, and recognise
In all his efforts good abilities)
I urged upon him not to skip and skim
In many arts, but give himself to one,
For life was quite too short for everything,
And doing all things, nothing gets well done.

He thanked me for my kindness, disagreed
With my conclusions in a modest way
(He's modest, *that* 'tis only just to say) ;
But in a letter that he sends to-day
Here is his answer ? Listen, while I read.

"Most noble sir,"—and so on, and so on,—
"A thousand thanks,"—hem—hem,—"*in one so high*,"
"Learned in art,"—et cetera,—"*I shall try*"—
Oh ! that's about his picture,—"*critic's eye* ;"
"Patron,"—pho, pho—where *has* the passage gone ?
Ah ! here we come to it at last :—"You thought,"
He says, "that in too many arts I wrought ;
And you advised me to stick close to one.
Thanks for your gracious counsel, all too kind ;
And answering, if I chance to speak my mind
Too boldly, pardon. Yet it seems to me
All arts are one—all branches on one tree,—
All fingers, as it were, upon one hand.
You ask me to be thumb alone ; but pray,
Reft of the answering fingers Nature planned,
Is not the hand deformed for work or play ?

"Or rather take, to illustrate my thought,
Music, the only art to science wrought,
The ideal art, that underlies the whole,
Interprets all, and is of all the soul.

Each art is, so to speak, a separate tone ;
 The perfect chord results from all in one.
 Strike one, and as its last vibrations die,
 Listen,—from all the other tones a cry
 Waits forth, half-longing and half-prophecy.
 So does the complement, the hint, the germ
 Of every art within the others lie,
 And in their inner essence all unite ;
 For what is melody but fluid form,
 Or form, but fixed and stationed melody ?
 Colours are but the silent chords of light,
 Touched by the painter into tone and key,
 And harmonised in every changeful hue.
 So colours live in sound,—the trumpet blows
 Its scarlet, and the flute its tender blue ;
 The perfect statue, in its pale repose,
 Has for the soul a melody divine,
 That lingers dreaming round each subtle line,
 And stills the gazer lest its charm he lose.
 So rhythmic words, strung by the poet, own
 Music and form and colour—every sense
 Rhymes with the rest ;—’tis in the means alone
 The various arts receive their difference.”

Vague, idle talk ! such stuff as this I call ;
 Pretty for girls—quite metaphysical,
 Almost poetic, if you will ; but then,
 For you and me, or any reasoning men,
 All visionary, vague, impractical.
 Such silly jargon lacks all common sense ;
 How can he dream it helps him paint, to know
 The way to tingle on ten instruments ?
 Or does he fancy writing rhymes assists
 In laying colours ? Bah ! he’s in the mists —

But let’s go on. Here’s something, I admit,
 That shows a less deficiency of wit.

“ Life is too short perfection to attain,
 We all are maimed ; and do the best we can,
 Each trade deforms us with the overstrain
 Of some too-favoured faculty or sense,
 O’er-fostered at the others’ vast expense.

Yet why should one Art be the others' bane ?
 The perfect artist should be perfect man.
 Oh ! let at least our theory be grand,
 To make a whole man, not to train a hand ;
 Rearing one temple, let it be our pride
 Nought to neglect, but build with patient care
 A perfect temple, finished everywhere,
 And not a mere façade with one good side."

Of course, of course, if we were gods ; but then,
 Life is so short, and we are only men.
 These youths, these youths—there's really something great
 In their ambitions. Let our friend but wait,
 And Time will snuff his dreams out, one by one.
 I had such dreams once. How they all have gone !

"If I the model of a man should seek,
 Where should I find him ? Though the blacksmith's arm
 Is muscled well, his lower limbs are weak,
 His shoulders curved. The student shall I take ?
 His o'erworked brain has cost his body harm.
 No ; he alone will serve who equal strain
 Has given each, the body and the brain ;
 One who, like you, most gracious Duke, has known
 The whole man into consonance to train.
 Grace from consent of every force is shown,
 Not where one's loss has been another's gain."

Well put, my Raffaele ; it will never do
 To such an argument to say, "not true."

"Besides, the varied tasking of the mind
 Not only makes us sane, but keeps us strong.
 The noblest faculty when strained too long
 Turns to convention,—wearied, seeks to find
 In repetition solace and repose.
 'Tis only the fresh arm that strikes great blows.
 Fallow and change we need, not constant toil,
 Not always the same crop on the same soil.
 To stretch our powers demands an earnest strain,
 And rest, to strengthen what by work we gain.
 Sleeping, the body grows in thews and brain."

That's true, at least—the body must have sleep !
 I'm glad to find one statement here at last
 With which I can most cordially agree.
 Shall I read more, or is your patience past ?
 Oh !—as to his originality,
 Here are a few words taken from a heap.
 One moment first,—here's something not to skip.

“ But please remember, of the famous names,
 Who is there hath confined him to one art,
 Giotto, Da Vinci, or Orcagna ? No,—
 Or our great living master, Angelo,—
 They are whole men, whose rounded knowledge shames
 Our narrow study of a single part ;
 Not merely painters, dwarfed in all their aims,
 But men who painted, builded, carved, and wrote :
 Whole diapasons—not a separate note.”

Now for that other passage,—let us see
 His thoughts about originality.

“ In one sense no man is original,
 Borrowers and beggars are we, one and all.
 Art, science, thought, grow up from age to age,
 And all are palimpsests upon Time's page.
 Our loftiest pedestals are tombs ;—the seed
 Sown by the dead and living in us grow ;
 And what we are is tinged by what we know.
 As from the air our sustenance we draw,
 So from all thought our private thought we feed,
 Germs strewn from other minds within us breed,
 And no one is his own unaided law.
 Nor from the age alone we take our hue,
 But by the narrower mould of accident,
 A form and colour to our life is lent ;
 As under blue sky grows the water blue,
 Or clouds unto the mountain's shape are bent.

“ Yet each man, following his sympathies,
 Unto himself assimilating all,
 Using men's thoughts and forms as steps to rise,
 Who speaks at last his individual word,
 The free result of all things seen and heard,
 Is in the noblest sense original.

Each to himself must be his final rule,
 Supreme dictator, to reject or use,
 Employing what he takes but as his tool.
 But he, who, self-sufficient, dares refuse
 All aid of men, must be a god or fool.

"I took Lippino's figure for St. Paul :
 What then ? I made it, in the taking, mine,
 And gave it new life in a new design.
 I worked in Perugino's style, but all
 My own my pictures were in every line.
 By sympathy of feeling and of thought,
 Not coldly copying, in his forms I wrought.
 The theme of the Entombment, I admit,
 Was from an old sarcophagus of stone ;
 But to another purpose using it,
 Its new expression made it all my own.
 From all great men and minds I freely learn,
 Orcagna, Giotto, Michael, each in turn,
 Thank them for help, and taking what I find,
 Stamp on their forms the pressure of my mind.
 Well ! who that ever lived did not the same ?
 Name me of all the great names but one name—
 Old Homer ? Phidias ? Virgil ?—and more low
 In time, not power, Da Vinci ? Angelo ?
 'Tis the small nature dares not to receive,
 Having no wealth within from which to give.
 The greatest minds the greatest debts may owe,
 And by their taking make a thing to live.

"Did our Da Vinci scorn, with studious zeal,
 Massaccio's nature, Lippi's strength to steal ?
 Is Giotto's campanile, soaring there
 Like music up into our Florence air,
 Unfathered by an ancestry of towers ?
 Or is the round of great St. Peter's dome,
 That Michael now is swinging over Rome,
 Without a debt to this grand dome of ours ?
 And Brunelleschi, did he never see
 The globed Pantheon's massive dignity ?
 These men are copyists then ! But, after all,
 If these are not, who is original ?

"Look round upon our Florence—each to each
 See ! how her earnest minds and hearts unite,

And buttressed thus in strength attain a height
Which none could ever hope alone to reach !
Or, like a serried phalanx all inspired
By one great hope, and moving to one end,
How strength and daring each to each they lend,
As on they press, undaunted and untired !
Each fighting for the truth, and one for all,
With no mean pride to be original."

Well ! here the true and false are mixed with skill ;
But let him talk and reason as he will,
I'm of the same opinion as before ;—
A man must strive to be original,
And give himself to one art, not to all.
Besides, the names and facts he numbers o'er
Prove but the rule, being exceptions still.
But, after all, the subject is a bore ;
And, Signor Sanzio, you and all your talk
(Which, I'll confess, is not entirely ill)
Have our permission to withdraw.

Pray walk

Upon the balcony. Is any sight
More fair than Florence in this hazy light,
Sleeping all silent in the afternoon,
Like the enchanted beauty, full of rest,
Her bride-like veil spread careless on her breast ?
Our June this year has been a peerless June.

W. W. STORY.

THE NEW ALDINE EDITION OF COWPER.¹

LIVES of Cowper abound. Some of these, as for instance, the biographies written by Taylor, Memes, Greatheed, and Seeley were produced for a sectarian purpose, and have no literary pretensions. Of those written with a wider aim, William Hayley, once recognised as a poet, but now known only as the friend of Cowper, wrote perhaps the worst, unless, indeed, the revision of that life by Grimshawe, with its pious platitudes and dreary imbecility, be not entitled to unenviable precedence. The best is by Southey. His edition of the works retains its place as the most complete hitherto published. When the announcement of this edition appeared, Mr. Grimshawe was brought forward by the party opposed to Southey's theological views, as "the only living man who could do justice to the life of Cowper." They had in their possession the copyright of the two volumes of "Private Correspondence" which had been edited twelve years previously by Dr. J. Johnson, and hurried out their work before the engravings for it were ready, asserting it to be, on the ground of this correspondence, the only complete edition. Southey's edition meanwhile was advancing steadily, but not hastily, to completion. The publication of Grimshawe's Cowper compelled him to alter the plan of his work. His publishers had been in treaty for the "Private Correspondence," and he had intended to publish the whole of it, inserting in the life only such extracts from the letters as might be spun into the thread of the narration. Being frustrated in this design, he was compelled, he tells us, to work more in mosaic, making such use of Dr. J. Johnson's collection, as he had an unquestionable right to make, and bringing into his narrative the whole of the information contained therein. On the other hand, Southey, besides the immense advantages he possessed over his rival in literary aptitude for the task, received the friendly co-operation of Cowper's relatives, and of the descendants of Cowper's friends, and was thus enabled to give a variety of information, and to publish many interesting letters, which could not be made use of in Grimshawe's edition. Time is the frequent adjuster of these quarrels between publishers and between authors. The edition published "surreptitiously" was assigned to the lumber shelves of libraries, while Southey's held its place as the best issued. It contains in its present shape the correspondence which gave rise to the contention.

The edition of Cowper's Poetical Works, edited by Mr. John Bruce, is substantially a reprint of the Aldine. But a new memoir has

⁽¹⁾ THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM COWPER. With Notes and a Memoir, by JOHN BRUCE. 3 vols. Bell & Daldy.

been prefixed, and "the editor has taken pains on two points; the one, to approach to a settlement of the text by a collation of all doubtful passages, with the editions published in Cowper's lifetime, and with the chief of those which have appeared more recently; the other point has been to add brief illustrative notes on passages which contain allusions to persons or circumstances which have faded out of general knowledge." This design has been admirably executed. The explanatory notes, brief as such notes should be, elucidate the text without burdening it, and on the score of textual accuracy this is the best edition of Cowper's poems that has yet appeared. The memoir occupies about one hundred and seventy pages of the first volume, and is marked by good taste and feeling. Much matter is skilfully compressed into a small compass, and nothing superfluous finds admission. Mr. Bruce remarks that our knowledge of facts relating to Cowper is cumulative, and several are here recorded which the reader will not meet with elsewhere. He adds that he is in possession of "various letters and papers connected with the poet which have never yet seen the light," and that he has in hand "a larger biography which will ere long be published separately." In the memoir, therefore, Mr. Bruce has given us a sample of what he intends to produce on a larger scale. It is sufficient to make us look forward with interest to the promised publication, which will probably throw light upon some points in Cowper's biography that have been hitherto obscure.

It has been said that at the present time there is but slight demand for the works of Cowper, and that, although we are accustomed to regard him as one of our most popular poets, he is seldom read and little appreciated. The appearance of this beautiful edition of the poetical works, and the promise of another memoir and another edition to appear in Mr. Macmillan's "Golden Treasury Series," seem to belie this statement, which I would fain hope is untrue, not for Cowper's sake, since his position in our literature is secure, but for the sake of readers who are unable to enjoy the sound English food he provides for them. This sensitive, diffident, melancholy recluse seemed to have the power of fascinating every one with whom he was brought into contact. Mrs. Unwin devoted her life to him; and her son, so long as he was spared, was almost equally devoted. Cowper's cousin, Lady Hesketh, watched over him with sisterly affection; and her sister, Theodora, his first and only love, remained a spinster for his sake. John Newton, who, with his bluff, healthy, sailor-like nature, differed from the poet, as a well-developed muscular Christian differs from a hypochondriacal invalid, wrote of Cowper and acted towards him with sincerest affection. He says that during seven years they were "seldom seven successive working hours separated." Then there was Joseph Hill—

"An honest man, close buttoned to the chin,
Broad cloth without, and a warm heart within,"

to whom Cowper's conduct must have been an enigma, but who, although their paths in life utterly diverged, remained true to the friend of his youth, and proved it through a long course of years by loving and laborious services. There was also the sentimental Hayley, who loved him truly after his fashion, and declared that he had found in Cowper "a congenial poetical spirit," and "one of the most interesting creatures in the world." Nor was he satisfied to testify his friendship by mere words; but endeavoured, through his influence with Thurlow, to procure a pension for the poet, and ultimately gained his end. Then, too, there was the Rev. William Bull, the dissenting minister at Olney, "a man," says Cowper, "of letters and of genius, who can be lively without levity, and pensive without dejection; but," he adds, "he smokes tobacco—nothing is perfect!—

'Nihil est ab omni,
Parte beatum.'

And in the enumeration of Cowper's friends we must not omit the Throckmortons, or Rose, or Bagot, or Johnson,—his "dearest Johnny,"—or the lively, witty, versatile Lady Austen, who probably quarrelled with Mrs. Unwin out of pure affection for the poet.

The man who thus won all hearts to him, while living, possesses still the love and admiration of his countrymen. The village of Olney, dismal and damp now as when the poet lived there, is a shrine for poetry-loving pilgrims, and the figure of Cowper, with his cap on in the garden-house is as familiar as any portrait in our literature.¹

In this the dullest and most unhealthy of rural retreats, "in the summer adorned only with blue willows, and in the winter covered with a flood," he spent the larger portion of his existence. The direst of human calamities had fallen upon him, but when the "madness-cloud" was partially withdrawn, he passed a tranquil, almost a happy life, watched over by the tender care of Mary Unwin, and rejoicing in the cousinly affection of Lady Hesketh, and the lively conversation of the "too brilliant" Lady Austen. Surrounded by his hares, and dogs, and birds, now working in his greenhouse or garden, now winding silk for the ladies, or playing with them at

(1) Of this garden house, or "boudoir," as Cowper loved best to call it, he wrote as follows to Lady Hesketh, on a lovely May morning eighty years ago:—"I long to show you my workshop, and to see you sitting on the opposite side of my table. We shall be as close packed as two wax figures in an old-fashioned picture-frame. I am writing in it now. It is the place in which I fabricate all my verse in summer time. The grass under my windows is all bespangled with dew-drops, and the birds are singing in the apple trees among the blossoms. Never poet had a more commodious oratory in which to invoke his muse." "It is a pleasure," says Mr. Bruce, "to be able to state that this choice relic is now in the possession of a gentleman (Mr. Morris, of Olney) who is fully alive to its interest and value."

battledore and shuttlecock ; now making rabbit-hutches, or composing hymns for John Newton ; now writing letters of thanks for a supply of fish (for Cowper, as Southey remarks, was one of the most ichthyophagous of men), and now reading aloud sermons or psalms ; the quiet routine of the poet's life would have been monotonous and intolerable had it not been relieved by the delights of authorship and the pleasure of poetic pains. This life, so full of sadness, is also full of interest. I like to learn all the petty details which made up the sum of Cowper's existence ; how he dressed (and he had a fancy for looking smart and fashionable), where he walked, when walking was practicable (for in winter the roads were almost impassable, and Mr. Bruce tells us that the Rev. John Newton had sometimes to go to church in pattens), what books he read, and how many lines of Homer he translated before breakfast. I like also to hear him tell in cheerful moments of his resolution to work his way into notice, and how, despite his nervous diffidence, having an infinite share of ambition, he had always wished to gain distinction. "Set me down, therefore," he writes, "for an industrious rhymers, for in this only way is it possible for me, so far as I can see, either to honour God, or to serve men, or even to serve myself." Literary biography, indeed, is always fascinating, but for the most part we have it at second-hand. Cowper opens all his heart in his letters, and writes there his autobiography.

In a letter to the Rev. William Unwin, here printed for the first time, and written one year after the publication of "The Task," he describes his pecuniary resources, which were derived almost entirely from the purses of his relatives. Sensitive and proud as the poet was in some respects, he appears at all times to have received assistance without the least scruple or shame. His original patrimony, which was not large, he had considerably diminished, and when living alone, after leaving Dr. Cotton's establishment, and before his residence with the Unwins, he contrived, he tells us, in three months, "by the help of good management, and a clear notion of economical matters, to spend the income of a twelvemonth." His friends came to his aid, and made "certain annual payments on his account into the hands of the ever kind and useful Hill." What these payments were we are not told, but the letter just alluded to states that, in 1786, his income received an addition of a clear £100 per annum. Lord Cowper, it seems, had previously given £20, and now added £20 more. Lady Hesketh added £20, and also obtained £10 from another relative, while from "an anonymous friend, who insists on not being known or guessed at, and never shall by me, I have an annuity of £50." This friend, it needs not be said, was Theodora, whose love and tenderness for the poet followed him into his retreat, and had several times been mani-

fested by the most graceful and feminine acts of kindness. Mr. Bruce writes :—

“Cowper certainly submitted with very exemplary patience to the restraints imposed upon him by his anonymous friend. That he was ignorant from whose hand he received such generous aid cannot be supposed, notwithstanding his occasionally writing of her as if she were a person of the male sex. Some little time after this letter was written he came very close upon her track. He received a letter announcing the dispatch of a writing-desk and a pocket-book as a present for himself, with a work-box (oh, amiable Theodora!) for Mrs. Unwin. The letter contained an allusion to a poem of Cowper's entitled *A Drop of Ink*. ‘The only copy,’ he silyly remarked, when relating the circumstance to Lady Hesketh, ‘I ever gave of that piece I gave yourself. It is possible, therefore, that between you and Anonymous there may be some communication.’”

Of Theodora, who, despite her love disappointment, lived to a great age, Mr. Bruce tells us little. She has been dead forty years, and there must be people living who remember her in her old age. Doubtless there are also additional facts to be obtained relative to her earlier life. We may hope therefore that Mr. Bruce will be able to add something to our knowledge in his forthcoming biography, since what we know at present is enough to tantalise us, but not enough to satisfy. We are told that she was beautiful, but there is no portrait of her extant. We are told also that she was accomplished; and that she was a woman of good sense and right feeling we learn from other sources than the poet's praise of her eyes, in which he reads “all gentleness and truth,” and where

“Soft complacence sits
Illumined with the radiant beams of sense.”

The two never met after their youthful separation,¹ and it is remarkable how carefully Cowper avoids the mention of her name and the expression of the most ordinary terms of cousinly affection. Lady Hesketh is his “dearest coz,” his “most precious cousin,” but Theodora, whose loving wishes for his happiness were evinced in the

(1) With regard to the breaking off of the engagement, Mr. Bruce says:—“Mr. Ashley Cowper hesitated long, but ultimately determined in the negative, on the ground of their near relationship; he set his face against the marriage of cousins. This was probably not the only reason, if indeed it were not merely an excuse. The occasional state of Cowper's mind may well have alarmed his uncle (himself too frequently a prey to the hereditary melancholy of the family), whilst the waywardness of Theodora, a waywardness which ultimately brought her into a condition of crazy oddity very nearly allied to madness, could have given her father's anxiety no relief.” Where did Mr. Bruce gain his intelligence with regard to this “waywardness” and this “crazy oddity”? These statements are new to us. All that we have hitherto known of Theodora speaks well both for the state of her intellect and her heart. On another page Mr. Bruce writes:—“Uncle and nephew did not quarrel, but the former insisted that Theodora should break off all communication with her lover. She obeyed with a firmness and honesty of submission which speaks volumes in her favour, for it is clear that her conduct was very far from being the result either of heartlessness or of inconstancy.” No sign of “waywardness” here.

most practical and thoughtful way, receives no kindly word either in verse or prose. True, indeed, whenever presents arrive he expresses his gratitude to "Anonymous," and hopes that God may bless *him*; but he never sends a word to Theodora in her own person, and rarely acknowledges that he remembers her. He accepts her money with complacency, but no sign of tenderness escapes him at the recollection of his early love. It is possible he was afraid of the subject, and yet it is certain that the separation of the cousins, though it doubtless increased Cowper's constitutional melancholy, did not cause the insanity with which he was soon afterwards attacked. It was the despair of God's love, not the loss of a woman's, which upset Cowper's mind in the first place, and which, with intervals of ease, made him more or less a maniac for the remainder of his life. Mr. Bruce has no faith whatever in the once-prevalent notion that Cowper was driven mad by overmuch religion. "His madness," he says, "was rather occasioned by want of religion than by excess of it, and the reception of definite views of Christianity, although it did not work his cure, exercised on his first recovery a very beneficial effect upon his health, both of body and mind." Cowper would no doubt have lost his reason if the truths of Christianity had never been presented to him, and it is clear that all the happiness he enjoyed in lucid intervals was due to his reception of those truths.

I cannot believe, however, as Mr. Bruce appears to believe, that the companionship of John Newton was altogether desirable for a man of Cowper's nervous, sensitive constitution. John Newton was an honest, earnest, affectionate man, and a good Christian. He was of a robust, independent nature, strong-minded, dogmatic, fearless. What he believed, was the truth and the only form of truth; what he did was what all Christian men should do. He was a man with great warmth of heart, but without fine discrimination. He knew but one line of right thinking, one mode of right living; and held that the slightest deviation from that line, or that mode, was to be utterly abhorred. Such a man could fight with any foes, spiritual or mortal; his zeal, as he himself confesses, sometimes exceeded the bounds of prudence. Hard work was a luxury to him, and he found sufficient recreation in devotional exercises. An affectionate disposition, and a strong will, gave him a powerful influence over the poet. Cowper felt, perhaps, that it was well for his mental sanity to be under the control of a mind more firmly braced than his own. So by the directions of his ghostly father he performed, as it were, the duties of a curate in the parish of Olney—visiting the sick, reading the Bible, and engaging in prayer. Mr. Greatheed observes, evidently without a notion that Cowper was unwise in attempting such a labour, and that the friends were unwise who urged him to it, that when he expected to take the lead in social worship, his mind

was always greatly agitated for some hours preceding; and Lady Hesketh remarks that his health suffered from the want of proper exercise, owing to his anxiety to adhere to the rules laid down by Mr. Newton. Writing to Theodora, she says :—

“He was mentioning that for one or two summers he had found himself under the necessity of taking his walk in the middle of the day, which he thought ‘had hurt him a good deal; but,’ continued he, ‘I could not help it, for it was when Mr. Newton was here, and we made it a rule to pass four days in the week together. We dined at one; and it was Mr. Newton’s rule for tea to be on table at four o’clock, for ‘at six we broke up.’ ‘Well, then,’ said I, ‘if you had your time to yourself after six, you would have had good time for an evening’s walk, I should have thought.’ ‘No,’ said he; ‘after six we had service or lecture, or something of that kind, which lasted till supper.’ I made no reply, but could not and cannot help thinking, that they might have made a better use of a fine summer’s evening than by shutting themselves up to make long prayers.” She adds, “I do not mean to give you my sentiments upon this conduct *generally*, but only as it might affect our cousin; and, indeed, for him, I think it could not be either proper or wholesome.” Mr. Bruce does not quote this letter, which may be found in Southey’s Cowper, but he will surely agree with the sentiments expressed in it. Indeed, in one instance he allows that Newton’s judgment was at fault, and that his conduct with regard to Cowper, whom he taxed with “backsliding,” for riding in Mr. Throckmorton’s carriage, the Throckmortons being Roman Catholics, is “deeply to be lamented.”

Mr. Bruce agrees with Southey that there is no ground for the report that Cowper made Mrs. Unwin an offer of marriage, and that it was broken off owing to a recurrence of his malady. At the same time he thinks it unfortunate they did not marry; and speaks of the many difficulties which resulted from the false position in which they lived. Mr. Bruce is, I think, the first of the poet’s biographers, or of the poet’s admirers, who has discovered anything false in that position. None of his personal friends seem to have regarded it as objectionable. It is certain Mrs. Unwin’s own son did not; Lady Hesketh, who writes of them to her sister, never even hints a doubt, and has nothing to say but what is generous and friendly; and John Newton, stern and uncompromising when truth required him so to be, regarded Mary and William as his best friends. Indeed, Cowper’s dreadful malady and Mrs. Unwin’s character and age were sufficient to silence the faintest breath of scandal. Mrs. Unwin acted throughout as Cowper’s affectionate companion and most untiring nurse. Had she entered upon another relation, she would have assuredly lowered her own dignity and made the poet a laughing-stock.

JOHN DENNIS.

SPANISH AND VENETIAN DIPLOMACY IN ENGLAND IN THE REIGN OF JAMES I.

THERE are probably few books so similar in external appearance and internal arrangement which recall such different associations to the mind as the two volumes¹ which the Master of the Rolls has happily decided upon adding to the noble series of calendars which has won him golden opinions from all students of English history. Mr. Bergenroth's labours carry us back at once to the old feudal tower of the Admirals of Castile, with the mud-built village of Simancas huddled beneath them; and to the prospect from the little terrace, over the brown river and the stunted pine-grove to the broad plains, beyond which, in the blue distance, the ridges of Sierra de Guadarrama catch the last beams of the setting sun. Mr. Rawdon Brown transports us in imagination to the low white building nestling under the shelter of the noble Church of the Frari, in that maze of water-ways and of narrow foot-tracks amongst which the stranger in Venice wanders perplexed.

Yet great as is the contrast between the repositories to which the priceless memorials of a past age have been consigned, the documents themselves offer a greater contrast still. The difference between the men by whom they were penned is peculiarly prominent in the early part of the seventeenth century. Both Spain and Venice were at that time sinking in the scale of nations. But Spain was dying of exhaustion brought on by over-exertion. Venice was dying of the repletion which was the consequence of never exerting herself at all.

The Spanish diplomatists were invariably men of action. They had a policy of their own, which they were busily engaged in enforcing upon the sovereigns of Europe. They tell the story of their failures and successes as none can tell it excepting those who are themselves partakers in the struggle.

The value of the letters of the Venetian ambassadors, on the other hand, lies less in what they did than in what they saw. There are occasions, as Bacon said, in which a looker-on sees more than a gamester; and, in the game of European politics, the Venetians played the part of lookers-on. They were not to be found in either of the camps into which the world was divided. Too little in earnest either to

(1) "Calendar of Letters, Despatches, and State Papers, relating to the Negotiations between England and Spain, preserved in the Archives of Simancas and elsewhere." Edited by G. A. Bergenroth. Vol. I. London, 1862.

"Calendar of State Papers and MSS. relating to English Affairs, existing in the Archives and Collections of Venice, and in other Libraries of Northern Italy." Edited by Rawdon Brown. Vol. I. London, 1864.

join the Protestants in their resistance to the Papal claims, or to join the Pope and the Spaniards in their crusade against the Protestants, they contented themselves with watching both parties, with the ultimate object of preserving the independence of the Republic with as little trouble to themselves as possible.

In choosing their diplomatists, therefore, the Venetians looked for men of acute powers of observation rather than of ability in action. How admirably they succeeded is shown by the remarkable series of despatches which they have left behind them. The ambassadors of the Republic might differ from one another in many respects, but they were all men of cultivated understandings, ready to push their way in any society, and to jest and converse with statesmen and courtiers of all parties and of every variety of opinion. What is still more to the purpose of the historian, their one object was to discover the truth,¹ whatever it might be, and to report it as correctly as possible to the Senate. Still, however valuable the Venetian despatches are to the historian, there can be no doubt that, as a man, a diplomatist like Gondomar towers above the authors of them all, much in the same way as the great figure of Hannibal stands out in contrast to the foremost members of the Roman aristocracy. Of all the foreign ambassadors who have visited our shores, the only one whose name has acquired an abiding place in our traditional history is Gondomar. A few years ago an amusing instance occurred of the hold which he had acquired upon the popular memory. A picture appeared upon the walls of the Academy, in which a man in a Spanish dress was seen looking out of a window at an execution. A few days afterwards a critic in a leading newspaper suggested that the object of the artist was probably to represent Gondomar triumphing over the death of Raleigh. It never occurred to the writer that Gondomar was in Spain at the time of Raleigh's execution. It was evidently impossible that anything could have taken place in England during the reign of James in which Gondomar did not take a part.

Perhaps, however, the most striking evidence of the weight with

(1) There is a curious instance in which a few words in a Venetian despatch will clear up what has hitherto been dark. Every one will remember how the discovery of the meaning of the letter which Monteagle received from one of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators was officially attributed to James acting under the inspiration of the Spirit of God. Sober historians, who were sceptical upon the theory of inspiration prevalent at Whitehall in 1605, have believed the whole story to be a fiction, invented to glorify the king. The Venetian ambassador, however, writing as early as the 6th of November, gives the story in a probable manner. "The king," he writes, "having read the letter, being quite astonished at it, said, 'I remember that my father was killed by gunpowder; I see that there is something in this letter about a sudden danger. You had better look in the rooms under the Parliament House, to see if there is anything there.'" Unless I am much mistaken, this introduction of a reference to Darnley's death gives a stamp of truth to the story.

which Gondomar pressed upon the minds of his contemporaries, is to be found in the fortunes of a play named *The Game of Chess*, which was brought upon the stage at the Globe Theatre in 1624. After a run of nine days the author was summoned before the Privy Council, and was told that his play would no longer be allowed to be presented to the public. That such an order should be necessary must appear strange to any one who might read the play in ignorance of the universal excitement of the times. It is hardly too much to say that it is one of the dullest ever written. The only wonder is that the audience did not, at the very first representation, relieve the Council of all difficulty by hissing the actors off the stage. But there was that in the drama which was more attractive than the most sparkling wit, or the most perfect mastery over the mysteries of human nature. It contained a violent attack upon the policy of Spain; and though no names were mentioned, everybody knew that one of the characters was intended for Gondomar. The play succeeded because in 1624 every true Englishman would have turned away from *Othello* or *Macbeth* to listen to a rhapsody in Chinese, if he could have been persuaded that the mysterious vocables contained an attack upon Gondomar.

Yet, the moment that we begin to inquire what manner of man it was who filled such a place in our history, we find ourselves as much at a loss as if we were called upon to draw a portrait of Sir Christopher Wren from our knowledge of the architecture of St. Paul's. What he did, everybody knows; how he did it, is what has never yet been known. We have, it is true, a few apocryphal anecdotes, drawn from the writings of the wretched scribblers who seldom troubled themselves about evidence for the truth of the stories which had served their turn as soon as the pamphlets to which they were consigned were sold; and these anecdotes have been faithfully copied by subsequent writers, who shrunk from confessing that they really had nothing to tell upon which the slightest dependence could be placed. It is thus that the most characteristic representative of the most dignified and courtly nation of Europe has been handed down to us as a charlatan and a buffoon, who, when he found that his oily tongue and brazen forehead had failed to carry conviction, had recourse to scattering Spanish gold about him with a profusion which almost surpasses the liberality of the "monster Pitt," who is so familiar a character to the readers of certain French histories of the great revolution.

From henceforth the theory that Gondomar obtained his influence by bribery must be dismissed summarily. He continued, indeed, to pay the four pensions which were granted by his predecessors, until death or some other accident put an end to these demands upon his purse. His own recommendations for fresh pensions were limited to three. He proposed that £1,500 a-year should be given to Somerset,

and at a later period he placed Buckingham's name on the list for a similar amount, and assigned an annual payment of £500 to Sir Thomas Lake. But Somerset was disgraced before the first quarter day came round, and Buckingham, though he had no objection to his name appearing on the Spanish minister's accounts, resolutely refused to touch a penny of the money. When the subject was pressed upon him, he passed it off with a jest, saying that when the Infanta landed in England he would ask for payment with arrears. The £500 paid to Lake was in reality the whole of the money given away in pensions at the instance of the man who is to be supposed to have been the most profuse of foreign ambassadors; and even this was voluntarily surrendered by the recipient at the time of his disgrace in 1619, when he wisely thought that his dealings with Gondomar would, if they chanced to be discovered, give no little handle to his opponents.

The fact was, that Gondomar knew well enough that if he could win the king, the purchased support of a few venal courtiers was comparatively a matter of indifference. The manner in which he accomplished his object is so characteristic of the man, that a short narrative of the steps which he took to gain an influence over the mind of James will enable us to understand his mode of operation during his whole residence in England.

There was a certain lady, Donna Luisa de Carvajal, who had, at the end of 1613, been living for more than eight years in the house in the Barbican which had been occupied in turn by the Spanish ambassadors. To zealous Protestants her mere presence, without any assignable reason, was objectionable. She had sacrificed a good estate to found a college in Flanders for the education of English youths in her own religion, and she had come over to England with the express intention of persuading every one who came within her reach to forsake the paths of heresy. She had been a frequent visitor upon the imprisoned Catholic clergy, and had made herself notorious by the attentions which she had paid to the traitors who had taken part in the Gunpowder Plot. She had herself been imprisoned for a short time, in 1608, for attempting to convert a shop-boy in Cheapside, and for denying the legitimacy of Queen Elizabeth's birth. It was well known that she kept a large retinue of English servants; and it was rumoured that her household was nothing better than a nunnery in disguise. Archbishop Abbot especially had his eye upon her, and, hearing one day that she had left the protection of the Spanish embassy, by seeking change of air at a house in Spitalfields, he obtained an order from the Council for her arrest. She was accordingly carried off to the prison of Lambeth Palace, under the direction of Sir Henry Montague, the Recorder.

The new ambassador, Sarmiento (not yet decorated with his well-

known title of Count of Gondomar), had only landed in England a few weeks before this occurrence took place. He at once directed his wife to proceed to Lambeth, and to remain with the lady till she was liberated. Having thus provided that at least a shadow of his protection should be extended over her, he appealed to the Council for redress, and, failing in obtaining satisfaction there, sent one of his secretaries with a letter to the king himself. It was late in the evening when the secretary appeared in the ante-chamber. James, hearing a stir amongst his attendants, came out to see what was the matter. As soon as he had read the letter, he told the secretary that ever since Donna Luisa had been in England she had been busy in converting his subjects to a religion which taught them to refuse obedience to their sovereign, if his creed differed from their own. She had even attempted to set up a nunnery in his dominions. If an Englishman had played such tricks at Madrid he would soon have found his way into the Inquisition, with every prospect of ending his life at the stake. He was, however, disposed to be merciful, and would give orders for her immediate release. All that he asked was that Donna Luisa should engage to leave England without delay.

The next morning a formal message was brought to Sarmiento, repeating the proposal which had thus been made by the king. There are probably few men who, in Sarmiento's position, would not have hesitated before they rejected the offer. To refuse the king's terms was to affront the man upon conciliating whom the whole future success of his life depended. Sarmiento did not hesitate for a moment. The lady, he said, had done no wrong. If the king wished it, she would no doubt be ready to leave England as soon as he pleased; but it must be clearly understood that, in that case, she would be accompanied to Madrid by the ambassador of his Catholic Majesty. The answer produced an immediate effect. That very evening Donna Luisa was set at liberty, and Sarmiento was told that her liberation was entirely unconditional.

As far as we can judge from Sarmiento's despatches there was no deep design concealed beneath his conduct. He seems merely to have acted in accordance with his nature. But it is certain that the most consummate skill would not have answered his purpose better. He had met James, as it were, face to face, and James had quailed before him. When he had to look round for the support of a will stronger than his own, he would not be likely to forget the calm imperturbable strength of the Spanish ambassador.

It was not long before an opportunity arrived. On the 5th of April, 1614, Parliament met, and before many weeks were over James had been horrified by a repetition of the old demands for ecclesiastical reform, and for a renunciation of his claim to impose customs without the consent of the representatives of the people. He was eager

to dissolve the Houses, but he dared not take the step without securing the support of the Spanish government. He at once sent for Sarmiento, and ran over the catalogue of his grievances. "The King of Spain," he said, "has more kingdoms and subjects than I have, but there is one thing in which I surpass him: he has not so large a Parliament. The Cortes of Castile are composed of little more than thirty persons. In my Parliament there are nearly five hundred. The House of Commons is a body without a head. They vote in a disorderly manner. At their meetings nothing is heard but cries, shouts, and confusion. I am surprised that my ancestors should have permitted such an institution to come into existence. I am myself a stranger, and I found it when I came here, so that I am obliged to put up with what I cannot get rid of." Here James coloured, and stopped short. He had been betrayed into an admission that there was something in the world which he could not get rid of if he pleased. Sarmiento, with ready tact, came to his assistance, and reminded him that he was able to summon and dismiss this formidable body at his pleasure. "That is true," replied James, delighted at the turn which the conversation had taken; "and what is more, without my assent the words and acts of the Parliament are completely worthless." Having thus maintained his dignity, James proceeded to assure the ambassador that he would gladly break off the negotiations which he was carrying on in France for his son's marriage with the Princess Christina, if he could only be assured that the hand of a Spanish Infanta would not be accompanied with conditions which it would be impossible for him to grant. Sarmiento answered in general terms, and promised to write home for instructions. If James had been able to look over the Spaniard's shoulder as he was writing his despatch, he would probably have been less eager to seek for support in the King of Spain against his own House of Commons.

"At present," so ran Sarmiento's letter to Philip III., "it is in your Majesty's power to bring about a notable improvement in the state of affairs in this kingdom; since this king is very desirous of forming a close alliance with your Majesty, and will do everything in his power to obtain it. . . . In matters of religion the king will do all that is in his power, if he is not asked to do what is beyond it, namely, to do everything at once, and with one blow. Every one tells me that it is God who has wrought this miracle, and all beseech me with continual supplications that your Majesty will not desert them. They trust that, to say nothing of all those reasons of State which make this marriage so desirable, your Majesty will consider all the souls which will be lost if this opportunity be neglected. What I have written about the French marriage is certain, and if the King of England wishes to conclude it to-day it is in his power to do so. . . . If this proposal be not accepted thankfully, and if you refuse to discuss the conditions, it is certain that, when he sees the way closed against him, he will conclude a marriage with France, or with some German princess, and that new leagues will be formed, to the total ruin of the

Catholics. They will go on with the negotiation which has been commenced in the greatest secrecy for holding a council of all the heretics of Europe, and for electing an ecclesiastical head, to whom they will give the name of Pontiff; and who will have his counsellors, in imitation of the cardinals, forming a general consistory, like the particular ones which are now held; and they will endeavour, as far as they can, to conciliate all sects and opinions. If this should come to pass, liberty of conscience will become the common cause against the Pope and your Majesty, and they will, whenever they wish, introduce the Turk into Italy. In considering such matters as these it is impossible to place any value upon the opinions of theologians who are reading all day in their cells, and who do not know how important it is for the interests of the Church of God and the Catholic religion to place this kingdom in a better condition than it is. For upon the fortunes of England all other kingdoms depend, and if the Dutch receive no further help from the English, the forces of the Archduke Albert will be sufficient to reduce them; and in the same way the King of France will get the better of his Huguenots and the Emperor of his Protestants. Poland will then be superior to Sweden, and the authority and intercession of your Majesty and of this king, together with the example of the latter, will overcome the resistance of Denmark. At present things here are growing worse and worse, and it is every day becoming more difficult to find a remedy; whereas if only the persecution were to cease, and if toleration were granted to the Catholics, in a very short time the greater part of the kingdom will declare themselves to be true Catholics; and the Queen will be able to hear mass publicly in her house, instead of being obliged to take refuge in a garret. Almost all the nobility, too, are Catholic at heart, and so are their wives; and these latter are less careful to conceal their religion, as the estates do not belong to them but to their husbands. It is by the ladies that the priests are chiefly maintained. In a very short time the Catholics will have such power that, when they see themselves superior, they will do away with heresy, having learned experience by the long and harsh persecution which they have suffered. It will then be necessary for this king to submit from reasons of state; for at present he is on bad terms with the Puritans, as he was formerly their friend. It will therefore be well that your Majesty should take pity on the Catholics here, who love you tenderly. In this you will have the less difficulty, as the Prince is a pearl of modesty and gentleness; so that, in marrying him, well or ill, consists the most important question at present in the world."

Such was the commencement of the long negotiation for the notorious Spanish match. To give even the slightest sketch of its course would be manifestly impossible in such a paper as this. It was by Sarmiento that, in spite of all obstacles, it was principally kept on foot. His courtly politeness and his ready wit were always at his service. James never could make too much of a man whose spirits were as lively as Buckingham's, and whose information was as ready as that of Williams. But whenever a crisis came, and James seemed to be slipping from his grasp, the skilful diplomatist rose with the difficulty, and dictated terms to the wavering monarch with all that coolness of self-reliance with which he had won his way to his confidence at first.

It is curious to observe how strangely the Spanish and the Venetian authorities supply one another's deficiencies. As long as the negotiation continued a public affair, as long as its history is embalmed in despatches, and in the resolutions of councils of State and

of juntas of theologians, so long the archives of Simancas supply us, if not with all that we should wish to have, at least with a great deal more than we ever had before. But the moment that Charles sets his foot at Madrid it is to Venice that we must go for further light in the web of mystery and intrigue with which he was immediately surrounded. The Venetian ambassador in London pays a person in the suite of the Prince to supply him with information. The Venetian ambassador in Rome gains from Cardinal Lodovico a knowledge of the secrets of the consistory. The Venetian ambassador at Madrid sends home a constant flow of news, which is of a very different character from that which he might have picked up in the streets. He not only knows how Charles made love to the Infanta, but he knows how the Infanta detested Charles, and went about saying that her only consolation was that by going to England she might chance to become a martyr. He hears from the Nuncio what are the secret plans of the Spanish ministers, and he amuses us when he describes Buckingham's surprised astonishment at the demand made by Olivares that James should guarantee the treaty by placing a few fortresses in England in the hands of Catholic garrisons. He tells us, too, how Charles, growing gradually hopeless of success, concealed his feelings under the cloud of his taciturn reserve, and never allowed the Spaniards to catch a glimpse of what was passing in his mind, till, just as he was arriving at Santander where the English fleet was awaiting him, he surprised Cardinal Zapata by his answer to a simple inquiry as to whether he would wish the cover of his carriage removed. "He could hardly venture," was his reply; "to answer so difficult a question without previously consulting the Junta of Theologians at Madrid."

For the present at least the Venetian despatches are only accessible to professed historical students; but those who wish to make the acquaintance of the Venetian diplomatists in England may do so without the trouble of a journey to Venice, by means of the volume of *relazioni* recently published by MM. Barozzi and Berchet.¹ It is a book which deserves more notice than it has yet received from the English press. Nowhere, to take one or two instances at random, has the character of the future Charles I. been better drawn than by Lando, in 1622, and the *relazione* of Correr in 1637 contains the most distinct political prediction of coming revolution ever placed upon paper. But it is useless to quote isolated passages from a volume in which every page is full of interest and instruction. [¶]

SAMUEL R. GARDINER.

(1) "Le Relazioni degli Stati Europei, nel secolo xvii." Serie iv. Inghilterra. Venezia, 1864.

CRITICISM IN RELATION TO NOVELS.¹

ALTHOUGH the fame of a great novelist is only something less than the fame of a great poet, and the reputation of a clever novelist is far superior to that of a respectable poet, the general estimation of prose fiction as a branch of Literature has something contemptuous in it. This is shown not only in the condescending tone in which critics speak, and the carelessness with which they praise, but also in the half-apologetic phrases in which very shallow readers confess that they have employed their leisured ignorance on such light literature. It is shown, moreover, in the rashness with which writers, confessedly incapable of success in far inferior efforts, will confidently attempt fiction, as if it were the easiest of literary tasks; and in the insolent assumption that "anything will do for a novel."

The reason of this fame, and the reason of this contempt, are not difficult to find. The fame is great because the influence of a fine novel is both extensive and subtle, and because the combination of high powers necessary for the production of a fine novel is excessively rare. The contempt is general, because the combination of powers necessary for the production of three volumes of *Circulating Library* reminiscences is very common; and because there is a large demand for the amusement which such reminiscences afford. The intellectual feebleness of readers in general prevents their forming a discriminating estimate of the worth of such works; and most of those who are capable of discrimination have had their standard of expectation so lowered by the profusion of mediocrity, that they languidly acquiesce in the implied assumption that novels are removed from the canons of common-sense criticism. Hence the activity of this commerce of trash. The sterile abundance casts a sort of opprobrium on the art itself. The lowered standard invites the incapable. Men and women who have shown no special aptitudes for this difficult art flatter themselves, and not unreasonably, that they may succeed as well as others whom openly they despise. And their friends are ready to urge them on this path. No one looking over the sketchbook of an amateur turns to him with the question—"Why not try your hand at a fresco?" But many men, on no better warrant, say to a writer—"Why not try your hand at a novel?" And there is great alacrity in trying the hand.

There is thus action and reaction: acquiescence in mediocrity increases the production of mediocrity and lowers the standard,

(1) MAXWELL DREWITT. By F. G. TRAFFORD, author of "George Geith," &c. 3 vols. Tinsley Brothers. 1865.

SIR JASPER'S TENANT. By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c. 3 vols. Maxwell and Co. 1865.

which thus in turn admits of inferior production. We critics are greatly to blame. Instead of compensating for the inevitable evils of periodical criticism by doing our utmost to keep up the standard of public taste, too many of us help to debase it by taking a standard from the Circulating Library, and by a half-contemptuous, half-languid patronage of what we do not seriously admire. The lavish eulogies which welcome very trivial works as if they were masterpieces, are sometimes the genuine expression of very ignorant writers (for easy as it is to write a poor novel, to review it is easier still; and the very language of the reviews often betrays the intellectual condition of the writers); but sometimes they are judgments formed solely in reference to the degraded standard which the multitude of poor works has introduced. Thus although the same terms of commendation are applied to the last new novel which are applied to "Vanity Fair," or "Pride and Prejudice," the standard is nevertheless insensibly changed, and the critic who uses the same language respecting both never really thinks of placing both in the same class.

The general public knows nothing of this change of standards; and thus a foreigner, casting his eye over our advertisements, would suppose, from the "opinions of the press," that England boasted of two or three score writers of exquisite genius; but if, seduced by this supposition, he familiarised himself with the masterpieces thus extolled, he would perhaps conclude that England was suffering from a softened brain. One thing would certainly arouse his curiosity, and that would be to meet with a sample of what are everywhere called "the ordinary run of novels." He would hear that Mr. A's work was far superior to this ordinary run; that Mrs. B's exquisite story was carefully separated from the ordinary run; that Miss C's tale displayed a delicacy of conception, a depth of insight into character and passion, and a purity of moral tone sought for in vain in the ordinary run of novels. But he would appeal to Mudie in vain for a novel which was acknowledged as one of the ordinary run.

Although I have a very high opinion of Fiction as a form of Literature, and read no kind of Literature with more delight and gratitude, I cannot pretend to an extensive acquaintance with recent novels; indeed there are writers of considerable reputation whose works I have never opened, either because they have not fallen in my way in hours of leisure, or because those whose judgment I respect have not by their praises induced me to make a trial. Nevertheless, living in a great literary centre, and naturally inclined to seek the immense gratification which a good novel always gives, I have become tolerably acquainted with the typical specimens, and come to the conclusion that if many of the novels of to-day are considerably better than those of twenty or thirty years ago, because they partake of the general advance in culture, and its wider diffu-

sion; the vast increase of novels, mostly worthless, is a serious danger to public culture, a danger which tends to become more and more imminent, and can only be arrested by an energetic resolution on the part of the critics to do their duty with conscientious rigour. At present this duty is evaded, or performed fitfully. There is plenty of sarcasm and ill-nature; too much of it; there is little serious criticism which weighs considerably its praise and its blame. Even in the best journals poor novels are often praised in terms strictly applicable to works of genius alone. If a thoughtful reader opens one of these novels, he sees such violations of common sense and common knowledge, such style and such twaddle, as would never gain admission into the critical journals themselves, for these journals recommend to readers what they would refuse to print. The reason generally is that critics have ceased to regard novels as Literature, and do not think of applying to the style and sentiments of a fiction those ordinary canons which would be applied to a history, an article, or a pamphlet.

And there is sometimes a certain justification for this exception: only it should be always brought prominently forward. The distinctive element in Fiction is that of plot-interest. The rest is vehicle. If critics would carefully specify the qualities which distinguish the work they praise, and not confound plot-interest with other sources of interest, above all not confound together the various kinds of plot-interest, readers would be guided in their choice, and have their taste educated. For example, it is quite fair to praise Miss Braddon for the skill she undoubtedly displays in plot-interest of a certain kind—in selecting situations of crime and mystery which have a singular fascination for a large number of readers; and the success she has obtained is due to the skill with which she has prepared and presented these situations so as to excite the curiosity and sympathy of idle people. It is a special talent she possesses; and the critic is wrong who fails to recognise in it the source of her success. But he would be equally wrong, I think, if he confounded this merit with other merits, which her novels do not display. I have only read two of her works—"Lady Audley's Secret," and "Sir Jasper's Tenant"—but from those I have no hesitation in concluding that her grasp of character, her vision of realities, her regard for probabilities, and her theoretical views of human life, are very far from being on a level with her power over plot-interest. In praising stories there should be some discrimination of the kind of interest aimed at, and the means by which the aim is reached. A criminal trial will agitate all England, when another involving similar degrees of crime, but without certain adjuncts of interest, will be read only by the seekers of the very vulgarest stimulants. It is not the crime, but the attendant circumstances of

horror and mystery, of pathetic interest, and of social suggestions, which give importance to a trial. In like manner the skill of the story-teller is displayed in selecting the attendant circumstances of horror, mystery, pathos, and social suggestion, bringing the events home to our experience and sympathy. And the critic should fix his attention on this mode of presentation, not demanding from the writer qualities incompatible with, or obviously disregarded by his method. In a story of wild and startling incidents, such as "Monte Christo," it is absurd to demand a minute attention to probabilities; provided the improbabilities are not glaringly obtrusive, that is, provided our imaginative sympathy is not checked by a sense of the incongruous, we grant the author a large licence. But in proportion as the story lies among scenes and characters of familiar experience, in proportion as the writer endeavours to engage our sympathy by pictures of concrete realities, and not by *abstractions* of passion and incident, the critic demands a closer adherence to truth and experience. Monte Christo may talk a language never heard off the stage, but Major Pendennis must speak as they speak in Pall Mall. It is obviously a much easier task to tell a story involving only the abstractions of life, than to tell one which moves amidst its realities. It is easier to disregard all those probabilities which would interfere with the symmetrical arrangement of incidents in a culminating progression, and all those truths of human character which in real life would complicate and thwart any scheme of pre-arranged events, than to tell a story which carries with it in every phase of its evolution a justification of what is felt, said, and done, so that the reader seems, as it were, to be the spectator of an actual drama. Nevertheless, both are legitimate forms of art; and although the latter is incomparably the more difficult, and the more valuable in its results, the former is and always will be popular with the mass of readers. A picture made up of improbable combinations and unreal elements may interest us once; but unless it be a pure play of fancy avowedly soaring away into regions beyond or beside this life of ours, it cannot sustain its interest, for it cannot withstand the inevitable scrutiny of deliberation. It will not bear re-reading. It cannot be thought of without misgiving. A picture made up of nature's sequences will interest for all time.

Plot-interest is, as I said, the distinctive element in Fiction; and the critic ought to mark plainly what the nature of the interest is no less than the skill with which it is presented. Having done this, if he speak of the historical, pictorial, moral, religious, or literary details, he should speak of them as amenable to the ordinary canons. Nonsense is not excusable because it forms part of the padding of a story. People ought to be ashamed of having written, or of having praised trash, wherever it may have appeared. And a little

critical rigour exercised with respect to the descriptions, dialogues, and reflections which accompany a story, would act beneficially in two ways : first, in affording a test whereby the writer's pretensions might be estimated ; secondly, by making writers more vigilant against avoidable mistakes.

As a test : You may have a very lively sense of the unreality with which a writer has conceived a character, or presented a situation, but it is by no means easy to make him see this, or to make his admirers see it. In vain would you refer to certain details as inaccurate ; he cannot recognise their inaccuracy. In vain would you point to the general air of unreality, the conventional tone of the language, the absence of those subtle, individual traits which give verisimilitude to a conception ; he cannot see it ; to him the conception does seem lifelike ; he may perhaps assure you that it is taken from the life. But failing on this ground, you may succeed by an indirect route. In cases so complex as those of human character and human affairs, the possibilities of misapprehension are numerous ; and if we find a man liable to mistake sound for sense, to misapprehend the familiar relations of daily life, to describe vaguely or inaccurately the objects of common experience, or to write *insincerely* in the belief that he is writing eloquently, then we may *à fortiori* conclude that he will be still more liable to misapprehend the complexities of character, to misrepresent psychological subtleties, to put language into people's mouths which is not the language of real feeling, and to modify the course of events according to some conventional prejudice. In a word, if he is feeble and inaccurate in ordinary matters, he may be believed to be feeble and inaccurate in higher matters. If he writes nonsense, or extravagant sentimentality, in uttering his own comments, we may suspect his sense and truthfulness when his personages speak and act.

Before proceeding to the second result of critical rigour it will be desirable to apply the test in a specific instance, and I select "Maxwell Drewitt" for this purpose, rather than "Sir Jasper's Tenant," because the author has been specially lauded for powers of portraiture which I have been unable to recognise. It is but right to add that I have read none of this author's previous works ; and to add further that there is much even in this work which I shall presently have to praise. If any of my remarks seem severe, let them be understood as at least implying the compliment of serious criticism. It is because I wish to treat her novel as Literature, and because she has an earnestness of purpose and a literary ability which challenge respect, that I make choice of her work for illustration ; though at first sight any selection must seem invidious where so many examples abound.

"Maxwell Drewitt" is not a novel of incident, but a picture of life and character. Its interest is not meant to lie in the skilful com-

bination of the abstractions of passion and situation, irrespective of concrete probabilities, irrespective of real human motives in the common transactions of life; in other words, it is not a romance, it is not a sensation story, trusting solely to the power of ideal presentation of abstractions, or to the appeal to our sympathies with mystery and crime. The obvious aim of the writer is to paint a picture of Irish life, and to inculcate a moral lesson. The aim is high; and being high, it challenges criticism as to its means. The aim is one which tasks a writer's powers; and success can only be proportionate to the verisimilitude with which the picture is painted. I do not think the degree of verisimilitude attained is such as to justify the praises which have been awarded it. There are excellent intentions; but the execution is approximative, inaccurate, wanting in the sharp individuality which comes from clear vision and dramatic insight. The first hazy conception of the characters is not condensed into distinctness. The careless, good-natured, indolent Irish landlord—always in difficulties, always cheery and improvident—is described, but not depicted. His energetic, clever, scheming, hard-hearted nephew is drawn with more detail, but nevertheless falls very short of a recognisable portrait. The rascally Irish lawyer, and the virtuous English lawyer, are pale, lifeless conventionalities. The reckless Harold and the vindictive but virtuous Brian, are shadows. The coquettish Lady Emeline, the loving Jenny Bourke, and the patient Mrs. Drewitt, are lay figures. The language has never that nice dramatic propriety which seems as if it could only come from the persons. None of the characters have the impress of creative genius. The same haziness and conventionality may be noted of the attempts to represent the fluctuations of feeling, and the combinations of motive, in the actors. We are informed at great length of what the people felt, we listen to their conversation and soliloquies, but we never seem to hear a real human voice, we never see a soul laid bare.

Such briefly is the impression produced on my mind by this novel as a picture of life and character. I do not really *see* the election riot, I do not feel myself ideally present at those scenes; I do not seem to know Archibald Drewitt's improvidence; nor does Maxwell's patient prosecution of his plans for improving the estate and making his fortune, although told at some length, come home to me like an experience. Both are described, neither is vividly painted. The scenes in Dublin and London are weak and shadowy. In fact, the execution is wanting in the sharpness of distinct vision, where it is not absolutely inaccurate. At the best it is but approximative, never lifelike.

But having said thus much, I should leave a false impression if I did not add that I have been judging "Maxwell Drewitt" by a higher standard than that of the novels which are produced by the

score. There is a certain gloomy earnestness in the writer, and a rhetorical power which carry you unwearied, though not unoffended, through the volumes. There is, moreover, a certain distinctiveness in the mode of treatment, and in the selection of the subjects. Without knowing anything of Ireland, I am quite sure that life at Connemara was not like what it appears in these pages; but then the fact that we are taken to unfamiliar scenes lightens our sense of the imperfect verisimilitude. The *suggestions* of the novel are interesting. The obvious effort of the writer to depict the improvidence and ignorance of the Irish and the ready means by which the land may be immensely improved, gives it a more serious aim than if it were a mere love story, or story of incident. What I consider its gravest defects, are the absence of sufficient clearness of Vision, and of sufficient attention to the principle of Sincerity (as these have formerly been explained in this Review); which defects might to a great extent be remedied by a resolute determination on her part not to write until her vision became clear, and only to write what she had distinctly in her mind.

Let us see what the application of our Test will do towards justifying such an impression. We find the hero, a young man of our own day, talking thus to himself:—

“ ‘Yes, yes,’ he cried at last, halting suddenly, and looking away towards the hills that rose to heaven—“yes, yes, Kincorth, you shall yet be mine—you and many a fair property beside; but you in especial, because I have sworn that neither man nor devil shall keep you from me. And shall a woman? No, before God!’ And the veins came swelling up in his forehead as he stretched out one clenched hand towards Kincorth, and registered his oath.”

It is difficult to suppose the author hearing her characters talk in this style, or believing it to be a representation of modern life, which could be accepted by a reflecting reader. Still worse is this rhapsody—

“ ‘I love the wind,’ she thought; ‘it is fresh and pure, and it comes from travelling over the great sea, instead of bringing the taint of large cities on its breath;’ and she turned, even while she was thinking this, round Eversbeg Head, and the wide Atlantic and the full force of the western breeze burst upon her at once.

“ ‘Thousands of miles! Millions upon millions of tossing billows! Oh! thou great God Almighty! who can look across the restless ocean and not think of Thee? Who can forget, while standing by the sea and watching the great waters come thundering upon the shore, that Thou hast set bounds to the waters and said, ‘Here shall thy proud waves be stayed’—who, looking over the trackless expanse of ocean, but must feel that all unseen the feet of the Most High have traversed it?

“ ‘When we see this work of the Lord, His wonders in the deep; when we perceive how at His command the floods arise, and how at His word the storm ceases; when we remember that though the waves of the sea are mighty and rage horribly, still that the Lord God who dwelleth on high is mightier; when we think that He holds the waters in the hollow of His hand, do we not seem

for a moment, amid raging tempests and foaming billows, to catch a glimpse of the Infinite? Looking over the waste of waters, does not our weak mortality appear able to grasp for an instant the idea of immortality? Can we not imagine that no material horizon bounds our view—that we are gazing away and away across the ocean into eternity?

"Thousands of miles, friends! Which of us has not at one time or other let his heart go free over the waters? Who has not stood by the shore silent, while his inner self—his self that never talks save to his God and his own soul—has gone out from his body and tossed with the billows, and answered the sullen roar of the waters, and risen and sunk with the waters as they rose and fell, rose and fell, and felt the breaking of the foam, the sobbing plash of the great ocean, as it rolls up on the sands and over the rocks and stones and shells of earth, while depth calleth unto depth, and the giant floods clap their hands together?"

"And oh! with what a terrible sadness does that second self come back to us! It has been out listening to strange voices, hearing strange sounds, learning solemn truths. It has been out on the billows, on the foam, among the spray and the clouds and the tempest—out and away to the very confines of the invisible world. It has been restless like the ocean, and it comes back to be set within the bounds of flesh; it has been free, and behold it must return to chains and fetters; it has been telling of its troubles to the ocean, and the ocean has lift up its mighty arms and mourned out its sorrowful reply.

"Mourning—mourning—never silent, never still—now lashing itself up into fury—now tossing hither and thither as it seems to us without plan or purpose; now wave following after wave, as man follows after man in the ranks of a vast army; now flinging its waters on the shore—now striving to climb the steep sides of some rugged rock; fretting itself as we fret ourselves—moaning as we moan—toiling as we toil—restless as we are; now receding—now advancing—but never at peace; in its strong moods wild and tumultuous—in its calmest moments stirred by the ground swell, ruffled by the lightest breeze! Well may man love this deep, inexplicable, unfathomable ocean, for as it through the ages has gone on sobbing and mourning and struggling, so man through the years of his life goes mourning and struggling too.

"Some thoughts like these passed through Mrs. Drewitt's mind as she stood at the base of Eversbeg Head, and looked out over the Atlantic."

This ambitious, but most injudicious passage is given as a representation of the thoughts which passed through the mind of a gentle, unhysterical, matter-of-fact woman! On reading it, every one will be able to form an estimate of the probability of a writer, who could present such a picture with a belief in its truthfulness being able to delineate truly the complexities of character under exceptional conditions. It is quite clear that she was led away by the temptation of "fine writing" to substitute what she considered an eloquent passage about the sea, for what Mrs. Drewitt was likely to have felt by the sea-shore. This is what I have named insincerity; and it is one of the common vices of literature.

There is an unpleasant redundancy of "fine writing" and emphatic platitudes in these volumes. The desire to be eloquent, and the desire to sermonise, lead to pages upon pages which offend the taste, and which, if found out of a novel or a sermon, would provoke the critic's ridicule; but on the assumption that novels are not to be criticised as Literature, they pass without rebuke. Imagine any one

of ordinary cleverness called upon to meditate on a truism thus ambitiously worded:—

“Within a week Ryan took a house in Duranmore next door to his office, and moved his furniture and himself and his sister away from the pretty cottage by the shore. *But the waves came rolling up the bay for all that*: though there was no human ear to listen to their music, they still rippled over the stones and sand—the shutters of the cottage windows were closed and fastened, *but the fuchsias bloomed the same as ever*—no Jenny now stood by the stream, singing her love songs, dreaming her love fantasies, *but the stream went dancing* over the stones to the sea none the less joyously—there were none to look up at the everlasting hills, *but the summer’s sun shone on them*, and the winter’s snow lay on them, as the sun had shone and the snow had lain since the beginning of time.”

For whose instruction is this wisdom proffered? Was it a *possible* supposition that the removal of Jenny should cause the disappearance of the mountains and the cessation of the tides, or that fuchsias would cease to bloom because the window shutters were closed? Surely common sense ought not to be thus disregarded in the search for eloquence?

The truth seems to be that writing hastily, and unchecked by any sense of her responsibilities, never pausing to ask herself whether what she was setting down had truth or value, and would bear reflection, she indulged a propensity to vague moralising, feeling that anything was good enough for a novel. Thus, having killed her hero, she preaches a sermon on his career, in which we have remarks like this:—

“Pitiful! most pitiful! In his prime this man was taken away from among his treasures—from the place he had longed to possess—from the country of his birth—from the scenes he had loved to gaze over. What did it matter, then, whether he had been rich or poor, wealthy or indigent, lofty or lowly, peer or peasant?—what did it matter? what even in life had the lands and the houses, had the silver and the gold, profited him?”

And this—

“Never more may he walk by the sea shore, or stand under the arching trees that shade the avenue, or ride by lake or river, past mountains and through the valleys—never more for ever. . . . The great mountains rear their blue summits to heaven, the lakes ripple and ripple, the rivers flow onward to the sea, and the boulders and the blocks of granite lie scattered about on the hill sides—the great Atlantic beats against the iron-bound coast, and up the thousand bays the waves steal gently as ever—on that strange country through which Maxwell rode when he was still young, when he had life all before him, the moon looks down with as cold a light, playing as many fantastic tricks, creeping up the hills, and lying in the waters just as she did then.”

There are several other passages I had marked for comment,¹ but those already given will suffice to confirm both my opinion of the quality of “Maxwell Drewitt,” and my position respecting the

(1) Among the slight but significant indications of imperfect attention to accuracy, may be mentioned the inadvertency with which the French language is treated on the two occasions when French phrases are used: *bête noir* might be charitably accepted as a misprint, but *au discrétion* tasks even charity.

advantage of testing a writer's quality by a consideration of the way in which he handles minor points. If we find him wanting in truthfulness, insight, and good sense in these minor points, we may be prepared to find him inaccurate, inadequate, and conventional in the more difficult representation of life and character. He may make foolish remarks, and yet tell a story well; but if his remarks are deviations from common sense, his story will be a deviation from human experience; and the critic who detects this may avoid the appearance of arbitrariness in his judgment on higher matters less easily brought within the scope of ordinary recognition, by showing that a writer who is not to be trusted in the one case cannot be trusted in the other.

This leads me to the second benefit which would accrue from a more stringent criticism, especially applied to minor points. It would soon greatly purge novels of their insincerities and nonsense. If critics were vigilant and rigorous, they would somewhat check the presumptuous facility and *facundia* of indolent novelists, by impressing on them a sense of danger in allowing the pen to wander at random. It would warn them that rhetoric without ideas would lead them into ridicule. It would teach them that what they wrote would not only be read, but reflected on; and if their glittering diction proved on inspection to be tinsel, they would suffer from the exposure. This would lead to a more serious conception of the art, and a more earnest effort to make their works in all respects conformable to sense and artistic truth. The man who begins to be vigilant as to the meaning of his phrases is already halfway towards becoming a good writer. The man who before passing on to his next sentence has already assured himself that the one just written expresses the thought actually in his mind, as well as he can express it, and declines to believe that insincere expressions or careless approximative phrases are good enough for a novel, will soon learn to apply the same vigilance to his conception of character and incident, and will strive to attain clearness of vision and sincerity of expression. Let criticism only exact from novels the same respect for truth and common sense which it exacts from other literary works; let it stringently mark where the approbation of a novel is given to it as Literature, and where it is given to plot-interest of a more or less attractive nature, and some good may be effected both on writers and readers.

EDITOR.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE proceedings of the authorities of Jamaica, who were entrusted with the duty of upholding the honour, as well as maintaining the integrity, of the empire, are still the chief topic of public and private discourse. Although an ill-advised attempt was made by one of our principal journals to burke the horrible details—details, it should be remembered, which could only be supplied by the chief actors and eye-witnesses—that attempt, so new in high-class journalism, failed to hoodwink the public. The facts, as reported by interested witnesses, could not be concealed; and those facts—it is quite unnecessary to repeat them—have become known by other agencies throughout not only England but the Continent. Wherever the name of England is known there they are beside it, nay, upon it, to stain her fair fame, and cause her to be held up to odium, even by the semi-official journals of continental despotisms. By this time all the world rings with the stories, supplied by the actors therein, of the “massacres” in Jamaica; and whatever the upshot may be, it will take years to efface the stain upon our reputation. For the credit at least of some of the people of this country, they have not been able to sit tamely down under the infliction. Those who were moved by the horrid lists of slaughter, those who were touched by the letter of Mr. Gordon to his wife, those who look upon the transactions with the cold eyes of the law, those who speculate on the economy of being just, all alike have demanded a strict inquiry, and the execution of unfaltering justice, as its consequence, be it to acquit or condemn. No Government could, if it would, resist a demand so strongly backed as that which has been made. That some among them desired to “support authority” and “stand by subordinates,” we are well aware. But Lord Russell, who thought the sufferings of our soldiers in the Crimea were “horrible and heart-rending,” could not think otherwise of the sufferings and death of the black people of the eastern end of Jamaica, sufferings, never forget, vouched for by those who inflicted them; and we cannot believe that the statesman who held up to public odium the prison system of Naples, could remain in a Ministry which would think of shirking its duty of demanding a full account of what has been done, and proof of the facts which alone could justify it. No doubt a Government is bound to resist mere violent agitation directed against any of its servants, but Governments cannot safely refuse to give heed to public opinion. Nor have they; nor do we suppose that they required, since they are men like ourselves, the stimulus imparted by the firm but dignified expression of opinion to do what was right. They have accordingly determined to appoint a commission to institute a searching and independent inquiry, and if that inquiry were not to be real, and endowed with ample power to fulfil its functions, one could not have imagined why Sir Henry Storks should be summoned from Malta, at a moment's warning, to preside over the commission. Sir Henry is a man of great experience, and he would not undertake so serious a task without the fullest authority to remove obstacles from whomsoever they might come. And he has received that authority. Sir Henry has been appointed Governor of Jamaica, at least pending the inquiry.

and he sails on the 18th, armed with full powers to inquire, not only into the recent proceedings of Governor Eyre and others, but into the whole state of the island. This is satisfactory. Less we could not have expected from a Ministry whose head is Earl Russell, and one of whose members is William Ewart Gladstone.

During the pause it may be as well to remind our readers how the case stands, as the most persevering attempts are made every day to raise false issues. The authorities of Jamaica, civil and military, have informed us—and we have no other information—that in consequence of certain tragical proceedings in Morant Bay they delivered over to fire and sword the properties and persons of the black population residing in a corner of the island; that the troops and Maroons went about shooting at black persons indiscriminately, killing scores on the spot, and capturing others, many of whom were flogged, most of whom were hanged; that they continued to act in this fashion for several weeks; that in the course of this period they arrested divers persons on suspicion—what they have done with them we have yet to learn; and that, when Mr. Gordon gave himself up within two hours of the issue of a warrant for his apprehension, the Governor sent him for trial from Kingston, not under martial law, to Morant Bay, where the law was martial; and that there, after trial before court-martial consisting of two sailor officers and a soldier officer, the Governor sanctioning the proceedings, they caused him to be hanged. This is the statement of the authorities themselves, divested of the shocking details which they embody in their reports, and based upon the naked facts they contain. Their justification for these proceedings is, that there was a rebellion in the district given over to fire and sword; that the rebellion had behind it an organised negro conspiracy, which was to have taken effect at Christmas, and to have involved the lives of all white and coloured men; and that Mr. George Gordon, himself a coloured man, was one of the leading conspirators, if not the leading conspirator. That is the assertion of the authorities. Upon which we have only this to remark, that up to the present moment not a word of evidence in support of the assertions of the authorities is in the hands either of the public or the Government. We say the Government, because if they possessed a justification for the policy of Governor Eyre, proof of the alleged rebellion, and a sound vindication of the justice of the killing and mode of killing Mr. George Gordon, it is beyond doubt that long ere this the documents would have seen the light. If we had no other reasons for supposing that the Government possess no such documents, this would be sufficient. The questions, then, to be dealt with first are, not the causes of the alleged rebellion, not the conduct of Mr. Cardwell—upon whom the Tories boast that they will fasten the odium of the whole business—not the character of the Jamaica negro, not the proceedings of the Baptists, but these:—1st. Was there any rebellion; and, if so, did its character and extent warrant an application of the law of self-preservation, so bloody and savage as to fill the world with horror; and, 2nd, is there any justification for the judicial killing of Mr. George Gordon, legal or otherwise? *After* these points have been investigated to the satisfaction of the public conscience, then we may go into the causes of the rebellion, the conduct of Dissenting missionaries, and the character of the black and white people who live in Jamaica; and Mr. Disraeli may bring to bear on Mr. Cardwell his whole arsenal of invective and sarcasm, arraign him, and cover him all over with stinging phrases.

But it behoves all those interested in the fair fame of this realm, and in simple justice, to see that the real issues are taken first, and that the collateral issues are taken afterwards. When we have got Governor Eyre and all his helpers "unscathed" out of the deadly business, then it will be time to debate on economics and missionary influence, and ministerial delinquencies. In the meantime, without prejudging the facts, we cannot avoid being influenced by them, as they are stated by Governor Eyre, Colonel Hobbs, Captain Ford, and the only newspapers allowed to be published in the island. Nor can we avoid being influenced by the extraordinary laws projected and adopted by the Legislature—laws which strike at the root of the civil and religious liberty of the coloured population, and no small part of the white. When all sects in the island, save and except those of the Established Churches of England, Rome, and Scotland, are struck with a bill of pains and penalties, when a stringent sedition bill is drawn up, when martial law is substantially continued after martial law has legally expired, we may, without presumption, be permitted to doubt the wisdom of the spirit and principles which actuate the Governor and his advisers. Of course, if he and they can produce justification, then censure falls to the ground; but no justification has yet reached this country, and it is absurd to try and stifle the expression of public opinion upon the acts which are the boast of the Governor and his supporters.

We can well imagine that the Government has been somewhat troubled with this Jamaica question; but it has not, of course, absorbed the whole attention of Ministers. Although the Cabinet has not yet obtained its long-expected single recruit, and no Chancellor has been found to superintend the very momentous affairs of the Duchy of Lancaster, although no one has been appointed to sit in that desolate chamber at the Admiralty which once rejoiced in the smiling presence of a civil lord, yet Ministers have come to one resolution. It has been authoritatively announced that in the proximate session they will bring in a Reform Bill, which they will try to carry. There can be no doubt about it. This time there will be no coquetting with Reform, no sham fights. The measure is now in course of preparation. What it will be we do not pretend to know; but that it will be, we have every reason to believe, and we have like reason to believe that it will be introduced with the express object of making it law. The authoritative announcement of the intentions of Ministers confirms those interpretations of public events which, so far back as the late general election, we ventured to set before our readers. That announcement, therefore, was not for us any surprise; and we believe that had not death snatched away Lord Palmerston, we should have still seen a serious attempt to take the opinion of Parliament and the country on this vital question.

While we regard the certainty acquired by the public that a Reform Bill will be the principal item in the ministerial programme, we should consider the return of Queen Victoria to public life as scarcely less important, were it not for the very extraordinary conditions under which that event will take place. The modifications to be made in the august ceremonial—a ceremonial which has always deeply impressed the imagination of men, and satisfied a reasonable craving for befitting pageantry—are not in harmony either with the occasion or the feeling of the public. If a queen may, with propriety, lay aside her robes of state, why may not peers, or, for that matter, ushers and judges? If a "dress carriage" is as good for the purpose as a state coach, why should not a couple of squadrons of dragoons or hussars, or even yeomanry cavalry, do

instead of the costly and splendid Life Guards? If a parliament may be opened by a royal lady whose royal robes lie beside her, why may not gentlemen go to court in morning coats, after having deposited their "court dress" in some antechamber, or at the tailor's? It is plain that if we were a "logical" people, and pushed matters to extremes like our lively neighbours, we should be apt to look on this restricted ceremonial as the beginning of a revolution. Moreover, Queen Victoria is not to read her speech from the throne—she will therefore only "assist" at the ceremony, and there are certain to be people rude enough to ask whether a lay figure would not do as well. Her Majesty can do no wrong, of course. But those of her responsible ministers, upon whose advice, as we are bound to presume, she is about to act, have given her very questionable advice, and, whatever they may think of it, have taken a step which carries us a little nearer to an oligarchy or a republic than we were before. There may be, indeed there is, an exaggerated respect for "clothes," but a monarchy which tries to do without them, or only half with and half without them, is making a very dangerous experiment.

If Mr. Bright has not put on his clothes political, he has at least hoisted his colours. The most remarkable sentence in his Blackburn speech, after all, is that wherein he declares "the administration to be composed of men more entitled to our confidence, probably, than any other administration of our time. . . . Uniting as I believe with the bulk of the people of this country, may I not say that we are disposed to give a large measure of confidence to the new Ministry?" And when we couple these significant declarations with that attack upon the Tories which has called forth even Liberal criticism of no commendatory kind, we have a right to class Mr. Bright at last as a Ministerialist. It may, however, be doubted whether his fervid and trenchant support, thus ungrudgingly given, will not carry with it more strength out of the House than within it, and will not drive some Liberals a few degrees nearer to that Toryism, at all events, which opposes reform of Parliament. For our parts, while we hope always to fight against it, we are bound to recognise Toryism as performing a decidedly useful function in the State, without which there could not be the resistance essential to progress, and often not the criticism essential to healthful freedom.

The cattle plague still defies the skill of the amateur and professional cow-doctors, bewilders the farmers, and perplexes the Government. It flits from place to place, in obedience, no doubt, to some law, but to a law not yet discovered. Up to the 2nd of December it had been reported in every English county except three, in every Scotch county except eight, chiefly northern counties, while it had appeared in two counties only in Wales. Through what subtle agencies it moved no one seems able to describe. The one fact remains, that it does exist, that it is very destructive, and that all remedies have alike failed to arrest its progress, or to save any significant per-centage of the number attacked. All that seems to be known is that, however treated, some beasts survive, while the majority die. About seven per thousand of the estimated number of cattle in Great Britain have been attacked, by far the greater part of which have died either from the disease or under the pole-axe. The worst sign is that the ravages of the malady have not decreased with the approach of winter. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the Government, and those most interested, have not been able to make up their minds as to the most effective method of dealing with this plague. Part of the Cattle

Plague Commission advocate the most arbitrary measures, such as the issue of an order prohibiting the locomotion of all cattle from place to place for a given period; and even the Royal Agricultural Society sees no means of meeting the increasing danger, short of measures which will restrict the locomotion of cattle, sheep, and pigs, as much as may be practicable. They would, if they could, stop at once the holding of all fairs and markets, and either cause all those kinds of animals coming from abroad to be slaughtered at the port of debarkation, or allow them to proceed under stringent conditions, directing them to be slain at some named place. They would have the Government override all local powers; their allegation being that no local authorities are to be trusted, since, as they assert, these authorities, for various reasons, always act too late. But it would be a great stretch of power to act so; and until some new arrangements for the supply of the public with animal food have been made, such a violent interference with the customary methods would certainly cause serious inconvenience. At the same time there appears to be no good reason why a very large proportion of the meat which now reaches the market alive might not be brought in dead, and ready for instant consumption. All the beasts required for the supply of London, large as that supply is, might be slaughtered in Copenhagen Fields; and surely it would be possible to arrange centres of supply in the country districts, and thus diminish the necessity for the painful and detrimental travelling of animals intended for consumption as food. If the cattle plague brings about the beginning of such a reform, it will have done some good as well as a vast amount of harm. But if it be true that the malady may be carried from place to place in the garments of men, and by the wind, one does not see how any precautions can avail to bar it out of any locality. This is one of the subjects which will engage the early attention of Parliament, and will give Ministers a good deal of trouble. By the way, and *à propos* of the suggestions of some of the Commissioners of the Royal Agricultural Society, and of the Smithfield Club, if Government were to act on their advice, and supersede all local authority, would not Government, in thus directly assuming the responsibility, furnish a valid reason for the use of those who hold that the losses which have been and may be sustained should be made good out of the National Treasury?

The Government has been more successful in its dealings with the Fenians. The escape of Stephens, the head of the conspiracy, was an "untoward event," which suggested suspicions that the organisation was and is more extensive than the cool-headed observers believed it to be; but the conviction of Luby and O'Leary, and others, coupled with the lofty and judicial spirit in which Mr. Justice Keogh has presided over the Court, is in some respects a compensation. Luby's manly avowal of his guilt, his justification of it from his point of view, and his feeling repudiation of the charge of intended assassination—a repudiation in which O'Leary did not concur—won for the more educated felon a sort of sympathy for his fate. Yet no one has, at present, ventured to question the justice of the weighty penalties inflicted by judges so fair and calm as Justices Keogh and Fitzgerald. May the failure of the Fenian plot be a lesson to our warm-tempered brethren of Ireland!

The interest which is felt in the proceedings of the Italian Parliament—where the moderate Liberals, as yet, hold their own in a close fight—and in the political movements in the Austrian empire—now approaching a crisis, and showing in their developments how deeply the plant of constitutional freedom

has struck its roots—has been overshadowed for a time by a larger event, and one looked forward to with some not wholly unnatural apprehension, the death of King Leopold. In the ordinary course of things one does not anticipate trouble from the death of a king who leaves behind him a heir of full age. But in this case there are peculiar circumstances. Parties in Belgium are pretty equally divided, and long ago the *parti-prêtre* predicted a time of disturbance, perhaps of the dissolution of the kingdom, on the death of the king. Independently of the deadly fight between the Liberals and the Ultramontanes, ex-minister Deschamps, whose sympathies are with the latter, foresaw, or thought he foresaw, danger from the combinations which might arise as a consequence of the aggrandising policy of Count Bismark, in complicity with the presumed ambition of Napoleon and the French nation to *revendiquer* Belgium. Nothing, it was implied, would be done so long as Leopold lived, but as soon as he died, upon some pretext, there would be intervention, and possibly a rectification of the frontier of France. It is also remarkable that semi-official French prints selected the moment of the King's illness to rail at parliamentary government in Belgium, and to talk of that country as having no title-deeds to independence, nothing but the personal guarantee of King Leopold. Under these circumstances apprehension was inevitable. So far as he can, however, the Emperor Napoleon has rebuked his journalists, by taking Leopold II. under his protection, and by advising him to imitate the great example of his illustrious father: and so far as they can contribute by their conduct to allay apprehension the people of Belgium have done so, by the sorrow they have openly expressed for the loss of their noble constitutional king, and by quietly allowing the forms prescribed by the constitution to take their course. It will not, however, be unwise to watch closely the conduct of more than one power towards Belgium, and none the less because Lord Clarendon is at the Foreign Office. The loss of Leopold will be very widely felt, for he exercised a great influence, not less by his rare and sagacious character, than by his position among kings. Belgium, at all events, ought to be grateful to him, for he consolidated her constitutional freedom, and laid the broad foundations of her industrial and commercial prosperity.

The grounds of the quarrel which Spain has fastened upon Chili are even more untenable than was at first supposed. There is absolutely not an atom of reason in the "grievances" set forth by Spain. The correspondence between the two governments shows most conclusively that the conduct of the Chilean Government was as remarkable for equity and moderation as that of the Spanish Government was for their opposites. When the Spanish admiral seized the guano islands he styled the act a *revendication* of that territory; and he characterised as a "truce" the peace which has existed between Spain and her former colonies for so many years. It was quite impossible that this language should not rouse the spirit of the Spanish Americans. The Chilean Government was not slow to protest against it, as they had a perfect right to do. Yet, although the Spanish Government disavowed the language of Admiral Pinson, among the grievances alleged is the protest which the Chilean Government at the time levelled against the doctrines of the admiral. Another grievance was that the Chilean Government did not *force* the coal merchants to sell coals to a Spanish ship of war; and another that, when a state of war existed between Spain and Peru, the Chileans declared coal contraband of war. These do not require comment or answer. The Spanish Minister alleges that a body of National Guards "assisted"

at an insulting attack on the Spanish flag. The Chilian Minister shows that the commander of the Guards prevented the *exaltés* in the crowd from perpetrating the outrage. Admiral Pareja lays great stress on the neglect of the Government to prosecute a "foul journal." The Chilian Minister answers that the journal was so disreputable that no one heeded what it said, but adds that his Government would willingly have instituted proceedings had the Spanish Minister, according to law, requested them to do so. In short, no one can read the correspondence without feeling that the Spanish Government was bent on picking a quarrel; and therefore refused to accept every refutation and explanation of its statements. There was at least one just-minded Spaniard, Tavira, who could not resist the frank and courteous explanations of the Chilian Minister. He declared himself satisfied, and as O'Donnell had returned to power, he of course was recalled, and the rough and quarrelsome method of dealing with Chili was renewed. It is understood—indeed, it is known—that France and England have remonstrated with the Court of Madrid, and it is said that the diplomatic body at Santiago have attempted some sort of intervention. The Government of the United States will certainly have a word to say in the business; and even the German Powers who have an interest in Chilian commerce. Spain talks big, and the tone of the despatches of the Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs is not pacific. But it is scarcely conceivable that all the Powers called "great" will quietly look on while Spain ruins Chili for a quarter of a century, and perpetrates acts of high-handed injustice upon the best of the South American Republics. If they do, it will furnish another proof of the moral disorder which appears to prevail in the body politic, and of the distrust which, with good reason, is assumed to exercise such a mischievous influence at this time upon all international relations. Spain may think that since scarcely any two Powers can act together long in any direction, she may defy public opinion with impunity. But she should remember the geographical positions of Cuba and the Philippines, and return to the paths of equity.

The operations of Russia in Central Asia grow daily more interesting. The great event of this year's campaign—the conquest of Taschkent, followed as now we learn by its substantial annexation—shows that on a new field the Russian empire encounters new temptations to draw new people and territory within her frontier. Two years ago, after years of sterile conflict in the deserts and hills of the Kirghiz tribes, during which she carried her Siberian frontier a thousand miles to the south, Russia came upon a land which promised to reward her toils and sacrifices. East and south-east of the Sea of Aral, along the courses of its two great affluents, the Syr-Daria and the Amu-Daria, lie the oases of independent Tartary—Khiva, Bokhara, and Kokan—fertile, well cultivated and populous, studded with numerous towns. The most northerly of these, Kokan, in the upper valley of the Syr-Daria, was the first to feel her power; and now, after two years campaigns, the annexation of Taschkent completes the subjugation of the whole of Kokan north of the river, a much larger portion than what is left on the southern bank. The acquisition is by no means a paltry one. Last year out of the conquests of that and the previous few years, Russia formed a new province called Turkestan, containing one twenty-third of the whole territory of the empire, and one hundredth part of the population. Taschkent, with its 100,000 inhabitants, and its dependencies probably add half a million of population, besides another large tract of territory. And Taschkent, like Turkestan, is rich in natural wealth. The town itself is an irregular mass of

fruitful gardens. Districts near it are singularly fruitful in corn. On the hills around, which are only partially explored, are forests of magnificent timber. Coal and lead are known to exist in abundance, and there is iron of excellent quality. In the streams among the hills above the city are workings of gold, from which frequent nuggets are obtained. Taschkent likewise is the seat of an extensive transit trade. Numerous caravan routes across the Kirghiz desert converge here, whence again radiate numerous routes for merchandise to the other parts of Kokan, to Chinese Turkestan, to Khiva and Bokhara, and to places farther south. The produce of Russia is placed in its bazaars alongside of precious stones from Persia, and drugs and Chinese porcelain, and English muslin and calico which come through India. It is the greatest depôt in Central Asia, and in Russian hands, with something like firm government in and around, its trade and importance will of course increase. We speak of it as an *annexe* to the Russian empire, and must explain ourselves, for the Russians will insist that it is an independent, protected state. It would be useless to quarrel about words. What is certain is, that the independent State will be garrisoned by Russian troops, and the Russian commandant will appoint the civil rulers: he has already published a decree requiring of the inhabitants implicit obedience to his orders. Russia, in fact—as is hinted at in the address of the Taschkent inhabitants praying for annexation—has done nothing but what is already paralleled by her conduct among the Mahometan populations in these regions. Retaining all civil authority, she strengthens the hands of the native spiritual power; so much so that, as Russian travellers tell us, the Kirghiz tribes are more fanatical Mahometans under her rule than before. All this has its bearing on the assertion put forward that Russia is about to nurse into life a new Tartar empire, destined, like its predecessors nursed in the same region, to a career of conquest.

Will Russia, by protecting the creed of the Taschkent inhabitants, and the fruits of their industry, manage to secure their willing services in ulterior aims, and attract to her protectorate the surrounding peoples? These questions indicate what a disturbing influence is exercised by the introduction of a power like Russia into the Tartar system of States. An uneasiness is produced which itself provokes encroachment. To protect the Kirghiz tribes, say the Russians, it has been necessary to go on to Taschkent; to protect Taschkent, how much farther must they go? All the associations of the region inspire the thought of conquest. The Russians boast that from the north they have reached the Rubicon of Alexander's progress from the south. The Syr-Daria was the limit from which he returned south to conquer India. We are now promised the revival of the dead country under a new Alexander II., who does not, however, seek new conquests as he of Macedon, but desires that "the bayonet of the brave soldier may only clear the way for the light of civilisation." It will be well if that is all. If Russia, by improved roads, by railways over the Kirghiz desert, by steamers on the Caspian and Aral seas and their affluents, is content to bring these remote countries within the civilised pale, no one will seek to interfere. Science and literature will be equally indebted to the power which places within a few weeks' journey from the west the antiquities and concealed libraries of Tartary, and lays open to exploration the recesses of its mountain ranges.

December 13.

VOL. III.

B B

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE LITERATURE OF THE SABBATH QUESTION. By R. Cox, F.S.A. Scot.
In 2 Vols. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1865.

THIS work is noteworthy for several reasons. Though written by a Scotchman on the Sabbath question—that which is the most exciting of all religious questions for his countrymen, and which ever since the Reformation has called forth the strongest passions and the most furious animosities—yet is it a calm, dispassionate, and elaborately learned work. On such a question we might rather have looked for some hastily put forth dissertation to answer a present purpose. It so happens that just at this moment a Sabbatarian battle is raging in Scotland, which is waged with a rancour worthy of the old “*ingenium perfervidum Scotorum*,” in consequence, as it appears, of the running of Sunday trains, morning and evening, between Edinburgh and Glasgow, which commenced some three months ago; yet just at this crisis appears a singularly modest, mild, and learned discussion of the whole question. It is written by Mr. Robert Cox, a nephew of the late George Combe, and embodies the researches of years.

The author, designing to give every help to those who study the Sabbath question in a thorough and impartial manner, first presents all the passages of Scripture adduced in controversies concerning the Sabbath and the Lord's Day. This occupies 108 pages. Next he gives a table of the principal questions respecting the Sabbath, with references to the texts relied on by the different parties. These questions are fourteen in number, and we do not think that any material question has been omitted. To this succeeds a catalogue of books relating to the Sabbath, beginning from the Apocrypha, Josephus, and the Christian Fathers, and continuing, without one discoverable omission, through the middle ages to the Reformers, and thence downwards to the controversies of the nineteenth century and to the operations of the National Sunday League. And this is not a mere catalogue of names and subjects, but abstracts are given in small type of the contents of all the more remarkable treatises, and in a manner which evidences unstinted labour and minute and scrupulous fidelity. A *résumé* is given of the contents of a complete library of Sabbatical works of all nations. No one who has not been engaged on a task like this can be aware of its extreme laboriousness. But this is not all. To point out the passages bearing on the question out of the forgotten tomes of this vast array of authors, and to give a clear and condensed view of the testimony and line of argument of each writer, must have required other precious gifts besides labour and patience. I can discover no sign of *scamping* in this long procession of authorities, but all is done in an honest, thorough, and workmanlike manner.

Nearly half the first volume is taken up with a “supplement.” This strikes one as an odd arrangement, but it arose from the work having been originally planned by the author on too small a scale. As during the progress of the work materials grew upon him in unlooked-for profusion, he saw that the accounts which he had given of the opinions of the Fathers were much too

meagre; the same thing also was observed in the account of the great controversy in the reign of Charles I. ; and then the author wisely determined, instead of re-writing the entire work, to atone for all deficiencies by throwing the additional matter into a supplement. But the reader will not find that this occasions him any embarrassment, the arrangement throughout being so clear, the due reference being never found wanting at the point of correspondence, and a most copious index of names and subjects, extending to thirty pages, being furnished at the end of the second volume.

The formal catalogue *raisonné*, such as we have described, closes with the writings of Bishop Horsley at the end of last century; and then follows a sketch of the chief controversies about the Sabbath in the nineteenth century. And in this part of the work, also, which occupies nearly one-half the second volume, we observe the same laborious minuteness and fidelity. It is no less minute than the "Catalogue," and might have been fairly included in that designation. Nothing seems to have escaped the author. Not only formal treatises, but articles in the periodicals, and the soon-forgotten tracts and pamphlets of the day, are all referred to, and their tone and bearing described. Even the prize-essays by working men are not forgotten, nor articles in cyclopædias, nor platform controversies, nor the foreign correspondence of the journals, as bearing on the continental Sabbath. Mr. Cox has certainly the faculty of taking infinite pains and trouble, and we honour him exceedingly for this monument of untiring and conscientious labour on a question which is still the theme of eager controversies, and which so vitally concerns the comfort and well-being of all Christendom.

Nor is the British controversy alone regarded, but the results of the same controversy in the United States are also duly chronicled; nor these alone, but also in Germany, France, and Switzerland. Nor are the opinions and practice of the modern Jews overlooked, but those too are closely recorded; and even the columns of the *Jewish Chronicle* are put in requisition on the subject. Finally, that nothing may be omitted, legislative action on the question is also recorded. All the British statutes which relate to it are enumerated, with their provisions, as well as the reports of parliamentary committees. Never, surely, was any treatment of a subject more exhaustive. It is a curious repository of all conceivable information on the question, ancient and modern.

These volumes will enable any one to determine whether the Sabbath is a primeval, universal, and perpetual, or only a Mosaic, institution. This question also involves another—viz., what is the origin of the Week? Was a septenary division of time by days known throughout the world, or to what extent was it known? And further, if the week is as old as man, and the first day of it holy, how comes it that the knowledge and observance of the week were less than universal? Did the Patriarchs and early Gentiles observe the Sabbath? Let it be observed that the questions of the Week and of the Sabbath are wrapped up in each other, and may be pronounced inseparable. For how can you make a week a separate and complete orb or round of time, but by consecrating one day? Wherever the *week* has prevailed among heathen races, then a Sabbath more or less holy must prevail. Now it is certain that the week has been known extensively and immemorially among the Shemitic races, but that it was not known to the Greeks and Romans until about the Christian era, and as a consequence either of Judaism or Christianity.

Our author, indeed, asserts that "Sabbath-observance at no time prevailed among the great body of any Gentile people before the coming of Christ," and this is the result of a very careful and comprehensive inquiry. Passages, indeed, are often adduced from Greek and Roman writers which speak of the "seventh day" (Selden quotes many such), but he makes it appear that "the seventh day," of which they write, is the seventh, not of the week, but of the month, counting from the new moon. And for this modified assertion the only known ground is that the Athenians dedicated the seventh day of every lunar month to Apollo. We cannot hope to arrive at the precise facts of the case, but the *broad* facts may be stated thus—The Sabbath (or the week) was much more than a Hebrew institution, for it was observed by the Hindoos, Assyrians, and Egyptians, but it was very far short of being universal. The Romans only adopted the week in the second century. Humboldt asserts that at the discovery of America none of the aborigines were acquainted with this cycle of seven days. Prescott, the historian, corroborates this assertion so far as the Mexicans are concerned. Humboldt quotes authorities to the same effect as to the Japanese and the Persians. The missionary Gutzlaff, and Sir John Davis, declare that the Chinese do not observe any Sabbath, and have no knowledge of the week.

Let it, however, be remembered that this want of universality does not in the least detract from the value and blessedness of a Sabbath,—I am not now speaking of the *Jewish* one,—and of a release from toil and worldly thoughts on every seventh day. The blessing may have been confined in its range, but it is not on that account less divine or less worthy of God. Some of the greatest of worldly blessings have been, and still are, local. Civil and religious liberty are instances of this; and so are many of the finest inventions of science. The Sabbath is certainly of high and unfathomable antiquity, and its undeniable beneficence proves it to have proceeded from Divine inspiration, whatever may have been the circumstances in which it originated. Opinions will differ as to those circumstances, according to the view taken of the authorship and interpretation and date of the first chapters of Genesis. Its ultimate Author and Founder was certainly God; for unaided man would have had neither the foreseeing wisdom to discern the need of such an institution, nor the benevolence to enact it. A merely human institution would have perished from want of authority. There would not have been vitality enough in the enactment of a mere human lawgiver to secure for it so much as a fair trial. Nor is there any force in the argument that, if God had founded the Sabbath, He would have founded it so as to become an universal boon; for the analogy of many other blessings disproves this idea, seeing that they are both limited and local. No fact is more certain than this—that the Hebrew race has had "a vision of God," a great light of religion in its midst, such as no other race has enjoyed, except as derived from them. Hence, while the universality of the Sabbath must be denied, the divinity of its origin is not thereby impeached. The Sabbath is a green oasis in the waste of time. A Sabbathless land is a weary contemplation.

The Sabbath is divine, because it is so eminently reasonable and natural; for, as Thomas Aquinas (quoted by Mr. Cox) writes, "there is a natural inclination in man to depute a certain time for every necessary thing, as for the receiving of his food, for sleep, and for other such things; and therefore he doth, according to the direction of natural reason, appoint a certain time for his spiritual refreshing, whereby his soul is refreshed in God." You cannot overturn this

reasoning except by denying the spiritual aspirations of man, and reducing him to mere material wants. But if it is vain to deny the former, then does he require for his highest well-being a complete suspension of toil at certain fixed intervals, that he may have space and leisure for the introduction of new and sublimer ideas into his mind, and for the repose and refreshment of his whole nature.

The utility and blessedness of a Sabbath are undeniable, but it will be asked, whence comes the obligation to observe one? To this I reply, that its harmony with the laws of our being constitutes its highest obligation. The Laws of Nature are the Laws of God. To observe the laws of health is our solemn duty, because those laws are God's enactment, and we see and feel that they are intended for our good. Equally imperative is the observance of some kind of Sabbath, when we see that the rest which it brings to the body, and the change of ideas which it brings to the mind, are eminently restorative to both. To ask to be free from it, is to ask to be free to injure ourselves. God always grants to us that sublime liberty, but we are unwise if we avail ourselves of it, for the inexorable penalty is at hand.

These considerations simplify the whole Sabbath question. Men ask, "Is the Decalogue binding on us? It was a code given to the Hebrews; local circumstances are referred to in it; the Fourth Commandment, is surely no part of the Moral Law." Dr. Norman MacLeod lately maintained, before the Glasgow Presbytery, that the Decalogue was entirely abrogated, in so far as Christians are concerned, and especially the Fourth Commandment, which, not being intrinsically moral, is not binding on the conscience. He asked, with a sneer, "Where is the land which is to be given me, and in which I am to live long, if I honour my father and mother?" This is very shallow. Nine commandments out of all those ten are confessedly of eternal truth and moment. And the circumstance of a local and temporary promise occurring in one of them does not in the least relax an obligation which nature herself teaches. Then, as to the Fourth Commandment, it is surely strange, as Dr. Chalmers argues, that a merely transitory and conventional order, as some represent it, should be enshrined in the midst of commandments of eternal obligation. According to this, it would seem misplaced. Its proper place would be among the perishable things of the Ceremonial Law. Assuredly the Sabbatic command is *not* misplaced. The truth is, that it is one of a mixed nature, having an equal relation to both body and soul. Not alone in Palestine, but wherever man dwells, there he will be all the better for the septenary rest. Nay; much more do we need it in our crowded modern cities, with our constant toil and feverish existence, than did a rural and pastoral people like the ancient Hebrews, dwelling amidst their flocks in the open country. The obligation lies not in the thunders of Sinai, but in a Sabbath's eternal suitability to man. We are bound to observe it, on the principle that we are bound to consult our own welfare. It is obligatory, *because* it is salutary.

This pregnant principle is also our guide through the difficulty as to the change of day. All the Jewish ingredients of the Sabbath are eliminated by the purely spiritual law of Christianity. Nay, if a man is not a Christian at all, but merely owns to his having a *soul*, he will be wise to observe a Sabbath or septenary rest of his own. Let him observe it, and he will find his whole personality more vigorous and available after such periodical repose and change of thought. This curious and delicate mechanism of mind and body requires

to stop awhile for rest and lubrication. To want to get rid of it is to want to get rid of the truest restorer and sweetener of human life. The felt utility and pleasantness of a day of rest, and its harmony with the laws of body and mind, is a surer indication of God's will than the commandment in the Decalogue.

If all this be so, then the question of the change of day is at once disposed of. Whether that day be the first or the last day of the week must be wholly immaterial, except to a Jew. To all the rest of mankind the interval is everything. There is great strength in the argument that such a division as the septenary would hardly have suggested itself to man without some positive revelation on the subject. The division seems simple and self-recommending, now that we know it. But antecedently to experience, the six days' interval might not be so obviously wise. Mr. Cox reproduces all the learning on the subject. The Greeks divided their month into decades. The solar month of the Chinese is likewise so divided, with a sub-division into fives. The month of the Romans was divided into *halneds*, *hones*, and *ides*. Here again is no trace of sevens. At the French Revolution the decade superseded the Christian week, but that was doubtless done in sheer opposition.

Those whose consciences are troubled with the change of day from Saturday to Sunday, or who are anxious to know how the change was brought about, and by what authority it was enforced, will find in these volumes all the materials for forming a judgment, lucidly arranged and digested. It appears that both days, the Sabbath and the Lord's Day, were for a long period observed by the Hebrew Christians, the one out of homage to their old religion, the other out of homage to their new. But two sacred days in a week was one too many. The Sabbath was gradually dropped, and then the Lord's Day rose high into its full splendour and sacredness, and has ever since so remained fixed in the Christian firmament. All that was of eternal value in the older institution was thus happily combined with the history and associations of the new religion.

Mr. Cox's volumes point to one irresistible conclusion. That conclusion was drawn long ago by the Divine Founder of Christianity, when He pronounced that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. The Scotch have just reversed this, and so do large classes among ourselves. To close a Botanic Garden on Sunday is thought a triumph of principle. Even to take a walk in the fields is with many a liberty, only to be enjoyed by stealth. The unhappy denizens of the courts and wynds of Edinburgh and Glasgow are to be fettered all day to their dismal abodes, or at least to the streets of the over-grown city, and may not take a trip down the Clyde, to inhale the fresh sea-breezes, and to gain from all the sights above and around them a new sense of the Creator's power and love. A strong effort is now being made to perpetuate the same tyranny landward also. No inhabitant of the two cities—if the Sabbatarians prevail—will be able even for a part of the day to leave the city walls behind, and be carried far out at a cheap rate, “to revel amid the fresh and the fair of rural nature.” But we hope a better result from the discussion which has just been re-opened. Mr. Cox's work appears most opportunely. All lovers of a rational, a devout, and yet an enjoyable Sunday, owe to him a debt of gratitude. He has spared no pains and no labour, and has produced a monumental work. It would be most welcome coming from any hands, but is doubly welcome as coming from a Scotchman.

G. D. HAUGHTON.

THE TRAGEDIES OF SOPHOCLES. A NEW TRANSLATION, WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAY. By E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A. 2 vols. Alexander Strahan. 1865.

MR. STRAHAN is not only a publisher of great enterprise but of taste; and in venturing on what must be a considerable risk—the publication of an English version of Sophocles—he has spared no pains to make the book externally attractive. It is quite a pleasure to take up such elegant volumes; and the reader who is seduced into making acquaintance with the old Greek dramatist through Mr. Plumptre's translation will find that both publisher and translator have claims on his gratitude.

I have on several occasions expressed my conviction of the impossibility of translation being anything more than an approximation to the idea of a poem—an indication of the meaning, without any corresponding representation of the poetical form. I may seem to be unjust to poetical translators unless I preface my remarks on their works with the admission that where they have failed failure was inevitable, where they have partially succeeded success could only be partial. The archer in Virgil might shoot vainly at the stars; but spectators who knew that he could never hit the mark might nevertheless estimate the strength of his bow.

Mr. Plumptre's translation is admirable, judged with due allowances. It is not only incomparably better than the translations of his three predecessors, because it is more exact and more poetical, but in many passages it seems to me as good as one can reasonably demand. If, nevertheless, it conveys but an inadequate and sometimes very incorrect notion of the original, that is partly because of the initial difficulty of all poetical translation, and partly because he has not been sufficiently scrupulous in the search for English equivalents, and sufficiently reticent in the matter of surplusage. I do not allude to passages wherein he seems to have misconceived the sense of the original, but to passages wherein he wantonly departs from it, or adds details and epithets which disturb its simplicity.

Let us open the *Œdipus at Colonus* and note an illustration or so. The blind old wanderer says of himself—

“Small are his wants, still smaller charity
Doth he receive; and yet am I content.
I have learnt patience from my sufferings,
From age, and thirdly from my pride of birth.”

Mr. Plumptre renders these lines by—

“He asks but little; than that little, less
Most times receiving, finding that enough,
For I have learnt contentment; life's strange chance
Has taught me this, and time's unresting course,
And the stout heart within me.”

Again, the Sacred Grove is said to be

“Planted with laurel,
Olive, and vine; while frequently within
The nightingales sing sweetly.”

Mr. Plumptre enlarges it to

“Full as it is of laurel and the vine,
And sacred olive; and within its depths
Thick-haunting nightingales trill forth their songs.”

This is magazine poetry, not Sophocles. When the stranger warns Œdipus not to profane the sacred spot, and is asked what place it is and to whom sacred, he answers,—

“Unapproachable, uninhabitable !
Here dwell the daughters of the Earth and Night,
Terrible goddesses.”

Mr. Plumptre makes him say :—

“Man comes not here nor dwells. The goddess band,
Dread daughters of the earth and darkness, claim it.”

And Mr. Plumptre also needlessly weakens the energetic line,—

“Earthquake and thunder and the flash of Zeus.”

into

“Or earthquake, or the thunder’s crash, or light
Flashing from Zeus.”

When Antigone leads Œdipus away she bids him “follow with blind footsteps” (or “blind limbs”) *ἀμαυροῦ κώλου*—a very Greek phrase which Milton has appropriated in “Samson Agonistes,”

“Lend thy guiding hand to these dark footsteps.”

Mr. Plumptre, interpreting rather than translating, says—

“Follow then, follow, groping in the dark.”

It is unnecessary to multiply examples. Those chosen have been purposely chosen from the slighter departures from the original in order more fairly to represent the nature of the translation. No one can glance at them and not perceive that in such a process of interpretation and reconstruction the original is necessarily changed. A new work is substituted in the place of the old. When the original melody is preserved the change of key and change of time entirely alter its effect; and when notes are thrown in the feeling is insensibly changed.

Although, therefore, I do not think it is possible for any one to produce a translation of Sophocles (or any other poet) that will be more than an approximation, giving an indication of its meaning, and a more or less successful imitation of its form, I think a much nearer approximation might have been made by Mr. Plumptre had he conceived more rigorously the duties of his office, and searched more jealously for English equivalents while he abstained from adding anything in the way of ornament. He has so much poetical perception that a severe simplicity might have been reached by him throughout, as it has been reached in several felicitous passages. Paraphrase is only tolerable when exactness would be misleading.

Having touched thus incidentally upon what seem to me the defects of this translation, it is but right that I should add in conclusion an emphatic testimony to its comparative excellence. For English readers it is at least a delightful and instructive work; and if they do not close it with so high an estimate of Sophocles as they had been led to expect from the praises of scholars, and an immense renown, they will understand that translation is really interpretation, and that they have not been communing with Sophocles but with Mr. Plumptre. A biographical essay is prefixed to the translation; so that the volumes form a very good opportunity of gaining a general notion of the greatest of Greek dramatists.

EDITOR.

MODERN CHARACTERISTICS. A SERIES OF SHORT ESSAYS FROM THE
 "SATURDAY REVIEW." Tinsley Brothers.

TWENTY-NINE terse, suggestive Essays, with little interconnection and no repetition of opinions or arguments, do not form a book of which it is easy to give an adequate notion. Dr. Johnson once blamed a book which he acknowledged he had not read through: somebody hinted that he was possibly precipitate in so doing. "Sir," said he, "am I obliged to eat the whole of a tainted leg of mutton before I may declare it to be unendurable?" With many books Johnson's method is strictly allowable. With books of the same stamp as the one before us it would be not only very unfair, but very unsafe. Each Essay constitutes in itself a more or less complete whole. Whether we like it or not, we feel that no argument or inference can be based upon it, in reference to the Essay which precedes or follows. A new point of view, another stratum of thought, has been reached; and a perfectly fresh and unbiassed opinion is demanded of us on each occasion. Of this variety and perfect freedom it is not easy to give a realisable notion to any one who has not read the book. A bright or a profound idea is started in the opening sentences of each paper, pursued with singular force and animation for eight or ten pages; held up to view in a grave, or humorous, or philosophic light; spun round first on this side, then on that; cut open and dissected, or turned bottom uppermost, or, it may be, developed slowly, carefully, and with the most methodic precision; and then we have got to the end, and must look for no more on that subject. We may wish for more, but our author never goes over the same ground twice. And thus, though we may agree here, and protest there, and feel in doubt concerning a third point, yet the ideas come so thick—they dance and gyrate so swiftly before us—that it seems all but absurd to seize any one of them out of the throng, and bid it be quiet while we give it formal approval or blame.

This variety renders difficult what in criticising a work of less versatility is so easy, namely, to extract a general summary of the author's views as a whole, and so to give an approximate idea of him and of his place in thought. Many-sidedness, however, is not a quality of such frequent occurrence, that we should complain of it. Most writers, and many able writers, have but a limited compass—a small stock of ideas firmly grasped, which they work up again and again under various forms; but we soon recognise the old friends, or, it may be, the old foes, in their disguise: the cards have been cut and shuffled, and dealt again, but we take up the same hand after all. The author of these essays is as unlike as possible to this class of writers. A tame repetition of the same views and positions is about the one thing of which we should judge him incapable. Even in the course of a single short essay his chief anxiety appears to be not to dwell too long on one aspect of the subject; to take a brief, rapid survey of one side of it, and forthwith to vault over to the other side, and scrutinise it from thence also. He seems to dread a rut—a settled, inelastic opinion; and this not from flightiness or insincerity, but apparently from an irrepressible versatility of mind and native rapidity of thought. He has hardly stated the arguments of one side of a question before the weak points in his own discourse seem to discomfort him, and the strong points of an imaginary adversary rise so clearly in view that he is compelled to rehearse them as well. It is not to be denied that to the many who wish for conclusions rather than the processes by which they are arrived at—who want a cut-and-dried opinion

with as little mental labour as possible—such a temper of mind is most repulsive. It is probable that the writer knows this as well as anybody, and that he has laid his account to endure any penalties which may accrue to him on that score.

The majority of these essays consists of discussions concerning what, by a common but vague term, are called "social subjects:"—"Quarrels," "Thrift," "Husbands," "Needy Men." The titles here give a complete notion of the subject matter, and the treatment is that of comedy in all but the superficial form. The dialogue is not there, but the observing eye, the quick aim, which wings and brings down with a snap shot the social foible or meanness, are in the truest tone of sober comedy. For instance:—

"At most dinner-tables to let off an epigram is a certain means of checking what is ironically called the flow of conversation. The people either laugh in a hollow way, which shows them to be more than doubtful whether they have quite apprehended the point, or they simply gaze at the speaker in solemn silence, with the look peculiar to oxen interrupted in their browsing."

Again, in the paper on "The Artisan and his Friends," and alluding to the cant which the latter often display:—

"Then, of course, the virtuous citizen should never play cards. They are too exciting, and are surrounded with all manner of evil associations. Chess and draughts are the only diversions which it is safe for the inflammable artisan to indulge in. True the philanthropic gentleman who begins the evening by a speech to this effect at a committee meeting, probably winds up with a rubber at his own club. And he would feel rather exasperated, if on reaching his favourite haunt, he found that his own committee had made a rule forbidding the sale of wine and spirits in the club-house, and peremptorily excluding cigars. But of course there is all the difference in the world between the two cases. The patron of the working-man has probably been occupied all day with nothing more exhausting than the invention of fussy, philanthropic schemes. His nature demands a little fillip. A sonorous speech exhorting the artisan to thrift and industry and self-denial, is a capital form of refreshment for a man who is half dead with idleness. A vigorous denunciation of the public-house makes a man enjoy so much more keenly a club, which is simply a public-house on fashionable and exclusive principles. The sense of calm yet glowing comfort which springs up in man, after beseeching other people to be good, and to work hard, and to deny themselves, must be experienced before it can be understood."

Our space is limited, and so must be our extracts; but there is not one of this class of the essays from which this humorous delineation of some popular trait, either of men or manners, is absent; and it may be noticed that it does not spring from a weak and superficial tendency merely to make fun—it is quiet humour, not exaggerated caricature.

On the other hand, this comic vein is not overdone. The writer can be severe and stoical, too, on occasion. The whole of the article on "False Steps" is inspired with a lofty tone of determination and self-reliance.

"It is the slovenliness of men and women, which for the most part makes their lives so unsatisfactory. They do not sit at the loom with keen eye and deft finger, but they work listlessly and without a sedulous care, to piece together as they best may the broken threads. We are apt to give up work too soon, to suppose that a single breakage has ruined the cloth. The men who get on in the world are not daunted by one nor a thousand breakages."

Equally good in another form of excellence is the paper on the "Weakness of Public Opinion," in which the pretentious futility of that belauded sham is admirably exposed. "Praise and Blame," again, is a well-directed blow at a

form of cant very much in vogue now-a-days. We are continually being told by writers of a certain school that it is quite wicked to dwell on faults, that noble minds fasten on merits and beauties and pass by defects and errors with eyes piously averted or purblind for the occasion.

"The voice of condemnation is now to be lifted up. Ignorance and cant and all the other pests of society are to be gently ignored." . . . But "there is not an instance on record of a social pest dying of its own accord. They have always to be strangled, and even then have a knack of dying amazingly hard. . . . It is paying Humbug and Folly a most unreasonable high compliment to suppose that they are quite willing to retire from the scene the moment that good people cease to look at them."

Very wise also is this from "Minor Tribulations:"—

"We need not be surprised at the constant stumblings of people who clothe themselves in a philosophy which is too big for them. Any philosophy is too big for a man of average moral size, which overlooks the reality and influence of minor tribulations. They are precisely those difficulties by which people are most commonly beset, just as it is the small loose stones on the road, and not the boulders, which bring a horse on his knees."

A more pointed, and, at the same time, picturesque simile than this last it would not be easy to meet with.

Interspersed at intervals in the volume we find three or four essays of an entirely different cast from any which we have as yet named; papers of sober, serious, philosophic disquisition. "Literary Industry," "Philosophers and Politicians," "Nineteenth Century Sadness," are instances of what we mean; but especially would we draw attention to "New Ideas." The difficulties which these latter meet with on attempting to make their way in the world, are pointed out with singular lucidity and breadth of view; and the argument in which it is sought to prove that the worst, most dangerous enemies of "New Ideas" are by no means only the knaves and blockheads, but very often the clever though uncandid minds who do not care about any truths unless they be vigorous and well to do in the world, is not only thoroughly new but most strikingly put.

We have already said enough to show the suggestiveness and wide range of observation and experience manifested in this volume. In it we have the rapid glances of a highly subtle and cultivated mind over the various phases, whether sorrowful or ludicrous, of modern life. A thorough contempt and hatred of shams and pretences, a half sarcastic, half compassionate distrust of enthusiasms and aspirations which would fain fly before they can walk; a pretty extensive belief in the self-deluding selfishness and humbug of the average of men, coupled with a yearning, hinted rather than expressed, for something nobler and higher than a rigidly candid and sincere observation of life entitles us, with our present lights, to hold; the heartiest recognition of the paramount claims of free thought and liberal culture, and the deep conviction that moral and intellectual worth are attainable by no transcendental moonshine, but by painful and laborious effort and self-denial;—these, in a rough outline, are the author's predominant views and standpoints. He hopes in his preface that these essays may prove to be suggestive, and we have found them so to a most stimulating degree. Vistas of inquiry are opened up all around us, each inviting us to enter it with promise of recompense for our pains. But a few paces down these pleasant bowers are all that is allowed us; our nimble guide is off in another direction, and we are left with a very active stock of new ideas and emotions to harmonise and work out in the best way we can. It is mani-

fest that there is a prodigality of thought in such a mode of writing a book which is akin to waste. A less fertile writer would have changed his sovereigns into shillings, or at least into half-crowns. In any case it is only the truth to say that many a ponderous treatise or heavy history which attracts attention by dint of sheer bulk and pretension, does not contain a tithe of the original thought and intellectual vigour to be found in these short, modest essays.

And now, to make our praise worth having, we are going to find a fault or two. The tendency to see all round a question, to balance arguments, and to avoid one-sidedness, is carried sometimes, we think, a little too far. It is occasionally not easy to find out what opinion the author finally adheres to after introducing and dismissing half-a-dozen divergent or hostile views. We doubt not of his own clear apprehension of some definite residuum visible to him after the process of hitting one idea after another on the head by its successor has been gone through; and of course it need not be said that it is often enough in this world the part and indication of a wise man to avoid a sharp conclusion and sit down in quiet ignorance, as Locke said. Still we think that occasionally the want of bias is all but excessive.

Again, the author comes out strongly on the subject of Cynicism. He has two articles on it, and he often touches it while passing to other questions. As a rule, he speaks of it with the mixed contempt and indignation with which wise men mostly regard it. But is he sure that a speck of it has never fallen on his own pages? This is not a point on which we care to dwell, more especially because it appears to us to depend more upon the manner than the matter of the author. Most of his pointed, well-aimed shafts are the manifest outbreaks of a sincere mind disgusted with vice and insincerity. Still we would remind him that very often the most vigorous denouncer of intoxication is the drunkard in his intervals of sobriety; that no sect vilifies Roman Catholics with the bitterness occasionally shown by Puseyites; and that it is possible to hate a passion or a foible with unfeigned vehemence just because it is so near us that our view of it is very complete.

J. C. MORISON.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE IN ITS RELATION TO PRAYER AND PLAGUES. By the
Rev. JAMES CRANBROOK. Second Edition. Edinburgh: A. Fullarton
and Co.

THERE can be no mistaking the significant signs of a very serious change in the public mind respecting religious freedom. The insensible changes in opinion which have been silently accumulating under the combined influences of scientific discovery and historical research, premonitory of a new Reformation (which one may hope will be effected without violence and the reaction consequent upon violence), are now manifesting themselves in an increased freedom of expression. Clergy, no less than laity, are beginning to see that it is eminently desirable no longer to conceal their opinions. Clergy, no less than laity, are beginning to brave the uproar and the social persecution which have always followed the expression of dissent from current opinions; and they find themselves supported in this conflict with prejudice and ignorance by a daily increasing body both of clergy and laity. The public is beginning to respect sincerity and outspoken courage, even on points which formerly would have excited bitter hostility. It is awakening to a sense of the vital importance of

truthfulness. Let each man say what he really believes, and let the conflict of opinions strike out the sparks of illumination.

Among the most recent indications may be named the noble speech of Dr. Norman Macleod respecting the observance of the Sabbath, and the singularly bold sermons of the Rev. James Cranbrook now before us. These sermons are on the religious side what Professor Tyndall's remarkable letters in the *Pall Mall Gazette* were on the scientific side: a firm, manly, and well-reasoned protest against a fast-decaying misconception of the government of the world. Mr. Cranbrook would substitute the conception of a natural and regular Providence for the old conception of a supernatural and fitful Providence, which he thinks injurious, because

"In the first place, it lessens our sense of the obligation we are all under, to study and conform ourselves with those established laws of nature which determine our individual, social, and national well-being. And, in the second place, it sets religion and facts in antagonism, and therefore renders it more difficult for men of scientific culture to hold fast by religion."

He declares, and truly declares,

"That it is impossible for men of the culture of the present day to believe in the supernatural interferences supposed in the doctrine of a supernatural providence. I do not mean by this to assert that those who believe in such interferences have no kind of culture. But this is pre-eminently an age of science, and the culture of this age is emphatically scientific. Men may, therefore, be great classical scholars, and much else which gives culture of a certain sort, but unless they possess the training, or be imbued with the spirit of science, it is the culture of another age, not of this. Now all who possess such a training and spirit believe in the undeviating constancy and order of nature's methods or laws. Science could not proceed a step without such a belief. And the belief arises in the mind not merely because the thing is proved, but also because the whole tendency of scientific thought is in that direction. Get into the groove along which scientific thought is moving, and you could no more doubt the undeviating order of the sequences of nature than you could doubt that two and two make four. And it is not merely those who make science their chief study who come under the action of this tendency. But scientific thought being predominant, or approaching towards predominancy, its tendencies influence those who know little of science, and thus lead them unconsciously to adopt its spirit."

He believes in a natural Providence, and in that only:—

"For we know nothing whatsoever of efficient causes, nor whether there is any such thing, save God only. All we know is the existence of law, *i.e.* that events take place according to a fixed order, the same antecedents being invariably followed by the same consequents. This, then, is what I mean by a natural providence, *that our Creator always acts by a fixed natural order, NEVER in opposition to that order, or independently of it.* I repudiate the doctrine of what I have called a supernatural providence as a figment and relic of the days of ignorance and darkness, as detrimental to the evidently designed development of man's strength and energies. I reject it because it fosters the heathenish notion of perpetual miracle, accounting for every event scientific ignorance cannot explain by the superstitious conceit that a Divinity has been visiting the earth. I reject it, because it turns us adrift upon the heaving ocean of time without rudder, chart, or compass, making us in effect as helpless as though we were the sport of chance, rendering useless prevision and thought. I reject it, because it would render unnecessary the use of the powers God has given us; it would make us non-accountable for the events of time, because then those events would be independent of us, and thus would cause a reversion of our whole modes of thought and feeling."

It is impossible to speak with plainer sincerity. Mr. Cranbrook is aware of what can be said on the other side, and thus meets one of the strongest arguments:—

"But some one may say, there is still a very general, and there was once nearly a

universal, conviction that good men are so under the 'protection of God that they are saved from many physical evils, and blessed with much physical good, in a way which only allows of the explanation that God specially interferes with the natural course of things on their behalf. Now, [that the practice of virtue and religion, by] the influence it has upon the whole character, tends to secure *indirectly* temporal advantages, I can have no doubt, and I shall have to refer to the principle again. But beyond this indirect tendency, the conviction is entirely baseless and untrue. Only let us open our eyes upon the facts of life, and we shall find they entirely contradict it. Religion brings the rewards of religion in a blessed communion with God. Virtue brings the rewards of virtue in the well-being and happiness of the mind. And physical action or conduct brings the appropriate physical results, according to the nature of the action or conduct. Farm your land badly, providence will not give you, on account of your piety, good crops. Farm it with the most perfect skill and industry, and although you break every commandment in the Decalogue, providence will fill your barns with plenty. Inherit a good constitution from your parents, and observe perfectly all the conditions of health, providence will not carry you off with consumption, although you lie, cheat, and swear. Violate, with a sickly constitution, the conditions of health, providence will not save you from premature death, although you be the most perfect saint. These are not theories, but matters of fact, forced upon us by every day's observation."

Again :—

"But, it is constantly argued, there are innumerable cases in which men of most accurate science have failed to discover any natural causes, as, *e.g.*, in the prevalent cattle plague, and the cholera; and, therefore, we are justified in ascribing such cases to the immediate action and judgments of God. But by what are we justified in doing so? Not by pious reverence, for pious reverence is more fully satisfied in contemplating the wisdom of God as displayed in the fixed order of nature. Not by Scripture, for the language of Scripture (as I shall presently show) requires a different interpretation. Not by the spirit and tendency of modern thought, for the spirit and tendency of modern thought are all in the opposite direction. The progress of modern science every day strengthens in all cultivated minds the conviction of the order and uniformity of nature, and that sooner or later all her processes will be understood. Every day almost, science is solving mysteries, and narrowing the domain of what has been considered as belonging to the miraculous and supernatural. Until comparatively a few years, there was, *e.g.*, nothing considered as more directly and supernaturally under Divine control than the winds; and nothing was considered more directly a judgment of God than destruction by their storms. And yet see how changed everybody's notions now are about that. Science has so far ascertained the laws of the winds that from day to day she can predict with tolerable accuracy, the changes which will take place, and discern the approach of a storm whilst yet there is time to seek refuge from its fury. How then can any one who knows such facts as these do otherwise than believe that when physiology has made further progress we shall understand the processes of nature which originate the cholera, and every other kind of plague? No. It seems to me we should be denying our reason, we should be ignoring the whole teaching of the world's history and progress, we should be resisting the entire tendency of all the highest, clearest, and most cultivated thought of the age, and should be maligning, not glorifying God, if we did not, with humble confidence of success, calmly but diligently search for the natural causes of all such unknown calamities, rather than ignorantly and rashly ascribe them to divine wrath and judgment."

He admits the subjective efficacy of prayer, but firmly denies its objective efficacy; admits that it is capable of modifying the praying soul, but denies that it ever alters the external order of events. And having argued his case with great clearness and noble earnestness, fortifying himself by the teachings of Religion and Science, he thus concludes :—

"My one great concern has been to show to those who have inherited the culture of this age, that religion—that the Christian religion—is not responsible for the false interpretations of past generations—that it is possible to believe in God, and yet hold fast by one's scientific knowledge and convictions. You all know the sort of attacks my

attempt has brought down upon me. For myself I heed them not any more than I should heed the cobwebs that spread over the garden path on an autumn morning. When people use vituperative language I am sorry for their poor morality. When they use illogical arguments, and make irrelative quotations from Scripture, I am sorry their reasoning powers are not better developed. That is all. Why should I be angry? If they could help it they would do differently."

No one can read these sermons without perceiving that the preacher is a remarkable man, and that his courage is a hopeful sign. That these sermons should have produced great excitement in Scotland, and brought upon him "a formidable host of criticism, assaults, and misrepresentations," may readily be imagined. Had it been otherwise there would have been little merit in them. The only way to escape criticism and misrepresentation is to say what every one is saying, no matter what every one may be thinking. EDITOR.

TIME AND SPACE. A Metaphysical Essay. By SHADWORTH H. HODGSON. Longman & Co. 1865.

MORAL FREEDOM RECONCILED WITH CAUSATION BY THE ANALYSIS OF THE PROCESS OF SELF-DETERMINATION. By HENRY TRAVIS, M.D. Longman and Co. 1865.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY: FOUNDED ON THE TEACHING OF THE LATE SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. By the late JOSEPH HENRY GREEN. Edited, with a Memoir of the Author's Life, by JOHN SIMON, F.R.S. 2 Vols. Macmillan and Co. 1865.

THESE publications are among the signs of an awakening interest in metaphysical philosophy, which for some years had been dormant in England. Mr. Hodgson's Essay is in every way remarkable; and to metaphysicians I can emphatically recommend it as worthy a place beside the very best speculative works. It is subtle, learned, impartial. Mr. Hodgson has read extensively, and thought patiently. He has Aristotle and Hegel at his fingers' ends—no small achievement in itself—yet is acquainted with most of the other great thinkers from Plato to Comte. Although professedly treating of Time and Space, the Essay really runs over most of the capital questions of metaphysics. The style is clear and weighty. The "getting up" of the book is so elegant as to make the study of it an extra pleasure. I say nothing here of the author's own conclusions, which must be debated among metaphysicians who accept his method; my business is simply to call attention to one of the profoundest and most philosophical essays that our speculative literature can boast of.

Dr. Travis once more discusses the much debated question of Free Will. The interest in his little volume mainly arises from the fact that the writer, after having for many years held the doctrine of Necessity, suddenly discovered a fundamental error in that doctrine, and a possible reconciliation between what was true in it and in its antagonistic doctrine. He did not quit the camp of the Necessitarians to pass over to that of the defenders of Free Will; but he saw how peace could be made between the opponents; how each side was right in what it affirmed, and each side wrong in what it denied. His solution was briefly this:—The doctrine of Necessity is true inasmuch as it affirms the universality of Causation and that acts are caused by motives; the doctrine of Free Will is true inasmuch as it affirms that man possesses a power of Self-determination. And he reconciles the seeming contradiction by showing that man has this power of Self-determination, but that this power is not independent of, but subject to, causation. The essay contains several ingenious and instructive remarks; but with regard to the fancied reconciliation of the two schools, I

imagine both would repudiate it. The necessitarians would say (and truly say) that they never denied this power of self-determination as Dr. Travis understands it; the libertarians would say that they could not accept it. Dr. Travis has only to look into Mr. John Mill's book on Hamilton and Professor Bain's "Emotions and the Will," to see that he is fighting against an imaginary school in his assaults on the necessitarians. It is a common mistake to confound Necessity with Fatalism. Now, the line of separation is broad between these doctrines: Necessity recognises universal causation, the necessary action of sequences among phenomena; in other words, it affirms that no event happens which is not determined according to pre-existing conditions. Fatalism disregards conditions, and recognises the action of an overruling Law, or Fate, according to which every event must happen and will happen, be the conditions what they may.

Of Mr. Green's "Spiritual Philosophy" all I feel tempted to say here is, that those minds that have been able to extract nourishment from Coleridge's hash of German and scholastic speculations, will reverently open these two volumes of Logic, First Principles, and Christology, and believe that in getting new names they have got new ideas. Coleridge here appears, for the first time, in a systematic form; whether a vague and fragmentary form of exposition were not better suited to the vagueness of his conceptions, may be decided by others. The book is a handsome book; and the affectionate memoir prefixed by Mr. Simon creates a respect for Mr. Green as a man; but for myself, I am too far removed from the methods and results of such philosophical speculation to recognise any value in it. The fault may be mine; I can only indicate the fact. If any one prefers such a treatise on Logic to the treatise by Mr. John Mill—if any one thinks that Coleridge had a revelation to make—let him seek these things in Mr. Green's volumes. EDITOR.

FLEMISH RELICS; ARCHITECTURAL, LEGENDARY, AND PICTORIAL. By F. G. STEPHENS. Illustrated with Photographs by Cundall and Fleming. A. W. Bennett. 1866.

MARMION. By Sir WALTER SCOTT. With Photographic Illustrations by Thomas Arman. A. W. Bennett. 1866.

THE BORDER: ITS ABBEYS AND CASTLES. With Photographic Illustrations by Wilson and Thompson. A. W. Bennett. 1865.

THE RUINED ABBEYS OF YORKSHIRE. By W. HOWITT. With Photographic Illustrations by Sedgfield and Ogle. A. W. Bennett. 1865.

THE application of photography to book-illustration is rapidly becoming extensive. The works at the head of this notice are very noticeable specimens; especially that of "Flemish Relics," the photographs of which will recal many a pleasant visit to many a holiday traveller. Not only are the buildings happily presented, but their history and archæology are carefully compiled by Mr. Stephens. The "Marmion" is less commendable: the conception was a mistake. How can the reader of that poem accept a picture of modern Edinburgh with Scott's monument, as an illustration suited to Scott's poem? How can ruins of an ancient castle be accepted as illustrating the poet's description of that castle when it was "as a thing of life?" The little book extracted from Mr. William Howitt's larger book, and here presenting the "Ruined Abbeys of Yorkshire," may not only lie on the drawing-room table among the elegancies, but is handy enough to be slipped into the carpet-bag during a trip into Yorkshire. EDITOR.

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AUGUSTE COMTE.¹

AUGUSTE COMTE was born at Montpellier on the 19th of January, 1798, in a modest house still to be seen facing the church of St. Eulalie. His father was treasurer of taxes for the department of Hérault. Both father and mother were strict Catholics and ardent royalists; but any influence they may have exercised over the direction of their son's thoughts was considerably neutralised by his own insurgent disposition on the one hand, and by his early education on the other. He was not docile to authority; but in after life he strenuously preached the virtue of docility. At the age of nine he became a boarder in the Montpellier Lycée; and there quickly distinguished himself by his ardour in study and his resistance to discipline. Small and delicate in frame, loved by his comrades although he seldom joined in their sports, full of veneration for his professors, he was intractable, tiresome, and argumentative with his masters; those who could teach him found him docile; those who had to restrain him found him rebellious. His professors praised, his masters punished him.

At the age of twelve he had learned all that the Lycée prescribed in the way of instruction, and the Director begged that he might be permitted to begin mathematics. Consent was given; and the result may be told in one significant sentence: in four years he had gained a first place at the École Polytechnique, although the rules of that institution did not then allow of his admission, because he was still under age. He had to wait a whole year before the doors were opened to him; and in that year he displayed his acquirements by taking

(1) AUGUSTE COMTE AND POSITIVISM. By JOHN STUART MILL. Trübner and Co. 1865.
AUGUSTE COMTE ET LA PHILOSOPHIE POSITIVE. Par E. LITTRÉ. Paris: Hachette. 1863.
NOTICE SUR L'ŒUVRE ET SUR LA VIE D'AUGUSTE COMTE. Par le DOCTEUR ROBINET, son médecin. Paris: Dunod. 1860.

the place of his old professor (who was in failing health), and giving a course of mathematics to his former comrades, and some of his former masters.

At the age of seventeen he was admitted to the *École Polytechnique*, and there he found republican sentiments and scientific tendencies eminently suited to his rebellious and inquiring disposition. By the time he was fourteen he is supposed to have entirely disengaged himself from all royalist and all theological opinions; and he was now occupied with the writings which in the eighteenth century discussed the fundamental axioms of social, ethical, and religious systems. He began seriously to meditate on the revolutions of modern history. His comrades respected and admired him. His professors recognised his eminent capacity. A brilliant career seemed certain, when it was arrested by a characteristic action of his own. One of the masters had insulted the younger students by his manners; the elder students took up the case, and after mature deliberation decided that the master was unworthy of continuing in his office. They drew up the following notification:—"Monsieur, quoiqu'il nous soit pénible de prendre une telle mesure envers un ancien élève de l'École nous vous enjoignons de n'y plus remettre les pieds." This notification, drawn up by Comte, had his signature at the head of the list. The result was his expulsion. His official career was at an end. He was forced to return home; and remained there some time under the surveillance of the police.

We do not learn, but we may imagine, what was his reception at home, and of what nature were the debates as to his possible future. He remained some months at Montpellier, pursuing his studies with passionate devotion, and attending the various lectures at the Faculty. But this could not last. Paris allured him. In vain were the remonstrances and threats of his troubled parents; in vain their refusal to give him a penny if he quitted his native city without an assured position; the desire for freedom and the manifold attractions of the great intellectual centre were all powerful; and he found himself lonely in the crowded capital, ready to begin that eternal struggle in which year after year so many noble intellects equipped with nothing but a little knowledge and an immense ambition fight for bread and distinction, are wounded and worsted, are wounded and conquer. A greater intellect moved by a loftier ambition has rarely fought that noble fight.

He supplied his very modest wants by giving private lessons in mathematics. Two illustrious men of science befriended him—Poinsot, who had been his professor at the *École Polytechnique*, and knew his mathematical power; De Blainville, who early recognised his philosophical calibre. By their aid a few pupils were obtained; one of them was the Prince de Carignan. The bread was scanty, but he

wanted little more than bread. He was not one of those who founder on the sunken rocks of Parisian life.

A brief experience of a less independent position seems to have sufficed. He became private secretary to Casimir Périer; but quickly found that the paid servant was expected to be a blind admirer. Called upon to make some comments on the public labours of his master, "*elles ne furent pas goûtées*;" and after a trial of three weeks the connection ceased. From Casimir Périer he passed over to the celebrated St. Simon. This was in 1818. The young philosopher hoped that he might live in harmony with a philosopher; and for some years he did so. I cannot ascertain precisely the footing on which they stood together. M. Littré says that Comte was first secretary, then pupil, then collaborateur and friend. Dr. Robinet says that the secretaryship was practically an honorary one, for although three hundred francs a month were promised, only the first quarter's salary was ever paid. Whatever the nature of the relation, it subsisted for six years; beginning with great enthusiasm on Comte's part, continuing for some time with affectionate veneration, and ending in a violent rupture which was the culmination of a growing dissidence in opinion.

There have been angry accusations and angry recriminations from the disciples of St. Simon and the disciples of Comte which render the task of an impartial biographer somewhat difficult. But whatever may have been the personal influence of St. Simon, for good or evil, on the direction of Comte's aims, a superficial acquaintance with the Positive Philosophy will detect its essential independence of, and divergence from, St. Simonianism. When, therefore, writers sarcastically or indignantly assert that Comte "borrowed St. Simon's ideas," they disclose a complete misapprehension of all that characterises the Positive Philosophy. On the other hand it is unnecessary to assail St. Simon, and accuse him of being an ignorant charlatan, in order to prove what his own language and the express declaration of his editor unequivocally establish, namely, that he not only disapproved, he failed even to understand, the doctrines of his young collaborateur.

As a point in the history of philosophical evolution it is clear that Comte does not proceed from St. Simon, but from the eighteenth century: he resumed its twofold movement towards destruction and reconstruction in one grand synthesis by means of a thorough application of the Methods of science. Nevertheless, as a point in the biographical evolution of Comte's own mind, it is, I think, undeniable that the influence of St. Simon was decisive. By which I mean that through personal contact with this reformer his mind received the stimulus, if not the bias, which at that peculiar stage of his development was a determining one. At the age

of twenty, familiar with all the inorganic sciences (Biology he had not then studied, and Sociology had not been conceived), well read in history, fervent in republicanism, and ambitious of mastering the great laws of social existence, this inheritor of the eighteenth century spirit, seeing in philosophy and science little beyond the dissolution of theological superstitions and feudal inequalities, came into affectionate and reverential contact with one whom some regard as a turbulent charlatan, and others as a prophetic thinker, but whom all must admit to have been impressed with the urgent need and possibility of replacing the critical and destructive spirit by a positive and constructive spirit; and the immediate consequence of this contact was, that Comte learned to look upon the revolutionary work as completed, and saw that the effort of the nineteenth century must be towards the reconstruction of society upon a new basis. The old faith was destroyed; a new faith was indispensable.

Such is the fact. Probably most readers will agree with M. Littré, that so potent an intellect as Comte's might easily have passed from the revolutionary to the organic attitude without any impulse from one so manifestly his inferior as St. Simon: but "what might have been" is an idle hypothesis when we know what was; and in Biography, as elsewhere, we should guard against the tendency to substitute a possible evolution for an actual evolution. The simple biographical fact is, that in his youth Comte passed from the negative to the positive attitude while under the influence of a teacher whose special aim was constructive. He called himself a disciple of St. Simon; and it is not clear what he could have learned from such a master, except the necessity of a constructive attitude.

An attitude, however, is not a doctrine; an aim is not a philosophy. The impulsion may have come from St. Simon; the doctrine assuredly came from Comte, and from him only. It was probably owing to his keen perception of the irreconcilability of his ideas with the ideas of St. Simon, and the pardonable exasperation he felt at ungenerous accusations, that made him in his later years speak of his old master with excessive bitterness. His tone was that of a man who feels himself to have been deeply injured. So far from acknowledging any intellectual debt, he, who was nobly scrupulous in acknowledgment of all such obligations, however trifling, always affirmed that St. Simon's influence had been a serious retardation of his development. What the truth may be cannot now be ascertained. It is certain that his development was surprisingly rapid, and that four years after his first meeting with St. Simon, namely in 1822, he laid the solid basis of the new philosophy, which he called "positive," because it was the generalisation of the method which each positive science had employed in particular. Like Bacon, he schemed in his youth what a laborious life was devoted to work out.

St. Simon had vast aspirations, but he misconceived the fundamental conditions of social reorganisation. He was, moreover, altogether unprepared for a system based upon positive science, because unacquainted with the methods of science; and accordingly, when Comte, in 1822, having discovered the laws of social evolution, drew up his memorable *Plan des travaux nécessaires pour réorganiser la Société*, it must have dawned upon St. Simon that his young assistant had become his rival and superior. He published the essay, but even in publishing it disclaimed agreement in its peculiar views. Others thought more highly of it; among these were Humboldt and Guizot. In writing to a friend, the young philosopher could say, "J'ai été agréablement affecté (je ne dis pas surpris) de l'effet que ce travail a produit sur M. Guizot; il m'en a témoigné par écrit une profonde, et sincère satisfaction, et depuis j'ai pu voir par sa conversation que ces idées agissent sur lui," He also mentions its effect on Flourens, adding, "Je dois avoir avec lui un entretien important sur l'idée fondamentale de mon travail, l'application de la méthode positive à la science sociale."

The open rupture with St. Simon took place in 1824. The next year may be considered the year when the Positive Philosophy was constituted; for, as M. Littré reminds us, the essay of 1822, republished in 1824, only sets forth the laws of social evolution, but does not give even an outline of the Positive Philosophy, which is for the first time expressly announced in the "Considérations Philosophiques sur les Sciences et les Savants"¹ (published in the *Producteur* in 1825). In the two pregnant essays which thus form, as it were, the inaugural theses of the young philosopher, it is shown (1) that all phenomena, even those of politics, are subject to invariable laws; (2) that the human mind passes from initial theological conceptions to final positive conceptions, through the transition of metaphysical conceptions; (3) that human activity, in like manner, passes through three phases, from the conquering military régime to the pacific industrial régime, through the transitional state of a defensive military régime; (4) that everywhere, and at all times, the state of opinions and manners determines the institutions, and that the nature of the general beliefs determines a corresponding political scheme; (5) that philosophy (or general beliefs) in passing from the theological to the positive stage must bring about the substitution of the industrial for the military régime; and finally, that the spiritual reorganisation, which is the necessary condition of all social reorganisation, must repose upon the authority of demonstration, it must be based upon science, with a priesthood properly constituted out of

(1) This essay, with others, will be found appended to the fourth volume of the "Système de Politique Positive;" they form an excellent introduction to the study of Comte.

the regenerated scientific classes. In other words, the spiritual authority must issue from a Philosophy which can be demonstrated, not from a Philosophy which is imagined:

II.

The year 1825 is memorable on other grounds; it is the date of his marriage with Caroline Massin, bookseller, then (as I infer from a phrase in one of his letters to me) in her twenty-fourth year. There is no graver event in a man's life than marriage. It may prove an inestimable blessing, the subtle influences of which will permeate every hour of the day, strengthen every fibre of his moral being, and by its satisfying repose to the affections, give his intellect a calmer and more continuous sweep. It may also prove a desolating evil, numbing the sympathies, irritating and scattering the intellectual energies, distorting the life. In Comte's case the marriage was unhappy. In spite of mutual admiration there was some essential cause of disunion, which led to much unhappiness and a final separation. Into the very delicate question of culpability I do not feel inclined to enter. The relations of man and wife are too complex and too obscure for a bystander to appreciate, even when he has personal knowledge to aid him. I have no knowledge of Comte in his domestic relations; and MM. Robinet and Littré are so transparently in the position of partisans, one vehemently reviling Madame Comte, the other artfully pleading her cause in suggestive passages, that no reliance should be placed on either. M. Littré is more measured in his judgments than Dr. Robinet, whose imputations cannot be sustained in presence of the documentary evidence of letters from De Blainville, Comte, and Madame Comte; but M. Littré, who has long been the intimate friend of Madame Comte, suppresses important facts, and uses others with insidious effect. In presence of such *ex parte* versions we shall do well entirely to suspend judgment.

Enough for us here to know that Comte was initiated into domestic life at a time when there seemed very little prospect of his being able to earn more than a precarious subsistence. His family at first opposed the match, but finally gave a reluctant consent; though to their grief the religious ceremony was resolutely declined, and a civil marriage was all that Comte would accept. We shall hear more of this presently. Meanwhile we must think of the young couple as dependent entirely on the proceeds of lessons in mathematics. At the time of the marriage Comte had but one pupil: that pupil was the "Bayard of our day," as his admirers style General Lamoricière. With the small sum of money brought by his wife, a modest lodging was furnished in the Rue de l'Oratoire. Here M. de Narbonne proposed to place his son as boarder and pupil. Other aristocratic families would, it was hoped, follow the example.

To receive these pupils a more dignified apartment was taken in the Rue de l'Arcade, at the corner of the Rue St. Lazare; and fresh furniture had to be bought. But when the small stock of ready money was thus invested, the pupils never came, and the apartment was a burden. In a few months the solitary boarder was sent back, and the young couple had to migrate to more modest lodgings in the Rue Montmartre (No. 13). Here Comte, although unwilling to divert his attention from the working out of his great scheme which he was then meditating, was persuaded to earn a little money by publishing an occasional essay in the *Producteur*. To this we owe the "Considérations Philosophiques sur les Sciences et les Savants," and the "Considérations sur le nouveau pouvoir spirituel."

By the month of April, 1826, the system was sufficiently matured in his mind for a dogmatic exposition, which he announced in a course of seventy-two lectures to be delivered in his private rooms. There is something imposing in the magnitude of the attempt. One hears with surprise of a young and obscure thinker proposing to expound the philosophy of all the sciences, having for his aim the reconstruction of the spiritual power, and calling upon his auditors for a year's severe attention to his scheme. One is still more surprised to hear the names of the auditors who were prepared to give this attention: Humboldt, Poinso, De Blainville, Montebello, Carnot, d'Eichthal, Cerolet, Allier, and Mongéry. A scheme so gigantic might, indeed, have originated in a colossal vanity unimpeded in its pretensions by any definite knowledge of what the scheme implied; for the ignorant are often seduced by their ignorance into pretensions which a little knowledge would repress. It is as easy to write a check for ten millions as for ten pounds—when you have nothing at your banker's. But the presence of an audience such as I have named, and in such a place, proves that the pretensions were recognised by competent judges, and that the lecturer had inspired men of position with the conviction that he had something important to say.

It will be readily understood, by any one acquainted with the intense cerebral excitement which attends the elaboration of great conceptions in their systematic co-ordination, that the strain on Comte's mind, amid various vexations, and particularly in the agitation of vehement personal quarrels, proved too much for him. After the delivery of three or four lectures, an attack of insanity abruptly closed the course. For some weeks previously he had displayed an irritability and violence of temper which alarmed his wife. She, not unnaturally, attributed to malignity what was in fact disease. On Friday, the 24th April, he went out and did not return home. On Monday a letter came, dated from St. Denis, whither his wife hastened, but found him no longer there. Remembering that he

was very fond of Montmorency, she went there on the chance of finding him; and found him in a pitiable condition. A physician was sent for, who confessed the case to be alarming, but dared not bleed the agitated man. The excitement subsided, and he expressed a wish to go out for a walk. She imprudently consented, and accompanied him. As they came to the edge of the lake of Enghien, he suddenly declared that although he could not swim he should not be drowned if he walked into the lake; and he began to drag his wife with him. She was young and strong, struggled, and caught hold of a tree, and saved them both.

But now came the difficulty of getting him back to the inn. His excitement rapidly increased. The peasants refused all offers tempting them to act as guardians while his wife hurried to Paris to seek the assistance of De Blainville; and she was forced to leave him under the charge of two gens-d'armes. She returned from Paris to find him in a worse condition. In the morning De Blainville arrived followed by M. Cerclet. They contrived by stratagem to get him to Esquirol's establishment for the insane; and there his exaltation was so great, that it was regarded by Esquirol as a favourable prognostic of an early recovery. Unhappily the recovery was slow, and would probably have been impossible had he not quitted the madhouse, with its incessant irritations, for the soothing influences of domestic quiet. On hearing the melancholy news, Comte's mother at once came to Paris to attend on him; and she remained there till he quitted the Asylum. De Blainville, after seeing summer and autumn pass away without sensible improvement, conceived that hatred of his keepers and the system of treatment perpetuated the excitement. Comte's father hereupon proposed that he should be removed to Montpellier. But the wife wished to have her husband under her care, and this plan was adopted.

A grotesque and lugubrious farce was played on the day of his quitting the establishment. I have already mentioned the pain and indignation of his family at his refusal to give his marriage the religious sanction of a Church ceremony; and this refusal was now regarded by his parents as the origin of the calamity which had fallen on him. The confidence with which people see the "finger of God" in human afflictions, and see their own anger confirmed by his "judgments," is too constantly exemplified for us to think harshly of the mistaken parents. But I cannot without pain hear of a man like Lamennais being mixed up with what followed, namely, the attempt to make peace with offended Heaven by inducing the insane heretic to submit himself to the dictates of the Church he detested, and ask for a religious ceremony to sanction his marriage. By what arts the consent was gained, is not said; but in a lonely chamber of Esquirol's madhouse this gloomy farce

was played, The officiating priest was deficient in tact, and instead of shortening the ceremony, lengthened it by a prolix discourse which excited Comte; and the shocking spectacle was presented of a priest pouring forth pious exhortations, extremely unsuited to the mental condition of the maniac, who kept up a running commentary of anti-religious incoherencies! The state of his mind was exhibited when he came to affix his signature,—after his own name he added Brutus Bonaparte. But the ceremony was performed; the Church was satisfied; the tender consciences were at peace.

He left the establishment for ever. His nurses were now his mother and his wife. Iron bars were placed before the windows of his lodging, and Esquirol sent a keeper to help and protect them. But at the end of a week it was found necessary to do away with these precautions, which made the unhappy man still imagine himself in the establishment he hated. From that moment his recovery began. In three weeks' time he was left alone with his wife. His violence at first caused serious anxiety. Twice a day, at meals, he would try to plant his knife in the table, in imitation, he said, of Sir Walter Scott's highlander; and he would call for a succulent pig, in imitation of Homeric heroes. More than once he threw his knife at Madame Comte—not, as she believes, with any intention of injuring her, but merely to frighten her into compliance with his wishes.

At the end of six weeks all immediate danger was over. A new danger emerged in the profound melancholy which gradually overclouded him, as with returning health there came upon him the conviction that he could no longer live that life of intellect which had once been his. Life could in future be nothing but a weariness, now that his powers were gone. The idea of suicide arose. One day, during his wife's absence, he slipped out, hurried to the Seine, and threw himself into it from the bridge. A soldier plunged in and saved him. The shock seems to have roused his energies; perhaps by determining a different direction to his circulation. He expressed great regret for his attempt, and the grief he had thereby caused his wife. From this time there was no relapse. In the month of July he was well enough to visit his parents at Montpellier.¹

III.

It is not without a purpose that I have told this story of the severe cerebral attack in all its painful details. The fact that he had been insane was openly avowed by himself, in anticipation of the ignoble pretext which he foresaw that it might furnish to his adversaries, who would find it easier to dismiss his philosophical ideas as

(1) I have followed M. Littré in this narrative of the attack, because it is confirmed, to a great extent, by documentary evidence, though of course the story proceeds from Madame Comte.

the reveries of a madman than to point out incoherencies and refute arguments. We are so ready to see in any departure from our own ways of thought the love of singularity, the distorted conceptions of eccentricity, or the illusions of a "heat-oppressed brain," that when a man comes before us with opinions we do not understand, or understanding do not like, and that man is known to have been actually insane at one time, the temptation to charge his opinions on his insanity is very strong indeed. But it is only necessary to remark that, although Comte was really out of his mind for one brief period, he was perfectly sane and sound when he first conceived, and when he finally executed, the scheme of his philosophy. With this fact we push away all equivogue. Had the work been elaborated in a madhouse, or published while the author was insane, there would be an excuse for dismissing it unexamined; in such a case, however, examination would have disclosed something like a miracle which would have revolutionised all our ideas about insanity. Every one must see that a body of doctrine so compact and organically related in its parts, could only have been wrought out in the plenitude of mental power. Call that doctrine mischievous, erroneous—what you please—only not incoherent. The intense concentration it demanded may have been the predisposing cause of the insanity, but the insanity had nothing to do with the production of the philosophy. Nor will any one who is even superficially acquainted with the phenomena of mental disease, and who understands that all disease whatever is only a disturbance of equilibrium in the functions, suppose that when the disease has passed and the equilibrium is restored, the functions will not resume their normal activity, the insane man becoming perfectly sane, and capable of as accurately co-ordinating ideas as before. The fevered pulse becomes normal in its beats, the inflamed mucous membrane becomes normal in its power of secretion, and the over-stimulated brain becomes normal in its action, when once the disturbing causes are removed.

There is, therefore, nothing remarkable in the fact that Lucretius and Cowper wrote their immortal poems during lucid intervals of frequent cerebral attacks. The philosophy of Lucretius has indeed been often affiliated on his insanity; but the sweet piety, the delicate humour, and the sustained excellence of Cowper, have not been thus branded; and they show that the mind *is* lucid in its lucid intervals. The list of illustrious madmen is a long one. Lucretius, Mahomet, Loyola, Peter the Great, Haller, Newton, Tasso, Swift, Cowper, Donizetti, spontaneously occur as the names of men whose occasional eclipse by no means darkens the splendour of their achievements. To these we must add the name of Auguste Comte, assured that if Newton once suffered a cerebral attack without thereby forfeiting our vene-

ration for the "*Principia*" and the "*Optics*," Comte may have likewise suffered without forfeiting his claims on our veneration for the *Philosophie Positive*. But the best answer to this ignoble insinuation is the works themselves. If they are the products of madness, one could wish that madness were occasionally epidemic.

Let us hear him on this point;—"Après que la médecine m'eut enfin heureusement déclaré incurable, la puissance intrinsèque de mon organisation, assistée d'affectueux soins domestiques, triompha naturellement, en quelques semaines, au commencement de l'hiver suivant, de la maladie, et surtout des remèdes. Ce succès essentiellement spontané se trouvait, dix huit mois après, tellement consolidé que, en Août, 1828, appréciant dans un journal le célèbre ouvrage de Broussais sur *L'Irritation et la Folie*, j'utilisais déjà philosophiquement les lumières personnelles que cette triste expérience venait de me procurer si chèrement envers le grand sujet."

IV.

I return to the narrative of his life. In 1828 he recommenced that oral exposition of his system which we have seen so cruelly interrupted. This time it was in his lodgings, Rue Saint Jacques, No. 159. The great geometrician Fourier, and the celebrated physician Broussais, with De Blainville, Poinso, and Mongéry, were among the small audience. He completed the course, and also gave a brief public exposition of his historical views at the Athénée. In 1830 he published the first volume of his *Course*; but the second volume, owing to the commercial crisis, did not appear till 1835; the sixth and last in 1842. I should add that in 1830 he began to give the gratuitous course of public lectures on Astronomy which was repeated for seven years, and afterwards (1844) published under the title of "*Traité Philosophique d'Astronomie Populaire*."

These twelve years (1830-42), embracing the publication of the "*Cours de Philosophie Positive*," form what M. Littré justly calls "the great epoch" in his life:—"Un labeur infini l'attendait; il se soumit sans réserve à cet infini labeur. Douze ans se passèrent pendant lesquels il ferma courageusement sa vie à tout ce qui aurait pu le distraire. Jamais le besoin d'une publicité prématurée ne fit invasion dans son âme. . . . Sévère, persévérant, sourd aux bruits du dehors il concentra sur son œuvre tout ce qu'il avait de méditation. Dans l'histoire des hommes voués aux grandes pensées, je ne connais rien de plus beau que ces douze années." It would be well that we should bear this in mind. Although the world is called upon to judge results, not efforts—to accept or reject works on their own pretensions, and not on any pretensions claimed for the disinterestedness and labour of the worker—it is but just that, in speaking of the worker,

we should remember his claims. Whether it is a system or a sonnet, we agree with the Misanthrope of Molière—

“Monsieur, le temps ne fait rien à l'affaire ;”

but the serious worker is regarded with very different feelings from those which are excited by the vain and presumptuous sciolist. Reject the Positive Philosophy if your mind refuses to accept it, but speak of Comte as one who gave a life to its elaboration ; as one who believing that he was commissioned to impart a new faith, accepted the burden with a severe courage, and thought and toiled, relinquishing all other aims, steeling himself against all other seductions, and with a noble disinterestness devoting himself to the task which he well knew was certain to bring obloquy on him while living, to be followed by an immortal fame.

Shortly after 1830 he refused to join the National Guard. He was cited before the municipality, and was condemned to an imprisonment of three days. He thus proclaimed his reasons. “The law declares that the National Guard is instituted to defend the government which France has given herself. If it was simply a question of maintaining order I should not refuse to bear my part ; but I refuse to share in political struggles. I shall never attack the government by force. But, being a republican in mind and heart, I cannot swear to defend, at the peril of my life and that of others, a government which I should attack were I a man of action.” Such language as this would have led to a criminal indictment had not the authorities dreaded the publicity of such a defence. As it was, he remained unmolested.

In 1833 he obtained an office in the École Polytechnique, which with another that soon came to him, and a mathematical class in a private educational establishment, brought ease into his domestic circumstances, and enabled him to dispense with private pupils. From this time, and for some years, he enjoyed an income of 10,000 francs. Hitherto his sole relaxations had been long walks, and what he called his *flâneries philosophiques*. Now he was enabled to indulge his passion for music, and every season had his stall at the Italian Opera. Although without musical culture, he was exquisitely sensitive to music ; had a fine voice, and sang certain songs with great effect, particularly *La Marseillaise*, which he gave with vibrating revolutionary fervour.

He read absolutely nothing on philosophy or science ; and he abstained on system. In his early years he had read immensely, and his memory was of extraordinary tenacity. English, Italian, and Spanish he taught himself simply by taking a book and a dictionary of each language. Gifted with such a memory, his neglect of books was perhaps a greater advantage to the integrity of his philosophising

than it would be in most cases. All his knowledge was organised ; whatever he had once read was always available.

M. Littré describes his method of composition, which is truly remarkable. "He meditated the subject without writing a word. From the general conception he passed to the great divisions, and from those to the details. When this elaboration, first of the *ensemble* and then of the parts, was finished, he considered that his volume was completed. And this was true, for on sitting down to write he recovered without loss every one of the ideas which formed the tissue of his work, and recovered them in their order and connection, although not a word had been committed to paper. In this way he composed the course of lectures which embraced the whole positive philosophy, and the catastrophe which followed (in 1826) proves that the method was as dangerous as it was puissant." When once he began to write he was hurried along by the impetuous current of his thoughts ; and the dates which he has given of the composition of various parts of his writings prove the almost incredible rapidity with which he wrote. The sheets were sent to press as fast as they were written ; so that the printing of each volume was completed almost as soon as he laid down the pen.

The last of his private pupils, whose name has not transpired, has given an interesting glimpse of his illustrious teacher, in a paper which appeared in *Chambers's Journal* (June 19, 1858). After narrating how he found himself in this position, he adds :—"Daily as the clock struck eight on the *horloge* of the Luxembourg, while the ringing hammer on the bell was yet audible, the door of my room opened, and there entered a man, short, rather stout, almost what one might call sleek, freshly shaven, without vestige of whisker or moustache. He was invariably dressed in a suit of the most spotless black, as if going to a dinner party ; his white neckcloth was fresh from the laundress's hands, and his hat shining like a racer's coat. He advanced to the arm-chair prepared for him in the centre of the writing-table, laid his hat on the left-hand corner, his snuff-box was deposited on the same side beside the quire of paper placed in readiness for his use, and dipping the pen twice into the ink-bottle, then bringing it to within an inch of his nose, to make sure it was properly filled, he broke silence : 'We have said that the chord A B,' &c. For three-quarters of an hour he continued his demonstration, making short notes as he went on, to guide the listener in repeating the problem alone ; then, taking up another *cahier* which lay beside him, he went over the written repetition of the former lesson. He explained, corrected, or commented till the clock struck nine ; then, with the little finger of the right hand brushing from his coat and waistcoat the shower of superfluous snuff which had fallen on them, he pocketed his snuff-box, and, resuming his hat, he as silently

as when he came in made his exit by the door which I rushed to open for him. This man of few words was the Aristotle or Bacon of the nineteenth century."

Naturally the pupil at first regarded this silent and automatic teacher with a certain vague fear. He learned at length to love him. Not, as he candidly says, that he knew anything of the hidden greatness of the man, but because he instinctively felt the smothered kindliness beneath that cold exterior. Years afterwards he saw him, when he was celebrated, and in poverty. "He recalled one of those pictures of the middle ages representing St. Francis wedded to poverty." But I must refer to the narrative itself, which is too long for extract here.

The year 1842 is doubly memorable: it saw the termination of his great work and of his conjugal life. I have already said that into the domestic question I cannot enter. Be the blame of the failure chiefly hers or chiefly his, the failure sprang from conditions we cannot accurately appreciate. That the separation was her deed, and not his, seems indisputable; and in one of his letters to Madame de Vaux he writes:—"An indispensable separation, all the more irrevocable on my side because I in no way provoked it, completely relieved me of an intolerable domestic oppression, now happily converted into a simple pecuniary charge which my character forbids my feeling in its true weight. In truth, the two first years of that new situation, during the interval between the close of my first great elaboration and the opening of the second, were passed in enjoyment of the negative happiness resulting from this unhopd-for calm succeeding the long and daily agitation." It is clear from many indications that they quarrelled frequently and violently; their views of life were different, and probably the worldly views of the one were a continual exasperation to the other; but it is also clear that he did not regard her as having done anything to forfeit his respect and admiration; in one of his letters he lays the principal stress on the fact of her having never loved him. He continued for some years to correspond with her on affectionate terms.

V.

With the publication of the *Philosophie Positive* he assured his place among the great thinkers of all ages, but drew upon himself the bitter hatred of rivals and humiliated professors, which, being supported by the indignation of theologians, metaphysicians, and journalists, who were irritated at his dangerous doctrines and sweeping scorn, ended in driving him from his official position. He was turned adrift once more to seek a laborious existence as a teacher of mathematics. The story is told by him in the preface to the sixth volume of the *Philosophie Positive*, and in fuller detail by M. Littré. It need not

be repeated here; the sad result is enough. To mitigate the blow, three Englishmen—Mr. Grote, Mr. Raikes Currie, and Sir W. Molesworth—through the intervention of Mr. John Mill, offered to replace the official salary for one year, understanding that at the end of the year Comte would be either reinstated or would have resolved on some other career. The year passed, but his re-election was again refused. At first this troubled him but little. He had learnt to regard the “subsidy” of his admirers as his right. It was due from the rich to the philosopher; and the philosopher could more effectively use his powers if all material anxieties were taken from him. This, however, was by no means the light in which the case was seen in England. Mr. Grote sent an additional six hundred francs, but a renewal of the subsidy was declined. He was dreadfully exasperated. I remember hearing him speak of the refusal as if some unworthy treachery had been practised on him. I tried to explain as delicately as I could what I conceived to be the point of view of his friends, who declined to be his bankers; but he had so entirely wrought himself into the persuasion that the refusal was a moral dereliction, and that no excuse could be offered for men who had wealth withholding a slight portion of it from thinkers whose lives were of importance to the world, that I saw it was useless. He had a fixed idea on the subject; and it may be seen expressed in haughty terms in his letter to Mr. Mill.¹ If there is much to be said (and I think there is) in favour of his idea of the duty of the rich towards thinkers whose aims they approve, there is also not a little to be said on the other side, and not a little blame attributable to his manner of urging his claims. He chose to assume a “haute magistrature morale” which others would not recognise. He professed to speak solely as a philosopher, but showed too much personal preoccupation. It is sad to hear that the result of this was a coolness on the part of Mr. Mill, and the cessation of a correspondence which he had valued, and to which Comte himself attached great value (as appears in one of his letters to me, inquiring into the cause of the silence, and showing anxiety on the subject).

(1) “Je somme tous les Occidentaux capables de sentir, d’une manière quelconque, la vraie portée de mes travaux, de concourir loyalement, suivant leur moyens respectifs, au digne protectorat institué pour moi. Si les positivistes incomplets persistaient à motiver leur coupable indifférence sur leurs divergences partielles envers l’ensemble de ma doctrine, je déroilerais aisément l’égoïsme mal caché sous ce vain prétexte.”—*Système de Politique Positive*, iii., preface, p. xxv. Not only were partial adherents thus summoned to contribute to his support under the penalty of very hard terms, but even adversaries if they expressed any admiration were considered as eligible subscribers. There is something very droll in the naïveté with which in the preface to the *Politique*, vol. ii., he tells us of an American Methodist, who had reviewed the *Philosophie* in language of sympathy, which “sans dissimuler aucune dissidence forme un heureux contraste avec celui de nos psychologues ou idéologues;” adding that this language “m’inspira bientôt une démarche exceptionnelle, pour faire concourir ouvertement de pareils adversaires au libre subside qui jusqu’ici ne garantit pas suffisamment mon existence matérielle.”

This idea of a subsidy replacing the "infamous spoliation," became, as I said, a systematic conception, and he now boldly relinquished all efforts at providing for himself, and made a public appeal to his admirers for an income. The appeal was responded to during the rest of his life. The circulars which he yearly sent forth are printed in the prefaces to his "*Système de Politique Positive*."¹

Meanwhile he was to learn the unspeakable influences of a deep affection. We have seen St. Simon giving a bias to his intellect which determined the creation of the *Philosophie Positive*; we have now to see the bias given to his thoughts by a passionate love, which carried him into sentimental and mystical regions little foreseen by his early adherents.

It was in the year 1845 that he first met Madame Clotilde de Vaux. There was a strange similarity in their widowed conditions. She was irrevocably separated from her husband by a crime which had condemned him to the galleys for life; yet although morally free, she was legally bound to the man whose disgrace overshadowed her. Comte also was irrevocably separated from his wife by her voluntary departure; and although morally free, was legally bound. Marriage being thus unhappily impossible, they had only the imperfect, yet inestimable, consolation of a pure and passionate friendship. He was fond of applying to her the lines of his favourite Dante—

"Quella che imparadisa la mia mente
Ogni basso pensier dal cor m'avulse."

Every one who knew him during this brief period of happiness will recall the mystic enthusiasm with which he spoke of her, and the irrepressible overflowing of his emotion which led him to speak of her at all times and to all listeners. It was in the early days of this attachment that I first saw him; and in the course of our very first interview he spoke of her with an expansiveness which greatly interested me. When I next saw him he was as expansive in his grief at her irreparable loss; and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he detailed her many perfections. His happiness had lasted but one year.

Her death made no change in his devotion. She underwent a transfiguration. Her subjective immortality became a real presence to his mystical affection. During life she had been a benign influence irradiating his moral nature, and for the first time giving satisfaction to the immense tenderness which had slumbered there; she thus initiated him into the secrets of emotional life, which were indispensable to his philosophy in its subsequent elaboration. Her

(1) After his death, M. Littré sent round a circular appealing to the generosity of Positivists in favour of Madame Comte—which was, however, under all the circumstances, so excessively ill-judged, that its failure prevented a repetition.

death rather intensified than altered this influence, by purifying it from all personal and objective elements.

In one of his letters to her we read:—"Le charmant bonjour auquel je n'ai pu répondre avant hier me laissera le souvenir permanent d'une affectueuse expression caractéristique dont j'éprouve le besoin de vous remercier spécialement, quand vous y avez daigné mentionner votre bonheur de *m'acquérir*. En effet, c'est bien là, ma Clotilde, le mot qui nous convient mutuellement, pour désigner à chacun de nous sa meilleure propriété. Plus notre intimité se développe et se consolide, mieux je sens journellement que cette chaste union est devenue chez moi la principale condition d'un bonheur que j'avais toujours ardemment rêvé, mais sans pouvoir hélas! l'éprouver jamais avant d'avoir subi votre bienfaisant empire."

The remainder of his life was a perpetual hymn to her memory. Every week he visited her tomb. Every day he prayed to her, and invoked her continual assistance. His published invocations and eulogies may call forth mockery from frivolous contemporaries—intense convictions and disinterested passions easily lending themselves to ridicule—but posterity will read in them a grave lesson, and will see that this modern Beatrice played a considerable part in the evolution of the Religion of Humanity. Philosophic students will admit that to act powerfully on the sentiments of others the philosopher must have first participated in them himself; and that the elaboration of a system in its emotional relations could only be accomplished by a thinker who had been profoundly moved. This initiation was gained through Madame de Vaux. In one of his letters to her he says:—"Mon organisation a reçu d'une très tendre mère certaines cordes intimes, éminemment féminines, qui n'ont pu assez vibrer faute d'avoir été convenablement ébranlées. L'époque est enfin venue d'en développer l'activité, qui, peu sensible directement dans le premier volume, essentiellement logique, de mon prochain ouvrage, caractérisera fortement le tome suivant, et encore plus le quatrième ou dernier. C'est de votre salutaire influence que j'attends, ma Clotilde, cette inestimable amélioration, qui doit dignement écarter les reproches de certains critiques sur le prétendu défaut d'onction propre à mon talent, où quelques âmes privilégiées ont seules reconnu déjà une profonde sentimentalité implicite, en m'avouant avoir pleuré à certains passages philosophiques, ceux là même que j'avais, en effet, écrit tout en larmes."

It may be useful here to remark that Comte is frequently written against by those who know him only at second hand, as offensively dry, hard, materialistic, and irreligious; while by those who have more or less acquainted themselves with his writings, he is frequently condemned as a mystical, sentimental, and despotically moral pontiff. One class objects to him because he allows no place to the emotions;

another because he makes philosophy too emotional. One class fulminates against his denial of religion; another class is more disposed to echo the apostrophe of Billaud Varennes to Robespierre, "Aves ton Être suprême, tu commences à m'embêter!" He is called an atheist; and no one was ever more contemptuous towards atheism. He is called a materialist; and no great thinker was ever less amenable to the objections which that term connotes. The contradictory charges are grounded upon a misapprehension of the scope and spirit of his philosophy, in the first place; and in the second upon the fact that there is a very wide divergence in Method and results between his first and second works. Up to 1842 he placed himself in the direct line of historical filiation, and subordinated his researches to the Objective Method; he resumed and systematised the efforts of his scientific predecessors in one vast and compact body of doctrine, creating a Philosophy out of the various sciences by giving unity to their scattered generalities. But after 1842 a radical change took place; the philosopher brusquely assumed the position of a pontiff. He changed his Method (and was forced to change it), and coincident with this theoretical transformation, was the emotional transformation, initiated by a profound affection and a profound sorrow.

Henceforward the name of Positivist or Comtist becomes equivocal. It designates two schools, or a Right and a Left, between whom there is an essential separation. Men like Mr. John Mill, Mr. Grote, or M. Littré may be spoken of as Positivists, because of their adherence to the principles of *La Philosophie Positive*; but it would be greatly to misstate their position unless the phrase were qualified, since they altogether reject the *Politique Positive* and the *Catechism*, which the "true positivists," the most distinguished of whom is Mr. Richard Congreve, regard as the really valuable and the only consistent deductions from the philosophy. It is as if the disciples of Dr. Newman who refused to follow him to Rome, were confounded with the disciples who followed him everywhere. Obviously the name of "Newmanites" would be equivocal. The name of "Positivists" or "Comtists" is so likewise.

It is not my intention in this place to discuss or expound either the Philosophy or the Religion. To obviate any misconception as to my own position, it may be enough to state that I accept with gratitude the Philosophy in all its cardinal views, and having for three-and-twenty years found it a luminous guide, believe that who ever masters it will be able to say with Giordano Bruno, "Con questa filosofia mi s'aggrandisce l'anima e mi si magnifica l'intelletto." But in the *Politique Positive*, and the religious cultus, I can only see a magnificent utopia, and a prophetic vision of what the Religion of the future may become. As an utopia it commands a sentiment rather than an assent. As an attempt at social reorganisation, I not only resist many

of the details, but altogether impugn the Method. Whenever Comte places himself in the direct line of historical filiation, resuming and systematising the conceptions which previous ages have prepared (as in the case of the conception of Humanity, the great ideal existence), and whenever he subordinates his inquiries to the Objective Method, distinguishing between a deduction and a verified deduction, I follow as a disciple. But whenever he quits this Method, and assumes the part of pontiff, arbitrarily arranging individual and social life according to his subjective conceptions, I quit the position of disciple for that of a spectator, and, generally, of an antagonist.

VI.

Before setting himself to the composition of his second great work, Comte is supposed to have had another cerebral attack, though but a slight one, and of brief duration ; and it will not be without indignation that impartial readers will observe how M. Littré, apparently to explain his rejection of the doctrines, insinuates that they were vitiated in their origin by that (hypothetical) cerebral attack. From unthinking and reckless adversaries such an accusation might be anticipated. From one who avows himself a disciple it could only escape moral reprobation by being at least plausibly founded. Now on what grounds can M. Littré pretend that the cerebral attack, the very existence of which is a supposition of his own, and the duration of which was trivial, vitiated the *Politique* when he refuses to admit that the avowed, long continued, and violent attack which preceded the composition of the *Philosophie* in no respect vitiated that work ? The contradiction is glaring. To suppose that a man issues from an attack of insanity lasting many months and characterised by extreme violence, without injury to his philosophical integrity, and many years afterwards suffers a radical metamorphosis through a very trivial attack, so trivial as to be only suspected from a passing phrase in a letter, is not indeed a supposition beyond the reach of psychological inference, and if supported by evidence would find little resistance ; but for a disciple of the *Philosophie* to insinuate that the *Politique* has the taint of insanity, is a contradiction I am forced to point out. The weaknesses and extravagances which strike M. Littré in the second work cannot be adduced in proof, because those who reject the first work might on equal grounds detect insanity in the ideas which to them appear as weak and extravagant. Moreover, M. Littré, as a student of Comte, ought not to have overlooked the very obvious germs of these extravagances which are in the *Philosophie*—the tendencies towards despotic systematisation and arbitrary hypothesis, which in the *Politique* have all the more freedom because unrestrained by established truths. As a student of history he ought not to have overlooked the fact that the unbridled employment of the deductive

Method was *inevitable* on a topic which was destitute of the requisite inductions; inevitable in the case of all who are not content to await the slow results of inductive investigation. Finally, and most conclusively, M. Littré should not have failed to recognise in the *Politique* the same intellectual force, the same sustained power of conception and co-ordination, although with less successful result, as had commanded his veneration in the *Philosophie*. To reject the work, to laugh at it, may be permissible; to see in it the work of an intellect distorted by disease is an extravagance greater than any to be found in its pages. The reach of intellect and profoundly moral tone displayed in every chapter, can only be misconceived by those who estimate the force of a thinker by the immediately available truths he offers them—an estimate which would make sad havoc with the pretensions of a Plato, a Descartes, a Spinoza, or a Hegel.

I am not pleading for the *Politique Positive*. On the contrary, my dissent from its leading speculations, and above all from its scheme of sacerdotal despotism, is open and direct. All the true positivists regard me as a heretic. But I am a reverent heretic, nevertheless: that is, I profoundly admire the greatness and sincerity of the thinker, although he seems to have attempted a task for which the materials were not ready. And if men could approach the work with minds sufficiently open to receive instruction from teachers whom on the whole they refuse to follow, capable of setting aside differences, to seize upon and profit by agreements, they would carry away from the *Politique* many luminous suggestions, and that ennobling influence which always rays out from a moral conviction. They must be prepared to find passages to marvel at, passages to laugh at, and passages to fling hard words at. But they will detect even in these the presence of a magisterial intellect carried by the deductive impetus beyond the limits of common sense; they will detect nothing of the incoherence of insanity. Even the startling utopia which he propounds on the basis of what he himself calls a daring hypothesis—i.e. that of the *Vierge Mère*—is a legitimate deduction from what many regard as established data; it happens to be absurd because the data are profoundly erroneous, although they have been, and still are, accepted by many scientific men as truths. Had the data been true, the deduction would have been as admirable as it is now laughable: it would have been a genuine scientific hypothesis.

Antagonism to the Method and conclusions of the *Politique Positive* led me for many years to regard that work as a deviation from the positive philosophy in every way unfortunate. My attitude has changed now that I have learned (from the remark of one very dear to me) to regard it as an utopia, presenting hypotheses rather than doctrines, suggestions for future inquirers rather than dogmas for adepts,—hypotheses carrying more or less of truth, and serviceable as a provisional mode of colligating facts, to be confirmed

or contradicted by experience. Grave students think it no misuse of time to study the *Republic* and the *Laws* of Plato. Let them approach the "Système de Politique Positive" in a similar spirit; they will find there an intellect greater than Plato's, a morality higher and purer, and an amount of available suggestion incomparably greater.

Although no importance is to be attached to the slight cerebral attack (if attack there were) which preceded the composition of this work, there is intense biographical and psychological significance in the indications of the mental modifications which accompanied what may be called the development of the pontifical spirit in Comte. The germs are visible in his earliest years. No one can study the *Philosophie* without recognising the irrepressible tendency to domination, to a systematising circumscription of our aims with a view to unity (without, as Mr. Mill justly remarks, any demonstration of the necessity of such unity), and to deductive reasoning irrespective of objective verification. We see only the germs, because the soil of positive science was ill suited to their development. Obligated to employ the Objective Method throughout, he was forced to restrain these tendencies, under penalty of failure. As he grew older, and lived more and more alone, absorbed in meditation, less and less occupied with what had been effected by others, his intense self-confidence became enormously exaggerated, and the disposition to take his own feeling as a sufficient guarantee and proof, grew more and more disastrous. The very vividness of his conceptions, rising up during long and lonely meditation, rendered it difficult for him to doubt their reality; while the deductive impatience natural to a systematic intellect prevented his verifying their reality. He first struck out an hypothesis; he then overleaped the next condition of testing its conformity with fact; it became a truth in his mind, and he proceeded to deduce from it as from a verified truth. The awakening of an intense emotional life, and the welcome homage of a few ardent disciples, contributed their share. The conviction of an apostolic mission grew apace. The transformation of the systematic theorist into the imperious pontiff was rapid. Those who were subjugated by his personal influence, or fascinated by the seeming truth of his doctrines, will see a logical development in this; whereas we who stand aloof can see in it nothing but the unfortunate fatality which seems attached to deep convictions in certain powerful and arrogant natures. Those who consider Mahomet an impostor, and Loyola a malignant despot, may brand Comte with similar epithets of scorn or hatred. But if with a deeper sympathy and wider knowledge we mark the line between infirmity and strength, recognising that where the lights are brightest there the shadows are darkest, we shall be careful not to confound a common infirmity with an uncommon greatness. Hundreds of men have been as vain, as arrogant, as despotic in their ideas; but how many have been as

severely ascetic, as profoundly moral, as devoted to high thoughts, and as magnificently endowed? We need not accept the errors of a great mind because of its greatness; but ought we to forget the greatness when we reject the errors?

After the publication of the *Politique* there is little of biographical importance to be added. In 1852 he had published the "Catéchisme Positiviste," a little work which, I think, has done more to retard the acceptance of his views than all the attacks of antagonists. It contains many profound and noble passages, and to the thorough-going disciples is doubtless a precious work; but it should have been an esoteric work, at least for many years. Catechisms are for the converted. The objections to this one, apart from the ideas which, to all but believers, must appear without adequate foundation, are, first, that being brief and popular in form it is seized on by those who wish to "know something about Comte" and are unwilling to take the requisite labour of reading the more serious works; secondly, because he was incapable of conducting a popular exposition in a dramatic form, and a perpetual sense of the ridiculous accompanies the reader, preventing his giving serious attention to the matter; thirdly, because in this unpromising and unconvincing form it puts forth ideas which could only escape ridicule and indignation by a very earnest, logical, and persuasive exposition. If my voice can have the slightest weight with the reader I beg him not to open the Catechism until he has carefully studied the two great works by which Comte will live in history.

The "Synthèse Subjective" he did not live to finish. I am given to understand that some eminent mathematicians think highly of the one volume which has appeared; but I only know it at second hand.

Dr. Robinet has sketched the routine of his daily life in these later years; the picture should be meditated by those whose theological irritation has led them to throw hard words at this "materialist and scoffer." He rose at five in the morning, prayed, meditated, and wrote until seven in the evening, with brief intervals for his two meals. Every day he read a chapter from the "Imitation of Christ" and a canto of Dante. Homer also was frequently re-read. Poetry was his sole relaxation now that he could not longer indulge his passion for the opera. From seven to nine (and on Sundays in the afternoon) he received visits, especially from working men, among whom he found disciples. On Wednesday afternoons he visited the tomb of Madame de Vaux. At ten he again prayed and went to bed. The hour of prayer was to him an hour of mystic and exquisite expansion. Nothing could be simpler than his meals: breakfast consisted only of milk; dinner was more substantial, but rigorously limited. At the close of dinner he daily replaced dessert by a piece of dry bread, which he ate slowly, meditating on the numerous poor

who were unable to procure even that means of nourishment in return for their work.

He died on the 5th of September, 1857, at the age of sixty, leaving behind him an immortal name, and an almost canonised position in the memory of a select few, who still carry out, with admirable energy, the efforts to establish and spread the Religion of Humanity, undismayed by the ridicule and social persecution which awaits every religious movement at its outset.

VII.

The increasing notoriety of the name of Auguste Comte is significant of a spreading sympathy and a spreading dread. In grave treatises and in periodical works his opinions are silently adopted, openly alluded to, and discussed with respect; but much oftener they furnish a flippant sentence to some jaunty journalist, or pander to the austere dishonesty of some polemical theologian. Indignation, scorn, and ridicule are poured forth with all the greater freedom because usually unhampered by any first-hand knowledge. It is with him as it used to be with Kant, who not many years ago was a standing butt: many who had never opened the "*Kritik*," and more who would have understood nothing of it had they read it, laughed at the "dreamer" and his "transcendental nonsense," without any misgiving that they were making themselves ridiculous in the eyes of those who knew something about Kant. They are now respectful or silent. Surely it is wise to be entirely silent about that of which we know ourselves to be ignorant? As if our natural liability to error were not frequently misleading us, even in our most painstaking inquiries, we must add to it by what Mr. Mill somewhere calls "the abuse of the privilege of speaking confidently about writers whom we have never read." Few reflect that the exercise of this privilege is foolish; still fewer that it is dishonest. There is always peril in pretence. Silence cannot commit us. And if many delusively imagine that they do know enough of Comte to form a general estimate of him, let them ask themselves whether this knowledge is anything more than the echo of what others have said, those others being for the most part antagonists? Such a question would silence the candid; nothing will silence the garrulous and ignorant, who, as Locke says, "take the words they find in use among their neighbours, and, that they may not seem ignorant what they stand for, use them confidently without much troubling their heads about a fixed meaning: whereby, besides the ease of it, they obtain this advantage, that, as in such discourses they are seldom right, so they are as seldom to be convinced that they are wrong; it being all one to go about to draw those men out of their mistakes who have no settled notions, as to dispossess a vagrant of his habitation who has no settled abode."

That Comte is often wrong, is indubitable : he was human. That he is sometimes ridiculous and offensive, may be ungrudgingly allowed. To point out these errors is to do philosophy a service. But if we are candid and prudent, we shall first ascertain that the errors we rebuke are the opinions held by him, and not the interpretations put on his words by others. And if we are just, we shall discriminate the errors from the truths, and not speak bitterly or contemptuously of the man because on many points we reject his teaching. These two simple conditions are rarely complied with in the case of any man who has not received the consecration of Time. Comte is too near to us for justice. Men persistently charge him with holding opinions directly counter to the whole scope of his teaching. They refute "absurdities" which are simply constructions of their own, or of those whom they echo. And even should the better-instructed point out their inaccuracy, by confronting their statements with Comte's own words, they shake their heads and retire stubbornly behind the old entrenchments. They tell you candidly that they have a distaste and a dislike to views such as his, and refuse to inquire whether their conceptions of his views are or are not accurate. Only the other day a critic of some repute declared, in *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, that Comte had attempted to create a philosophy, "although the conclusion deducible from his principles is precisely the exclusion of all philosophy." It does not occur to this writer that, never having studied the philosophy, he is possibly not so well acquainted with its logical bearings as the philosopher himself was. Another writer affirms that Comte banishes history from his scheme : which is a strange remark to make against one considered to be the creator of the science of history ! A chorus of objectors indignantly protest against positivism "as a belief in nothing but what can be seen and touched ;" and this ineptitude is not only iterated by journalists and imbecile polemicists, but is asserted in an elaborate essay by a professed philosopher, "refuting" Comte. It is true that the philosopher in question was the feeble M. Emile Saisset.

If these writers suspected how ridiculous they make themselves in the eyes of the instructed, it would be a useful lesson to them not to be so ready to flatter the secret luxury of scorn on the part of readers as ignorant as themselves. Nor can they justify themselves by a reference to acknowledged absurdities. If great thinkers are to be estimated not by their greatness, but by their weaknesses, I know of none who could retain our reverence. Plato and Aristotle, Descartes and Bacon, Newton and Leibnitz, Spinoza and Hegel, have all put forth systematic absurdities which have excited the mirth and anger of generations ; but what should we think of a man who scornfully rejected the demonstrations of the *Principia* because he laughed at the absurdities of the *Chronology*, which he laughed at without having read ?

I cannot be supposed to desire that Comte should be shielded from criticism. I have been criticising him for more than twenty years, and lost his friendship by my freedom. I would not have a single error or a single absurdity concealed; the more so, because I do not find that my antagonism has lessened my respect for the value of those great principles which I can accept, nor shaken my faith in the incomparable value of the positive philosophy; but it is one thing to recognise an error, another to judge a system by its accessories. Men who stand outside a doctrine, and look at it only from their own standing-place, naturally have their attention led away by some accessory detail, instead of concentrating their thoughts on the great central principles. If we stand outside Catholicism, we shall see in its teaching and its practices much that is incredible, much that is ridiculous, and some things that are revolting to us. If we stand outside Protestantism, the case will be similar. Yet we know that Catholics and Protestants, with large and acute intellects, with noble and tender consciences, have believed these *incredibilia*, and have accepted these practices, overlooking or looking away from what, to the heretic, is ridiculous or revolting. There is, I suppose, no reflecting Catholic, no reflecting Protestant, who, in his secret conscience, approves of all the teaching and all the practices of his Church; but he accepts parts of the system, illogically connected with it, or historically grown out of it. He believes the great points in that system to be true and beneficent, and will not disturb their efficacy by raising discussion on minor points. Even should he privately reject many of the doctrines which belong to his Church, it will not make him less attached to the doctrines in which he finds a response to some of his spiritual needs. He feels that some mysteries are explained; and having recognised a spiritual guide which is, on the whole, firmer and surer than any he can see elsewhere, he yields himself up to it, content that other things should be unexplained, content that some contradictions should not be reconciled. Neither Catholic nor Protestant will consent to be judged by the weak points of his Church, but only by the strong; not by what outsiders may consider absurd, but by what he feels to be vital.

Apply this to Positivism, considered either as a Philosophy or a Religion. Under either aspect it is a doctrine offering spiritual guidance only to those who accept its teaching as true. Let us look at it as we look at Spinozism or Hegelianism, at Buddhism or Islamism, and if on inspection we find it respond in any considerable degree to our spiritual condition, if it is so far in harmony with demonstrated truths as to be a guide to us in our groping search for a solution of great problems, let us boldly declare as much, and not reject so inestimable a benefit because Comte, or others, may have connected with the great central ideas certain ideas which seem false or ridiculous. Unlike the Catholic and Protestant, the Positivist need

shrink from no discussion, need not hesitate to reject any idea, for fear of imperilling the system; because the system claims to rest on demonstrated truth, not on revelation or authority. If they can disregard what they are not permitted openly to reject, we can openly reject whatever we do not honestly believe. I do not say that the pontiff of the new religion would have allowed us such liberty. It is one of his capital errors to have imitated the intellectual despotism which has logically belonged to all priesthoods, but which is an inconsequence in a spiritual power reposing upon demonstration. But if Comte would not allow this liberty, Positivism proclaims it to be an essential condition.

What I wish to urge upon all my readers is, that they should ascertain for themselves, by open-minded study, what are the cardinal doctrines of Positivism, or else be silent, leaving to idle chatterers and dishonest polemicists the small enjoyment of talking with a knowing air on what they do not understand, and of talking contemptuously of a great intellectual movement because of certain follies in its leaders. The publication of Mr. John Stuart Mill's remarkable work on Comte will, one may hope, considerably assist such a result, partly by showing the deep respect with which so eminent a thinker regards the Philosophy, even while hostile to many of its views, and the impartial calmness with which he can praise and blame; partly, also, and more effectually, by inducing serious minds to undertake a study of the works in which the Philosophy is expounded. Yet even Mr. Mill's treatise singularly illustrates the inconsiderate nature of popular appreciations; for I find his readers seizing with avidity on the ridiculous points which he has felt it a duty to notice, but ignoring entirely the great luminous ideas to which he has so emphatically stated his adherence. They chuckle complacently when Mr. Mill tells them to laugh; they are wholly passive when he tells them to admire. I think more might have been said for Comte than Mr. Mill has said, and that a higher idea might be given of what Comte achieved, and of what the Philosophy implies, than appears in his volume; but the very moderation of the tone ought to make his eulogies carry greater force with the public.

Philosophic antagonism should be preceded by earnest examination. It is easy to adopt an attitude of scorn towards whatever is unlike our own views; but it is not so easy to discriminate wherein lies the difference and where begins the error. Our first impulse is to reject a novelty; whereas rejection should be the final impulse. And as Milton says in the "Areopagitica," if it come to prohibiting "there is not ought more likely to be prohibited than truth itself, whose first appearance, to our eyes, bleared and dimmed with prejudice and custom, is more unsightly and unpalatable than many errors, even as the person is of many a great man slight and contemptible to see to."

EDITOR.

THE BELTON ESTATE.

CHAPTER XXXI.

TAKING POSSESSION.

"I WANT her to have it all," said William Belton, to Mr. Green, the lawyer, when they came to discuss the necessary arrangements for the property.

"But that would be absurd."

"Never mind. It is what I wish. I suppose a man may do what he likes with his own."

"She won't take it," said the lawyer.

"She must take it if you manage the matter properly," said Will.

"I don't suppose it will make much difference," said the lawyer,—
"now that Captain Aylmer is out of the running."

"I know nothing about that. Of course I am very glad that he should be out of the running, as you call it. He is a bad sort of fellow, and I didn't want him to have the property. But all that has had nothing to do with it. I'm not doing it because I think she is ever to be my wife."

From this the reader will understand that Belton was still fidgeting himself and the lawyer about the estate when he passed through London. The matter in dispute, however, was so important that he was induced to seek the advice of others besides Mr. Green, and at last was brought to the conclusion that it was his paramount duty to become Belton of Belton. There seemed in the minds of all these counsellors to be some imperative and almost imperious requirement that the acres should go back to a man of his name. Now, as there was no one else of the family who could stand in his way, he had no alternative but to become Belton of Belton. He would, however, sell his estate in Norfolk, and raise money for endowing Clara with commensurate riches. Such was his own plan;—but having fallen among counsellors, he could not exactly follow his own plan, and at last submitted to an arrangement in accordance with which an annuity of eight hundred pounds a year was to be settled upon Clara, and this was to lie as a charge upon the estate in Norfolk.

"It seems to me to be very shabby," said William Belton.

"It seems to me to be very extravagant," said the leader among the counsellors. "She is not entitled to sixpence."

But at last the arrangement as above described was the one to which they all assented.

When Belton reached the house which was now his own he found

no one there but his sister. Clara was at the cottage. As he had been told that she was to return there, he had no reason to be annoyed. But not the less he was annoyed, or rather discontented, and had not been a quarter of an hour about the place before he declared his intention to go and seek her.

"Do no such thing, Will; pray do not," said his sister.

"And why not?"

"Because it will be better that you should wait. You will only injure yourself and her by being impetuous."

"But it is absolutely necessary that she should know her own position. It would be cruelty to keep her in ignorance;—though for the matter of that I shall be ashamed to tell her. Yes;—I shall be ashamed to look her in the face. What will she think of it after I had assured her that she should have the whole?"

"But she would not have taken it, Will. And had she done so, she would have been very wrong. Now she will be comfortable."

"I wish I could be comfortable," said he.

"If you will only wait——"

"I hate waiting. I do not see what good it will do. Besides, I don't mean to say anything about that,—not to-day, at least. I don't indeed. As for being here and not seeing her, that is out of the question. Of course she would think that I had quarrelled with her, and that I meant to take everything to myself, now that I have the power."

"She won't suspect you of wishing to quarrel with her, Will."

"I should in her place. It is out of the question that I should be here, and not go to her. It would be monstrous. I will wait till they have done lunch, and then I will go up."

It was at last decided that he should walk up to the cottage, call upon Colonel Askerton, and ask to see Clara in the Colonel's presence. It was thought that he might make his statement about the money better before a third person who could be regarded as Clara's friend, than could possibly be done between them two alone. He did, therefore, walk across to the cottage, and was shown into Colonel Askerton's study.

"There he is," Mrs. Askerton said, as soon as she heard the sound of the bell. "I knew that he would come at once."

During the whole morning Mrs. Askerton had been insisting that Belton would make his appearance on that very day,—the day of his arrival at Belton, and Clara had been asserting that he would not do so.

"Why should he come?" Clara had said.

"Simply to take you to his own house, like any other of his goods and chattels."

"I am not his goods or his chattels."

"But you soon will be; and why shouldn't you accept your lot quietly? He is Belton of Belton, and everything here belongs to him."

"I do not belong to him."

"What nonsense! When a man has the command of the situation, as he has, he can do just what he pleases. If he were to come and carry you off by violence, I have no doubt the Beltonians would assist him, and say that he was right. And you of course would forgive him. Belton of Belton may do anything."

"That is nonsense, if you please."

"Indeed if you had any of that decent feeling of feminine inferiority which ought to belong to all women, he would have found you sitting on the door-step of his house waiting for him."

That had been said early in the morning, when they first knew that he had arrived; but they had been talking about him ever since,—talking about him under pressure from Mrs. Askerton, till Clara had been driven to long that she might be spared. "If he chooses to come, he will come," she said. "Of course he will come," Mrs. Askerton had answered, and then they heard the ring of the bell. "There he is. I could swear to the sound of his foot. Doesn't he step as though he were Belton of Belton, and conscious that everything belonged to him?" Then there was a pause. "He has been shown in to Colonel Askerton. What on earth could he want with him?"

"He has called to tell him something about the cottage," said Clara, endeavouring to speak as though she were calm through it all.

"Cottage! Fiddlestick! The idea of a man coming to look after his trumpery cottage on the first day of his showing himself as lord of his own property! Perhaps he is demanding that you shall be delivered up to him. If he does, I shall vote for obeying."

"And I for disobeying,—and shall vote very strongly, too."

Their suspense was yet prolonged for another ten minutes, and at the end of that time the servant came in and asked if Miss Amedroz would be good enough to go into the master's room. "Mr. Belton is there, Fanny?" asked Mrs. Askerton. The girl confessed that Mr. Belton was there, and then Clara, without another word, got up and left the room. She had much to do in assuming a look of composure before she opened the door; but she made the effort, and was not unsuccessful. In another second she found her hand in her cousin's, and his bright eye was fixed upon her with that eager, friendly glance which made his face so pleasant to those whom he loved.

"Your cousin has been telling me of the arrangements he has been making for you with the lawyers," said Colonel Askerton. "I can

only say that I wish all ladies had cousins so liberal, and so able to be liberal."

"I thought I would see Colonel Askerton first, as you are staying at his house. And as for liberality,—there is nothing of the kind. You must understand, Clara, that a fellow can't do what he likes with his own in this country. I have found myself so bullied by lawyers and that sort of people, that I have been obliged to yield to them. I wanted that you should have the old place, to do just what you pleased with it."

"That was out of the question, Will."

"Of course it was," said Colonel Askerton. Then, as Belton himself did not proceed to the telling of his own story, the Colonel told it for him, and explained what was the income which Clara was to receive.

"But that is as much out of the question," said she, "as the other. I cannot rob you in that way. I cannot and I shall not. And why should I? What do I want with such an income? Something I ought to have, if only for the credit of the family, and that I am willing to take from your kindness; but——"

"It's all settled now, Clara."

"I don't think that you can lessen the weight of your obligation. Miss Amedroz, after what has been done up in London," said the Colonel.

"If you had said a hundred a year."

"I have been allowed to say nothing," said Belton; "those people have said eight,—and so it is settled. When are you coming over to see Mary?"

To this question he got no definite answer, and as he went away immediately afterwards he hardly seemed to expect one. He did not even ask for Mrs. Askerton, and, as that lady remarked, behaved altogether like a bear. "But what a munificent bear!" she said. "Fancy;—eight hundred a year of your own. One begins to doubt whether it is worth one's while to marry at all with such an income as that to do what one likes with! However, it all means nothing. It will all be his own again before you have even touched it."

"You must not say anything more about that," said Clara gravely.

"And why must I not?"

"Because I shall hear nothing more of it. There is an end of all that,—as there ought to be."

"Why an end? I don't see an end. There will be no end till Belton of Belton has got you and your eight hundred a year as well as everything else."

"You will find that—he—does not mean—anything—more," said Clara.

"You think not?"

"I am—sure of it." Then there was a little sound in her throat

as though she were in some danger of being choked ; but she soon recovered herself, and was able to express herself clearly. "I have only one favour to ask you now, Mrs. Askerton, and that is that you will never say anything more about him. He has changed his mind. Of course he has, or he would not come here like that and have gone away without saying a word."

"Not a word ! A man gives you eight hundred a year, and that is not saying a word !"

"Not a word except about money ! But of course he is right. I know that he is right. After what has passed he would be very wrong to—to—think about it any more. You joke about his being Belton of Belton. But it does make a difference."

"It does ;—does it ?"

"It has made a difference. I see and feel it now. I shall never—hear him—ask me—that question—any more."

"And if you did hear him, what answer would you make him ?"

"I don't know."

"That is just it. Women are so cross-grained that it is a wonder to me that men should ever have anything to do with them. They have about them some madness of a phantasy which they dignify with the name of feminine pride, and under the cloak of this they believe themselves to be justified in tormenting their lovers' lives out. The only consolation is that they torment themselves as much. Can anything be more cross-grained than you are at this moment ? You were resolved just now that it would be the most unbecoming thing in the world if he spoke a word more about his love for the next twelvemonths——"

"Mrs. Askerton, I said nothing about twelvemonths."

"And now you are broken-hearted because he did not blurt it all out before Colonel Askerton in a business interview, which was very properly had at once, and in which he has had the exceeding good taste to confine himself altogether to the one subject."

"I am not complaining."

"It was good taste ; though if he had not been a bear he might have asked after me, who are fighting his battles for him night and day."

"But what will he do next ?"

"Eat his dinner, I should think, as it is now nearly five o'clock. Your father used always to dine at five."

"I can't go to see Mary," she said, "till he comes here again."

"He will be here fast enough. I shouldn't wonder if he was to come again to-night." And he did come again that night.

When Belton's interview was over in the Colonel's study, he left the house,—without even asking after the mistress, as that mistress had taken care to find out,—and went off, rambling about the estate which was now his own. It was a beautiful place, and he was not

insensible to the gratification of being its owner. There is much in the glory of ownership,—of the ownership of land and houses, of beeves and woolly flocks, of wide fields and thick-growing woods, even when that ownership is of late date, when it conveys to the owner nothing but the realisation of a property on the soil; but there is much more in it when it contains the memories of old years; when the glory is the glory of race as well as the glory of power and property. There had been Beltons of Belton living there for many centuries, and now he was the Belton of the day, standing on his own ground,—the descendant and representative of the Beltons of old,—Belton of Belton without a flaw in his pedigree! He felt himself to be proud of his position,—prouder than he could have been of any other that might have been vouchsafed to him. And yet amidst it all he was somewhat ashamed of his pride. “The man who can do it for himself is the real man after all,” he said. “But I have got it by a fluke,—and by such a sad chance too!” Then he wandered on, thinking of the circumstances under which the property had fallen into his hands, and remembering how and when and where the first idea had occurred to him of making Clara Amedroz his wife. He had then felt that if he could only do that he could reconcile himself to the heirship. And the idea had grown upon him instantly, and had become a passion by the eagerness with which he had welcomed it. From that day to this he had continued to tell himself that he could not enjoy his good fortune unless he could enjoy it with her. There had come to be a horrid impediment in his way,—a barrier which had seemed to have been placed there by his evil fortune, to compensate the gifts given to him by his good fortune, and that barrier had been Captain Aylmer. He had not, in fact, seen much of his rival, but he had seen enough to make it matter of wonder to him that Clara could be attached to such a man. He had thoroughly despised Captain Aylmer, and had longed to show his contempt of the man by kicking him out of the hotel at the London railway station. At that moment all the world had seemed to him to be wrong and wretched.

But now it seemed that all the world might so easily be made right again! The impediment had got itself removed. Belton did not even yet altogether comprehend by what means Clara had escaped from the meshes of the Aylmer Park people, but he did know that she had escaped. Her eyes had been opened before it was too late, and she was a free woman,—to be compassed if only a man might compass her. While she had been engaged to Captain Aylmer, Will had felt that she was not assailable. Though he had not been quite able to restrain himself,—as on that fatal occasion when he had taken her in his arms and kissed her,—still he had known that as she was an engaged woman, he could not, without insulting her, press his

own suit upon her. But now all that was over. Let him say what he liked on that head, she would have no proper plea for anger. She was assailable ;—and, as this was so, why the mischief should he not set about the work at once ? His sister bade him to wait. Why should he wait when one fortunate word might do it ? Wait ! He could not wait. How are you to bid a starving man to wait when you put him down at a well-covered board ? Here was he, walking about Belton Park,—just where she used to walk with him ;—and there was she at Belton Cottage, within half an hour of him at this moment, if he were to go quickly ; and yet Mary was telling him to wait ! No ; he would not wait. There could be no reason for waiting. Wait, indeed, till some other Captain Aylmer should come in the way and give him more trouble !

So he wandered on, resolving that he would see his cousin again that very day. Such an interview as that which had just taken place between two such dear friends was not natural,—was not to be endured. What might not Clara think of it ! To meet her for the first time after her escape from Aylmer Park, and to speak to her only on matters concerning money ! He would certainly go to her again on that afternoon. In his walking he came to the bottom of the rising ground on the top of which stood the rock on which he and Clara had twice sat. But he turned away, and would not go up to it. He hoped that he might go up to it very soon,—but, except under certain circumstances, he would never go up to it again.

“I am going across to the cottage immediately after dinner,” he said to his sister.

“Have you an appointment ?”

“No ; I have no appointment. I suppose a man doesn’t want an appointment to go and see his own cousin down in the country.”

“I don’t know what their habits are.”

“I shan’t ask to go in ; but I want to see her.”

Mary looked at him with loving, sorrowing eyes, but she said no more. She loved him so well that she would have given her right hand to get for him what he wanted ;—but she sorrowed to think that he should want such a thing so sorely. Immediately after his dinner, he took his hat and went out without saying a word further, and made his way once more across to the gate of the cottage. It was a lovely summer evening, at that period of the year in which our summer evenings just begin, when the air is sweeter and the flowers more fragrant, and the forms of the foliage more lovely than at any other time. It was now eight o’clock, but it was hardly as yet evening ; none at least of the gloom of evening had come, though the sun was low in the heavens. At the cottage they were all sitting out on the lawn ; and as Belton came near he was seen by them, and he saw them.

"I told you so," said Mrs. Askerton, to Clara, in a whisper.

"He is not coming in," Clara answered. "He is going on."

But when he had come nearer, Colonel Askerton called to him over the garden paling, and asked him to join them. He was now standing within ten or fifteen yards of them, though the fence divided them. "I have come to ask my cousin Clara to take a walk with me," he said. "She can be back by your tea time." He made his request very placidly, and did not in any way look like a lover.

"I am sure she will be glad to go," said Mrs. Askerton. But Clara said nothing.

"Do take a turn with me, if you are not tired," said he.

"She has not been out all day, and cannot be tired," said Mrs. Askerton, who had now walked up to the paling. "Clara, get your hat. But, Mr. Belton, what have I done that I am to be treated in this way? Perhaps you don't remember that you have not spoken to me since your arrival."

"Upon my word, I beg your pardon," said he, endeavouring to stretch his hand across the bushes. "I forgot I didn't see you this morning."

"I suppose I mustn't be angry, as this is your day of taking possession; but it is exactly on such days as this that one likes to be remembered."

"I didn't mean to forget you, Mrs. Askerton; I didn't, indeed. And as for the special day, that's all bosh, you know. I haven't taken particular possession of anything that I know of."

"I hope you will, Mr. Belton, before the day is over," said she. Clara had at length arisen, and had gone into the house to fetch her hat. She had not spoken a word, and even yet her cousin did not know whether she was coming. "I hope you will take possession of a great deal that is very valuable. Clara has gone to get her hat."

"Do you think she means to walk?"

"I think she does, Mr. Belton. And there she is at the door. Mind you bring her back to tea."

Clara, as she came forth, felt herself quite unable to speak, or walk, or look after her usual manner. She knew herself to be a victim, —to be so far a victim that she could no longer control her own fate. To Captain Aylmer, at any rate, she had never succumbed. In all her dealings with him she had fought upon an equal footing. She had never been compelled to own herself mastered. But now she was being led out that she might confess her own submission, and acknowledge that hitherto she had not known what was good for her. She knew that she would have to yield. She must have known how happy she was to have an opportunity of yielding; but yet,—yet, had there been any room for choice, she thought she would have refrained from walking with her cousin that evening. She had wept

that afternoon because she had thought that he would not come again ; and now that he had come at the first moment that was possible for him, she was almost tempted to wish him once more away.

"I suppose you understand that when I came up this morning I came merely to talk about business," said Belton, as soon as they were off together.

"It was very good of you to come at all so soon after your arrival."

"I told those people in London that I would have it all settled at once, and so I wanted to have it off my mind."

"I don't know what I ought to say to you. Of course I shall not want so much money as that."

"We won't talk about the money any more to-day. I hate talking about money."

"It is not the pleasantest subject in the world."

"No," said he ; "no indeed. I hate it,—particularly between friends. So you have come to grief with your friends, the Aylmers ?"

"I hope I haven't come to grief,—and the Aylmers, as a family, never were my friends. I'm obliged to contradict you, point by point,—you see."

"I don't like Captain Aylmer at all," said Will, after a pause.

"So I saw, Will ; and I dare say he was not very fond of you."

"Fond of me ! I didn't want him to be fond of me. I don't suppose he ever thought much about me. I could not help thinking of him."—She had nothing to say to this, and therefore walked on silently by his side. "I suppose he has not any idea of coming back here again ?"

"What ; to Belton ? No, I do not think he will come to Belton any more."

"Nor will you go to Aylmer Park ?"

"No ; certainly not. Of all the places on earth, Will, to which you would send me, Aylmer Park is the one to which I should go most unwillingly."

"I don't want to send you there."

"You never could be made to understand what a woman she is ; how disagreeable, how cruel, how imperious, how insolent."

"Was she so bad as all that ?"

"Indeed she was, Will. I can't but tell the truth to you."

"And he was nearly as bad as she."

"No, Will ; no ; do not say that of him."

"He was such a quarrelsome fellow. He flew at me just because I said we had good hunting down in Norfolk."

"We need not talk about all that, Will."

"No ;—of course not. It's all passed and gone, I suppose."

"Yes ;—it is all passed and gone. You did not know my Aunt

Winterfield, or you would understand my first reason for liking him."

"No," said Will; "I never saw her."

Then they walked on together for a while without speaking, and Clara was beginning to feel some relief,—some relief at first; but as the relief came, there came back to her the dead, dull feeling of heaviness at her heart which had oppressed her after his visit in the morning. She had been right, and Mrs. Askerton had been wrong. He had returned to her simply as her cousin, and now he was walking with her and talking to her in this strain, to teach her that it was so. But of a sudden they came to a place where two paths diverged, and he turned upon her and asked her quickly which path they should take. "Look, Clara," he said, "will you go up there with me?" It did not need that she should look, as she knew that the way indicated by him led up among the rocks.

"I don't much care which way," she said, faintly.

"Do you not? But I do. I care very much. Don't you remember where that path goes?" She had no answer to give to this. She remembered well, and remembered how he had protested that he would never go to the place again unless he could go there as her accepted lover. And she had asked herself sundry questions as to that protestation. Could it be that for her sake he would abstain from visiting the prettiest spot on his estate,—that he would continue to regard the ground as hallowed because of his memories of her? "Which way shall we go?" he asked.

"I suppose it does not much signify," said she, trembling.

"But it does signify. It signifies very much to me. Will you go up to the rocks?"

"I am afraid we shall be late, if we stay out long."

"What matters how late? Will you come?"

"I suppose so,—if you wish it, Will."

She had anticipated that the high rock was to be the altar at which the victim was to be sacrificed; but now he would not wait till he had taken her to the sacred spot. He had of course intended that he would there renew his offer; but he had perceived that his offer had been renewed, and had, in fact, been accepted, during this little parley as to the pathway. There was hardly any necessity for further words. So he must have thought; for, as quick as lightning, he flung his arms around her, and kissed her again, as he had kissed her on that other terrible occasion,—that occasion on which he had felt that he might hardly hope for pardon.

"William, William," she said; "how can you serve me like that?" But he had a full understanding as to his own privileges, and was well aware that he was in the right now, as he had been before that he was trespassing egregiously. "Why are you so rough with me?" she said.

"Clara, say that you love me."

"I will say nothing to you because you are so rough."

They were now walking up slowly towards the rocks. And as he had his arm round her waist, he was contented for a while to allow her to walk without speaking. But when they were on the summit it was necessary for him that he should have a word from her of positive assurance. "Clara, say that you love me."

"Have I not always loved you, Will, since almost the first moment that I saw you?"

"But that won't do. You know that is not fair. Come, Clara; I've had a deal of trouble,—and grief too; haven't I? You should say a word to make up for it;—that is, if you can say it."

"What can a word like that signify to you to-day? You have got everything."

"Have I got you?" Still she paused. "I will have an answer. Have I got you? Are you now my own?"

"I suppose so, Will. Don't now. I will not have it again. Does not that satisfy you?"

"Tell me that you love me."

"You know that I love you."

"Better than anybody in the world?"

"Yes;—better than anybody in the world."

"And after all you will be—my wife?"

"Oh, Will,—how you question one!"

"You shall say it, and then it will all be fair and honest."

"Say what? I'm sure I thought I had said everything."

"Say that you mean to be my wife."

"I suppose so,—if you wish it."

"Wish it!" said he, getting up from his seat, and throwing his hat into the bushes on one side; "wish it! I don't think you have ever understood how I have wished it. Look here, Clara; I found when I got down to Norfolk that I couldn't live without you. Upon my word it is true. I don't suppose you'll believe me."

"I didn't think it could be so bad with you as that."

"No;—I don't suppose women ever do believe. And I wouldn't have believed it of myself. I hated myself for it. By George, I did. That is when I began to think it was all up with me."

"All up with you! Oh, Will!"

"I had quite made up my mind to go to New Zealand. I had, indeed. I couldn't have kept my hands off that man if we had been living in the same country. I should have wrung his neck."

"Will, how can you talk so wickedly?"

"There's no understanding it till you have felt it. But never mind. It's all right now; isn't it, Clara?"

"If you think so."

"Think so! Oh, Clara, I am such a happy fellow. Do give me a kiss. You have never given me one kiss yet."

"What nonsense! I didn't think you were such a baby."

"By George, but you shall;—or you shall never get home to tea to-night. My own, own, own darling. Upon my word, Clara, when I begin to think about it I shall be half mad."

"I think you are quite that already."

"No, I'm not;—but I shall be when I'm alone. What can I say to you, Clara, to make you understand how much I love you? You remember the song, 'For bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me down and dee.' Of course it is all nonsense talking of dying for a woman. What a man has to do is to live for her. But that is my feeling. I'm ready to give you my life. If there was anything to do for you, I'd do it if I could, whatever it was. Do you understand me?"

"Dear Will. Dearest Will."

"Am I dearest?"

"Are you not sure of it?"

"But I like you to tell me so. I like to feel that you are not ashamed to own it. You ought to say it a few times to me, as I have said it so very often to you."

"You'll hear enough of it before you've done with me."

"I shall never have heard enough of it. Oh, heavens, only think, when I was coming down in the train last night I was in such a bad way."

"And are you in a good way now?"

"Yes; in a very good way. I shall crow over Mary so when I get home."

"And what has poor Mary done?"

"Never mind."

"I dare say she knows what is good for you better than you know yourself. I suppose she has told you that you might do a great deal better than trouble yourself with a wife."

"Never mind what she has told me. It is settled now;—is it not?"

"I hope so, Will."

"But not quite settled as yet. When shall it be? That is the next question."

But to that question Clara positively refused to make any reply that her lover would consider to be satisfactory. He continued to press her till she was at last driven to remind him how very short a time it was since her father had been among them; and then he was very angry with himself, and declared himself to be a brute. "Anything but that," she said. "You are the kindest and the best of men;—but at the same time the most impatient."

"That's what Mary says; but what's the good of waiting? She wanted me to wait to-day."

"And as you would not, you have fallen into a trap out of which you can never escape. But pray let us go. What will they think of us?"

"I shouldn't wonder if they didn't think something near the truth."

"Whatever they think, we will go back. It is ever so much past nine."

"Before you stir, Clara, tell me one thing. Are you really happy?"

"Very happy."

"And are you glad that this has been done?"

"Very glad. Will that satisfy you?"

"And you do love me?"

"I do—I do—I do. Can I say more than that?"

"More than anybody else in the world?"

"Better than all the world put together."

"Then," said he, holding her tight in his arms, "show me that you love me." And as he made his request he was quick to explain to her what, according to his ideas, was the becoming mode by which lovers might show their love. I wonder whether it ever occurred to Clara, as she thought of it all before she went to bed that night, that Captain Aylmer and William Belton were very different in their manners. And if so, I must wonder further whether she most approved the manners of the patient man or the man who was impatient.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CONCLUSION.

ABOUT two months after the scene described in the last chapter, when the full summer had arrived, Clara received two letters from the two lovers, the history of whose loves have just been told, and these shall be submitted to the reader, as they will serve to explain the manner in which the two men proposed to arrange their affairs. We will first have Captain Aylmer's letter, which was the first read; Clara kept the latter for the last, as children always keep their sweetest morsels.

"Aylmer Park, August, 186—.

"MY DEAR MISS AMEDROZ,

"I heard before leaving London that you are engaged to marry your cousin, Mr. William Belton, and I think that perhaps you may be satisfied to have a line from me to let you know that I quite approve of the marriage." "I do not care very much for his

approval or disapproval," said Clara as she read this. "No doubt it will be the best thing you can do, especially as it will heal all the sores arising from the entail." "There never was any sore," said Clara. "Pray give my compliments to Mr. Belton, and offer him my congratulations, and tell him that I wish him all happiness in the married state." "Married fiddlestick!" said Clara. In this she was unreasonable; but the euphonious platitudes of Captain Aylmer were so unlike the vehement protestations of Mr. Belton that she must be excused if by this time she had come to entertain something of an unreasonable aversion for the former.

"I hope you will not receive my news with perfect indifference when I tell you that I also am going to be married. The lady is one whom I have known for a long time, and have always esteemed very highly. She is Lady Emily Tagmaggert, the youngest daughter of the Earl of Mull." Why Clara should immediately have conceived a feeling of supreme contempt for Lady Emily Tagmaggert, and assured herself that her ladyship was a thin, dry, cross old maid with a red nose, I cannot explain; but I do know that such were her thoughts, almost instantaneously, in reference to Captain Aylmer's future bride. "Lady Emily is a very intimate friend of my sister's; and you, who know how our family cling together, will feel how thankful I must be when I tell you that my mother quite approves of the engagement. I suppose we shall be married early in the spring. We shall probably spend some months every year at Perivale, and I hope that we may look forward to the pleasure of seeing you sometimes as a guest beneath our roof." On reading this Clara shuddered, and made some inward protestation which seemed to imply that she had no wish whatever to re-visit the dull streets of the little town with which she had been so well acquainted. "I hope she'll be good to poor Mr. Possitt," said Clara, "and give him port wine on Sundays."

"I have one more thing that I ought to say. You will remember that I intended to pay my aunt's legacy immediately after her death, but that I was prevented by circumstances which I could not control. I have paid it now into Mr. Green's hands on your account, together with the sum of £59 18s. 3d., which is due upon it as interest at the rate of five per cent. I hope that this may be satisfactory." "It is not satisfactory at all," said Clara, putting down the letter, and resolving that Will Belton should be instructed to repay the money instantly. It may, however, be explained here that in this matter Clara was doomed to be disappointed; and that she was forced, by Mr. Green's arguments, to receive the money. "Then it shall go to the hospital at Perivale," she declared when those arguments were used. As to that, Mr. Green was quite indifferent, but I do not think that the legacy which troubled poor Aunt Winterfield so much on her dying bed was ultimately applied to so worthy a purpose.

"And now, my dear Miss Amedroz," continued the letter, "I will

say farewell, with many assurances of my unaltered esteem, and with heartfelt wishes for your future happiness. Believe me to be always,

“Most faithfully and sincerely yours,

“FREDERIC F. AYLMER.”

“Esteem!” said Clara, as she finished the letter. “I wonder which he esteems the most, me or Lady Emily Tagmaggert. He will never get beyond esteem with any one.”

The letter which was last read was as follows :—

“Plaistow, August, 186—.

“DEAREST CLARA,

“I don’t think I shall ever get done, and I am coming to hate farming. It is awful lonely here, too, and I pass all my evenings by myself, wondering why I should be doomed to this kind of thing, while you and Mary are comfortable together at Belton. We have begun with the wheat, and as soon as that is safe I shall cut and run. I shall leave the barley to Bunce. Bunce knows as much about it as I do,—and as for remaining here all the summer, it’s out of the question.

“My own dear, darling love, of course I don’t intend to urge you to do anything that you don’t like; but upon my honour I don’t see the force of what you say. You know I have as much respect for your father’s memory as anybody, but what harm can it do to him that we should be married at once? Don’t you think he would have wished it himself? It can be ever so quiet. So long as it’s done, I don’t care a straw how it’s done. Indeed, for the matter of that, I always think it would be best just to walk to church and to walk home again without saying anything to anybody. I hate fuss and nonsense, and really I don’t think anybody would have a right to say anything if we were to do it at once in that sort of way. I have had a bad time of it for the last twelvemonths. You must allow that, and I think that I ought to be rewarded.

“As for living, you shall have your choice. Indeed you shall live anywhere you please;—at Timbuctoo if you like it. I don’t want to give up Plaistow, because my father and grandfather farmed the land themselves; but I am quite prepared not to live here. I don’t think it would suit you, because it has so much of the farm-house about it. Only I should like you sometimes to come and look at the old place. What I should like would be to pull down the house at Belton and build another. But you mustn’t propose to put it off till that’s done, as I should never have the heart to do it. If you think that would suit you, I’ll make up my mind to live at Belton for a constancy; and then I’d go in for a lot of cattle, and don’t doubt I’d make a fortune. I’m almost sick of looking at the straight ridges in the big square fields every day of my life.

"Give my love to Mary. I hope she fights my battle for me. Pray think of all this, and relent if you can. I do so long to have an end of this purgatory. If there was any use, I wouldn't say a word; but there's no good in being tortured, when there is no use. God bless you, dearest love. I do love you so well!

"Yours most affectionately,

"W. BELTON."

She kissed the letter twice, pressed it to her bosom, and then sat silent for half an hour thinking of it;—of it, and the man who wrote it, and of the man who had written the other letter. She could not but remember how that other man had thought to treat her, when it was his intention and her intention that they two should join their lots together;—how cold he had been; how full of caution and counsel; how he had preached to her himself and threatened her with the preaching of his mother; how manifestly he had purposed to make her life a sacrifice to his life; how he had premeditated her incarceration at Perivale, while he should be living a bachelor's life in London! Will Belton's ideas of married life were very different. Only come to me at once,—now, immediately, and everything else shall be disposed just as you please. This was his offer. What he proposed to give,—or rather his willingness to be thus generous, was very sweet to her; but it was not half so sweet as his impatience in demanding his reward. How she doted on him because he considered his present state to be a purgatory! How could she refuse anything she could give to one who desired her gifts so strongly?

As for her future residence, it would be a matter of indifference to her where she should live, so long as she might live with him; but for him,—she felt that but one spot in the world was fit for him. He was Belton of Belton, and it would not be becoming that he should live elsewhere. Of course she would go with him to Plaistow Hall as often as he might wish it; but Belton Castle should be his permanent resting place. It would be her duty to be proud for him, and therefore, for his sake, she would beg that their home might be in Somersetshire.

"Mary," she said to her cousin soon afterwards, "Will sends his love to you."

"And what else does he say?"

"I couldn't tell you everything. You shouldn't expect it."

"I don't expect it; but perhaps there may be something to be told."

"Nothing that I need tell,—specially. You, who know him so well, can imagine what he would say."

"Dear Will! I am sure he would mean to write what was pleasant."

Then the matter would have dropped had Clara been so minded;

—but she, in truth, was anxious to be forced to talk about the letter. She wished to be urged by Mary to do that which Will urged her to do;—or, at least, to learn whether Mary thought that her brother's wish might be gratified without impropriety. "Don't you think we ought to live here?" she said.

"By all means,—if you both like it."

"He is so good,—so unselfish, that he will only ask me to do what I like best."

"And which would you like best?"

"I think he ought to live here because it is the old family property. I confess that the name goes for something with me. He says that he would build a new house."

"Does he think he could have it ready by the time you are married?"

"Ah;—that is just the difficulty. Perhaps, after all, you had better read his letter. I don't know why I should not show it to you. It will only tell you what you know already,—that he is the most generous fellow in all the world." Then Mary read the letter. "What am I to say to him?" Clara asked. "It seems so hard to refuse anything to one who is so true, and good, and generous."

"It is hard."

"But you see my poor, dear father's death has been so recent."

"I hardly know," said Mary, "how the world feels about such things."

"I think we ought to wait at least twelve months," said Clara, very sadly.

"Poor Will! He will be broken hearted a dozen times before that. But then, when his happiness does come, he will be all the happier." Clara, when she heard this, almost hated her cousin Mary,—not for her own sake, but on Will's account. Will trusted so implicitly to his sister, and yet she could not make a better fight for him than this! It almost seemed that Mary was indifferent to her brother's happiness. Had Will been her brother, Clara thought, and had any girl asked her advice under similar circumstances, she was sure that she would have answered in a different way. She would have told such a girl that her first duty was owing to the man who was to be her husband, and would not have said a word to her about the feeling of the world. After all, what did the feeling of the world signify to them, who were going to be all the world to each other?

On that afternoon she went up to Mrs. Askerton's; and succeeded in getting advice from her also, though she did not show Will's letter to that lady. "Of course, I know what he says," said Mrs. Askerton. "Unless I have mistaken the man, he wants to be married to-morrow."

"He is not so bad as that," said Clara.

"Then the next day, or the day after. Of course, he is impatient,

and does not see any earthly reason why his impatience should not be gratified."

"He is impatient."

"And I suppose you hesitate because of your father's death."

"It seems but the other day;—does it not?" said Clara.

"Everything seems but the other day to me. It was but the other day that I myself was married."

"And, of course, though I would do anything I could that he would ask me to do——"

"But would you do anything?"

"Anything that was not wrong I would. Why should I not, when he is so good to me?"

"Then write to him, my dear, and tell him that it shall be as he wishes it. Believe me, the days of Jacob are over. Men don't understand waiting now, and it's always as well to catch your fish when you can."

"You don't suppose I have any thought of that kind?"

"I am sure you have not;—and I'm sure that he deserves no such thought;—but the higher his deserts, the greater should be his reward. If I were you, I should think of nothing but him, and I should do exactly as he would have me." Clara kissed her friend as she parted from her, and again resolved that all that woman's sins should be forgiven her. A woman who could give such excellent advice deserved that every sin should be forgiven her. "They'll be married yet before the summer is over," Mrs. Askerton said to her husband that afternoon. "I believe a man may have anything he chooses to ask for, if he'll only ask hard enough."

And they were married in the autumn, if not actually in the summer. With what precise words Clara answered her lover's letter I will not say; but her answer was of such a nature that he found himself compelled to leave Plaistow, even before the wheat was garnered. Great confidence was placed in Bunce on that occasion, and I have reason to believe that it was not misplaced. They were married in September;—yes, in September, although that letter of Will's was written in August, and by the beginning of October they had returned from their wedding trip to Plaistow. Clara insisted that she should be taken to Plaistow, and was very anxious when there to learn all the particulars of the farm. She put down in a little book how many acres there were in each field, and what was the average produce of the land. She made inquiry about four-crop rotation, and endeavoured, with Bunce, to go into the great subject of stall-feeding. But Belton did not give her as much encouragement as he might have done. "We'll come here for the shooting next year," he said; "that is, if there is nothing to prevent us."

"I hope there'll be nothing to prevent us."

"There might be, perhaps; but we'll always come if there is not."

For the rest of it, I'll leave it to Bunce, and just run over once or twice in the year. It would not be a nice place for you to live at long."

"I like it of all things. I am quite interested about the farm."

"You'd get very sick of it if you were here in the winter. The truth is, that if you farm well you must farm ugly. The picturesque nooks and corners have all to be turned inside out, and the hedgerows must be abolished, because we want the sunshine. Now, down at Belton, just about the house we won't mind farming well, but will stick to the picturesque."

The new house was immediately commenced at Belton, and was made to proceed with all imaginable alacrity. It was supposed at one time,—at least Belton himself said that he so supposed,—that the building would be ready for occupation at the end of the first summer; but this was not found to be possible. "We must put it off till May, after all," said Belton, as he was walking round the unfinished building with Colonel Askerton. "It's an awful bore, but there's no getting people really to pull out in this country."

"I think they've pulled out pretty well. Of course you couldn't have gone into a damp house for the winter."

"Other people can get a house built within twelve months. Look what they do in London."

"And other people with their wives and children die in consequence of colds and sore throats and other evils of that nature. I wouldn't go into a new house, I know, till I was quite sure it was dry."

As Will at this time was hardly ten months married, he was not as yet justified in thinking about his own wife and children; but he had already found it expedient to make arrangements for the autumn, which would prevent that annual visit to Plaistow which Clara had contemplated, and which he had regarded with his characteristic prudence as being subject to possible impediments. He was to be absent himself for the first week in September, but was to return immediately after that. This he did; and before the end of that month he was justified in talking of his wife and family. "I suppose it wouldn't have done to have been moving now,—under all the circumstances," he said to his friend, Mrs. Askerton, as he still grumbled about the unfinished house.

"I don't think it would have done at all, under all the circumstances," said Mrs. Askerton.

But in the following spring or early summer they did get into the new house;—and a very nice house it was, as will, I think, be believed by those who have known Mr. William Belton. And when they were well settled, at which time little Will Belton was some seven or eight months old,—little Will, for whom great bonfires had been lit, as though his birth in those parts was a matter not to be

regarded lightly; for was he not the first Belton of Belton who had been born there for more than a century?—when that time came visitors arrived at the new Belton Castle, visitors of importance, who were entitled to, and who received, great consideration. These were no less than Captain Aylmer, member for Perivale, and his newly-married bride, Lady Emily Aylmer, *née* Tagmaggert. They were then just married, and had come down to Belton Castle immediately after their honeymoon trip. How it had come to pass that such friendship had sprung up,—or rather, how it had been revived,—it would be bootless here to say. But old alliances, such as that which had existed between the Aylmer and the Amedroz family, do not allow themselves to die out easily, and it is well for us all that they should be long-lived. So Captain Aylmer brought his bride to Belton Park, and a small fatted calf was killed, and the Askertons came to dinner,—on which occasion Captain Aylmer behaved very well, though we may imagine that he must have had some misgivings on the score of his young wife. The Askertons came to dinner, and the old rector, and the squire from a neighbouring parish, and everything was very handsome and very dull. Captain Aylmer was much pleased with his visit, and declared to Lady Emily that marriage had greatly improved Mr. William Belton. Now Will had been very dull the whole evening, and very unlike the fiery, violent, unreasonable man whom Captain Aylmer remembered to have met at the station hotel of the Great Northern Railway.

“I was as sure of it as possible,” Clara said to her husband that night.

“Sure of what, my dear?”

“That she would have a red nose.”

“Who has got a red nose?”

“Don’t be stupid, Will. Who should have it but Lady Emily?”

“Upon my word I didn’t observe it.”

“You never observe anything, Will; do you? But don’t you think she is very plain?”

“Upon my word I don’t know. She isn’t as handsome as some people.”

“Don’t be a fool, Will. How old do you suppose her to be?”

“How old? Let me see. Thirty, perhaps.”

“If she’s not over forty, I’ll consent to change noses with her.”

“No;—we won’t do that; not if I know it.”

“I cannot conceive why any man should marry such a woman as that. Not but what she’s a very good woman, I dare say; only what can a man get by it? To be sure there’s the title, if that’s worth anything.”

But Will Belton was never good for much conversation at this hour, and was too fast asleep to make any rejoinder to the last remark.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JAVA.

If ever political, geographical, statistical, and commercial ignorance were exhibited in all its mischievousness,—if ever to that ignorance national interests were sacrificed, it was by the treaties which followed the overthrow of Napoleon the First, as settled by the so-called Great Powers of Europe. Those indeed were the days when it was no disgrace for a great English statesman to believe that Demerara was an island; for Parliament to declare that a bank-note and a shilling were equal in value to a guinea in gold, which sold for more than thirty shillings in the public market; when rotten boroughs were proclaimed the strongholds of the British Constitution, and the whole theory of trade was to keep our neighbours poor in order to make ourselves rich. Those were the days in which our plenipotentiaries dreamed that the Dutch possessions in the West Indies were of greater value to us than those of the East, and that it was a sagacious bargain to surrender the grand archipelago of the Oriental world if we could only secure the unhealthy swamps and sands of what is now known by the name of British Guyana. The cession was made, and we may now inquire if Netherlands India, with a population of thirty millions, and under a selfish system of colonial policy, gives a gross revenue of eight millions sterling to the Dutch, what would have been the results to the natives, to our own country, and to the world at large, if a generous and enlightened free trade policy had extended its benignant influences to regions the most fertile, to races the most teachable, and to a central geographical position without a parallel? In the progress of time, and under the irresistible evidence of the glorious results which have accompanied the emancipation of Great Britain and some of her colonies from ancient commercial thralldom, there has been some relaxation of the restrictions formerly imposed, some diminution of the distrust and jealousy with which the presence of “intrusive strangers” has been regarded by the Hollanders. Happily, the protecting is generally less potent than the invading influence; there are interests more powerful than laws, there are forces which break down all barriers, there are wants that will be supplied in spite of all prohibitions; and it is generally found that the wisest legislation is to give the earliest sanction and authority to that policy which, representing the general good, or to use a phrase familiar to the Dutch, *To't nut van t'Algerneen*, is, in the field of economy, as certain to prevail in the end as is philosophical truth in any of the departments of science.

There are few monarchs in the East or West who are the possessors

of so much power and the objects of so much reverence as the Viceroy of the Dutch Indian archipelago. As regards the extent of territory over which he rules, the number of the population, the amount of revenue and expenditure, his sway is far more ample than that of his master at the Hague, and his field of usefulness beyond all comparison wider. For though, as in the case of British India, the supreme authority is concentrated at home, the practical government—the government which most nearly concerns the aboriginal races—is dependent on the aptitudes of the local functionary. The broad outlines of a theory of administration may be laid down in Europe, but it is their application to circumstances in Asia with which the people have most to do. A good ruler with a bad system may create more happiness, and prevent more misery, than under a good system will be brought about by a bad ruler; and it is especially in remote regions that “whatever is best administered is best,” while it often fails to be true that “whatever is best is best administered.” If it be difficult for England to furnish to her Oriental presidencies an adequate supply of able and trustworthy European functionaries, Holland is still less capable of doing so, and the wretched condition of many parts of her dependencies shows how very differently the same principles of legislation are dealt with in different districts, and how unlike are their results.

External marks of respect for the presence of the Governor-General are rigidly exacted, and indeed have become habitual among the people. Even the Chinese—who in their own country generally avoid showing any regard for the passage of a mandarin, except by running away from the lictors who announce his advent,—the Chinese in Java join in the general salutations and prostrations. Every other carriage stops when that of the Governor goes by; equestrians descend from their horses till his Excellency has moved on; and the Hollanders extort from the Javanese an exhibition of constant deference. The natives have, in fact, two distinct languages—one (the ceremonial) used to the aristocracy; another (the vulgar) employed among and towards the people. A traveller is struck with the perpetual recurrence of the word “Tuan,” which implies the relationship of master to slave, in the phrases addressed by dependants to those of superior rank, and with the general disposition of the European settlers to exact, and the willingness of the Javanese to pay, those marks of submission which had their origin in ancient habits, among the subject many, of dependence, and of despotism among the privileged few.

The Dutch have generally the reputation of being harsh and severe colonial rulers, and have been in this respect unfavourably contrasted with the Spaniards and the Portuguese; but these latter have always associated missionary with commercial objects, and the zealous monk has been the invariable companion of the military conqueror and the

adventurous merchant. These ecclesiastics sharing the power, and to some extent directing the policy of the invader, have been the protectors of those whom it was their object to conciliate and to convert. But the Hollander had no thought other than that of pecuniary benefit; it was a habit with him, and, indeed, almost a law, to leave the rites and the religions of the infidels unmolested. Not only were they unwilling to meddle with matters of faith themselves, but they absolutely interdicted the intrusion of Christian teaching by the missionaries of other nations. One of the ablest men with whom I came into communication in the East informed me that he had found in two Arabic words—*Kitab* (the Book), and *Kesmet* (fate)—the most potent and available instruments of authority among the Javanese, who are generally passionate professors of Mahomedanism. As in China I have seen a controversy instantly settled and a desired object accomplished by a happy quotation from the writings of their great sage, so a verse from the Koran, or a fit reference to the decrees of inevitable destiny, has often been of more avail than the force of arms or the terrors of law. The first Napoleon understood this, and his addresses to the Mussulmans in Egypt exercised a marvellous fascination upon the fanatical population; nor has the present Emperor of France been unobservant of the mighty influence which an avowed sympathy with Arab theology would create and command, and his most remarkable Algerian proclamations are impregnated with the tone, temper and phraseology of Islamism.

In other respects the Hollanders, as a nation, have been almost always too severely judged and condemned. They have been deemed cold, unamiable, and even inhospitable, inaccessible to strangers, and wholly absorbed in their own nationality. The sentence is not deserved, and would never have been passed by any who had an opportunity of really knowing the general character of the people. The fact is, they are eminently social, cordial, and warm-hearted. There is no country in the world more abounding in works of charity, nor in which institutions for the alleviation of misery, for the diminution of crime, for the dispersion of ignorance, and the diffusion of instruction, are so various and so numerous. But a knowledge of Dutch is an all-important introduction to the amenities and courtesies of domestic life. In the aristocratic classes French is universally understood, but never used except in cases of necessity. The wealthiest burgomaster, the most influential official, is as proud of the literature and language of Holland as is any Parisian of his French, any Spaniard of his Castilian, or any Italian of his Tuscan tongue. The man who can answer "*Ja wel!*" to the inquiry "*Gij spreekt Hollandsch?*" is, in other respects worthy, sure of the most friendly reception into Dutch society; and once admitted there, a universal welcome awaits the stranger.

And if this is true in the European Netherlands, it is still more markedly so in the Dutch colonies. In a visit of many weeks, and traversing the island from one end to the other, it scarcely ever happened to us to enter an inn or a post-house, unless for the change of horses; and the hospitalities, with few exceptions, were not only most generous, but sometimes superfluous, especially when our arrival had been anticipated by our hosts. Among the native rulers there was frequently an ostentatious display of luxury, accompanied by an expression of regret that more could not be done, and a request that our visits should be protracted in order that preparations might be made for hunting and shooting expeditions, and for theatrical and other displays. On one occasion we were invited to be present at a marriage ceremony, performed by the Mahomedan priesthood in a family of rank, and saw for a few minutes the veil removed from the face of the richly-dressed bride, who appeared only fourteen or fifteen years old, and whose conjugal duties were explained to her in the language of the Koran. The manner of life is very varied among the Dutch residents. Some have preserved all the simplicity of ancient days, the women taking not only a directing but an active and manipulating part in the management of the kitchen and the household. The delicate china ware and the bright silver plate are not committed to the custody of servants, but carefully taken from their recesses, and restored thither again, after proper cleansing, by the delicate hands of the *Huisvrouw*. It is not uncommon for a lady to call attention to some *Lekkerspijs*, prepared by her own special self in honour of her guests. But such usages are gradually abandoned. *La cuisine de Paris* invades the world, and the number of culinary *artistes* who, on their French reputations, have made their way to fame and fortune in the far East would form a curious and copious addendum to the history of the celebrities of the times.

A more important invasion, however, than that of French *maitres* and *batteries de cuisine* is that of the Chinese, of whom hundreds of thousands are scattered over the islands of Java, Borneo, Sumatra, and their less known subordinate dependencies. The governor informed me that the annual immigration into Banka was five thousand Chinamen, who replaced an equal number returning yearly to their native land. The miners engaged there in the production of tin are all Chinese, and by the labour of five years a sufficient competence is acquired. Without any interference on the part of the Dutch Government, the yearly demand is supplied with the utmost regularity; and the police needful to preserve order and protect property are in the hands of the Chinese. In the same way the number of Chinese in the island of Java amounts to nearly 150,000. They are ruled by their own laws, choose their own leaders, and seldom come under the cognizance of the Dutch tribunals. There

is scarcely a Chinese female among them, but they intermarry with the native races, and their descendants are imbued with many of the better qualities of their male ancestors—especially habits of industry, perseverance, and economy. The silent, slow, but irresistible influences of a superior order of men in supplanting those of an inferior order, physically or intellectually considered, is easily traceable through all the insular regions of the East. The lower types of man are gradually disappearing; of many of them, in a few generations, not one will be left. Everywhere there is a struggle between strength and weakness; but progress is the universal law: the unteachable pass away—the improvable are improved by education or by the intermingling of a better blood; inertness and idleness are set aside by adventure and activity; and so the great plans and purposes of Providence are accomplished.

In this grand mission of perpetually advancing change, the Chinese races are now performing the most prominent part in the tropical regions of the East. All that Europe can contribute will be the ruling influences represented by a few, whose higher aptitudes for government, greater knowledge, wider experience, hardier perseverance, with more distinct perception of an end in view, and better adaptation of the means for obtaining it, will originate and encourage ameliorations which will gradually descend among the many. The climate must for ever exclude European competition from the field of manual toil. Settlers from temperate regions will never be the actual cultivators of tropical lands, or do more than assist cultivation by the encouragements which capital, improved machinery, organisation of labour, and other facilities may bring. China, from her superfluous and suffering, sometimes starving, population, has poured forth millions to supply the demand for willing hearts and active hands. Hitherto the exodus of the Chinese to foreign countries has been mainly drawn from two provinces, Kwantung and Fookien, seven-eighths of the whole people having furnished no contingent to the local migration. Till of late years the punishment of death was attached to the crime of abandoning the fatherland; and though the law, with all its threats and terrors, was unable to resist the pressure which forced the redundant multitude towards the less peopled regions where their presence was equally valuable and welcome, the emigration of Chinese women was rendered impossible by the state of public opinion, which was quite in harmony with the prohibitory laws. But already wonderful changes are at work. The sanction and the protection of authority is now given to the departure of Chinamen who desire to leave their country, and the adjacency of the British colony of Hong Kong has afforded facilities for the outgoings of numerous families, who seek to improve their condition by settling temporarily abroad—temporarily, for no Chinese will ever abandon the central

flowery land without a determination to return to it, living or dead. Hundreds of thousands have gone back after realising incompetencies, and their example encourages others to follow in their footsteps. Vessels arrive from California, Australia, and other remote parts, bringing the coffined corpses of those whose manes are to be associated with the birth and burial places of their ancestors, and who are to receive from their descendants those funereal rites which are denied to wandering spirits, but which are never wanting to honour the domestic resting-places of the dead. If our colonies have not received all the benefits which the surplus population of China is capable of rendering them, it is from the want of arrangements for discarding the worthless and deteriorating elements which have too frequently leavened the mass with the leaven of disorder and destruction.

The non-doings, undoings, and overdoings of supreme authority in the colonies—in other words, the errors of omission and commission—are generally traceable to our imperfect acquaintance with the ideas and feelings of the people. A mastery of the native language—not merely such as helps us to ask for meat and drink, to issue a domestic order, or to catch vaguely at the meaning of what is addressed to us—but such a knowledge as enables us to *think* in the idiom in which we give expression to the thought, is the first needful element for successful rule; and in this the Hollanders have a great advantage over us. Translated English or translated Dutch will be very imperfect mediums of communication with Indian peoples. The Mahomedan races, especially, have their conversations thoroughly imbued with the phraseology of the Koran, and with perpetual references to the authority of the Prophet. Nothing is more marked in Jewish teaching than that the name of God should be always reverently approached, or wrapt up in a mysterious inaccessibility; and among Christians, frequent appeals to the Godhead have in them a touch of profanity which shocks our religious sentiments. But among the Mussulmans the name of God is interblended with their most habitual colloquies: *Inshallah!* “If Allah will!” is the “yes,” the “so be it,” the “perhaps” of the Arabs. *Yallah!* “O Allah!” is an appeal which bursts forth on every occasion from their lips. *Wallah!* “By Allah!” is the oath constantly employed when emphasis is to be given to an asseveration. *Mashallah!* “With Allah!” the exclamation in the presence of anything wonderful or beautiful. How difficult it is to build these novel associations upon the foundation of European education will be easily perceived. If the style be the man, much more is the language the people.

The notions we form of foreign and remote countries are often very singular; we can hardly fancy they should resemble our own, and are almost always connected with ideas of inferiority. I remember

being asked by a Spanish servant whether hens' eggs were as white in England as they are in Spain. Nothing appears so incredible to a native of the tropics as the tale that we have water hard as a rock, and capable of bearing a man. I was present when a cargo of ice was for the first time brought to a port not far from the equinoctial line. The people looked at it with the same wonder at first as they would have felt had they seen similar masses of crystal. They touched it; the cold was such as they had never before experienced, and the novel sensation filled them with awe and apprehension. But when it dissolved in their hands, they fancied they had unknowingly worked a miracle, and that some demon must have been at the bottom of the mystery. Descriptions of snow, frost, ice, and winter scenery have a singular attraction to the inhabitants of hot regions. These are to them the very romance of nature. In my travels in the interior of Java, I met with a most accomplished lady, who was burning with a desire, about to be gratified, of visiting Europe. "And now tell me of all you hope to see; from what do you expect to receive the greatest pleasure?" "Oh," she answered, "a forest without leaves!" To her, the everlasting green of the tropical woods had become intolerably monotonous; but no doubt the experience of a freezing northern winter would bring back dear remembrances of tropical trees, and fruits, and flowers, even as an Iclander travelling in our temperate climate once said to me, "How can you live without seas, or snows, or storms?"

The Government Post-horse Service is admirably conducted in Java. The horses, though small, are fleet, and the vehicles employed well adapted to their duties. The main roads are for the most part in excellent order. I am not aware of the extent of accommodation provided for ordinary travellers, but in my own case, occupying an official position, and accompanied as I was by an *aide-de-camp* of the Governor-General—who was my guide and introducer—we received an amount of courteous and sometimes even costly attentions not easily forgotten. On landing at Batavia, a light carriage was waiting at the palace, to which six little frisky ponies were attached, and which, conducted by two postillions, set off full gallop on the upward road to Beutenzorg, "Beyond care," about forty miles from the capital. After less than six hours' journey, always on the ascent, we were deposited, after one interruption, at the delightful country abode of the ruler of Netherlands India. Tropical regions have marvellous attractions; many have witnessed the beauty and glory of the vegetable world where heavy rains, and scorching suns, and feracious soil have contributed to its development; but the Beutenzorg park stands out pre-eminent in magnificence—botanical science having turned to the best account the noble raw materials which the neighbouring regions afford in such superfluous abundance.

The mountain torrents pour down their loud music in harmony with the general grandeur, and throw off refreshing water-drops on the trees and bushes by the sides of the streams.

The improved state of the roads in Java is greatly attributable to a strong-minded, but fierce and despotic ruler, Marshal Daandels, who was the governor-general during the Bonapartean sovereignty. Travelling once in the interior, we reached the foot of a precipitous mountain, and our horses having been detached from the carriage, six buffaloes were brought forward and harnessed, in order that the vehicle might be dragged up the steep and rugged road. That such a road should ever have been projected seemed strange; that human effort should have accomplished the work was stranger still. We were told that about eighty years ago, when on one of his ambulatory visits to this district, Daandels found his progress arrested by one of these mountain barriers, which seem peremptorily to say, "No farther!" The Governor-General called the native chiefs of the neighbourhood into his presence—they were six in number—and he told them that he should return in six months, and then expected to cross the mountain in his state carriage. They answered, "the thing was impossible; anything that could be done, should be done, but a road over the mountain was out of the question." Daandels answered, "Well! what I can do is this—and this I will do—half way up the mountain I will have six gallowses erected, one for each of you; and if on this day six months, on my return hither, I do not find the road made, and so made that my carriage can pass safely over it, you six gentlemen will be suspended for disobedience of orders." The road was made; and a slow and heavy work it is even now for the buffaloes to pull a vehicle up the acclivity.

Another of Daandels' deeds was even more remarkable. He insisted on a general prostration in his presence. Every person on foot was ordered to kneel when he passed; every person on horseback or in a carriage to stop and alight, in order to salute him. He published a proclamation declaring that no person whatever should be excused from these prostrations, and that their neglect would subject the offender to a flogging in the public market-place. The order was disobeyed by a member of his own council. He was seized and compelled to submit to the indignity which had been denounced on all offenders. The following day this exasperated functionary invited all his friends to dinner. He told the tale of his ignominy—notorious then to the whole community—and concluded by saying, "And now I have a toast to propose—Death to General Daandels!" No doubt it was the outburst of desperation. The next morning a message came from the Governor-General, commanding the presence of the offender to a dinner at the Palace. Many guests were summoned to attend. In the centre of the table

was a soup tureen. When the party was seated, the Governor rose, and said, "You proposed a toast yesterday." "I did; the toast was—Death to General Daandels!" "You are a courageous fellow, at least, and have told the honest truth, for which I honour you. Now take off the cover of that soup tureen; two pistols are there, one is loaded, the other not. Had you tergiversated, I meant that you should draw one, and I the other, and the triggers should have been pulled while we were standing opposite one another at the table; but give me your hand. Let there be mutual forgiveness. From henceforth we are friends." Whether under the circumstances of the case the mutual stains were becomingly wiped away by the tendered and accepted reconciliation, may be a question for casuists in a court of honour. It might well be doubted whether the hope of being able to shoot your enemy, with the counter-chance of being yourself shot by him, would be a compensation for the outrage of a public flogging. The inquiry was not unfrequently made, "What would you have done?" to which it seemed an appropriate answer, "When such a contingency shall occur, and I am called to occupy either of the personal positions, I will come to a decision; meanwhile the *pros.* and the *cons.* may be fairly discussed." It is not the less a subject for congratulation that the rule of such governors-general as Marshal Daandels in any colony representing European civilisation has passed away.

The materials for studying the power and the produce of volcanic action are found, perhaps, in greater variety, extent, and abundance in Java, than in any other part of the known world. All the mountains bear the evidence of those awful agitations which force their way from the earth's centre to its circumference, and become the safety-valves in their ordinary normal action, or record the terrible explosions when that action is insufficient to give vent to the fierce and fiery element which rests or rages under the crust of our terrestrial sphere. Not at the top of the Tenyer mountain, but along its sides, and at a fluctuating elevation of 6,000 to 7,000 feet, we passed on our way from Samarang to Sourabaya, through a crater of nearly three miles in length, having on each side various rugged elevations; the floor being sometimes hard and rocky, sometimes wavy like the tidal sands, and sometimes so loose as to make progress difficult. The natives speak of the mountain with reverence, one of its volcanic peaks bearing the name of Bramah—a name which, though of Hindoo origin, is associated with feelings of terror, in even the minds of the Mussulmans. In Java, as indeed throughout the oriental world, the new faiths which have been introduced by foreign invaders or settlers, whether Christian, Mahomedan, or Buddhist, are all tainted with the phraseology, and invested with the superstitions, even of pre-historic times.

The mud lakes fling up vast volumes of mingled black earth and water, masses of smoke are seen in the distance; they rise and disappear, while sounds resembling remote thunder accompany the explosions of the filthy springs. As the borders of the lake are approached, the soil gets softer and softer, warmer and warmer, till it merges in an agitated mass of hot mud, from which boiling columns are flung up from a circular mouth in the very centre of the lake, and are scattered all around in successive bursts. The greatest height reached by the jets is about thirty feet. The neighbouring ground is impregnated with the salt which is found in the saline sources of the springs. A demon—in the shape of a water-serpent—is believed to have his abode in the regions under the lake, and its outpourings are but exhibitions of his supernatural powers. There and elsewhere if a traveller desire to obtain any information from the natives he will do well to respect their credulity, and not to stop their narratives by expressions of doubt or disbelief. How often have I seen a willing oriental talker suddenly and hopelessly silenced by a single word which could be construed into a contempt for his religious belief, or an impeachment of his veracity.

In many parts of Java the paths are lighted by jets of fire which burst up from the earth's surface—unextinguishable, or at least never extinguished lamps, whose flames are fed by a perpetual supply of hydrogen, and consumed on reaching the atmosphere of the outer world. The whole character of the scenery of these tropical islands has something mysterious and sublime. Superstition and tradition have connected it with a strange mythology, and given to every uncommon exhibition of the power of the elements a wild and wondrous story of its own. The volcanoes, the fire bursts, the cataracts, the hot springs, the mud lakes have all their separate and special divinities; and an industrious inquirer might gather from the natives matter enough for volumes of romantic tales. What materials hitherto wholly unwrought might be found in the unwritten annals of tropical life! What pictures with the associated scenery of grand mountains; waving forest trees, eternally green in colour, and grotesque in shape, among which from bough to bough the beautiful orchids are suspended, and beetles and butterflies, in colours more radiant than the rainbow, fly about like living, dazzling gems! Then the strange sounds of the tornado winds and the waters, and of the insects, the birds, and the beasts, so unfamiliar to European ears. In the "Paul and Virginia" of St. Pierre, may be found a faint outline of a small fragment of the great tropical whole—a little sketch which is but an imperfect sample of what is to be described. Our painters have done something to bring home to our acquaintance the oriental world; but our poets have failed to reach the latent attractions of that portion of the earth where the productive and

destructive powers of nature act with such wondrous activity, and life and death seem equally busy in the great field of change.

While travelling in the interior of Java, accompanied by one of the native chieftains and his suite, he proposed to show me his power over the crocodiles, and conducted me to the edge of a lake where they congregate in considerable numbers. On the remote side some were basking, and the great man vociferated loudly the words, *Baya ! baya !* " Alligator ! alligator ! come hither ! come hither ! " And certainly a considerable commotion took place, and we perceived several of the monsters leaving their places of rest and hastening towards us. They reached the centre of the lake, we saw their wide jaws open, and something disappeared from the surface, upon which the crocodiles returned to the haunts from whence they came. We afterwards learnt it was one of the practices of the natives to fasten an unfortunate duck to a piece of bamboo, and to set it floating upon the waters, where it served as an attraction to the *baya*, and an amusement to the people, while it was an excellent joke to be exhibited to curious travellers like myself. Immense trouble is taken to provide entertainments for the guests whom the Javanese desire to honour ; they adorn the roads with garlands ; come forth from their villages with dance, music, and song ; arrange tiger hunts for more ostentatious display ; and spare no expense in the exercise of their hospitality. In their domestic receptions the guests are welcomed with baths and table luxuries, with theatrical entertainments, and comfortable couches for repose. Sometimes even a pretty young female is presented for the use of the visitor, nay, I have known more than one offered for selection.

JOHN BOWRING.

AMERICA, FRANCE, AND ENGLAND.

M. TAINE speaks of certain conditions under which society becomes nothing more than *un commerce d'affronts*. Whilst there is reason to hope that the relations between man and man, or class and class, in any society of the present day, cannot be properly characterised as an interchange of insults, it is to be feared that the phrase is, to a sad degree, expressive of the relations subsisting between nations. Here the skies seem always angry, and the volleys of cannon alternate only with the hurtling of recriminations. The historian who shall live when there is a community of nations, will probably, in reading the Blue Books of these years, think of Saurian growlings and gnashings in primæval swamps. It is therefore with a natural anxiety that one of the leading nations is seen holding a brand, and hesitating whether, and whither, to throw it. It is undeniable that the United States stands in this attitude at the present moment, and that the world has reason to await with profound solicitude the decisions of the present Congress as to the foreign policy to be adopted by that nation. I cannot conceive of a legislative assembly gathered under more solemn circumstances than those which surround this Congress, or of one holding in itself more important issues.

Formation, material expansion, centralisation, and an ambition to lead in the affairs of the world, may be traced in history as the successive embryonic phases through which nations pass. Unfortunately history attests also many "arrests" on this line of development. America, however, has thus far advanced well, and has now reached the last form that precedes a settled nationality. Her foreign policy, hitherto relatively of the least, now becomes of the first importance; for while it seems inevitable that she should now be tempted to aspire to a leading position in the world, the temptation is reinforced by some provocations from without, and by certain strong inducements from within. The conditions for a war policy are so obvious that I have little doubt the nations immediately concerned would be in certain expectation of it, were it not for the general belief that there are in America paramount domestic reasons against the adoption of such a policy. Such a course would increase the financial burdens, already very heavy, under which the country is now struggling; it would indefinitely postpone that return to a settled and normal condition of things which trade always craves, and especially after the losses consequent upon war; it would call again from their homes the soldiers who, after the wear and tear of four years of hardship and danger, are

desirous of rest; it would cost more than any probable result of a foreign war could repay; it would involve the possibility of defeat, which would imply a humiliating downfall from the position and prestige which the United States has gained by the thorough suppression of the gigantic rebellion that threatened its existence. Nevertheless, convinced as the writer himself is, by these and higher considerations, that it would be wrong for the United States to enter upon a war with any foreign power, he is equally convinced that there are other considerations calculated to tempt the present Government at Washington to an opposite course, some of which may be briefly stated here.

It is an old idea with rulers that, in certain conditions, a foreign war is conducive to the health of a nation,—an idea which old countries have outgrown, but one that is sure to have powerful advocates in a young one. A civil war, says Lord Bacon, is like the heat of a fever; a foreign one, is like the heat of exercise. It need be no longer a secret that, in the few months succeeding the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and preceding the actual determination to coerce the South into the Union by military power, there was a powerful influence at Washington seeking to superinduce a war with England, with the object of uniting the discordant parties and sections by a direct appeal to the patriotism of both. This concession to the anti-English sentiment—which, for reasons to be hereafter stated, was hitherto confined to the South and its ally, the Northern Democratic party—seemed a fine card to play at that juncture; and if the *Trent* affair could have occurred sooner than it did, that card might have been played. That it was not, at any rate, is due to the moral character of Mr. Lincoln, and to the strong friendship for England of the Chairman of the Senatorial Committee on Foreign Affairs, the Hon. Charles Sumner. It was plain, too, that New England, the centre of friendship for England at that time, would permit no war to be undertaken on such immoral grounds, and at the same time that she was determined to make the crisis that had come an occasion for settling the slavery question for ever. Thus the foreign war project for evading the national emergency was smothered. It was essentially a pro-slavery plan—though it might have encountered a powerful opposition from those Confederates of Virginia and the Carolinas who cared more for separation than for slavery—and had it succeeded in uniting the North and South, slavery would to-day be entering upon a new lease of existence instead of being abolished.

Just now the same temptation recurs. The status of the negro in the South is a subject for agitations and divisions nearly as fierce as those which preceded and resulted in the civil war. The South and its old ally, the Democratic party in the North, are demanding

the return of the Southern States with their governments still committed exclusively to the whites: the Northern Republicans bitterly oppose this, maintaining that the humiliated slaveholders cannot be trusted to legislate justly for the blacks, without whose aid (in the declared opinion of President Lincoln) the rebellion could not have been suppressed. The issue is most important; for, once restored to the position of equal States, the Southern legislatures could—providing only that they did not contravene technically the law against chattel slavery—enact a system of serfdom, and retain the “Black Codes,” which prohibit the education and prevent the elevation of the negroes, the North being powerless to interfere unless another war should arise to arm it with the abnormal right, which it now has, to control the section it has just conquered. The security proposed by the Northern Republicans is to give the negroes votes, which the Southerners and the Democrats furiously oppose. It will be seen at once that this political situation necessitates the continuance of a bitter sectional strife. The arguments of the Southern party about the constitutional rights of States to regulate their own suffrage naturally provoke taunts concerning their four years’ effort to overthrow the constitution; their talk about the inferiority of the negro leads their antagonists to place the barbarities of Andersonville prison by the side of the long patience of the negro; the alleged “unfitness of the negro to vote” is replied to with the *tu quoque* based on the disloyalty of the whites; and so long as this issue is before the country, the Northern press naturally parades every current instance of inhumanity to the negro, and every expression of hatred to the Yankees, of which its correspondents easily find enough in the South. All this of course wakes an angry and defiant spirit there; and thus the country is relegated to the dissension and agitation about the negro which had prevailed without intermission for more than a generation before the war.

There is no doubt that the late President Lincoln foresaw this issue, and he has left on record, in a letter recently published, his determination to have ended the negro agitation for ever by demanding equal rights in the seceded States for the negro. But President Johnson is a very different man. For more than thirty years a Southern slave-holder, a Democratic politician, and a steady voter in the Congress against all New England ideas, he nevertheless—simply from a pride in the old flag—opposed his own section. He vigorously resisted the rebellion, though it can scarcely be said that he clung to the North. The North rewarded his constancy by electing him to the Vice-Presidency. But now that the convulsion is over, he and the country are discovering that sudden changes are rarely thorough. So, in the present controversy on negro-suffrage,

President Johnson takes the side that might be expected of a Tennessean Democrat, and opposes the party which elected him. Of course his cabinet are with him. Nevertheless President Johnson and his cabinet see that either by conceding the last hope of slavery—"a white man's government"—or by some other means, this controversy must terminate, at least for the present, in order that reconstruction, clamorously demanded by the national exchequer and by trade, may take place.

If it has been determined that negro-suffrage shall not be conceded, what "other means" remain? Suppose some great and overpowering national emergency were to occur—one involving the national pride or interest—would it not at once divert attention from the sectional issue? If the Northern and the Southern man should fight side by side for a common cause, against a common foe, for some years—the longer the better—would not old differences be healed? And if to carry on such a war Southern States as well as Northern must furnish quotas of men and money, and raise crops for food, then Southern States must be at once reconstituted; and to effect this at once, must not the country be persuaded to *compromise* on the negro-suffrage question?

The influence at Washington—I need not mention names—which four years ago urged these considerations to prevent utter rupture between North and South, survives to suggest them as furnishing a possible escape from the dilemma of the administration which is hardly strong enough to encounter the present Congress—the most radical one that has ever assembled in America. And to this influence is now added another, urging a new class of considerations in favour of a foreign war; chiefly this: there are a number of able leading men in the South, each influential in his community, who are now in disgrace, and who, if the country settles down to peace, have nothing left but to live on in obscurity, unable to hold office, and without anything to mitigate the deep sense of humiliation or the wounds of pride. The flag at which Lee, Beauregard, Johnstone, Mosby, and many others struck, can float only to bring a shadow upon them. The greatest of them has already hidden himself in a fourth-class college. Already the North asks, Which shall we prefer, the negro who defended, or the white who trampled upon, our flag? A foreign war would be the rehabilitation of these Southern men. Indeed, emigration seems to be almost the only alternative which would enable them to emerge from their disgrace with the American people, recover position, and claim rights as defenders of the nation. Moreover, it is not at all certain but that they might—particularly in the case of a war with England—be able to cast a part of the cloud under which they now sit upon the people and leaders of New England, who have never applauded the motto, "Our

country, right or wrong," and who assuredly could not be brought to fight with anything like the earnestness lately displayed in their war with slavery, in an unnecessary or a doubtful war—not at all in one whose political objects would be precisely those which are most repulsive to the strong moral sense of that section.

My belief is that New England and the North-West may be relied upon to oppose any undisguised postponement by compromise of the negro question; and if their Government should attempt to bring on a foreign war for the purpose of suppressing the agitation of that question, there would not be wanting clear-headed men to repeat throughout the country the story of how the original colonies compromised on the negro question in order that they might form a Union "for the common defence,"—that is, present an unbroken front to George III. should he seek to subjugate them,—and how that compromise has proved to have been pregnant with wrongs and agonies which make the tea-tax of our fathers ridiculous. To keep off King George they bowed to King Slavery: their posterity, still groaning under the terrible results of that "policy," will be very unlikely to extemporise a King George for the purpose of repeating the blunder. When, however, the restoration of the Southern people and leaders, and the re-pledging them to the Union, are added to the first consideration, the North-West, to whose prosperity the loyalty of the Mississippi river and of both its banks to the Gulf is essential, may not prove to be of inflexible virtue.

A third reason why a foreign war might not be unwelcome to the Washington Government is, that it has now a large army already collected and to a certain extent drilled, which it is deemed inexpedient, for reasons connected with the internal condition of the country, to dissolve at once, and which is likely to be demoralised if it has nothing to do. Nor would the people of America be willing to support a large army and navy in idleness. And in this connection it may be said that whilst the rank and file of the American military force would be glad to remain, for a long time certainly, in their homes, a war would be more welcome to the vast number of officers whom the late conflict raised from obscurity, and for the most part created, and to the large majority of whom peace is sure to bring the obscurity which it brought them six years ago. The prominent generals of the United States were before the war railroad-presidents, surveyors, lawyers, &c.; hardly one of them, excepting Fremont, had a national reputation. It need not be a matter of wonder that so many among them, General Grant being of the number, are already widely and justly quoted as favourable to a foreign war policy.

As crowning all these considerations it must not be forgotten that the old undying dream of continental occupation, of which the "Monroe doctrine" is the familiar but inexact label, is at present producing

more exasperations and is under fewer restraints than ever before. The Romulus of the United States, whoever he may have been, did not surround the country with any furrow, and the Remuses had not in the first years even to leap, so long as their filibustering expeditions respected those boundaries which the average American regards as the natural ones of his country—*i.e.* the Pacific Ocean on the west, the Atlantic on the east, the Isthmus of Panama on the south, and the North Pole on the north. Since the Mexican war, and in recoil from the meanness and criminality which led to and attended the seizure of Texas, there has been in the United States a moral sentiment able to hold in check the disposition to encroach upon its neighbours, as those representatives of a Democratic administration who met at Ostend a few years ago and proposed to obtain Cuba by fair means or foul, discovered to their cost. But the moral sentiment which would have continued to shelter Mexico would not find a single American to plead its applicability to Maximilian, unless in the reverse of the obvious sense. And since it is understood that the expulsion of Maximilian by the power of the United States means the grateful self-annexation of Mexico (in some way) to the Union, it will be at once seen that the passion for expansion and the moral sentiment of the country jump together in a way that they never did before. On the other hand, whilst the desire for Canada is much feebler than that for Mexico, the restraint of international morality which would have protected it has been removed by the general sense of wrongs received at the hands of England, and the representatives of England in Canada, and by a current belief that annexation to the Union is desired by nearly all of the French Canadians and the Irish.

Whilst these considerations are being urged at Washington, those who are most strongly opposed to a foreign war, and were among the most trusted advisers of President Lincoln—as, for example, the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, before alluded to—are now without the ear of the President, and ranged in hostility to his plan of reconstruction. Of all the reasons that have been mentioned, the consideration which will weigh most strongly with the President and his Cabinet will be the hope of staving off the negro-agitation, and of securing the return of the Southern States without negro-suffrage. If negro-equality were to be placed beyond question by the present Congress, every cloud of war would clear away for the present, and the Mexican Empire would be the only thing concerning which one could anticipate, even at a distant period, any collision between the United States and any nation of the Old World. Hence the friends of peace in America are as anxiously hoping for the settlement of the negro-question on the only basis which can be final, and that will not remit the country to the bitter animosities and agita-

tions of the past, as the friends of war are indifferent to or anxious to evade such settlement. The particular danger is that the Congress will decide to keep out the Southern States without imposing negro-suffrage as a condition of their return, in which case the President might be induced to try and alter the conditions under which the question would come before another Congress, by seeking, as above indicated, to weld the two sections, and purge the South of the stain upon its loyalty, with the fires of a foreign war. I confess that the probabilities affecting the question of war or peace between America and France or England seem to me slightly inclining to the side of war; and I am sure that the internal considerations enumerated, much more than the claim against England, or the Monroe doctrine—whose importance in the case I am far from undervaluing—will be the mainspring of the war policy, if it be adopted.

The next question of interest is whether a hostile movement, if determined upon, will be directed against France or against England.

There is in America a traditional friendliness towards France. At a celebration of the national American Thanksgiving-day, by Americans in Paris, December 7, the heartiest applause was awarded to a toast proposed by General Schofield in these words:—"The old friendship between France and the United States; may it be strengthened and perpetuated!" At the same festival the Hon. John Jay, the chairman, alluded to some of the associations which are stirred in every American's mind when France is mentioned. "Our patriotic assemblage," he said, "in this beautiful capital, amid the splendours of French art and the triumphs of French science, recalls the infancy of our country, and the various threads of association that are so frequently intertwined in the historic memories of America and France. The French element was early and widely blended with our transatlantic blood, and it is a fact that two of the five commissioners who in this city signed the Treaty of Paris in 1783—that treaty by which England closed the war and recognised the American Republic—were of Huguenot descent. In the war now closed, as in that of our Revolution, French and American officers fought side by side, and side by side in our House of Representatives hang—and will continue to hang, as a perpetual memento of the early friendship between the countries—the portraits of Washington and Lafayette. The territory of Orleans, including that vast and fertile valley extending from the gulf to the limits of Missouri, was ceded to us by the First Napoleon almost for a song, and there are still perpetuated in its names, habits, and traditions, pleasant memories of France." Mr. Jay did not, in Catholic France, hint why the Huguenots happened to be in America; he did not bring to any rude test of historic criticism the part played, literally, by the Marquis de Lafayette in the first, or by the young

French chevaliers, who enjoyed their cigars and champagne with McClellan whilst the soldiers of the Union were being massacred before Richmond, in the second revolution; neither did he inquire whether at that time the Emperor of the French was making proposals to England to join him in an intervention favourable to the South, nor remember the hisses and cries in the French Assembly which drowned M. Pelletan's voice when he announced the downfall of Richmond (which M. Pelletan declared—mistakenly, it would appear—were so loud, that they would be heard across the Atlantic). But, in ignoring such questions and crowning his address with the toast "The Emperor of the French," Mr. Jay undoubtedly represented the general determination of his countrymen to put the best construction possible upon everything that France does, and their instinctive disposition to wink at her plainest offences. This disposition must be considered prominently in our calculations of the probable action of the United States upon the Mexican Empire. There can be no doubt that if any other nation than France had established that Empire, the end of the rebellion in America would have been swiftly followed by the march of Federal troops across the Rio Grande.

The Monroe doctrine was of gradual and natural development. The earliest expression of the sentiment out of which it grew was given by the First Napoleon, when he assigned as a chief reason for disposing of the territory of Orleans—the greater part of the Mississippi Valley—on the easy terms in which President Jefferson obtained it, that it was the manifest destiny of that territory to become a portion of the United States. He did but express, however, his perception of a growing feeling for territorial expansion among the Americans. But an element of even paramount importance in this feeling was a dread that the American Republic might have to struggle with powerful and hostile forms of government. The Monroe doctrine was really that for which few Europeans would give it credit—a conservative policy. Explicitly respecting powers already planted on that continent, it affirmed the limits of the right of intervention for itself, as well as for foreign powers. It was meant to be, and was, an especial check upon the westward aggressions of American filibusters, by implying that only their unjust encroachments from abroad could justify interference with other nations. It recommended itself to the most thoughtful men of the last generation in the United States, as the means of keeping for ever out of the Western hemisphere that grim political idol to which the peace of the old world had been so often sacrificed—the "balance of power." It assumed, indeed, the predominance of the United States on that continent, but then the United States opened its arms, its lands, its honours to the people of all nations. The Monroe doctrine was, then, conservative, in that it put a definite check upon the idea of absorbing

surrounding countries, and limited the United States to the idea of predominance. Even this may seem arrogant, but it is difficult to see by what other means the New World could have been saved from becoming the mere duplicate of the Old. To permit the occupation of countries, which the United States has restrained herself from occupying, by foreign governments of forms essentially hostile, necessitates an injurious modification of her own. Any such Power, once admitted and established, must be watched; and to watch it implies expensive fortifications of long frontiers, standing armies, and young men supplying them—things utterly opposed to the spirit in which the American Republic was founded. A few ships might prevent the landing on those shores of a Power which, once fixed there, would require that the Union should become a centralised and military nation. Thus there is no principle that would protect California, or Texas, or Louisiana from French encroachment, that would not have equally protected Mexico. The south-western states have only to be weak to become food for the further growth of “the Latin race,” and the glory of its new Cæsar. Hence garrisons, under General Weitzel, and others, are already on the south-western border, where they must stay so long as the representative of French power stays. The best men in America are persuaded that it would be more favourable to the peace of the world if such garrisons should cease to exist, through the removal of the occasion for them.

The traditional friendship of the United States with France has undoubtedly been strained to the utmost by this invasion of Mexico, and by the circumstances under which it occurred. The subversion of the Mexican Republic was consummated in the face of three unequivocal declarations to the American Minister at Paris, that the Government then existing in Mexico should not be altered by the invasion; it was accomplished at a time when the United States was prevented from having any voice in the matter by the gigantic war which tied her hands; it was for the avowed purpose of building up a rival power on the North American continent; and it selected as the representative of that flagrant defiance of the principle which in America has a sanctity corresponding to that of the “balance of power” in Europe, a prince belonging to a House more unpopular among Americans, and more associated with the oppression of weaker peoples, than any that has reigned on the continent of Europe.

If it should ultimately appear that only by war can the empire thus attempted be expelled, war will surely come. But there are reasons why the United States will strain every nerve to secure that object by negotiation before resorting to armed force. The friendly feeling towards France already adverted to, the equally strong feeling among the Irish and the Roman Catholics generally, and the especial affection and gratitude to France of the Southerners—whom the

foreign war, if undertaken, is expected to rehabilitate—would all make the conflict one for which the American people could have little heart. It would require repeated refusals of any other settlement on the part of Louis Napoleon to generate the amount of popular exasperation requisite for the war. At the same time I doubt not but that General Schofield and others will sufficiently convince the Emperor of the French that the American Government and people will never consent to the permanent existence of a foreign monarchy in Mexico. The willingness to postpone positive action in the matter is enhanced by the consideration that non-recognition and hesitation on the part of the United States, encouraging as they do the Juarists to continue their resistance, injuriously affecting the Mexican loan, and accumulating the expenditure of France, constitute in themselves almost a forcible attack upon Maximilian. There is also something like a superstitious belief among the people that *no* government will stand long in Mexico until it is consigned by destiny to the United States; and I venture to predict that in that direction the United States will pursue the Micawber policy of waiting for something to turn up, and that this policy will be presently justified by the evacuation of Mexico by French troops, with Maximilian close upon their heels.

Much as I regret to say it, I cannot deny to myself that a war with England—were there any pretext for it, or anything to be gained by it—would unite all sections and classes in America more effectually than one with any other Power. The *reasons* for a war, so far as they are external, weigh against France; the *feeling*, against England. The traditional feeling in America toward England has been the reverse of what it has been toward France. The origin of this anti-English feeling is not wonderful. Next to those portraits of Washington and Lafayette, mentioned by Mr. Jay as hanging side by side in the Hall of Representatives at Washington, may be found several pictures of the American generals and English generals standing in less gentle relations to each other. But the resuscitation and increase of the ill-feeling toward England are due to causes which it may be well to explain, for there have been strong commercial and other reasons why all animosities between the countries should long ago have passed away. The jealousies which existed after the separation of 1782, were such as are often witnessed between parties just near enough to each other to make differences irritating—as the right and left wings, or old and new schools of Churches—but these tend to subside as the parties become more and more set and secure in their respective positions. As a matter of fact these jealousies had almost disappeared, and but few traces of them can be found in the generation that preceded this. The cause of the animosity between the Northern and Southern States was the cause also of the revival of an anti-English feeling in America—Slavery. English Quakers were among the first agitators for emancipation in

the Union. The first abolitionist in America—Benjamin Lundy—had by his side Fanny Wright, who established in Tennessee a colony of liberated negroes with the intent of proving that they were fit for freedom. The Anti-Slavery Society, which sprang up in the North, was materially assisted by the English societies; its watch-words were taken from the great anti-slavery leaders of England, and the utterances of Sharpe, Clarkson, Wilberforce, and others, were hurled with tremendous effect against the Southern institution. The Methodists were made to remember that Wesley had pronounced slavery to be “the sum of all villainies;” and everywhere it was held up as a token of the superiority of England that her air was “too pure for a slave to breathe.” When the “pro-slavery re-action,” as it is termed, set in—that is, when the invention of the cotton-gin (about the first part of this century) had gradually quadrupled the value of slaves, and the Southern politicians began to reverse the verdict of Washington, Jefferson, and Henry against slavery *per se*—mutterings against “English abolitionists” began to be heard. The anti-slavery visits, in later times, of William Forster, Joseph Sturge, George Thompson, and other distinguished abolitionists, led to a fierce outcry in the South that her rights and institutions were threatened by “British abolitionists,” “British emissaries,” and “British gold.” The writer can remember when every political gathering in Virginia, his native State, was lashed into fury by the use of these phrases. President Jackson, in a Message to Congress, denounced the interference of “foreign emissaries” with the institution of slavery. Boston, because of its anti-slavery character, was scornfully called “that English city.” The pro-slavery re-action gained a complete sway of the Union about twenty years ago; since which time, until 1860, slavery elected every President, and was represented by large though gradually diminishing majorities in Congress. The commercial classes of the North were its violent adherents on account of the immense value of the Southern trade; and if any merchant became tarnished by a suspicion of his pro-slavery soundness, the *New York Herald* published his name—a proceeding which withdrew all dealings from him, and threatened him with ruin. Thus a vast majority, North and South, came to nourish a deep hostility toward England, for her policy of emancipation in her own colonies, and for her alleged interference with slavery in America. How furious the South was toward England was shown in those disgraceful scenes—not to be reported here—which are said to have attended the attempt of the Prince of Wales to visit Richmond, Virginia, and led to his immediate withdrawal from that city, and a determination to proceed no farther into the Slave States. But meanwhile this feeling had a strong reinforcement. The Irish were thronging to America by thousands, and the Irish vote had become the deciding power in every general election. It is a dreary fact that the Irish elected every American President

from 1844 to 1860. To win that Irish vote a political party had simply to take the ground of violent antagonism to England: that sure card the Democratic party had always been willing to play, and the Irish, almost without exception, voted for it and its *protégé*, Slavery. The denouncers of England in the North were notoriously the leading Democrats, who, for party purposes, fanned the hatred of this country which every Irishman was sure to bring with him to the United States. I have no idea that these demagogues really felt any sympathy with the Irish, or that they knew anything whatever about Ireland or its relations to England, whilst pouring out their invectives against "British tyranny." The Fenians have, perhaps, by this time learned (if a Fenian can learn anything) how much reality there was in this profuse Democratic sympathy for Ireland; but when it is considered that there are five million Irish haters of England in America, and that to obtain this great electoral power the Democratic party has committed itself to every anti-English policy, it will be seen how vast an addition to the hatred of the enraged pro-slavery men has thus been made in these later years.

In all this time the only section of America that could be called friendly to England was New England, such friendliness having been frequently made the occasion for denouncing that group of States. The leading men of New England—Emerson, Channing, Phillips, Sumner, Garrison, Lowell—had been guests in the best English homes, and had entertained English gentlemen. The youth of the colleges and universities of New England were kindling with enthusiasm for Carlyle, Tennyson, Mill, and the Brownings. Along with her anti-slavery influence there went forth also from New England editions of English books and English modes of thought; and as the country at large was, in the years immediately preceding the war, gradually won to an anti-slavery position, England became, if not generally liked, at least the most respected of foreign nations. The virtues of Queen Victoria were especially a subject of frequent eulogium throughout the North; and everything bade fair to bring about a reaction in the feeling towards the people over whom she ruled. Indeed the welcome given to the Prince of Wales at the time of which I now write, bore witness to the existence of a friendlier spirit regarding "the mother country" than any one would have ventured to predict a few years before. The gradual repression of the anti-English prejudice cost the Republicans of the North a long period of political weakness (for they too might have bid for the Irish vote); it was the result of the laborious diffusion of English literature, and I know that it was esteemed by the reflecting Americans to be a victory for mankind.

The reasons why this friendliness has been of late replaced by indignation and anger, in New England as well as elsewhere, are too well known to require much elucidation here. I am quite sure

that if England had known as much about the United States five years ago as she knows now, the present unhappy relations between the two countries could not be subsisting. England sneered at those who had been her friends, who were fighting the last battles of a conflict begun by herself, and gave her sympathies to those who had denounced her for her love of freedom. Not going far enough to do more than repress for a moment the traditional animosity of the South, she went far enough to fill the North with indignant surprise, and has left in both sections a sentiment which might easily find vent in war, if any sufficient object to be gained thereby should present itself. If it were England that had occupied Mexico, war would have been declared against her ere now; hitherto, as I have intimated, whilst the war-interest has pointed to France, the war-feeling in America has been toward England. The feeling of anger towards this country is so universal in the United States that I believe it would be impossible to find amongst its public men, or even its literary men, a single exception from it,—unless it be among a few who, having constant personal intercourse with England, know how little any quick generalisations concerning this country, its character, or its feeling, are likely to be correct. A few protests against the very general denunciation of England may have been uttered there, or sent there by Americans resident here; but they have been lost like chips in the rapids of Niagara. I write these things with profound regret; but I think the facts should be known.

There have been many instances in history where such a condition of popular feeling has required the merest pretext to initiate war. In the present case there is something which is already regarded in America as a sufficient occasion for war (were war desirable), and may be presently regarded as an adequate cause for it. The United States has, although so young as a nation, presented more than a score of "claims" against other nations; and in every case, I believe, these claims have been ultimately adjusted to its satisfaction, though now and then refused at first. The late claim upon the English Government for damages committed by the *Alabama*—for those alone would probably have been insisted upon—meant much more than a pecuniary matter to the Americans. As for the merchants who had suffered losses by Confederate cruisers they were generally men who a few years ago were so patient and resigned when slavery was scuttling human hearts and homes, that many of us smiled with a grim satisfaction at their pathetic emotions when some defenceless sloop with its innocent family of bags and barrels was sent to the bottom. But withal the *Alabama* was regarded as the palpable symbol of that anti-American sentiment which had appeared at the outbreak of the war—a symbol which not the *Kearsage*, but England alone, could sink; and the claim for the losses by her signified also a reclamation for wounds ranking in every American heart.

I have no intention of discussing here the case of the *Alabama*; but the *legal* case as it stands in the correspondence between Earl Russell and Mr. Adams is so different from the *moral* case which is at this moment powerfully agitating the American mind, that it seems to me important to mention a few points recently laid by Mr. George Bemis, the eminent jurist of Boston, before his countrymen, which are more likely to poison the future relations between the two countries than any question raised in the diplomatic discussion referred to. This hitherto unwritten, or rather uncollected, chapter in the history of the *Alabama* is derived from the English Blue Book, and refers to the last two days' stay of that cruiser in British waters, after the Government had decided upon her detention, and after the alleged telegraphic order for her seizure had been sent to the officials of Liverpool.

The *Alabama* left Laird's dock in Liverpool in July, 1862, under pretence of taking out a pleasure party, and went to sea without ever returning to that port again. The American Minister having called upon Earl Russell for an explanation of this, wrote home the following as the statement he received at that interview:—

"His lordship first took up the case of the '290' [the name by which the *Alabama* was first known], and remarked that a delay in determining upon it had most unexpectedly been caused by the sudden development of a malady of the Queen's Advocate, Sir John D. Harding, totally incapacitating him for the transaction of business. This made it necessary to call in other parties, *whose opinion had been at last given for the detention of the gunboat, but before the order got down to Liverpool the vessel was gone.*"¹

In the debate on the escape of the *Alabama*, which occurred in the House of Lords, April 29, 1864, Earl Russell gave this further explanation:—

"The United States Government had no reason to complain of us in that respect [in regard to the escape of the *Alabama*], because we took all the precaution we could. We collected evidence, but it was not till it was complete that we felt ourselves justified in giving the orders for the seizure of the vessel. These orders, however, were evaded. I can tell your lordship from a trustworthy source how they were evaded." [Earl Russell then proceeded to quote a passage from Fullam's 'Cruise in the Confederate States War Steamer *Alabama*' (p. 5), of which the last paragraph ran as follows]:—

"Our unceremonious departure [from Liverpool] was owing to the fact of news being received to the effect that the customs authorities had orders to board and detain us that morning." [Upon which Earl Russell adds]:—

"That was the fact. However the owner came to be informed of it, it is impossible for me to say. There certainly seems to have been treachery on the part of some one furnishing the information."

On the morning of July 29th, 1862, the *Alabama* put out from the Liverpool docks, having on board several ladies and gentlemen of the family of Mr. John Laird, M.P., and enough of other invited guests to make a show of a pleasure party, and was towed by a

(1) The *italics* here and elsewhere, in paragraphs quoted from the Blue Book, are, of course, not in the originals.

steam-tug, the *Hercules*, to a point fourteen miles from Liverpool. There the party was transferred to the *Hercules*, and the Commander of the *Alabama* made an appointment with the *Hercules* to return to Liverpool and bring a large portion of his crew to Beaumaris Bay, about forty miles distant from the town. The *Hercules* reached Liverpool on the evening of the 29th, and anchored for the night. (It may be well to remind the reader here that, so early as July 4th, the British Government had promised Mr. Adams that the Custom House officials at Liverpool should keep a strict watch on the movements of the suspected *Alabama*, and report any further information that could be collected concerning her.) The *Hercules* proceeds to fulfil her errand, but has not completed her shipping of men and warlike equipment until sometime during the morning of the 30th. During the forenoon, some hours before the *Hercules* starts, the American Consul has placed the following note under the eye of the head of the Custom House :—

“ U. S. Consulate, Liverpool, July 30, 1862.

“ Sir,—Referring to my previous communication to you on the subject of the gunboat ‘No. 290,’ fitted out by Mr. Laird at Birkenhead, I beg now to inform you that she left the Birkenhead dock on Monday night [the 28th], and yesterday morning [the 29th] left the river, accompanied by the steam-tug *Hercules*. The *Hercules* returned last evening, and her master stated that the gunboat was cruising off Port Lynas, that she had six guns on board concealed below, and was taking powder from another vessel.

“ The *Hercules* is now alongside the Woodside landing-stage, taking on board men (forty or fifty), beams, evidently for gun carriages, and other things, to convey down to the gunboat. A quantity of cutlasses was taken on board on Friday last.

“ These circumstances all go to confirm the representations heretofore made to you about this vessel, in the face of which I cannot but regret she has been permitted to leave the port, and I report them to you that you may take such steps as you may deem necessary to prevent this flagrant violation of neutrality.

“ Respectfully, I am your obedient servant,

“ THOMAS H. DUDLEY, Consul.

“ The Collector of Customs, Liverpool.”

In response to this urgent appeal, Mr. E. Morgan, Surveyor of the Port, seems to have been sent to visit the *Hercules*. The following is the record of his labours :—

“ Copy of a Letter from Mr. E. Morgan, Surveyor, to the Collector, Liverpool.

“ Surveyor’s Office, 30 July, 1862.

“ Sir,—Referring to the steamer built by the Messrs. Laird, which is suspected to be a gunboat intended for some foreign government,—

“ I beg to state that since the date of my last report concerning her she has been lying in the Birkenhead docks fitting for sea, and receiving on board coals and provisions for her crew.

“ She left the dock on the evening of the 28th instant, anchored for the night in the Mersey, abreast the Canning Dock, and proceeded out of the river on the following morning, ostensibly on a trial trip, from which she has not returned.

“ I visited the tug *Hercules* this morning, as she lay at the landing-stage at

Woodside, and strictly examined her holds, and other parts of the vessel. She had nothing of a suspicious character on board—no guns, no ammunition, or anything appertaining thereto. A considerable number of persons, male and female, were on deck, SOME OF WHOM ADMITTED TO ME THAT THEY WERE A PORTION OF THE CREW, AND WERE GOING TO JOIN THE 'GUNBOAT.'

"I have only to add that your directions to keep a strict watch on the said vessel have been carried out, and I write in the fullest confidence that she left this port without any part of her armament on board; she had not as much as a single gun or musket.

"It is said that she cruised off Point Lynas last night, which, as you are aware, is some fifty miles from this port.

"Very respectfully,
(Signed) "E. MORGAN, Surveyor."

The Foreign Enlistment Act says very plainly that every ship "having on board, conveying, carrying, or transporting" any person or persons "enlisted, or who have agreed or been procured to enlist, or who shall be departing from his Majesty's dominions for the purpose or with the intent of enlisting," "shall and may be seized by the Collector," &c. (Stat. 59 George III. c. 69, s. 6). Mr. Morgan says some of the men on the *Hercules* admitted to him "that they were a portion of the crew, and were going to join the gunboat;" he knows that it is a gunboat, and that it has gone off "*ostensibly* on a trial trip;" and yet we find the following letter sent to the Commissioners of Customs in London:—

"Custom House, Liverpool, 30th July, 1862.

"Honourable Sirs,—Immediately on receipt of the foregoing communication [not given, or perhaps Consul Dudley's, qu.?), Mr. Morgan, Surveyor, proceeded on board the *Hercules*, and I beg to enclose his report, observing that he perceived no beams, such as are alluded to by the American Consul, nor anything on board that would justify further action on my part.

"Respectfully,
(Signed) "S. PRICE EDWARDS."

The following telegram was laid before the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury on the morning of July 29:—

"Liverpool, 29th July, 1862.

"'No. 290.'

"Sir,—We telegraphed you this morning that the above vessel was leaving Liverpool. She came out of dock last night, and steamed down the river between 10 and 11 a.m.

"We have reason to believe she has gone to Queenstown.

"Yours obediently,
"DUNCAN, SQUAREY, & BLACKMORE."

Lastly, here is the record of how, when the horse was stolen, the stable-door was locked:—

"Thirty-first July, 1862, at about half-past seven, P.M.

"Telegrams were sent to the Collectors at Liverpool and Cork [at above date], pursuant to Treasury Order, dated 31st July, to seize the gunboat (290) should she be within either of those ports.

"Similar telegrams to the officers at Beaumaris and Holyhead were sent on the

morning of the 1st August. They were not sent on the 31st July, the telegraph offices to those districts being closed.

"And on the 2nd August a letter was also sent to the Collector at Cork, to detain the vessel should she arrive at Queenstown."

It is noticeable that only on the evening of the 31st of July was any word sent to Queenstown, where, according to the telegram of the 29th, the American agents in Liverpool "have reason to believe she (the *Alabama*) has gone!" And why was no telegram sent to Point Lynas on the night of the 30th? Three days were lost when all depended upon hours. Nay, there have been cases when England, feeling herself aggrieved by such ships, has—as those who remember the cases of the *Terceira* and the *Heligoland* know—pursued and destroyed them even in foreign waters. The feeling was of another kind in this case: the *Alabama* was followed through English and other waters, but with plaudits.

Now all this is far from pleasant reading to an American. Earl Russell himself, as quoted above, has said that there seems to have been "treachery" in the proceeding. Nay, in "Hansard" for February 16, 1864, he will be found to have classified it as a "belligerent operation," and as "a scandal and in some degree a reproach to British law." Is it wonderful then that the United States should prefer a claim, accompanied by a suggestion of arbitration, for the losses by this cruiser, which for a time swept American ships from the seas? Is it wonderful that it should interpret the refusal to admit the claim or the suggestion as a moral confession of judgment? Is it wonderful that, irrespective of the legal points of the case, Americans should perceive in the above facts the expression of a hostile *animus* toward her, as yet unlaidd, so far as any official act is concerned, and that they should, with their deep sense of wrong, be eager to seize an occasion for retaliation?

The liberation of John Mitchell, at the request of the Fenians, by President Johnson, after he (Mitchell) had rendered himself so especially odious to the people of the United States by his treason, was attended with no popular outcry. It could never have been done had there not been a general feeling of resentment toward England. It is a straw only, but it shows the wind to be setting from a tempestuous quarter.

It may be supposed that the very causes which have operated to alienate the Northern States from England would imply a friendship for her in the South; but besides the old animosity of the South toward England, on account of her influence against slavery, she feels bitterly the sympathy of the English masses for the North, the cold shoulder given to her agents at the English Court, the repeated refusals of the British Government to join France in an intervention, and its refusal of any aid to prevent the South being crushed. Thus every class and section in America has a grievance against England.

There are, indeed, men in that country whose thoughts reach beyond the vexations and passions of the moment, who may be counted on to do what they can to prevent such a dire calamity as a war between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race would be. But the fact may not be concealed that by the refusal to submit the case of the *Alabama* to arbitration, in the present state of American feeling, the wildest Irishman who would fire a hemisphere to boil his potatoes is made stronger than the most thoughtful statesman. To a point of ministerial dignity—for the dignity of a nation cannot depend upon shielding the blunders of a Cabinet or the “treachery” of its subordinates—it must be ascribed, that the entrance into Parliament of such friends of the United States as Mill, Hughes, and Fawcett, and of Forster into the Government, does not mark the beginning of an era of good-will between the two nations; that the sunken *Alabama* leaves a brood of her kind to be hatched out by the heat of the next English war, and to resuscitate a semi-barbarous mode of warfare which had seemed about to pass away; and that even this ugly programme is the least disastrous alternative to which the friends of peace can look forward.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

ROBERTSON OF BRIGHTON.¹

FIFTEEN years ago the town of Brighton could boast of two preachers who possessed a real genius for pulpit oratory. One was a clergyman of the Church of England, the other a minister of the Countess of Huntingdon's Connection. These men differed widely in most respects, but they were alike in the power they possessed of riveting the attention of their audience. There are preachers who, like Spurgeon, can attract a crowd of uncultivated or half-cultivated persons, but who utterly repel men of education and refinement. Joseph Sortain, and, in a more striking degree, Frederick William Robertson, could preach the Gospel to the poor as well as to the rich, to the ignorant peasant as well as to the man of genius. Both were perfect gentlemen in manners and in mind; both were men of large imagination, and therefore of large sympathy; both had faces which the casual observer would have termed handsome, but which I should prefer to call beautiful. You may see a perfectly handsome face

(1) *LIFE AND LETTERS OF FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M.A.*, Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, 1847—53. Edited by STOFFORD A. BROOKE, M.A., late Chaplain to the Embassy at Berlin. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, & Co., 1865.

which is unmeaning, unintelligent, even repulsive ; but a beautiful face is an index to the soul, and in gazing at it we think less of the outward form than of the inner light and warmth of which it is the symbol. Sortain's eyes were black and full of tremulous feeling. Robertson's were dark blue, looking out into space, as though in search of something which he could not find. At the time to which I refer, the one was stout, and, owing to a paralytic affection, incapable of much exertion ; the other was lithe, active, and muscular, and walked with a springy motion, as if barely touching the ground as he went. Robertson's voice was rich and manly. Sortain's voice was extremely feeble. At the commencement of his preaching he "spoke small like a woman," or rather with the cracked and unformed voice of a youth of sixteen. It was painful to listen to him, but you could not help listening ; and, by degrees, as he gained power, energy, passion, as he leaned over the pulpit, and the words poured forth rapidly—words often peculiar, but always well selected and suggestive—as illustrations followed one another in swift succession, all bearing upon the main idea of the discourse, his voice gained power and even sweetness of tone, his eyes glowed with enthusiasm "until you almost said his body thought." I have heard people complain that Sortain's sermons contained but one idea, and that they were too brief. They could not well have paid a higher compliment to the preacher. Nobody who ever listened to him wished the sermon over ; nobody, I suspect, ever left his chapel in that hazy, muddled state of mind in which preachers of long sermons leave their hearers ; every one could carry away a distinct conception of the discourse. This gift, seldom possessed by preachers, belonged in a rare degree to Sortain. He knew perfectly well what he had to say, and though his mind teemed with imagery, and his extensive learning enabled him to gather illustrations from every quarter, he knew how to use and not abuse his powers. His taste and judgment were as remarkable as his eloquence, and hence he won the applause of men of highest rank in the literary world. This, be it observed, was not the aim of his preaching, for his object was infinitely higher, but it was one of the results of his preaching. Thus he gained the esteem of such men as Sir James Stephen ; of Lord Macaulay, who in those days might frequently be seen in North Street Chapel ; of Judge Talfourd, who said that even to one who had heard Robert Hall, the influence of his eloquence was wholly unsurpassed ; and of Thackeray, who pronounced him the most accomplished orator he had ever heard in his life. Sortain settled at Brighton in 1830, and lived and preached there almost up to the time of his death, in 1860. Robertson became the Incumbent of Trinity Chapel in 1847, and died in 1853. As far as the public is concerned he may be said to have lived his life in those six years.

Sortain's influence was extended over a far wider space of time, but his power apparently died with him. Robertson, whose brief career at Brighton was throughout one of bodily and mental suffering, has left a name which, as the years roll on, is becoming daily more honoured and more widely known.

He has been dead, as I have already intimated, twelve years, a long and, in most instances, a perilous space of time to elapse between the loss of a distinguished man and the publication of his biography. In this case, however, time has but served to deepen our reverence for an earnest and courageous teacher who dared be true to his convictions in spite of misunderstanding and obloquy. The seed which he sowed while living has germinated since his death, and now there are many thoughtful Christian men, who while differing widely from Robertson on some important points, will gladly acknowledge their indebtedness to one of the most suggestive thinkers and eloquent preachers of modern times. His thoughts were so truly the expression of his life, his words sprang so naturally from the fire that burned within him, that they have in them a vital force, a spiritual power, the influence of which is as extensive as it is deep-seated. And the reason of this influence may be gathered from the record which Mr. Brooke has compiled with singular modesty and good taste.

The external incidents of the life are barren of interest. It is only what he made of them, or what they made him, that gives them any importance. He was born in London, in the year 1816. His father, who is still living, was a captain in the Royal Artillery; and the first five years of the boy's life were passed at Leith Fort. It was a happy childhood, and he remembered it with joy in after years. "My pony," he writes, "and my cricket, and my rabbits, and my father's pointers, and the days when I proudly carried his game-bag, and my ride home with the old gamekeeper by moonlight in the frosty evenings, and the boom of the cannon, and my father's orderly, the artilleryman who used to walk with me hand in hand—these are my earliest recollections." In 1821 his father retired on half-pay, and settled at Beverley, in Yorkshire, where for some years he undertook the education of his children. One year was spent in France, where young Robertson "laid the foundation of his accurate knowledge of the French language," and at the age of sixteen he was placed in the New Academy, Edinburgh. The boy was manly in his tastes, and delighted in active exercise and country enjoyments. He excelled in all out-door games, and was the leader of the daring exploits of his companions. He was also an indefatigable student. The self-depreciation which marked his character through life was apparent even at this early period. At the end of the first session he gained the first prizes for

Latin verse, English prose, the French language, and French recitation, and very nearly won the prize awarded to the best Greek scholar; yet he writes as if he had formed a low estimate of his powers. "His mother said of him, 'I never knew him tell a lie;' and he would rather have lost every prize at the academy, than owe one to foreign help, or to the usual aid which boys seek from translations."

The brief narrative of his school days presents to us the picture of a noble-hearted, ingenuous boy, sensitive and diffident, but full of English pluck, and possessing great physical and moral courage. At eighteen it became necessary to choose a profession, but Robertson's choice had been made long before. He was a soldier's son, and had a soldier's spirit. "I was rocked and cradled," he writes, "to the roar of artillery, and the very name of such things sounds to me like home. A review, suggesting the conception of a real battle, impresses me to tears; I cannot see a regiment manœuvre, nor artillery in motion, without a choking sensation."¹ Yet it was not the brilliant spectacle of a military life which attracted him, it was rather the chivalric spirit of ancient knighthood, prompting to the defence of home and hearth, to the redress of wrong, to the resignation of all selfish aims, and to the self-denial and obedience required in the military service. All his life long, it is said, he was a soldier at heart, and Mr. Brooke adds, "Those who have heard him speak of battle—battle not as an incident of mere war, but as the realisation of death for a noble cause—will remember how his lips quivered, and his eyes flashed, and his voice trembled with restrained emotion." His father thought that his deep religious feeling would render a barrack life painful to him, but Robertson "could not believe that there were any real barriers against his entrance into it; on the contrary, with his usual desire for some positive outward evil to contend with, he imagined that it was his peculiar vocation to bear witness to God, to set the example of a pure Christian life in his corps, to be the Cornelius of his regiment." At this time he had splendid health, he was a first-rate rider, a capital shot, and a good draughtsman; his figure was manly, and his physical courage unquestionable. Who can doubt that such a man, had the opportunity offered, would have distinguished himself as a soldier? Two years were devoted to the study of the military profession; but he was destined for a sterner warfare, and never did any man enter the Church of England with a profounder conviction that he had a Captain to serve and a life-long battle to fight. And his whole course was a struggle. Truth to him was dearer than party, dearer than friends, dearer than life itself. Never did

(1) "Often," says his biographer, "with most unclerical emphasis did he express his wish to die sword in hand against a French invader."

any one detest more heartily, all shams, and subterfuges, and conventionalisms; never did clergyman, while reverencing above all other the Church in which he was minister, possess less of a sectarian spirit. He pleased no party, for he belonged to none; and as no section of the religious world could claim him, he suffered from the misrepresentations of all. At Oxford, we are told, he read steadily, but not severely, and never aspired to collegiate honours. He led a retired life, and made few friendships, chilled, it seems, by the atmosphere of the place. His views at this time were "evangelical," with a leaning to moderate Calvinism, and for these views there was little sympathy at Brazenose. Efforts were made to bring him over to the Tract school; and the self-denial and devotion of the Tractarian clergy created a feeling of interest and sympathy. Nothing more than this, however; their creed could not satisfy his intellect, and while he honoured their practical piety, he regarded their special dogmas as erroneous.

Mr. Brooke speaks of the purity of heart which distinguished Robertson in youth and in manhood. It was shown in the chivalric spirit which animated his love of God, of his country, and of woman. The young man of twenty was a Christian knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*, cleaving instinctively to all that is true and honourable and of good report, and hating with the vehemence of a strong and passionate nature every mark of irreverence, of selfish indifference to the interests of England, of immodesty and libertinism. To him thus early in life and through all the changes of his views, Jesus Christ was not only a Divine Saviour, but a tender human friend. "His love to Christ," says Mr. Brooke, "coloured and pervaded every thought, was an unceasing presence with him, lay at the foundation of every endeavour, and was brought to bear on every action in life, on every book he read, and almost on every word he spoke." It was the same spirit too, that led him in later life to side so gallantly, some will say rashly, with men of all views, so long as he held them to be truthful and sincere. A man out of favour either in the political or religious world, was almost sure to find a champion in Robertson, if his purpose were honest and his conduct unselfish. "I hold," he once wrote, "to heart, to manhood, and nobleness, not correct expression. I try to judge words and actions by the man, not the man by his words and actions. . . . By standing by a man, I mean not adopting his views if they are not our own, but tolerating them, and that to an almost unlimited extent—unlimited at least in comparison with the limits which the most liberal I know propose." The following passage from the same letter is equally characteristic:—

"I wish to God we had a little soldiers' spirit in our Church! . . . No! the Church of England will endure no chivalry, no *dash*, no effervescing en-

thusiasm. She cannot turn it to account, as Rome turns that of her Loyolas and Xaviers. We hear nothing but sober prosaic routine; and the moment any one with heart and nerve fit to be leader of a forlorn hope appears, we call him a dangerous man, and exasperate him by cold unsympathising reproofs, till he becomes a dissenter and a demagogue. . . . Well, I suppose God will punish us, if in no other way, by banishing from us all noble spirits, like Newman and Manning in one direction, and men like Kingsley in another, leaving us to flounder in the mud of common-place, unable to rise or sink above the dead level."

In 1840 Robertson was ordained at Winchester by the Bishop of the diocese, and in that city he commenced his clerical career. He worked hard, studying Hebrew and biblical criticism¹ in the morning, and in the afternoon visiting the poor in the closest and dirtiest streets of the city. He devoted himself to his duties with a self-denial which might be termed ascetic, secluding himself from society, regulating his conduct with severe restraints, and spending much of his time in reading devotional books "of that class which rather tend to weaken than to strengthen character." He fell, says Mr. Brooke, "into a habit of unwise self-dissection; and," he adds, "that the sermons preached in Winchester do not, to the *reader*, foretell his future excellence. One year of hard work passed, and then ill-health forced him to seek for a change on the Continent. He did not travel farther than Geneva, for there he met, and after a short acquaintance married, the daughter of an English baronet. After this he returned to England, and, when his health was sufficiently restored, took duty at Cheltenham as curate to the Rev. Archibald Boyd. In this position he remained for nearly five years. He suffered much from morbid sensitiveness, and at this period "thought himself debarred from all participation in any of the manlier sports which, by bracing his physical frame, would have counteracted his over-excitableness of mental temperament." He considered his work a failure, and made himself miserable by his scrupulosity of conscience. And yet at this very time he was working with energy and success, cordially welcomed everywhere, listened to by rustics as well as more cultivated hearers with the keenest delight, and devoting himself to the poor and to all who claimed sympathy and succour. He was an eloquent talker, and needed the stimulus and excitement caused by other minds. Yet, "in the drawing-room he would separate himself from those he liked

(1) All his life long Robertson was a severe student, but to judge from his own statement, he was not a discursive reader. "I read hard," he said, "or not at all: never skimming, never turning aside to merely inviting books;" and he adds, "I will answer for it that there are few girls of eighteen who have not read more books than I have; and as to religious books, I could count upon my fingers in two minutes all I ever read, but they are mine. Sir Erskine Perry said the other day, that a fortnight ago, in a conversation with Comte—one of the most profound thinkers in Europe—Comte told him that he had read an incredibly small number of books these last twenty years, I forget how many, and scarcely even a review; but then what Comte reads, lies there fructifying, and comes out a living tree with leaves and fruit."

best to converse with and spend a great part of the evening by the side of the most neglected, sacrificing himself to brighten a dull existence." At Cheltenham, we are told, his intellectual power rapidly developed. With Plato and Aristotle he had made himself familiar at Oxford. He now studied German philosophy, chemistry, and political economy.

At this period occurred the change from which we may date the commencement of a new career, of a higher and freer life. The narrative of this change, as related by Mr. Brooke, or rather as described in the letters written by Robertson to his friends, is full of interest; but one cannot help wishing that it were more explicit. Robertson's liberality of spirit received a violent blow at Cheltenham. He found Church parties divided, each attacking the other with virulence; he found devotional phrases and conventional expressions mistaken for Christian life; he found that as an "Evangelical" he was expected to say bitter things against his High Church brethren; he found that charity, the highest of all Christian virtues, was the one least appreciated, and he was horrified at the rabid denunciations with which, under the cloak of religion, the extreme portion of his party indulged. "They tell lies," he said, "in the name of God; others tell them in the name of the devil: that is the only difference." His inner life was stirred to its depths; he could no longer hold by the system to which he was pledged; must he renounce the faith, too, on which that system professed to be established? A thick darkness fell upon him; the supports on which he had rested seemed to fail. He stretched lame hands of faith; he cried like an infant for the light. Lonely among his fellow men, deserted as it seemed by God, the present life became an intolerable burden, the future an inexplicable mystery. At such moments there is but one remedy for a man, and to that years afterwards Robertson referred in an address to the working men of Brighton:—

"I know," he said, "but one way in which a man may come forth from his agony scathless; it is by holding fast to those things which are certain still—the grand, simple landmarks of morality. In the darkest hour through which a human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful, this at least is certain. If there be no good, and no future state, yet, even then, it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward. Blessed beyond all earthly blessedness is the man who, in the tempestuous darkness of his soul, has dared to hold fast to these venerable landmarks. Thrice blessed, because his night shall pass into clear, bright day."

So it happened with Robertson:—

"Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out."

He threw up his post at Cheltenham, and spent some time alone upon the Continent, in the Tyrol, and at Heidelberg. He would "burn

his own smoke;" he would wrestle with his doubts in solitude. "True manly struggle," he writes, "cannot fail, I know that. Only a man must struggle alone. His own view of truth, or rather his own way of viewing it, and that alone, will give him rest." Three months were passed abroad, and then "feeling something like calmness and health," he returned to England, and applied to the Bishop of Oxford for employment. The Bishop offered him the charge of St. Ebbe's, Oxford; a difficult post, for the parish had been neglected, and the church was situated in one of the worst parts of the town. Moreover, the emolument was very small. Robertson told the Bishop he could not preach the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. He replied, "I give my clergy a large circle to work in, and if they do not step beyond that I do not interfere;" and asked to hear his views on the subject. After an hour's conversation the offer was renewed, and at once accepted. At St. Ebbe's he was his own master, and his success was rapid. "The rough and poor people of the parish made themselves over to him at once, and the undergraduates rushed to hear him in crowds." Two months passed, and he was offered Trinity Chapel, Brighton. He refused at first, thinking it would be a failure of manly duty; but the Bishop thought otherwise, the trustees of the chapel renewed their request, and in the summer of 1847 Robertson came to Brighton.

We are not told that there were at this time any signs of failing health; but his own conviction was that he had but a few years to live. He wished, therefore, to put as much life into them as possible; he would work with his might. From the time that he returned from the Continent, Mr. Brooke states, "his religious convictions never wavered, the principles of his teaching never changed." He had discarded much of his old belief, but what he held now was dearer to him than life itself. His fearlessness, his sincerity, his marvellous eloquence, startled the fashionable idlers of Brighton. To hear Robertson was a new sensation. He became, to his intense disgust, a popular preacher. Yet never did man less court popularity; it annoyed him just as vulgarity annoys taste and refinement. He was never so depressed as after receiving tokens of public approbation; never so happy as when performing in secret some pious act of pastoral charity.

Nothing indeed strikes one more in reading this biography than the indifference with which the good things of this life were regarded by Robertson. A man of his organisation would care little for mere physical pleasures except in so far as they appealed to the imagination, but we might have expected that he would have appreciated and desired the prizes due to literary excellence, and that as an eminent public speaker he would have thought highly of the eloquence to which he owed his reputation. Of such feelings, however, he appeared unconscious. His literary reputation is almost wholly

posthumous, and it is impossible to question the thorough genuineness of his dislike to popularity. "Would to God," he exclaims with bitterness, "I were not a mere pepper-cruet to give a relish to the palates of the Brightonians;" and in a letter to a friend he writes:—"I would gladly, joyously give it all up to-morrow for a calmer life." In reference to this feeling his biographer states:—"If he hated one thing more than another it was the reputation of being a popular preacher. He abhorred the very name as something that brought with it contamination."

Brighton at that time was notable for its Low Church proclivities, and in politics for a respectable but irrational Toryism. Of the true Conservative spirit the Brighton gentry knew little, what wonder then that at the other end of the scale Radicalism was gaining ground, and that the working men of the town were Chartists or Socialists? Robertson regarded Christianity as the religion of daily life. "He determined to make it bear upon the social state of all parties, upon the questions which agitated society, upon the great movements of the world." He discussed the rights of property and labour, he spoke out boldly on all the stirring events of the day, and endeavoured to find a Christian solution for the difficulties which agitated men's minds. And of equal boldness were his utterances respecting dogmatic theology. He showed how widely and deeply he differed from the Calvinists and Evangelicals, as well as from the High Church party. He thought that Christianity had become concealed and disfigured by the accretions of divines and the narrow spirit of party, and he endeavoured while stripping off all that was false and meretricious to discover the truth that lay beneath. He held that the spiritual life is not knowing but doing, that spiritual truth must be discerned by the soul not by the intellect, that the condition of arriving at this truth "is not severe habits of investigation, but innocence of life and humbleness of heart." He held that personal purity is the divinest thing in man and woman, that vice clouds the intellect as much as it debases the soul, and that devout feelings apart from high principle are but stepping-stones to immorality. From theological caricatures of humanity he turned with infinite joy to Christ, seeking only to feel as He felt, "to judge the world, and to estimate the world's maxims as He judged and estimated."

For a clergyman to prefer the universal church to any party whatever, to love Christ in preference to the doctrines promulgated in His name, to love men of all creeds because all men were regarded as brethren, was enough to shock the pews of Brighton. Respectable Christians looked at him with suspicion and called him names. Some said he was a Revolutionist, others a Socinian, others a Roman Catholic; the working men, who understood him better before long, declared that he was a Tory, and the aristocrats denounced him as a Chartist.

Of course advice was tendered him from all sides. "I am badgered," he writes, "with old maids of both sexes." One of these old maids rebukes him for reading Channing's life because Channing was a Unitarian; another avers that in one of his sermons he apologised for Judas; another asked him if he knew what end "don't care" came to. "Yes, madam," was the grave reply, "He was crucified on Calvary." But the most fatal charge of all was that he studied German theology, and was a neologian, to which he replies:—

"The insinuation of 'German neology' is a comprehensive and very convenient charge, by which all earnest thought is tabooed at the present day. It is quite enough to hint that it is German. So at the time of the Reformation they spoke of Greek and Hebrew. 'Greek,' said a Roman Catholic priest, 'is a new language, just discovered and full of heresies. As for the Hebrew language, all who study that become Jews immediately.' So they speak of German now. Englishmen seem to think that the Redeemer died exclusively for them, and that light shines nowhere but here."

He could not tolerate illiberality and narrow-mindedness. Generally he was, as Southey says of himself, bigoted only against bigots, but it must be owned, and is, indeed, admitted by his biographer, that his dislike of the "Evangelicals" was carried beyond the bounds of moderation. He could not see the good they have done and are doing, nor did he perceive that the faults he attributed to the body would be repudiated by all but a narrow and insignificant section. The following letter, in which Robertson gives vent to some strong but natural feeling, must be owned to be as just as it is severe:—

"I have just had sent me the *Record* in which your letter appears, and thank you heartily for the generous defence of me which it contains. The *Record* has done me the honour to abuse me for some time past, for which I thank them gratefully. God forbid they should ever praise me! One number alone contained four unscrupulous lies about me on no better evidence than that some one had told them who had been told by somebody else. They shall have no disclaimer from me. If the *Record* can put a man down, the sooner he is put down the better. The only time I have ever said anything about socialism in the pulpit, has been to preach against it. The Evangelicalism (so called) of the *Record* is an emasculated cur, snarling at all that is better than itself, cowardly, lying and slanderous. It is not worth while to stop your horse to castigate it; for it will be off yelping, and come back to snarl. An Evangelical clergyman admitted some proofs I had given him of the *Record's* cowardice and dishonesty, but said, 'Well, in spite of that, I like it, because it upholds the truth, and is a great witness for religion.' 'So,' said I, 'is that the creed of Evangelicalism? A man may be a liar, a coward, and slanderous, and still uphold the truth!'"

If this were orthodoxy he had no sympathy with the orthodox. "Is it not melancholy," he writes, "that the popular religion only represents the female element in the national mind, and that hence it is at once devotional, slanderous, timid, gossiping, narrow, shrieking, and prudish?"

The brain disease of which he died was already affecting him. One physician whom he consulted, injudiciously told him that

what he had to fear at last was idiotey, and this opinion cannot but have exerted a depressing influence, which will account for the sad tone that pervades his Brighton correspondence. He writes of being utterly alone, of being oppressed with dark thoughts, of having little to care for on this side heaven—and this at a time when he was drawing to him much that was manly and sincere in Brighton, when men of large intellect were thanking him for discovering to them a new beauty and meaning in life, when the working-men (who at first doubted his friendliness because of his plain-speaking) were regarding him as their best friend, and when, despite opposition, the influence of his life and teaching was growing daily more apparent. This morbidness of feeling did not, however, affect the heartiness of his work. Despondency seemed, if possible, to rouse him into greater activity, nor did he relax when severe physical pain was added to his mental suffering. The motto which he adopted as his own—“*ernst ist das Leben*”—showed the principle which animated his conduct. His depression arose from physical causes; but he worked on in spite of it, conscious that, “in God’s world, for those that are in earnest there is no failure.”

Robertson was not a happy man. Probably no men who think deeply and possess strong sympathies are happy; and every man whose nature is not debased by passion or hardened by worldliness will be conscious of a profound melancholy when he remembers the ideal he had formed in his youth and contrasts it with the point he has actually attained. Life is not a play-ground, but a battle-field; and few can reach middle age without receiving wounds which never wholly heal. We hide these wounds when we can, or we forget them in the pursuit of business, perhaps of dissipation; but they remain with us still, and in moments of solitude and depression open to pain us. Robertson’s humility was so great that it induced despondency. He regarded life as an unvaried trial. Much of this feeling was owing, if we judge correctly from hints scattered here and there in the Memoir, to external circumstances, and yet more to the extreme sensitiveness of his nervous organisation. But if he was not happy, he was blessed; if he missed the joy of life, he had the perfect peace which God gives to them that love Him. And in the darkest moments he turned with infinite delight to Nature, finding strength in her energy, solace in her calm. He enjoyed long walks, and could talk better in the open air than in a room. As he walked, his eye caught every object, his ear was open to every sound; he would quote poetry, he would tell stories about animals, he would describe his chemical experiments or criticise the volume he had just been reading. And all this was done with such a bright keen interest, he threw out so much vital heat, that he would be certain to kindle the enthusiasm of his companions. One of them writes:—

"It was wonderful how much he made us see. A rabbit-burrow, a hare racing in the distance, a bird singing in the wood, brought out anecdote after anecdote of the habits of animals. I shall not easily forget his delight when the woodcocks came, and he was the first to see one; nor the way in which he absolutely ran over with stories of their manner of life. He seemed to me to know all the poetry which referred to animals, and quoted Wordsworth till I wondered at his memory. He himself rode often. He made his horse his friend, talked to it, loved it, I think; and the horse knew this, and bore him with evident pleasure. His hand upon it was as delicate as a woman's, and he sat it like a knight. He seemed to become more than himself on horseback, and to throw off all the weight of life in the excitement of a gallop."

Robertson was sometimes witty, and frequently sarcastic; but, judging from his published works, he had no humour. Probably the only passage in the biography which will raise a smile is the following:—" *Appropos*," he writes, "of believing in things which we do not understand, a Tractarian was in Trinity when I preached on Mariolatry. 'I did not agree,' said he afterwards, 'with Robertson. Woman—woman! I do not understand what woman is.' I sent him a message to say that I have been exactly in the same predicament all my life."

Trinity Chapel was supported by pew letting, and thus he suffered from the evils of the voluntary system in its most noxious form. He called that system detestable, and said that "it cuts the mouth like a Mameluke bit, reminding a man of his servitude at every step." Yet, though his position galled him, "he rejoiced in finding within the Church of England room to expand his soul, and freedom for his intellect." His friend, Mr. Ross, states, "Robertson was to his heart's core a loyal son of the Church of England. All her rites and ordinances were especially dear to him, and I know well, tolerant as he was, how his tastes and principles imparted to him an antipathy to Dissent, and with what freedom of conscience, with what thankfulness of heart he found himself a minister of the National Church." His clerical functions were not suffered to interfere with the utmost freedom of expression and of action. He cared nothing for what is termed the dignity of the cloth. His profession did not narrow his sympathies or restrain his enthusiasm. Clergymen have sometimes a mortal fear of connecting themselves with any secular institution, with any political or social combination. They are afraid of having their white robes sullied by too close a contact with objects most interesting to ordinary men. Robertson deemed such timidity unmanly. He identified himself with the interests of others, tried to feel as they felt, to look at life from their standing-point, and to discover and appropriate the truth which, as he believed, lies hidden under every form of error. His perfect fearlessness was evinced as much in his investigation of truth as in his daily conduct as a man, and especially as a clergyman. Thus he counsels a friend:—"Do not tremble at difficulties and shoreless

expanses of truth if you feel drifting into them. God's truth must be boundless. Tractarians and Evangelicals suppose that it is a pond which you can walk round, and say, 'I hold the truth.' 'What all?' 'Yes, all. Here it is, circumscribed, defined, proved; and you are an infidel if you do not think this pond of mine, that the great Mr. Scott, and Mr. Newton, and Mr. Cecil dug, quite large enough to be the immeasurable Gospel of the Lord of the Universe.'

Mr. Brooke gives considerable prominence, but assuredly not too much, to the services rendered by Robertson to the working men of Brighton. The interest he felt in the Institute founded by them is shown by the practical efforts he put forth in order to promote its well-being. "My tastes," he said, "are with the aristocrat, my principles with the mob." He detested the doctrines of the Manchester school, he regarded Socialism as dangerous to the State and destructive of liberty, "his aristocratic tastes, his sympathy with the idea of rank, and his reverence for the past made it impossible that he should be a Radical," but he deeply sympathised with the working classes, and in expressing this sympathy became branded as a Chartist and a demagogue. The whole story of his association with his brother-men and fellow-townsmen, as he designates them in his lectures, is full of significance as showing on the one side the extreme of narrow-mindedness and bigotry, and on the other the manly courage of a clergyman who had first to endure the aspersions of his own order and had afterwards to show his strong disapproval of the course adopted by some of the men with whom he had identified himself. A split had been caused in the Institute by the attempt of a minority to introduce the works of Tom Paine and of other infidel writers. Robertson felt it necessary to interfere, and he did so by summoning the working men of Brighton to meet him in the Town Hall. The room was crowded; there was no little excitement amongst the men, and some who thought that the speaker had come there as a priest to counsel or to scold commenced to hiss and to groan. But his calm attitude awed them, his wise words proved irresistible.

"I am not about," he said, "to try the power of priestcraft, nor to cajole or flatter you into the reception of my views. Let the working men dismiss from their minds the idea, if it exists, of any assumption of a liberal tone for the purpose of winning them. . . . There are those of your own number who will tell you that in another place, from my own pulpit, not before workmen, but before their masters, before the rich and titled of the country, I have held and hold this same tone, and taught Christianity as the perfect law of liberty. They can tell you that it has cost me something, and that I have brought upon myself in consequence no small share of suspicious misrepresentation and personal dislike. I do not say this in bitterness. I hold it to be a duty to be liberal and generous, even to the illiberal and narrow-minded; and it seems to me a pitiful thing for any man to aspire to be true, and to speak truth, and then to complain in astonishment that truth has not crowns to give, but thorns. But I say it in order that you and I may understand each other. Let the men

of this association rest assured that they shall hear no cant from me. If any man has come expecting to hear Socialism and Infidelity denounced, he will be disappointed. . . . Let me explain why I refuse to denounce Infidelity. You have heard of a place called 'Coward's Castle.' Coward's Castle is that pulpit or that platform from which a man, surrounded by his friends, in the absence of his opponents, secure of applause, and safe from a reply, denounces those who differ from him. I mean to invite no discussion to-night; and just because there can be no reply, if there were no better reason than that, there shall be no denunciation. . . . Again, there shall be no denunciation, because infidelity is the vaguest of all charges. None is more freely, or more wantonly, or more cruelly hurled by man against man. Infidelity is often only the unmeaning accusation brought by timid persons, half conscious of the instability of their own belief, and furious against every one whose words make them tremble at their own insecurity. It is sometimes the cry of narrowness against an old truth under a new and more spiritual form."

The whole address is remarkable for the insight it gives us into Robertson's character and principles. After the allusion to Coward's Castle not a sound was heard until the speaker closed. And the effect of the address did not die with it. Three years after this among the vast crowd that followed him to the tomb a large proportion consisted of working men, and on one side of the monument raised to his memory in the cemetery at Brighton is a bronze medalion given by them in affectionate remembrance of one who was proud to call them his friends.

The closing portion of Robertson's life was darkened by the shadow of the tomb. He became a feeble, broken-down man, but his intellectual power was unabated. "From this time forth," Mr. Brooke writes, "his life and energy were those of a race-horse, the spirit of which needs no spur, but which dies exhausted with victory at the winning-post." In his healthiest moments he did not desire death, and considered that the anxiety for it expressed by some men was not a spiritual feeling. To the bewilderment of an "Evangelical lady" he once expressed this opinion in the pulpit. Whereupon she came to him afterwards for an explanation. He told her that he thought it best to set a standard that was real and human, not one that was insincerely or morbidly expressed—

"That many an Evangelical clergyman, after an ultra-spiritual discourse, in which desire for heaven and God at once was taught as the only Christian feeling, would go home and sit over his glass of port very comfortably, satisfied with it as before, until heaven comes—which I considered a sure way of making all unreal. 'Well,' said she, 'I thought you of all people were like St. Paul, and that you would wish for a heavenlier life as much as he did.' 'First of all,' said I, 'you thought wrong; next, if I do wish to die, it is when I am in pain or out of conceit with life, which happens pretty often, but which I do not consider spirituality.'"

This anecdote—like many similar in character scattered through the volumes—shows the clear-sightedness and thorough honesty of Robertson. He would express nothing that he did not feel. "The thing he did not see he never tried to say; but what he saw he saw

plainly and strongly." The lesson to be taught from such a life is, I take it, invaluable especially in these days when men are more prone than ever to associate themselves with others, and instead of holding an independent position to carry the principle of limited liability into their most serious concerns.

Of Robertson's career during the last year of his life there is little to be said, and that little is melancholy enough. During the first few months of 1853 he was frequently at Esher, where Lady Byron lived. He considered her "one of the noblest and purest women he had ever met." She related to him the whole story of her life, and committed to him the charge of publishing after her decease her memoirs and letters. But Lady Byron outlived her friend, and the public have lost a literary treasure. His disease was advancing with rapid strides. He suffered excruciating pain in the head, and would lie upon the ground in agony. It was with difficulty that he could write a letter; one day he fainted in the streets. A journey to Cheltenham proved of temporary service, but the old symptoms reappeared on his return to Brighton. His friends proposed that he should engage a curate, and he nominated a personal friend of his own, the Rev. Ernest Tower. The vicar, however, refused to confirm the nomination, not on conscientious grounds, but from personal pique against Mr. Tower, who had opposed him two years before on some financial question. Mr. Wagner had a legal right, and he exercised it, and received a fitting reward in the execration of every man of right feeling in the town. "No defence worthy of the name," says Mr. Brooke charitably, "was put forward by Mr. Wagner. No one can say that he knew what he was doing, or had any idea of what Mr. Robertson would suffer; it was incapability, not animosity of feeling. He did not know that his brother minister was dying, but he did believe that his own dignity had been hurt." The contest hastened Robertson's death, and Mr. Wagner, although rejoicing in the fact that he was irresponsible by law, was compelled for a time to yield to the storm which he had aroused. Incapacity is always obtuse, and men of dull perceptions and self-importance are not over sensitive to public opinion, otherwise we should imagine that the publication of this memoir would inflict the keenest pain upon the Rev. H. M. Wagner, who is still Vicar of Brighton.

On Sunday, the 14th of August, 1853, at the comparatively early age of thirty-seven Robertson died. "He lies in a hollow of the Downs he loved so well. The sound of the sea may be heard there in the distance; and standing by his grave it seems a fair and fitting requiem; for if its inquietude was the image of his outward life, its central calm is the image of his deep peace of activity in God." Mr. Brooke adds that even in winter a careful hand keeps flowers always blooming on his grave.

JOHN DENNIS.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY RECONCILED IN PRAYER.

At the close of the paper on "The Constitution of the Universe," in the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW for the 1st December, Professor Tyndall, after pointing out the reasons why men of science find it impossible to join in special petitions to Heaven for "changes in the economy of nature," proceeds to observe that "if our spiritual authorities could only devise a form in which the heart might express itself without putting the intellect to shame, they might utilise a power which they now waste, and make prayer, instead of a butt to the scorner, the potent inner supplement of noble outward life."

Numbers of thinking men, who lay no claim to the title of men of science, will entirely agree with this enlightened wish, and would rejoice to see a reconciliation effected between Philosophy and Piety; but I am mistaken if a form of prayer in which this is perfectly accomplished has not already been drawn, not indeed by bishops and archbishops, but by a spiritual authority infinitely above them. *Quod queris habes.* We have it in the Lord's Prayer—in the prayer that was expressly composed by the Divine Master himself to be the model of human supplications. Observe how broad, how comprehensive, how general it is; how admirably framed, as if it had been designedly to meet the very objections justly made to the prayers composed at Lambeth. Is any special gift or special interposition asked for? The petition for "daily bread," is it not the most generalised form of words conceivable for the supply of our physical wants? Nor is even this put foremost, but is placed after the most important and ruling clause of all, "thy will be done,"—the entire acceptance of the ways of Providence with man, and unreserved submission to the laws by which the world is governed. That clause fully acknowledges that what is good for man is best known to God; it makes no presumptuous distinction between good and evil, but submits loyally and without reserve to every dispensation of the Almighty. What is the meaning of the Will of God, if it is not synonymous with the whole body of his laws, moral and physical? Are not all his statutes equally eternal and immutable? How can we consistently bow to his will, and ask him to change, reverse, or modify his laws, or the smallest part of the constitution of the universe,—a God whom we profess to believe to be without variableness or shadow of turning?¹

True, it is the method of our "spiritual authorities," when they undertake the delicate task of preparing addresses to Heaven (whenever it is imagined by Church or State that the laws of meteor-

(1) "If we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us." St. John, 1st Epistle.

ology or disease work mischievously), to introduce by way of saving clause, some hackneyed phrase of submission to the Divine will. But surely this method is itself a wide departure from the spirit of the model, where the will of God and submission to it occupy the first place, being the leading ideas and chief elements of the prayer; perfectly consistent with the generality of the ensuing clause for "daily bread," but totally inconsistent with special supplications, especially with such as amount in fact to prayers for miraculous interferences.

Looking at the Lord's Prayer merely as a form, not necessarily to be always used, but only one on which the prayers of Christians are to be modelled, there seems to be no place in it for special petitions of any kind, much less for those which men of science and reflection find it impossible to adopt. The generality seems to be of the very essence of it. It is a composition (for it bears the marks of one both in the profoundness of its thoughts and the admirable arrangement of its parts) stamped with philosophy no less than holiness. By a Divine philosopher it was framed, and it is only by Bishops and Archbishops that the divinity and the philosophy are divorced; human presumption putting asunder what the lips of Christ himself have joined together. What man of science will object to a clause or a word in the Lord's Prayer? It is as harmonious with the widest range of knowledge as with the piety of the least cultivated mind. Perhaps it is because this exquisite prayer is so repeated and repeated in our liturgies that the full meaning of it is so little apprehended; but much worse than the error of vain reiteration (itself in flat disobedience to Divine precept) is the violation of its spirit. And it is not violated only in the pitiful compositions which issue from the right reverend bench on occasions of a drouth or a murrain, but in too many of those provided for habitual and normal use in the Church.

If it were not almost impertinent in a layman, I would seriously recommend "the spiritual authorities" appealed to by Professor Tyndall to apply their minds afresh to the study of the 6th chap. of St. Matthew; and if there are seasons of affliction and times of panic when public feeling demands new forms of supplication, at least let the instincts of the national heart be expressed without both offending philosophy and departing from the Divine exemplar.

It is impossible to help remarking, having touched this subject, that the Lord's Prayer was intended by its Author for imitation in its brevity as well as in the nature of its aspirations. To what an extent this part of the design has also been overlooked by human prayer-makers, let all churches and tabernacles witness. How much of our religious services, like exuberant pleadings in Chancery, might well be "referred for prolixity;" how much for the "vain repetition"

expressly condemned by Christ, on the very occasion of the delivery of this prayer, as a heathen usage which Christians are to shun, and to help them to shun it are provided by their Lord himself with a model. Fine as the Liturgy of the Church of England is, if we consider its parts severally, it abounds as a whole in the very faults which the discourse in the 6th of Matthew most pointedly condemns. Might not churchmen be justly charged with believing that "they shall be heard for their much speaking," and also with forgetting like "the heathen" that "the Father knoweth what things we have need of him before we ask him?" The intense brevity of the Lord's Prayer is, therefore, also of its very essence. In fact, it is evident that of all rational supplications to a Being of infinite knowledge, as well as infinite power and goodness, brevity must always be a characteristic, as well on account of the generality of the petitions to which a wise piety will confine itself, as the fervour of feeling which the very idea of prayer implies.¹

MARMION SAVAGE.

(1) Wherever any approach has been made to rational ideas of the Deity, we find the propriety of *general* petitions acknowledged. On the Socratic views of prayer, see Grote's *Plato*, vol. i., p. 359. "Socrates commended the Spartans for putting up prayers in undefined language for good things generally." Though he believed in certain special revelations to himself, he refrained from asking the gods for special favour. And the reason is given: "because he professed not to know whether any of the ordinary objects of desire are good or bad." The whole passage referred to (in the second *Alcibiades*) will be found worth perusal in relation to the question in discussion.

INDUSTRIAL CO-OPERATION.

"Let us abandon all useless and irritating discussion as to the origin and distribution of wealth, and proceed at once to establish the moral rules which should regulate it as a social function."—**AUGUSTE COMTE.**

Two serious attempts to raise their condition are being made by the working classes from their own spontaneous efforts. Both have been conceived, elaborated, and maintained by their unaided instinct. One of these—Unionism—has been very recently discussed. The other—Co-operation—we shall now consider. The first is the political, direct, immediate remedy for industrial wants. The second is more nearly the social, gradual, and indirect process. Unionism is an open and organised resistance; and pushed to the extreme, approaches to political insurrection. Co-operation is an effort towards social reform, and in its type verges on social revolution. Both have played, and are destined to play, a large part in the progress of industry. Each maintains most valuable truths and attains many excellent results. Both are of the deepest interest to the social inquirer. Each, however, is imperfect and somewhat one-sided. Each ignores the very important side which the other represents. To estimate them truly they must be viewed at the same glance and judged by comparison.

Now, in dealing with co-operation, it is happily possible to speak in a much more judicial and critical spirit than it is in speaking of unionism. Trades' unions are still the object of so much ignorant hatred and of such cowardly calumny, that a friendly writer is forced into an attitude of controversy and almost of advocacy. With co-operation, it is very desirable that its weak side should be insisted on at least as fully as its strongest. Its partisans and even the public are rather inclined to exaggerate its importance. During the recent elections one must have been struck to see how many candidates on both sides, who guarded themselves from betraying a single definite opinion, loudly proclaimed themselves in favour of "co-operation." Doubtless it would have been as much to the purpose to have proclaimed themselves staunch adherents of the penny post, or ardent friends of the half-holiday movement. Of course, as the Legislature has, and can have, nothing to do with co-operation, it was totally out of place in candidates' addresses. And perhaps every one of them would have shrunk with horror from the great revolution which "co-operation" really is in the minds of its most active apostles. This, however, proved that it is considered a safe thing to profess; and serves to indicate interest in social questions. But as it is beset by no prejudices whatever, it is only right that its value and

its defects be impartially brought out ; and that its adherents may not mislead themselves as to its promises.

This inquiry is specially opportune, as the annual return of the Registrar of Friendly Societies is now before us, and we are able to take stock of the co-operative movement from official authority. On the 31st of December, 1864, there were, according to this return, 505 registered societies spread over almost the whole of England, in town, village, and county. The total number of members (several returns being defective) is 129,761, the share capital is £685,072, the loan capital is £89,423, the assets and property amount to £891,775, the business done in the year is £2,742,957, and the profit realised is £225,569. As 110 societies neglected to send returns, these figures would probably need to be corrected by an addition of 10 or 15 per cent. These societies are all, with very few exceptions (almost all of which decline to send returns), "stores" for the sale of food and clothing. The average profit, it will be seen, amounts to something like 9 per cent. (in one case it is 25 per cent.) on the business done, and something like 30 per cent. (in some cases 50 per cent.) on the share and loan capital. Only thirteen of the 395 societies that make returns fail to show a profit, and these are, with one notable exception, very small or young companies commencing operations. The profit may be taken as enough to pay a dividend of 1s. 7d. in the pound upon all purchases after payment of expenses, gifts, depreciation, and £5 per cent. interest on shares and loans. Many of the principal societies far exceed this, and the famous Pioneers (by no means a single instance), after providing for interest on loans and shares, educational fund, reserve fund, depreciation fund, and charity, still paid last quarter 2s. 4d. in the pound on members' purchases. A return this which railway shareholders might study with profit, if not with satisfaction !

This success, however, which can be measured by tabular statements, is far the smallest portion. The indirect effect of co-operation which cannot be reduced to figures is vast and pervading. In a northern city which had long suffered from adulterated flour, a co-operative flour-mill was established. It not only supplied a perfectly pure article to its own large body of members and customers, but (in order to stand their ground) the other mills of the city were obliged to do the same. The first thing that a well-managed and extensive store does in a town is to destroy a number of useless and dishonest shops all round the neighbourhood, the second is visibly to reduce destitution and the poor-rates, the third, where it is very strong, is to diminish strikes and sensibly improve wages. Whatever stirs the active and resolute spirits of a district to fresh union, patience, and self-denial, and gives them a considerable common fund and puts a small sum at the free disposal of each, at once raises

their tone and makes them independent of instant necessities. And the change is one which in different ways, but with equal distinctness, makes itself felt by the employer, the clergyman, the schoolmaster, the publican, and the policeman.

The case of Rochdale is naturally the most striking that can be taken. There the Pioneers Society alone now numbers 5,200 members, with a capital of £71,000, and an annual business of £200,000. Associated with it is the Corn-mill Society and the Cotton Manufacturing Company, both owned and worked principally by the same class. The effect of this movement on the town is most obvious. During the worst times of the cotton distress the Pioneers was unshaken. The material prosperity and well-being of the whole town has received an impetus from it. The "store" has affected for good the moral, intellectual, and industrial tone of a large city. Its mere existence is sufficient to make it almost safe both against either great demoralisation or great destitution. The importance of this work is recognised by all classes of the inhabitants. There have been no more zealous friends of the movement than the clergy, many of the municipal officers, and both the late and the present representative in Parliament. The Rochdale movement, which dates from 1844, owes its origin and its success to a knot of men of very remarkable character and ability. There were amongst the founders some men of real mercantile genius—men who might have made their own fortunes ten times over—which they united with the power of inspiring and directing their fellows. Some of them are still at their post at Rochdale, rich in nothing but the gratitude and esteem of their fellow-citizens, for whilst they might easily have raised themselves amongst the great millionaires of Lancashire they were contented with giving prosperity to a city and new energy to the working classes of England.

The effect of a very flourishing store, and even of a small manufacturing society, in one of the northern valleys, where factories are more or less shut off from free correspondence with the neighbourhood, is to produce a very perceptible rise of wages; the society, either as a bank, or as an employer, often as both, forms a reserve, on which the workman can fall back if dismissed. But of course this result is only visible when isolation or local circumstances enable a single society to make itself felt. Another immediate effect is that of the ready-money system, which is universally and very strictly enforced at the co-operative shops. They form also the most complete and valuable savings-bank—the saving being effected continually upon every daily purchase, retained out of the immediate control of the investor, and usually unperceived by him. Thus a member of the Rochdale store, upon every pound of tea or piece of bacon which he buys, drops about twelve per cent. of the price (the

ordinary retailer's profit) into his money-box, which at the end of the year comes out a respectable sum. This process is locally embodied in the formula, "the more one eats the more one gets." A species of savings-bank with which no other can remotely compare! Adulteration in goods is almost invariably and completely checked by a store. Without exception, they may be said to sell perfectly sound and fair goods; and multitudes of working people, who never knew the taste of pure tea or coffee, or wholesome bread or flour, have become very sharp critics as to quality, for they purchase wholesale, by their agents, the very best which the markets offer.

No reasonable observer, however, can imagine that accumulating savings, avoiding debt, obtaining good and cheap food, or the "making a pound go a long way," is the sole feature, though it is the main feature, of the co-operative system. Co-operation now numbers a large and highly-organised band of propagandists. It forms a new "persuasion" in itself, with all the machinery and enthusiasm of a religious sect. There are men who devote themselves to preach and extend co-operation, just as there are men who devote themselves to awakening souls or advocating temperance. In every society there are men who give their time, labour, and often the savings of their lives, to found and establish a new "store," or to bring their neighbours to look on the system as a vital truth. The "pledge," the abolition of slavery, free trade, and "Bible religion," have never been preached with more systematic activity than this has. It has its organ, its lecturers, its "conferences," its dogmas, its celebrations, and it would not be an English institution if it had not its testimonials and its subscription funds. It has developed a style of thought and speech which is strangely akin to that of a religious movement, and in co-operation tracts the system is expounded in phrases which are in familiar use with reference to sacred subjects. The nucleus of many a flourishing society consists of men who have a strong impulse for social improvement, and whose motives are at least as strongly the benefit of their fellows as that of themselves. No one can read the *Co-operator* regularly without seeing that it records a movement in which some of the finest characters and spirits amongst the working classes, from one end of England to the other, are absorbed; without admiring the energy, perseverance, sagacity, and conscientiousness which these efforts display; without learning to respect the spirit of union, faith, and self-sacrifice which they frequently exert. The constant acts of benevolence, of unflinching patience, and of well-deserved confidence, with which co-operative records are full, are truly touching. Co-operative poetry alone forms a literature in itself; and in the *Co-operator's* pages one may often read a piece full of terse, vigorous lines, which, if not exactly a poem, is eloquent versification. Nor can any man of feeling or discernment witness a really

worthy co-operative celebration—see those Lancashire or Yorkshire workmen, with their wives and children, meet in their own hall, surrounded by their own property, to consider their own affairs—hear them join in singing, sometimes a psalm, sometimes a chorus—listen to the homely wit, the prudent advice, the stirring appeal, and feel the spirit of goodwill, conviction, and resolution in which they are met to celebrate, as it were, their escape from Egyptian bondage,—no one, if present at such a meeting, can fail to recognise that co-operation, if not a moral or social movement in itself, has had the benefit of many high, moral, and social tendencies to stimulate and foster it.

In short, the best testimony for co-operation, in its form of the “store” system, is this—that in every leading town, men recognised as the most able, conscientious, and energetic of their order amongst the working classes, will generally be found active supporters of the “store;” and those amongst the independent and educated classes who sympathise most earnestly and wisely with the welfare of the working classes, will be found to acknowledge its claims and services. No man of generous feeling can help being moved to admiration when he recalls the homes which have been saved and brightened; the weight of debt, friendlessness, destitution, and bad habits which have been relieved; the hope and spirit which have been infused into the working classes by this single agency—the co-operative system. It has come successfully through the trial of the cotton distress; it is spreading into every corner, even every rural village in England, and is firmly established in Germany and France.

It is precisely the great influence which co-operation now exercises, and the very high qualities which are devoted to its extension, that render it the more essential to examine it closely—to know exactly what it can and what it cannot do—what are its defects and its dangers. The men who have founded and support these institutions are far too straightforward and resolute to fear any honest judgment upon their efforts. The last thing that they would choose would be any attempt to shut out the truth from themselves, or any one else, respecting the system; and once convinced of the fairness and goodwill of the counsellor or critic, they will attend to genuine counsel or criticism with patience and impartiality. In this spirit the following remarks are offered by one who has more than a mere goodwill for the movement in its legitimate sphere, and as a material expedient; who has a strong esteem and sympathy for it, its objects and its adherents; who recognises in it and them some of the very best grounds of hope now extant; and who desires only to define somewhat more closely the true scope and limits of co-operation. The time seems now to have come when this must be more accurately realised in the minds of the founders of the movement. It will not

live unless it rests on a basis of consistent and acknowledged principle. Above everything, all are interested in avoiding any sort of misconception about it. Co-operation must have a reason for the faith that is in it. To assist in this end, the following pages are written; not as being, in any sense, the individual opinion of the writer, but as developing the system of industrial life planned by the author of the motto which stands at the head of this article, and as part of the system which bears his name.

Let us come at once to the key of the whole position. Co-operation, it is usually said, is designed to elevate the condition of labour by associating capital with labour, and by giving to labour an equal interest with capital in the results of production. It is also said (and with truth) to be in a flourishing condition, and to have firm ground to rest on. Now what is the case actually? Flourishing as co-operation clearly is in a pecuniary sense (with the exception of a very small number of manufacturing societies to be noticed presently), the whole of the co-operative societies throughout the kingdom are simply "stores," *i.e.* shops for the sale of food, and sometimes clothing. These, of course, cannot affect the condition of industry materially. Labour here does not in any sense share in the produce with capital. The relation of employer and employed remains just the same, and not a single workman would change the conditions of his employment if the store were to extinguish all the shops of a town. In such an extreme case, the workmen would still be hired for wages in the ordinary competition of labour, for the shops do not employ any of them. The cloth, flour, tea, and meat which the store now supplies, have all been made under the same conditions as before, and are simply purchased in open market in the ordinary way. The cotton goods sold at the store have probably been grown by the labour of negroes, and manufactured under the merest rule of competition. If co-operation (so far as the stores are concerned) were developed to a point beyond the wildest dreams of its friends; if it absorbed the entire retail trade of the country, and there were no such thing as a shop left for rich or poor, it would still, for any direct effect it has, leave the "labour market" just where it found it, for not a single article would be *produced* (though all would be distributed) in a different way from heretofore. Hence a "store," as such, does not affect the true labour question directly. So that what we mean when we say that "co-operation" is a great movement, is that working men have devised a highly convenient and economic plan of buying their food.

No doubt there is the whole *indirect* effect of this system, the freedom from debt, the accumulation of saving, the business experience, and all the countless other advantages which we have set forth and urged in preceding pages. No one can overlook them, and scarcely

can exaggerate them. But these are in themselves purely economic arrangements of practical convenience, and cannot affect the social conditions of labour otherwise than as economic arrangements can. The practice of savings-banks is a highly useful economic arrangement, which has done a vast amount of good. So is the penny post. The ready-money principle is a valuable rule. The practice of accumulating savings, of not living up to one's income, the habit of regular economy, of giving a fair price for a sound article, as also the habit of early rising, are excellent bits of worldly wisdom to which the successful man often attributes his wealth. But these things, useful as they are, especially as contributing to a rise in life, are not vital movements of society or new revelations. In fact, they form merely the mode in which the capitalist classes have amassed their wealth, and they are often most conspicuously practised by men who have won and who use their wealth in the worst way. The very men with whom labour has had the hardest struggle, are just those who exemplify the value of these rules. And it is significant that the men who are the most earnest advocates of this species of economic prudence, are just the men who are known as the most hardened followers of the barrenest schools of political economy, to whom competition is a sort of social panacea and beneficent dispensation. It can hardly be that industry is to be regenerated simply by the working classes coming to practise the penny-wise economics of the getters of capital. It is much to be desired that this useful kind of prudence was more common. But if co-operation is to end in simply putting £5 or £10 into safe investments for working men, it is scarcely worthy of the fervent language which addresses it as a new gospel of the future, or of poems to celebrate its noble mission upon earth. We might as well expect them to be produced about a goose club.

There is no mystery about co-operation, nor, indeed, anything very original. Railways and joint-stock companies in general are simply co-operative societies; so is a goose club, so are all the clubs in Pall Mall. The new working men's clubs are so still more, and this admirable movement possesses also a great many of the advantages of the co-operative system, and is free from some of its defects. In fact, wherever a number of persons join their small capitals into one capital, of which they manage to share the profit or the benefit (a system as old at least as the Romans), a true co-operative society exists. No doubt there are no companies (or very few) in which the subdivisions of shares are so small and the facilities so great as to enable workingmen to invest out of their savings. But that is only an accident. It is quite easy to conceive a joint-stock company with very small shares, for some petty local object, very much connected with the working class—and many land and building societies are thus connected—which

would be (many of them now are) classed strictly as co-operative societies. There are plenty of such little speculations, got up by pushing men of the people, owned and managed by them and their friends, which figure in the long list of the co-operative roll. They are very useful institutions, which bring a good dividend to the prudent investor—and so are gas companies. Now the “stores” offer a number of useful and incidental advantages which very few companies do. But in principle “stores” are joint-stock companies for the sale of food and clothing. As such they are doing a vast amount of good; but the industrial question is not solved, or even materially affected, because working men have devised and developed a very useful form of the joint-stock company system.

But as we have shown above, a man must be very short-sighted to see nothing more than this in the system as it now exists. There is a great deal more, only it is entirely subordinate and very indefinite. There is a wide-spread wish for social improvement, a spirit of self-sacrifice, and an unselfish enthusiasm which is very general in the movement. Gas companies do not subscribe to help each other in difficulties. Railway companies are not given to educational funds. Directors do not usually give their services gratuitously. Joint-stock companies' meetings, when they declare a dividend or dead loss, do not straightway sing a hymn, and appeal to each other, with tears in their eyes, to stand like men to the Limited Liability Act. There is something in this movement not explicable by love of cash. But all this amounts to saying that some very noble, earnest, and powerful spirits have thrown themselves into the movement. It is part of the social feeling and the strong sympathy which marks every effort of the genuine sons of labour in England, and, indeed, in Europe. But if it is a true part of co-operation at all, it is a part so indefinite, so ill-understood, and so very much disputed, that it cannot be said to be more than an adjunct. In itself, simply, co-operation is a joint-stock system for the association of small capitals. This has been practised by the rich for centuries, without any particular moral or social result. The prospectuses of new companies contain everything except homilies on the beauty of association. But the moral and social spirit which undoubtedly often accompanies co-operation is so very little defined, and is so devoid of any principle, system, or recognised rule whatever, that it cannot keep its ground beside the practical clear end of a good dividend. Co-operation may mean either the making and saving of money, or the joint labour of all for all. It may also mean partly one, partly the other. But if so, the relative proportions and limits of these two must be determined. Until this is done, co-operation is a mere form of pecuniary investment.

Now this question is all the more essential because no candid

friend of the movement can deny that it is one on which its supporters are wholly divided. Most societies have within them more or less distinctly two parties, the one the men who look on the system as an economic, the other as a social, instrument. The one are sincerely desirous to become and to see their fellows become small capitalists; and then, in the words of one of the addresses, "the great problem of social economy is for the working classes to keep themselves with their own money." These men look on anything else as communism, and they are strict political economists. The other party fervently desire to see a system in which the share of capital in profit is reduced, and in which capital freely devotes part of its profit to labour; and these men are disciples of some kind of socialist scheme, and very often previously Owenites or actual communists. The latter are the more enthusiastic, the former are the better men of business. Both are useful, but they differ, as the discussions and divisions in the societies show. At present the economic school always carries the greatest weight and a majority of votes. The result is generally a friendly compromise; and an address which opens with a fervent call to the members to "elevate themselves by making money," closes with a motto in verse.

" Each for all, and all for each,
Helping, loving one another."

There is, however, a certain poetic vagueness often about the social element. Facts and acts are distinct; and, I believe, there is now no co-operative society existing which gives any substantial part of its income to *others than the members who share the capital*. There are, however, unmistakably two real sections in the co-operative world, and also in its friends: those who desire to see the privileges and power of capital extended to working men by their becoming capitalists; and those who desire to see working men relieved, by capital being deprived of much of its privileges and its power. These two parties, though quite friendly, are widely different, and at present, in the division list, the former have their way.

In the face of this great fact, which contains the key of co-operation as a social system, it is needless to consider the value of the general principles which are vaguely supposed to be connected with it. They can have no stability, for they do not rest on any accepted set of truths, or any recognised principle of action. One man writes to ask the *Co-operator* if Sunday trading is not contrary to the "true principle of co-operation." The editor of that useful and instructive periodical plainly considers that alcohol is; and he vigorously calls to order a "store" which ventured to sell beer. Of course, co-operation has no more to do with teetotalism than it has with Methodism. Now, if "co-operation" means a general term for all the moral and prudential virtues, or rather for what each man takes these to be, it

means nothing. Nothing so vague can make any great effect. The thoughtful men amongst the working classes know well that for the permanent improvement of their order much more remains than that some should save a little money, and all buy cheaper and better food. Social wants require social remedies, and such things are mere delusions unless they are based on sound social philosophy. Modern life is not so simple a thing that it can be reformed by prudent maxims, with or without fine sentiments. Nor is our industrial system so feeble a matter that it can be moved by vague professions of good-fellowship. Stripped of this, co-operation is one of the best, perhaps far the best of economic expedients for increasing the comfort, health, and happiness of the poor man's home; but as such it cannot claim to have solved or even dealt with the industrial problems of society. As a system under which labour is to gain a new position, and stand on fairer terms with capital, it has yet everything to do; for it has neither done nor even suggested anything tangible.

We have hitherto purposely kept out of view the real manufacturing societies. These are co-operative societies which are employers of labour. Here, then, the system does grapple with the position of labour and capital. But what is the result? As a test, the experiment is scarcely favourable. The manufacturing societies are extremely few, they are not yet exactly successful as speculations, and they do nothing but *pay the labourer his ordinary market wages*. They are chiefly flour-mills and cotton-mills. Now the flour-mills have paid large and regular dividends, have done a considerable business, and have been admirably managed, and of course have had their hard times. But these are not strictly manufacturing societies; they supply chiefly their own members and other co-operative societies, and may be more properly classed with the "stores." The amount expended in labour is extremely small compared with that for raw material and plant. They naturally employ at times workmen unconnected with the society; but I have never understood that mere workmen employed by them ever receive anything but the market rate of wages, or any particular advantage, privilege, or perquisite. Nor do I think any societies in the kingdom remunerate their ordinary workpeople in any other way than the usual mode. Frequently these people are shareholders, but very often are not; and in any case the society, or rather company, wanting labour, goes into the market, and gives the price of labour as fixed by competition; just as a railway company does. The fact that the holders of the shares in the "store" or "mill" are for the most part (they are not always) real working men, is a very important and interesting fact; but it does not affect the conditions of labour, or add appreciably to the wages of their "hands."

The flour-mills apart—which are very successful and useful modes of making money—the other manufacturing societies are insignificant, until we come to the cotton-mills. Here and there an association of bootmakers, hatters, painters, or gilders, is carried on, upon a small scale, with varying success. The plate-lockmakers of Wolverhampton (who have been recently carrying on a struggle with the competing capitalists so gallantly) are another instance. But small bodies of handicraftsmen (or rather artists) working in common, with moderate capital, plant, and premises, obviously establish nothing. The only true instances of manufacturing co-operative societies of any importance are the cotton-mills. During the great cotton fever which preceded the distress, several mills were started or projected. Some of them for a time seemed promising. The great Lancashire famine, however, came on them almost before they had got to work; and it would be impossible to draw any inference whatever from them. Some of the mills, however, never got to work at all. Some took the simple form of ordinary joint-stock companies, in few hands. Others passed into the hands of small capitalists, or the shares were concentrated amongst the promoters. In fact, there is now, I believe, no co-operative cotton-mill owned by working men in actual operation on any scale, with the notable exception of Rochdale. The Rochdale mill deserves consideration by itself. Rochdale, it is well known, is in a special sense the cradle of co-operation. As Mr. Holyoake tells us in his admirable account of its rise there in 1844, “Human nature must be different at Rochdale from what it is anywhere else.” Its rise may be distinctly traced to the influence of Owenism, and some of its leading promoters there, besides being men of real industrial genius, are deeply imbued with many valuable principles which Robert Owen upheld. The Rochdale cotton-mill once bid fair to be an extraordinary success in a commercial view. Their buildings are not surpassed by any, and equalled by few, in the county; their management has been cautious and able; their credit stands in the money-market even higher than that of neighbouring capitalists; they weathered the storm of the cotton distress perhaps better than any, being almost the last to close and the first to open; and they are now running full time. They have, in fact, proved that it is quite possible for a cotton-mill (at any rate) to be worked on the largest scale, with a successful result, on the co-operative principle.

What, however, they have not proved is the possibility of a mill being wholly owned by those who work it, and of labour receiving more than the ordinary market share of the profits. The mill was founded on the principle of dividing all profits (after satisfying all expenses and the interest on fixed capital) equally between the shareholders and the workmen, every £100 received in wages counting in

the distribution of the dividend the same as every £100 invested in shares. This principle was a real experiment to institute a new condition of labour. The mill had not worked long, however, before (in 1861) this principle, after a severe struggle, was abandoned, and no efforts of the minority, backed by many influential friends of the movement, have succeeded in restoring it. This, therefore, in the great home of co-operation, has for the present decided the issue. The question how to give the labourer a larger share of the profits has failed of solution. A body of co-operative capitalists, it is there seen, hire and pay their own workmen on the ordinary terms of the market, and under the rule of simple competition. This is the greatest blow, in fact, which the system has ever yet sustained, and is one which, if it cannot be reversed, stamps it as incompetent to affect permanently the conditions of industry. In spite of all efforts which faith, hope, and charity make to conceal it, this decision has planted a deep root of division amongst the co-operative body, and has broken the confidence of their most zealous friends. Some of the most active friends of the movement as loudly justify it as others loudly condemn it. And a long controversy has been carried on with great energy and no result. But a vote of the whole body of co-operators would undoubtedly show for the economic party an overwhelming majority.

But it may be said that, supposing co-operation distinctly to surrender or disclaim every thought of affecting the existing conditions and rights of capital, it is fulfilling a great mission if it enables the workmen to share the capital; and the Rochdale cotton-mill, although it does not divide its profits amongst its workmen, still pays them as shareholders, and in one way or other the workmen themselves obtain the share of the profits, and gain the security and independence of an invested fund. Unfortunately this is not so. The shares of this mill are now in a very large proportion held by men who are not workmen in it, and not a small proportion is held by men who are not now working men at all. The number of shares owned by the ordinary "hands" is not sufficient to establish any very important principle. And until this is the case, and that permanently, nothing decisive is done. It is an instructive fact that a number of men who are, or have been, receiving weekly wages, should own and manage important cotton-mills. But as half the fortunes in Lancashire have been created by such men individually, there is nothing astounding in the fact that an association of them can do the same. Can it be regarded as the herald of a social and moral millennium that a large mill is worked by a company which consists of the managers, foremen, and principal workmen in it, of several well-to-do men who have been working men and have accumulated savings, and of some of the small shopkeepers of a town? Let all men save money that can, but society need feel no special enthusiasm at the fact that

several hundreds of working men are able to retire upon comfortable incomes.

Now to that, be it said with all regret and soberness, the Rochdale cotton-mill seems tending under its present *régime*. If it has not reached it yet, it seems certain that in the course of time it must. The process is very obvious to any one who knows how these things work. A body of resolute working men, full of enthusiasm and self-reliance, start a manufacturing society together. The shares cannot, of course, be inalienable, which is opposed to all modern requirements. If the concern has only a margin of profit, they struggle on heroically, and often carry out their principle for a long time. But then the experiment is of doubtful commercial success. If the concern thrives greatly and rapidly, the tendency of capital is to rush in and absorb the shares as a simple investment. Again, the shares naturally aggregate into a few hands. Both these tendencies are felt in all successful manufacturing societies. They have the greatest difficulty, and have devised all sorts of ingenious devices, with little result, to prevent them. But do what they will, the shares get more and more into the hands of men of some small capital. The nearer this limit is reached, the more completely does the concern become a simple joint-stock company. Some of the workmen suffer domestic privations, some are improvident, some cease work and bequeath their shares, and in countless ways the workmen cease to hold the shares. The process is very rapid, and occurs under all conceivable conditions. Even if the strictest provisions existed, nothing can prevent capitalists at last owning shares,—or shares, at best, accumulating in the hands of the more fortunate or more skilful shareholders. And even if this were done, nothing can prevent the shareholders personally becoming richer men. A capital, we may suppose, of £50,000 is invested in a mill employing 500 men, who equally own the shares at the rate of £100 a piece. If trade is very good, and the profits as great as they used to be, each of these men, if he retained his own shares, and was very industrious, prudent, and economical—and to succeed most of the members must be this—will own in course of years several hundred pounds. Is it conceivable that a body of workmen, each owning, for instance, £500, will continue one and all at the loom and the spindle? Or would they when each was worth £1,000? Certainly not. Why should they? Indeed, a man who has shown great aptitude in employing capital and accumulating wealth, is impelled by every instinct of our nature, and habit of our civilisation, to say nothing of being probably bound by every claim of domestic and social duty, to devote his talent and energy to the employment of capital, and to cease to spend his life in running after a “mule.” A working man begins to own a small capital; the qualities which have acquired it soon make it a larger capital (in Lancashire very

soon); directly he is a real capitalist he ceases to be one of the employed, and becomes one of the employers; and as co-operation has simply enabled him to become a capitalist, and refuses to alter the condition of the employed, merely as such, the man soon becomes an employer of the ordinary type.

It is not worth much to say that these small capitalists, who have been actual working men, will know and feel the position of their workmen. Unfortunately the successful working men are not those whom their class have most reason to love. It is well known that the closest men of business are those who have risen from the ranks, whose formula is, "What was good enough for me, is good enough for them." And working men well know that if the hardest masters are the men who have risen out of their own order, the hardest of all is a trading company of such men. It does not appear that co-operative societies, as a rule, have very much to boast of in their treatment of their own workpeople. It will, perhaps, be agreed that at many stores the servants are rather closely and sparingly treated than otherwise. It is quite natural when we remember that their employers are men not accustomed to deal with large sums, or make gifts, or provide for others; are responsible members of a Board; that every detail is scrutinised, and every effort made to find the best dividend. There is a well-known case of a very flourishing concern which was started by a few associated workmen as a co-operative society, which is now simply a company in a few hands, not a single workman owning the smallest share. It is notorious that this concern deals with its people (to say the least) not a whit better than surrounding capitalists. Yet this is nothing but a co-operative society which has been wonderfully successful. What would industry gain if keen-scented companies like this existed in every city of the kingdom?

Professor Fawcett (in his excellent Manual) thinks that the difficulty should be met by the societies making a rule of employing none but shareholders. This is plainly impracticable. If workmen who left the mill were compelled to sell their shares, they would cease to form or to give the privileges of capital. If workmen to fill their places were required, it would be impossible to insist that they should purchase shares. It would narrow the labour market to an impracticable degree, and no mill could work on such terms. And if it could, what an anomaly would be a society founded to ameliorate the position of the labourer which made a rule of refusing employment to any but those who had a sum of ready money in hand! Besides, how about the women and children? The majority of the workpeople of a cotton-mill are women and children—wives, lads, and girls. But all these ("doffers" included) could hardly have shares, or at any rate could not exercise any freedom in them. The young folk and children unfortunately have not, as a rule, parents in the

mill, and often have no parents at all. This is just the class on whom capital presses most hardly. To them co-operation offers nothing. In short, the idea of the workmen permanently owning the capital is illusory. As a partial temporary measure in a petty trade like an oyster fishery it may be possible for the workers to own the capital and plant. In all the larger and complex forms of industry it is impossible. The owners of valuable property will not, cannot, and ought not to continue at manual labour for wages. Nothing can prevent co-operative manufactories from hastening rapidly to become simply trading companies. And the co-operative system, if it only enables a number of men to obtain capital, will do nothing by means of a few vague professions to touch the root of the evil—the reckless and selfish employment of capital. It will be a system which has its uses and its abuses, like the railway system or the banking system, but it will leave the moral condition of society, as these do, precisely where they are.

Hitherto the question of the capacity of co-operative societies for success has been kept out of sight intentionally. It is plain that the "stores" with reasonably good management and skill are certain of success, often of wonderful success. But, as has been shown, the success of men clubbing together to buy their own food and clothing is nothing at all. We can go much further. We may say that in many trades a body of workmen can conduct a business with entire commercial success. Where it is a case of exceptional profits, as in the cotton trade from 1858-1861; of very small capital or plant, as a body of painters, shoemakers, masons, &c. (such men are really artificers), where very much depends on the personal skill, care, and zeal of each individual workman, no doubt signal success is quite within their reach. Associations of the kind, well founded and honestly conducted, are worthy of every help and confidence. By all means let there be plenty such. But all this is a drop in the ocean of industry. If there is one thing which the progress of civilisation more continually develops, it is that the direction of capital requires entire freedom, undivided devotion, a life of training, and innate business instincts. All our complex forms of industry involve sometimes, in the directors, engineering or practical genius, a sort of instinct of the market, and a life-long familiarity with an involved mass of considerations, partly mechanical, partly monetary, partly administrative. The head of a great production is like the captain of a ship or the general of an army. He must have scientific knowledge, technical knowledge, practical knowledge, presence of mind, dash, courage, zeal, and the habit of command. It is all very well for working men to buy butter and tea prudently, and even to superintend the agents who buy it for them. But it is ridiculous to tell the hammermen at a forge that they can successfully carry on

Whitworth's engineering business, or build the *Great Eastern*. Conceive the London and North-Western Railway managed by its stokers, porters, and ticket-clerks, or the Peninsular and Oriental Steamboat Company carried on by a committee of seamen, or the Bank of England managed by its ordinary cashiers! These are extreme cases, but they strikingly explain the real defect of the position. What is the limit? Where does the business become so simple that it can be managed by the mere workmen whom it employs? Arguments on this subject are almost ridiculous, were it not that the extravagant pretensions of some co-operators seem to call for notice. In a word, no sensible man will deny that the great industrial occupations would come to disastrous ruin were it not for entire secrecy, rapidity, and concentration of action, and that practical instinct of trade which nothing but a whole life and a very difficult education can give—and even that can give only to a few.

It profits little to argue that the bulk of the workmen, though unfit to manage, are very fit to superintend the management. He who is unfit to manage is not fit to direct the manager. The only course open to inexperienced men undertaking a complex manufacture would be to trust themselves blindly to a skilful director. But if they do, they are simply in his hands, and the independence and value of their owning the capital is at an end. It cannot be turned both ways. Either the manager is controlled by the shareholder, in which case success is endangered, or he is free, and then they lose responsibility and practical power to affect the management. You cannot *buy* the inspiring authority any more than the electric will of a great military or political chief. It is impossible to *hire* commercial genius and the instincts of a skilful trader. Nor must it be forgotten that the success of great trading companies proves nothing. They are companies of capitalists, the large majority of whom are by the habits of their lives trained to the skilful employment of capital, and versed from childhood in the ways of trade. And even these men practically entrust the whole management blindly to a few great capitalists among them, any one of whom might very well own and direct the whole concern. The fact that an association of *capitalists* can manage a gigantic interest does nothing to prove that an association of *workmen* can. A company of merchants, naval men, and financiers, whose whole lives have trained them to it, can manage the Peninsular and Oriental undertaking. Does that prove that a company of able seamen could?

But this is to repeat for the hundredth time the objections against Socialism and Communism. There is no need now, or in this country, to expose the unsoundness of these. But co-operation, whilst sharing in many of their defects, wholly forgets the high aims which make these systems noble in their errors. The great-hearted and misjudged

enthusiasts who taught them, really grasped the industrial evils in their fulness, and resolutely met them with a cure. They saw that the root of the evil was the extreme power and selfishness of capital. They met it by destroying the institution of individual property, or by subjecting it to new conditions and imposing on it new duties. In Communism, where labour and capital were alike devoted to the common benefit; in Socialism, where labour and capital are radically reorganised, whatever else of evil they might contain, the relative condition of the labourer must certainly have improved. But co-operation is a compromise which reduces none of the rights of property and imposes on it no new obligation. Starting from the same point as Socialism—the anti-social use of capital, and the prostration of the labourer before it—it seeks to remedy all its consequences by making more capitalists. It faces all the risks which beset the subdivision of capital amongst a mass of inexperienced holders, and then does nothing to guarantee more justice in the employment of that capital in the aggregate.

The subdivision of the capital, after all, is a mere mechanical expedient. It must be temporary. The aggregation of capital, the accumulation of wealth in the hands of the more skilful, is one of the most elemental tendencies of society. The prudent *will* grow rich, the rich *will* grow more rich. It is, in truth, one of the primary truths about human labour. Communism boldly says—Let none grow rich. Co-operation simply says—Let more grow rich. After all, how very small is the number whom it can permanently make capitalists. All cannot grow rich. It is puerile to suppose that all can have the advantages of capital; for if all had them, the advantages would cease. Or at least, since they would all share capital most unequally, their relative position is not much altered. The weak now go to the wall, and so they would if the strong had the means of getting stronger. It is easy and most desirable that every family in an industrial town should club to buy food, and have £20 at interest in the “store.” But if the entire industry of the country were started on the co-operative system, in a generation the shareholders would be a small minority, and certain knots of them would doubtless develop the most formidable industrial tyranny which modern Europe has seen.

Hereafter, we are always told, co-operation will develop the true plan of admitting labour to a share of the profits. It may be; but no one of the elaborate systems of Socialism has stood critical examination. The attempt to apportion exactly that share which is the *right* of labour, and that which is the *right* of capital, has always ended in absurdity.¹ To apply mathematical formulæ to social and political questions is the surest test of a low education. What arith-

¹ (1) See interminable discussions in the “Co-operator” on this hopeless problem. ..

metical ratio ought property and numbers to hold in government? What is the value of this man's or that class's vote? Such are the crudest of metaphysical puzzles, and the arithmetically *just* share of labour in the profits is one of them. Clearly the share, whatever it should be, varies in every trade; it varies in every operation, it varies to each workman. It is a common idea that equity would consist in sharing equally between labour and capital, every £10 of capital receiving the same dividend as every £10 of wages. But why equally? The ancient philosopher says "the vulgar think that that which is equal is just." But it requires a disquisition on the elements of society (which are very differently estimated) to show why in abstract justice the £10 of labour expended in making a piece of cotton is the fair equivalent of the £10 of capital which bought the material and machinery. All that can be said is, that it is the market price—the conventional measure. But this is the measure of that very industrial system which is declared to be *so radically unjust*.

Minds that do not delight in these metaphysical will-o'-the-wisps will, on reflection, see that there is no more ground to say that the just share of labour is half than that it is double, or a third, or a tenth. What is the just share of a successful general in the plunder? What is the just share of the painter of a picture, and the man who wove the canvas and ground the colours? Generals win battles in spite of bad soldiers, and soldiers win battles in spite of bad generals: what is the share of each in the result? A capitalist of consummate skill makes a business thrive in spite of every opposition; a reckless capitalist ruins the most promising business. And if labour and capital share equally, what becomes of talent, so justly considered in Fourierism? Who is to estimate the share which mechanical genius, instinctive sagacity, and personal ascendancy, *ought* to secure for a masterly trader? All sorts of ingenious rules have been suggested to determine this just share mathematically, and each is a fresh absurdity. The whole subject is a quicksand which defies measurement. The proportion depends entirely on the point of view which is taken as most important in civilisation. One who values intellectual power will think justice gives the larger share to the controlling mind. One who is impressed with the importance of capital will award it to property. And he who sympathises with the sufferings and privations of manual toil, will give it to labour. But it is of less importance to consider what proportion of profit co-operation will give to labour, because at present in England it does not give any.

But if we suppose the just relative shares of labour and capital fixed by some sort of inspiration, they would not long remain just. The proportion must be fixed by some consideration of the difficulty which there is in finding one or other element. In a given under-

taking, the relative importance of the capital and the labour might be mathematically taken as equal, and the proportionate value ascertained. But suppose the available labourers doubled in number, or the available capital halved. Some regard ought to be taken of the new importance of capital, when so many more needed it, or there was only half as much of it. But this is only to fall back on the old rule of competition, of supply and demand. £10 worth of labour is only equal to £10 worth of capital, at the present market rate; if wages improved, £10 worth of labour would become £15 worth of labour, and so on. £10 worth of agricultural labour, in Dorsetshire, means twenty weeks of good farm-work; in Yorkshire, it means ten weeks; in New Zealand, it means five weeks; in Saxony, it means fifty weeks. Which of these is *just*? But £10 represents nearly as many ploughs and spades, loaves and coats—though not quite—in all. The labourer's wages usually fall when he is in distress; his £10 worth of labour may become £5, without any fault of his own, and though he work still harder. But the £10 in capital never fluctuates so quickly or so greatly. That is to say, the share which the system of justice gives to the labourer will be least precisely when and where he most needs it. Surely this is competition systematised under the mask of equity!

Or, suppose no regard is paid to the difficulty of obtaining capital or labour—which, after all, is competition, supply, and demand—and it were attempted to apportion, by abstract justice, the share of labour and capital—how should we proceed? Capital results from saving—that is, abstinence. How much abstinence is equivalent to how much labour? And then, what sort of abstinence and what sort of labour? Under what conditions, over what period, and so forth? The abstinence of a nobleman who saves £10,000 a year out of £20,000 is not an heroic virtue; but it is a great power, and represents the labour of 500 men for a year. The whole thing is a pedant's puzzle. We attempt to measure in figures the relative values of labour and capital, and we come at once to the old conventional measure—the market standard. We adopt it, and we incorporate with our system of justice all the injustice of competition, and we stereotype all its evils. The noble enthusiasts who taught Socialism at least saw this, and they determined to meet it by re-organising society, and imposing new conditions on property. Each fresh difficulty drove them to fresh safeguards and more ingenious regulations. The world now knows the utter failure of these visions of a society drilled like a regiment and tutored like a school. But with all their errors and their follies, they never thought that the just claims of labour could be settled “by algebra.” They saw that there are but two ways in which labour and capital—or say, rather, the human faculties and efforts—can receive their proportionate

shares: by competition, or by a radical revision of the mechanism of the whole social system.

There is one other consideration (and it is of the utmost importance) which co-operators usually overlook. In a plain, thriving business—as in the cotton trade before the American war, when profits were certain and large—it seems a very simple thing to divide the profit equitably. But what if there is no profit, or a dead loss? Under the rule of abstract justice, it does not seem quite clear why, if a business is working at a dead loss, the very wages should be paid. Yet, to give capital its due, however great its losses, it pays the market rate of wages to all whom it employs. Now, in striking the just balance, something ought to be allowed to capital for this liability, since it has to bear *all* the loss. And yet, how is the risk, the chance of dead loss, to be estimated? If any arrangement is devised which is to throw the loss on labour, then labour ought to have a voice in the management; and we should have co-operative mills managed not only by committees and meetings of shareholders, but joint committees and meetings of the shareholders, and their workmen and workwomen. But co-operators are not prepared for this, for this is Socialism, and a distinct invasion of the rights of capital.

Working men, perhaps, are a little disposed to undervalue the constant and enormous losses which capital has to bear. How many a business, ultimately thriving, has run at a dead loss for years—a loss which, if thrown on the workmen, would have brought them to destitution. Now, capital can stand these great fluctuations just because it is capital—*i.e.* a reserve; but the fluctuations of the labourer's income, just because he has only a reserve in rare cases, unsettle and derange his daily comfort and his domestic life. These losses, when averted, are often averted by the personal sagacity and energy of the capitalist, which it is impossible to estimate in figures. The whole life and soul of a difficult business (as of a difficult campaign) often depends entirely on the skill of the chief; and he would be crippled if he were a subordinate manager. There is a great deal more resemblance than is often supposed between a military association and an industrial one. The successful direction of combined human effort requires very similar conditions, whether the activity takes the form of killing an enemy or of making steam-engines. It is as illusory to apportion the just share of the capitalist to the profits, or to subject his action to his subordinates, as it would be to put an army into commission, and direct it by a Board and an assembly of common soldiers.

Nor is the industrial question simply one of money. Labour would not be helped simply by awarding it a new share of the profits; many labourers would use it just as improvidently and unluckily as they do their present share. The main and the just complaint of

labour is, not that it has too small a share of the profit, but that it is too often exposed to the exorbitant power of capital, and the oppressive use of that power. All know that there are very many ways in which the capitalist can hold the labourer gripped in a crushing system, whilst remunerating him largely. Some of the best paid occupations—that of colliers, coal-whippers, tailors, and excavators—receive very high wages, although often suffering the most systematic oppression. Wages are frequently enormous where “truck” is a dominant institution: the money question is often the least part of it. Nor would any system which simply added to wages, and left capital with all its power, do much to establish equity. Justice is not done to the unprotected labourer simply by giving him more money, if every power and right which capital possesses to oppress him is left untouched. The evils which fall hardest on labour are—irregular work; overtime; exhausting, unhealthy, and dangerous work; fluctuations in earnings, place and hours of work; forfeits; personal, domestic, and private oppression; want of leisure, justice, and protection. All these, which Unionism provides for, Co-operation leaves untouched; and as to overwork, rather stimulates than reduces it. Co-operation concerns itself solely with the re-distribution of capital and its produce. For the employment and the duties of capital it has not a word.

Capital has its beneficent as well as its sinister side. It is a power for good far more than for evil; and if co-operation too often forgets the formidable power of aggregate capital, whether owned by many or by one, by rich or poor, it too often puts out of sight the noble functions which capital in a single hand can exert. As the possession of vast and free capital in a single skilful hand enables it to be used with a concentration, rapidity, and elasticity which no corporate capital can enjoy; so in a conscientious hand it is capable of yet more splendid acts of protection, providence, and beneficence. There is nothing chimerical in such a supposition, and nothing degrading to those who benefit by it. It does not consist in the giving of money or the distribution of patronage. A great, free, and wise capitalist—and England happily can show some of the noblest examples—whose mind is devoted to the worthy employment of his power, can in countless ways, by advice, help, example, and experience, promote the welfare of those about him, raise their material comfort, their domestic happiness, their education, their health, their whole physical and moral condition; can act almost as a providence on earth, and that by means as honourable for them to receive as for him to use. Every one knows that some of the largest estates, and some very large manufactories in this country, are now successfully carried on in a spirit which provides in a very high degree for the welfare of all concerned. The feeling of honest pride, confidence, and goodwill

with which these efforts are met on the part of tenants and workmen, is as elevating to them as it is to their employers. It would be a perversion of mind which could see anything mean in so noble a relation as this. It would be preposterous to suppose that the sense of duty could be as lively and personal on one side or the other, where the capital is owned by a company. No responsible manager of a society could feel or venture to show the same munificent care for his people that many landlords and many manufacturers now do. No association could or would be ever voting sums for those benevolent purposes which the conscientious capitalist carries out day by day. As little could it do so as the Board of Admiralty could inspire the ~~sense~~ of sympathy and devotion which binds a captain like Nelson to his men. This is a conviction almost as old as society itself, which it needs more now than some phrases about "Self Help" and "Mutual Co-operation" to eradicate. Socialism, it is true, and still more Communism, did claim to substitute for this spirit another as strong, or even stronger. But that was by boldly reconstructing the social system, by instilling new habits, and instituting a moral education. But the bastard Communism—of breaking capital into bits—which some advocate as true co-operation, leaves the whole force of these sentiments out of sight. It weakens the power of capital for good far more than it weakens its power for evil. The morality and education of capital it passes by. It subdivides it, but does nothing to elevate it. Right, useful, necessary often, as the principle of association and co-operation is, indispensable as it may be as an adjunct and resting point, it will still remain as true as ever, that on any large scale, and for the highest uses, concentrated and not associated capital will command the greatest practical success, and develop the most noble moral features both in employer and employed.¹

It may be asked, is there any need so closely to criticise a spontaneous economic movement which has an obvious practical value? Is it necessary again to repeat objections against Socialism as a system? The answer is that there is real need for it. The co-operative system is so great a success that any illusions about it would be

(1) It will be seen that no notice is here taken of the system originating in Paris, advocated by Mr. Mill, and adopted by Messrs. Briggs and Messrs. Crossley, in which a portion of the profits is freely given by the capitalist to the labourer, or a share in the capital is made over to him. This, the most hopeful fact in our industrial system, the best of all schemes of industrial improvement, is not co-operation at all. It wants every feature of co-operation. It is not self-help by the people, for it is a wise and spontaneous act of munificence from the capitalist. No efforts of the labourers can advance its introduction. The capital is not sub-divided, but remains practically in one hand. The management is not democratic, but remains also in one hand. The labourers are not partners, and have no control for good or evil over the concern. It is the free gift of a bonus to the labourer—a wise, a just, and a promising system—but not co-operation.

very dangerous. It is now absorbing men of such high qualities and influence, that if not well directed it will prove positively pernicious; and especially so, since it is being advocated with such exclusive claims and such extravagant language as befits only a new social system. The present writer yields to none in his warm sympathy and respect for the movement as regards the "stores" and associated artificers. He knows and has seen how very much good it is doing. But that good is wholly dependent on its true limit and use being understood, and he has long seen with regret that some of the very best leaders and friends of the working classes are throwing themselves exclusively into it, as if it were a new gospel, destined to revolutionise the conditions of industry. As applying on any large scale to manufactures, it seems to the writer a feeble echo of Socialism, with many of its defects and few of its ennobling aims. On this side it is a crude compromise between the claims of labour and of capital—the hybrid child of Plutonomy and Communism.

Things which are very good and useful when quite spontaneous, become very bad and noxious when fanned into a movement and preached as a revelation. The Temperance principle has done good service; but as a Teetotalist fanaticism it does positive harm. It is a most useful thing and a most hopeful fact, that many working men's families should have a small saving for a rainy day. But there is no need for special exultation that a great many working men become shopkeepers or small employers. And a true friend of labour may well listen with dismay and disgust to the appeals of an organised propaganda "to save society by making money." There exists unluckily a systematic agitation which has developed a special cant of its own, by which the working men are beset, the burden of the cry being, Save—economise—accumulate—grow rich. "I do beseech you," cries a co-operative lecturer, "to unite yourselves together, with the determination to benefit yourselves by laying out your money to the best advantage." This is but the spirit of a thousand addresses, tracts, and articles. There has grown up an entire class of professional agitators, from whom nothing solid or practical is ever heard, but exhortations to make money, and hints how to make money quickly. It is a good thing to grow rich—honestly and naturally. But to preach, implore, and excite men to grow rich is a very bad thing. It used to be said by them of old time that the love of money was the root of all evil. Foolish as this was, it is hardly true that money is the root of all good. I do not scruple to say that this is too often the tone of the professional propagandist, and that much of his teaching is morally debasing. There is not one moral standard for the rich and another for the poor. And to teach and preach to the poor the paramount duty of getting money is as demoralising as to preach it to the rich. A little money, if they come by it in natural

course, may be useful and essential to their well-being; but for them to be always thinking of making a little, and then of making that little more; ever to be dealing in shares, dividend, or interest; to believe that by so doing they are working out their own "elevation" and their orders' regeneration, would be a pitiable self-delusion. For this reason there is no modern movement more full of moral danger than this. The temperance, the educational, the club movement, all have and advocate a definite moral object. The co-operative easily degenerates into the basest material end. Material efforts are no less necessary than moral efforts,—for the moment are often more so; but only in so far as men recognise and remember their temporary and subordinate uses.

The co-operative advocate will insist that many incidental objects, many moral precepts, are invariably united with the material aim. It is so, and the movement would be a poor one indeed if there were not this union. But co-operation must stand or fall by that which is its direct principal purpose. A material aim is a good, provided it keeps its place. And the direct, main, and only accomplished object of co-operation, as a system, is to make money. This is but slightly modified by the incidental aims; and its character is not changed by vague appeals to good feeling, by social celebrations, by devoting 1 per cent. out of dividends for education, by opening a reading-room, and by subscribing £5 to the *Co-operator*. None of these rest on any defined principle, are in the least systematic or generally accepted, or have been ever worked up into practical standing rules. They are just as compatible in theory with a railway company as with a "store." The shareholders of any business, if they were good-natured people, would do as much and more. What co-operation does teach emphatically, consistently, perpetually, and ably, is how to make a thriving business. It has worked out an admirably ingenious and prudent system of rules to increase dividends and to reduce expenditure. As a commercial system, it is a masterpiece of sagacious contrivances, and rests in principle on the plainest and most consistent logic. By this alone can it claim to be a system. What it has not yet done is to produce in twenty years one plain case of labour being employed on juster and more favourable principles than it is, or indeed on any principles but those of competition; or even to elaborate or suggest any rational scheme for employing labour on new conditions, or for placing the use of capital on a sounder and higher moral basis.¹

If this is true, working men will not long trust implicitly in a system which however useful is very partial and essentially subordi-

(1) A curious proof how little co-operation provides or suggests on the grand industrial question of making the use of capital consistent with social obligations, may be found in the following catechism, printed in the *Co-operator*, as part of a lecture, by

nate. They, of all others, know the social consequences of a systematic spirit of money-making. Co-operators are fond of homely proverbs, and they may well reflect on the value of a specific which consists "of a hair from the dog that bit them." They are also fond of an apologue, and may think of one of the most ancient and the wisest of all apologues—the immortal fable of the "Belly and the members." Would it be a rational remedy for disorder of the digestive system if the members were, not to starve, but to parcel out the stomach *in bits amongst them*? All the social misery which is caused to the workmen by the rage of amassing capital is not likely to be extinguished by a few hundred thousand workmen becoming small capitalists. There is nothing in co-operation *per se* which is to prevent a thriving co-operative company from consisting of the most selfish and unscrupulous men on earth. Capitalists by the very conditions of human nature will not be day-labourers. And the fact that 10 per cent. of the working men should raise themselves out of their class by ceasing to be labourers is an evil rather than a good. The working man who does so is generally no favourable specimen of his order.

its indefatigable editor, Mr. Pitman, the most active and most eminent of the co-operative apostles:—

CO-OPERATIVE CATECHISM.

"What is your Name?

"Co-operation.

"Who gave you this Name?

"My godfathers and godmothers, the Rochdale Pioneers, by whom I was made prudent, provident, and persevering.

"What did your godfathers and godmothers do for you?

"They did promise and vow three things in my name: First, that I should renounce 'the public,' and all its ways, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh. Secondly, that I should believe my own principles. And, Thirdly, that I should act as if I did, by keeping down expenses, buying in the cheapest market, and giving no credit without ample security.

"Dost thou not think that thou art bound to believe and do as the Rochdale Pioneers have promised for thee?

"Yes, verily: and by the reciprocal help of the shareholders and other customers I will; and I heartily thank my northern friends that they have called me into this happy condition, through the instrumentality of their principles. And I hope to illustrate those principles by continual practice unto my life's end.

"Rehearse the articles of thy belief.

"I believe that honesty is the best policy; that 'tis a very good world we live in, to lend, or to spend, or to give in; but to beg, or to borrow, or get a man's own, 'tis the very worst world that ever was known. I believe in good weight and measure, in unadulterated articles, in cash payments, and in small profits and quick returns. I also believe in the maxim 'live and let live;' in free trade; and, in short, that my duty towards my neighbour is to love him as myself, and to do to all men as I would they should do unto me.

"What dost thou chiefly learn in these articles of thy belief?

"First, I learn the folly of being a slave, when I may be free. Secondly, I learn to save my money, as well as earn it. And, Thirdly, I learn how best to spend it."

This is sensible advice with a few copybook saws worthy of a village schoolmaster; but it is not a system of social justice, or a system of anything.

The facilities and taste for this species of rise in life, this displacement of class (to translate M. Laffitte's happy term "*déclassement*"), form a very real evil. They are generally bought at the price of true moral and mental development. Regularity and security of position are the conditions most favourable to the welfare and elevation of the working man, not a rage for speculation and visions of possible wealth. Let him consider the following words of Comte:—"Governments, whether retrograde or constitutional, have done all they could to divert the people from their true social function (participation in public life) by affording opportunities for individuals among them to rise to higher positions. The moneyed classes, under the influence of blind routine, have lent their aid to this degrading policy by continually preaching to the people the necessity of saving: a precept which is indeed incumbent on their own class, but not on others. Without saving, capital could not be accumulated and administered; it is, therefore, of the highest importance that the moneyed classes should be as economical as possible. But in other classes, and especially in those dependent on fixed wages, parsimonious habits are uncalled for and injurious; they lower the character of the labourer, while they do little or nothing to improve his physical condition; and neither the working classes nor their teachers should encourage them. Both the one and the other will find their truest happiness in keeping clear of all practical responsibility, and in allowing free play to their mental and moral faculties in public as well as private life."

What, then, are our practical conclusions? They are these: that the co-operative system, as applied to the retail of food and clothing, and to small bodies of associated workmen, is a most sound, strong, and valuable method of adding to the material well-being of the working classes. As such it deserves all good-will and confidence, and undoubtedly has a large and bright future of usefulness before it. But co-operation, as spreading grand social truths, or as applied to large capitals and complex industries—in a word, to production—has not stood, and will not stand, its ground. As a social system, it has developed nothing that is not at once crude and vague; and the earnest spirits amongst the working and educated classes (often of some shade of Socialism) who support it on this ground, should reflect that it has done nothing to grapple with the problems that socialism propounds; that it has done and taught nothing definite, except how to buy well and how to save money. As applied to the higher manufactures it is doubtless capable, in special cases, of a very large measure of success, and may often in the battle of labour prove valuable, as a temporary rampart and refuge. It will probably always remain side by side with individual capital, as a vigorous rival and check. Success, however, necessarily alters the character of co-operative manufactures.

and extinguishes their social purpose by converting the workmen into simple shareholders. But co-operation is deeply rooted, and may now prosper by itself. To fan it into factitious activity may prove a dangerous social nuisance. The Gospel according to Mammon will preach itself, and can do without the assistance of philosophers and reformers. The working men and their advisers who are really bent on social progress, well know that this comes only of a truer civilisation, of a more vigorous morality, of a wider education, of a deeper moral tone, of healthier domestic life, more temperance, unity, moderation, self-respect amongst employed, more sense of duty, more justice, more benevolence amongst employers, more sympathy and unselfishness amongst both. Were a higher education of mind and feeling universal amongst workmen, they could elevate their own condition indefinitely. Were it universal amongst capitalists, *they* would do so spontaneously. Moral and mental education then, and a systematic promotion of it, and a power to concentrate and direct opinion, is the one thing truly needful in this and in all other social wants. This is the true "self-help by the people," and not the making of dividends, and compound interest on capital. This is the only means by which the working classes can elevate themselves, and it is a fraud to tell them that co-operation offers them this in any serious or regular way. Everything that puts this out of sight, and blinds men to its paramount importance, is an evil. It is because co-operation seems tending to do so, that the writer has criticised it as unreservedly and openly as he has previously criticised capital. If co-operation were ever to supplant, in the interest and hopes of working men, these other and far higher requirements, it would become a real source of social demoralisation. In itself it is good, provided it be natural, and provided it keep its place. But far other things are needful on which co-operation can offer nothing definite, or only as a make-weight. These things, co-operators may be told, they ought to have done, and not to have left the other undone.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

Sept. 1, 1865.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE new year opens with a prospect of great political activity in both hemispheres. The work of reconstruction we have on hand is far less than that of Austria, or Italy, or the United States, but it is nevertheless a work which will try our political virtues somewhat severely. The Government itself is not yet completely constituted, having among other things to consult the tender feelings of the Emperor of the French, as well as those of Mr. Bright, and the tenderer feelings of the old Whigs. It may be a question in some quarters whether Mr. Bright brings any great degree of strength to the administration; but we should not suppose any one, except Lord Clarendon, believes that an English administration is any the stronger by being framed to suit the likes and dislikes of the French Emperor. Already there is talk of a third party, which is to be strengthened by a body of ex-Liberals and gradually to absorb all moderate men under the leadership of Lord Stanley. Truly a hopeful project; almost as hopeful as that of attempting to meet Parliament with the administration as it stands.

The action of the Government in regard to Jamaica has met with general approval. Sir Henry Storks has sailed for the island, and Mr. Russell Gurney, M.P., will follow as one of the commissioners. A third will soon be appointed; and as there is every desire that justice shall be done to all parties, we shall say no more on the subject, unless it is re-opened by those who first tried to bully the public, and then to burke the facts.

The United States of America have always exercised a certain influence over the march of international policy. Since the great civil war has left them more firmly knit than ever, since it has shown that their power is nearly commensurate with their will, and that this power is of the very first class by land or sea; since that dramatic contest has made manifest to Europe the self-contained wealth of the United States, men have begun to feel that their influence in international affairs will, for the future, be indefinitely increased. Each state in Europe must henceforth take America into account far more than it has ever done before; and not the less because America still abstains from those "entangling alliances" which were condemned by Washington himself. It is for this reason, as well as because it is intrinsically interesting as the first after the war, that the Message of President Johnson has been read and weighed with respect as well as attention. And the form of the Message itself has surprised the hostile as well as the friendly critics. Those who regarded Andrew Johnson as an uncultured mechanic have been constrained to admire the clearness, vigour, and even eloquence of this State paper, and those who looked upon him as a vulgar politician, the spawn of democracy, have been naturally surprised at the precision, moderation, and even dignified character of his views. Thus two Presidents in succession, each sprung from poor white parents of Slave States, have conquered the respect of those who decried both, we will charitably assume, because each was "unknown"—that is, unknown to the "able editors" of the European world.

Observers have been anxiously waiting for this authoritative exposition of the internal and external policy of the Government of the United States. No one will deny that we have an interest in both. In the first, because we trade

largely, and hope to trade more largely, with America; in the second, because the line adopted might have entailed, and still may entail, a disruption of the peace. The internal policy of Mr. Johnson, then, as officially expounded, is in harmony with the policy he has pursued, and points to a rapid reconstruction. While he maintains that the State Governments are limited, "as to the General Government in the interest of the Union, as to the individual citizen in the interests of freedom," he defines also the limits of the General Government, and shows that the States are essential to the existence of the Constitution. Nay, he perceives and lays down the truth that the capacity of the Constitution "for comprehending within its jurisdiction a vast empire is due to the system of States." All this is said, and manifestly said, to remove any fears lest the General Government, flushed with its success in war, should seek to usurp those functions of the States which are essential to their independent yet subordinate existence. Hence it is that he so pointedly condemns the suggestion to rule the States which attempted to secede as conquered territory, and that he so vividly paints the consequences of military rule. He sees that it would have perpetuated discontent, would have scared away immigrants and capital, would have debauched the General Government, and endangered the liberties even of the States which remained loyal. Besides, it would have implied, what he will never admit, that the States were out of the Union, whereas he insists that in attempting to secede they placed themselves "in a condition where their vitality was impaired, but not extinguished; their functions suspended, but not destroyed." Therefore he has tried to "restore the rightful energy of the General Government and of the States," not *per saltum*, but by slow degrees. He admits that he ran some risk in adopting this beneficent policy, but he contends that his course involved the smallest risk, and that he diminished the danger by exercising the power of pardon, by admitting the States to participate in the high office of amending the constitution, indeed, by insisting on the adoption of the constitutional amendment as a condition precedent to the end that slavery—that great cause of perplexity and disruption—might be abolished for ever. And he seems to imply that, saving the rights of Congress to judge of the qualifications of its members, the States ought to be admitted to all their rights as soon as the Constitution has been amended. In the same spirit he refused to confer the suffrage on the freedmen by a Presidential decree, because he regarded that as beyond the jurisdiction of the General Government. But he admits that "good faith requires the security of the freedmen in their liberty and property, their right to labour, and their right to a just return for their labour;" and he further admits that if this is not done "the blame of ill-success will not rest on them." The several States ought to provide adequate protection and remedies for the freedmen," after that their future prosperity must rest mainly on themselves. "If they fail, and so perish away, let us be careful that the failure shall not be attributable to any denial of justice." Such are the President's views of reconstruction and the rights of the freedmen. It is plain that he is mainly influenced by a passionate devotion to the Union and the Republic. To judge by present indications of its intentions the Congress goes with the President fully in devotion to the Union, but is not quite so ready to surrender the rights of the freedmen to the mercies of the States, nor to admit the representatives of the latter to Congress without taking further precautions. But no sound judgment of the future can, in this

case, be based on the indications of the present. Congress is powerful, but after all, the President is more powerful; and it is far more likely that Congress will modify its views and fall in with those of the President, than that the opposite will happen. It is probable that within the year all the States will be once more in the full enjoyment of their political rights.

The great contest will then be over the body of the public debt. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the Southern members will do their utmost to obtain two ends—compensation for their slaves, and the repudiation of the national debt. But if the old Free States act together, and if they pass the Bill basing representation not on the population, but the number of voters, they need not fear the efforts of the Southern members to destroy public credit and stain the fair fame of the United States. Neither President Johnson nor Mr. M'Culloch, it is plain, have the least fear of repudiation. President Johnson boldly declares that "the debt of a republic is the safest of all," and declares that the national debt should be regarded "not as a national blessing, but as a heavy burden on the industry of the country to be discharged without unnecessary delay." The President and the Secretary are alike sanguine on this subject. Both contemplate the continuance of the present rate of taxation look forward to the possession of a large surplus in 1867; lay it down that the reductions of the debt will then begin, and tell us it will or can be paid off in thirty years. The boldness of this hope will be felt when we say that the debt amounts to upwards of £600,000,000 sterling; and it will be brought home still more completely to the reader's comprehension when we say that to pay off principal and interest in thirty years, Mr. M'Culloch proposes that Congress shall pass a Bill setting aside £40,000,000 annually for that purpose! It has been said that every prediction about the war and the course of affairs in the United States has been falsified by the event; and to the list of these falsified predictions we shall probably have to add the very confident one that "the republicans are certain to repudiate;" but it may well be doubted whether they will be able to display the heroic virtue demanded of them by their President and his Chancellor of the Exchequer, and endure severe taxation for thirty years in order that posterity may be without a burden incurred for its benefit also. President Johnson has strong faith, and really a high kind of pride in his country and her institutions. "As we have amazed the world," he says, "by the suppression of a civil war which was thought to be beyond the control of any government, so we shall equally show the superiority of our institutions by the prompt and faithful discharge of our national obligations." So may it be: but the superiority of institutions to exert physical force, and to pay the cost thereof, does not constitute a superiority upon other points not less essential to the welfare of states.

The foreign policy of the President concerns us more nearly than his home policy. As regards England, Mr. Johnson really does no more than repeat in a summary form the allegations put forward on his behalf with such conspicuous ability by Mr. Adams. It is, as we think, an essentially one-sided view, as regards the recognition of belligerent rights, and unsound doctrine that we are responsible for the damage done by Confederate cruisers because some of them escaped by fraud out of our ports, and because we refused to amend our law. But it is not quite so one-sided when it is alleged that we ought not to have recognised the legal existence of ships which had never been in a

belligerent port, but which made the whole ocean a port of entry. We should have consulted our own interests as a maritime power, and the interests of justice, had we refused those ships admission to any of our ports, or have seized them if they had come in. It was a lamentable weakness or blindness which led our Government to refrain. Still we do not see how we could well have submitted the matter to arbitration; although if by that means we could have got at a clearer definition of international law on the points at issue, it might have been worth the cost. There is not in the language of the President any shade of hostility, but both he, and Mr. Adams in his closing despatches, clearly imply that we shall be made to feel, in the next war we happen to be engaged in, the full consequences of the precedent we have set in the late war.

But the tone and style of the President in regard to France is somewhat menacing, although France is barely named. It can only be in allusion to the conduct of France in Mexico, and Spain in Peru and Chili, that Mr. Johnson drops the ominous remark that the United States has refused to be the propagandist of republicanism; and that he reminds European nations the moderation must be mutual. "We should regard it as a great calamity to ourselves," he says, "to the cause of good government and the peace of the world, should any European power *challenge* the American people, as it were, to the defence of republicanism against foreign interference." The reader may take this in connection with the bold action of Congress on the Mexican question, with the presence of General Schofield at Paris, with the rumours, assiduously circulated by ex-partisans of the South and ex-apologists for the Mexican invasion, of the desire of Napoleon III. to abandon Mexico, and admit the failure of the "greatest idea of my reign." There can be no doubt what the President means; and none that both emperors, Napoleon and Maximilian, must give way. The moral, and possible material, pressure are too strong. Only Napoleon III. will be allowed to go of his own free will.

Political activity on the Continent is more than usually varied and interesting. Great institutions are on their trial all round—in Belgium, in Italy, in Austria, in Spain,—shall we say in France and Prussia, where there is stillness on the surface, and no actual question pending, but where there are plenty of questions waiting an opportunity of propounding themselves.

The Belgians have gone through their crisis in a manner which shows that those who gave them credit for the possession of high political capacity had full warrant for the confidence they expressed. Ultramontane zealots, at home and abroad, excepted, all parties and sects have rallied round the king and constitution, and have extinguished the last spark of distrust. If there is any latent thought of surrendering national and individual freedom in exchange for a share in the glory and power of France and the tyranny of Imperial institutions, that thought has been well concealed. But we do not believe the Belgians desire to become citizens of French departments. If one could suppose such a desire to exist, then the late scenes in Brussels would rank among the grandest of hypocritical farces to be found in history. No people could have shown more earnestness in declaring once more, and on a most solemn occasion, their steadfast faith in the institutions created in 1831. From the king, who swore an oath of fidelity, on the throne, to the meanest subject who took part in that ceremony, there was absolute unanimity. The dead king was buried, the forms of the constitution were observed without haste as well as without delay. The

march of events was calm and regular. The only feelings displayed approaching to passion were sorrow for Leopold I., and a hearty welcome for Leopold II. And the speech of the new king was well calculated to call forth alike admiration and confidence. It was simple, direct, clear, wise, and full of feeling. Nothing could be in better taste than his allusions to his father and those to himself; and the Belgians will accept as pledges his declared love for the grand institutions of the country, his personal identification of himself, as king and man, with Belgium; and his avowal that, like his father, he stood, and would stand, outside the contests of opinion. If we may take the speech as a profession of political faith, we must conclude that Leopold II. is bound to Belgian nationality and to the Belgian constitution even more strongly than his father; that he has caught the true spirit of the old king; and hence, that the influence of his Roman Catholic education upon his political career will be less than the zealous hoped or the patriots feared. It is a significant fact that when, as in duty bound, the ministers resigned, the King declined to accept their resignation, his first wise step. Thus the Belgians and their monarch have refuted the sinister predictions of the French Imperialists, the Prussian Tories, and the ardent Ultramontanes all over Europe. It is worthy of remark that these sinister predictions proceeded from quarters which suppose themselves to have an interest in the ruin of Belgium; and that the Liberals of all countries have given the moral support of opinion to the Belgians; who, if their past history does not belie them, will know how to take care of the nationality and the franchises bequeathed them by their fathers. Belgium may be still in danger from the intrigues of acquisitive potentates, those parents of that international distrust which is the political characteristic of Europe; but principles are stronger and more enduring than men, and will survive when these pass away; and the stand which the Belgians have taken upon principles cherished by themselves, and by nations more powerful than they, is the best guarantee of the stability of the Belgian kingdom.

Italy is struggling through a chronic crisis, directly referable to her youth and incompleteness; but when she is five-and-thirty years old who can say she will not enjoy a prosperity similar to that of Belgium, and possess a power far greater? The throne of Victor Emmanuel is no bed of roses. The work before Italian statesmen would have tasked to the uttermost the wisdom of Cavour. By a rough application of force, in which the people participated, half a dozen states were welded into one. That involved heavy expenses. The liberators took payment in money as well as in kind; and Italy lost provinces, and was saddled with a big debt. More than this; as she took over states, *en bloc*, she took over also liabilities, and had to adopt not only the debts of kingly and ducal and imperial governments, but the civil services of half-a-dozen theretofore independent states. The war debts and the huge army of civil placemen are eating into the heart of her taxable resources; and if she has won unity she is paying heavily for it. Nor is this all. Two dangerous issues remained unsettled; one involving the relations of the State to the Church, the other the completion of the kingdom. Both necessitated the maintenance of a large army; for while, on the one hand, the hostility of Rome to Italy, and the presence in Rome of the ex-King of Naples, stimulated that brigandage which seems an indigenous product of Italy, on the other Austria refused to recognise the existence of the new kingdom, and the new

kingdom refused to regard itself as complete without the acquisition of Venetia. Hence a large army became essential. The people, it is said, would regard the reduction of the army as an abandonment of the claim to Venetia; the statesmen look upon it as affording a dangerous temptation to Austria; and Napoleon III. would probably consider it as a breach of faith, since it would seriously diminish the armed force he could employ if an occasion offered for a further humiliation and weakening of Austria, or for the expansion of the territories of imperial France. Nor is the army the most burdensome weight around the neck of the new monarchy, nor the least easily reduced. The civil service costs nearly twice as much, and if the civil service were reduced, would not the Government lose, and the opposition of both camps gain, a vast body of supporters? Could the Government reduce the army without creating alarm among the people, and could they afford to affront the malcontents created by the establishment of an economic administration? But these perils must be faced and overcome. That the La Marmora Ministry should be tumbled out of office by a mere political accident—want of tact in the management of the Deputies, on the part of the Minister, affording the opportunity—shows how the representatives of the people resent the painful predicament in which they find the national concerns. The nominal cause of the fall of the Cabinet was its obstinate persistence in the validity of a royal decree issued upon its advice, and a momentary indiscretion into which General La Marmora allowed himself to be betrayed in the heat of debate; but the real cause was a general want of confidence in the Government, or rather a state of irritation at the condition of public affairs. We have seen ministries tumble in England, and other countries, from similar causes. It is easier to see the difficulty than to see any way out of it. But as the Italians in past times have shown civil courage, patience, political aptitude, and invention, in far more trying circumstances, we may trust that *they* will not fail to find a method of dealing successfully with their external and internal troubles, of restoring order to their finances and of placing them on a sound basis.

Time presses, too. Austria is regarded as still the enemy of Italy, and the Italian statesman must be well aware of the energetic steps taken by the Cabinet of Vienna to re-invigorate the empire. There is nothing new in the conflict between Austria and Hungary. It has been going on in different fashions for more than two hundred years; and Austria's fits of repentance have been coincident with her political difficulties. But there is something different in the circumstances. For many a long day Austria, as a great power, has been living from hand to mouth. In these, as in past days, that has been an arduous process, and although it has brought her more than once to the verge of ruin, yet by dint of skill and toughness she has managed to survive. But she is now going upon a new principle. The end is the same it ever was—preservation of her position as a great power, now so sadly shaken; the means are different. The modern Pragmatic Sanction is a Constitution, and if it gets itself fairly established it may have better luck than its predecessor. The old Pragmatic Sanction has been violated over and over again, but the new one, if adopted, will contain within itself the elements of self-defence. If the Emperor of Austria makes compacts with his various states, and concedes them the powers of the purse, and if the people of those states have ordinary political virtue, he will not find it so easy to infringe the constitution as he and his predecessors have found it to break the Pragmatic Sanction. The reception of Francis

Joseph in Hungary has evidently been more cordial than even he expected, and he has certainly shown himself in a new light as an adept in the management of political and social bodies. He has not only addressed a speech to the Diet which is frank and able and conciliatory; he has done more—he has received and managed “deputations” with at least as much deftness as a constitutional minister. Neither Peel nor Palmerston, two professors of the art, could have done better. His little speeches show a sense of the appropriate worthy of our own statesmen, and they indicate on his part a decided aptitude for constitutional functions, or an incredible power of playing the hypocrite and imitating the arts of constitutional rulers. But they have an air of reality about them which forces itself on the attention. Nor is the great speech on the opening of the Diet less remarkable for sincerity. It is frank and manly, and those who heard it, like those who read it, were made to feel that it was not a mere discourse, but that there “were men behind it.” If Austria has not found at length a set of statesmen, their failure will prove one of the most perfect examples of the untrustworthiness of appearances on the records of history. The present position is this:—the Emperor admits the continuity of the historical rights of Hungary in its ancient amplitude, and he admits that those rights have been infringed; but while declaring the validity of the laws of 1848 incontestable, he asks the Diet to modify and transform those laws so as to make them in harmony with existing circumstances and the position of Austria as a great Power. For his part he promises in future to rule over all his dominions as of constitutional monarch, so that the reinstatement of Hungary in her rights will be only the preface to comprehensive constitutional arrangements embracing the whole empire. On their side the Hungarians seem fully prepared to make concessions—how far is as yet undetermined. But the will to be reconciled is indubitably there. We have therefore the prospect of a dual Austria, with the Emperor-King as the nexus. What effect on the balance of power will be produced by the establishment of a mighty *constitutional* monarchy in the heart of Europe, none of us can foresee.

The troubles of Spain are so mysterious that no one has yet offered any reasonable solution of the riddle. The Queen is said to have fallen into disfavour, and a certain correspondence from Madrid breathes revolution. But it would be most unwise and rash to predicate anything of a Power bankrupt in every sense. Some strange difficulties exist undoubtedly, and we shall know more of them when they break out into acts.

On the other side of the Pyrenees there is calm, disturbed only by small agitations aroused by the doings of Prefect Haussman, and the punishment inflicted on hot-headed students for mad speeches made in Belgium. French finance, to which about this time of year attention is generally directed, would be interesting if it were intelligible. But what can be made of the accounts of a state which has five sorts of budgets, whose budgets two or three years old are still in process of liquidation, and whose budgets for two or three years to come are there to distract attention from the present? It is certain that the budget of 1864 shows a deficit of £2,000,000, and we are asked to believe that the budget of 1867 will show a surplus—a surplus dependent on the payment of Mexican indemnity money to the tune of £1,000,000, and of hundreds of thousands from the “Algerian Society.” The sinking fund has never yet been applied to the debt, but it is to be applied in 1867! Where are the guarantees? Nowhere. Really all that the report of M. Fould shows is that the Imperial

government is deeply in debt, and that M. Fould is engaged in a perpetual conflict with the "departments," whose claims on the public chest are too often accorded by the Emperor when rejected by the watch-dog of his treasury. All this is to be amended in 1867, but—*savoir ce n'est pas pouvoir*. Who can cast the horoscope of 1867?

The constitutional combat in our colony of Victoria has been now carried to extreme lengths, and must, if considered at all, be very shocking to the French mind. It may be remembered that the Assembly sent up a Supply Bill "tacked" to the Appropriation Bill; that the Legislative Council sent it back, declaring the "tack" unconstitutional, which it was; that there being then no authority to pay anybody, the Government, by the advice of the Governor, borrowed from a local bank, and paid the debt when sued, so fertile is the constitutional mind in legal fictions. But this state of things was too inconvenient to last. Both Houses came to a conference, and it was agreed that the Bills should be divided. Whereupon the House sent up the Supply Bill, including a protectionist tariff, which being thrown out by the Council, the House let the Appropriation Bill drop! In the meantime the duties on imports were collected in virtue of the resolutions of the House; so that the Victorians were in a state of quiet revolution. The next mail will be very interesting. But it is plain that although the Assembly has acted on unconstitutional principles, if the people of Victoria through their representatives are determined to have complete control of the purse, there is no power anywhere to prevent them. Facts must be recognised.

The affairs of New Zealand are still in a troubled and uncertain state. The Maories laugh at the amnesty, and murder the messengers of peace. The Weld Ministry, which had some idea of dealing with the difficulties of the colony, has been driven from office. There did not appear to be any supreme authority in the colony—the Commander-in-Chief waiting for the Governor, the Governor for the Ministry, the Ministry for the Assembly. In addition to this, there is a curious constitutional question in New Zealand also. Under the Pakington Constitution there has been a division of revenue among the provinces. To wit: the proceeds of land sold in a province go to the province; three-eighths of the customs revenue are divided among them; and, in addition, all savings on authorised expenditure, are regarded as surplus revenue, and divided accordingly. The consequence has been that while the provinces have been receiving surplus revenues, the collective entity, the colony, has been running every year more deeply into debt, and covering it by loans. To put it clearly in figures: in eight years no less a sum than £243,489 has been paid to the provinces out of "surplus" revenue, while in the same period there has been incurred a debt of £206,913 under the head of unauthorised expenditure. But these figures do not represent the whole evil. In addition to the three-eighths of the customs duties, the provinces get the "surplus" revenue in excess of that allowance. In other words, they have had in three years, putting both amounts together, no less than £659,677. All this is contrary to common sense and public policy, and ought to be altered; but one reason of opposition to the Weld Ministry was their desire to alter it, and to restrict the provinces to their pound of flesh—the three-eighths of the customs revenue. May they return to power, and succeed.

Dec. 27, 1865.

VARIA.

It will be convenient, under this head, to chat occasionally with readers and contributors; to comment on passing events in Literature, Science, and Art; and to mention briefly the appearance of works for which there is not space in our Critical Notices, or which may have to be postponed for some time before they can be noticed.

Although we have now been eight months before the public, it is unhappily still very far from being universally understood by our readers and contributors that we cordially welcome *all* opinions and shades of opinion, within certain very wide limits, provided they can be presented with force and propriety. No writer is in any degree responsible for the opinions of his colleagues or his Editor: the signature, which is indispensable as a guarantee, limits his responsibility to the article it is placed under. It is our constant endeavour to get men of various views to express their views firmly, yet distinctly. To a great extent we have succeeded, as the list of our contributors sufficiently shows; but there are many who withhold their services from a half suspicion that because their views are not for the Government, or against it, not in harmony with those of the Editor or of some well-known contributors, they would on that account be unacceptable. Nothing of the kind. Our first question is, Have you any decided opinions, or any special knowledge? not, What are your opinions?

Another point should be borne in mind by contributors. The REVIEW has its special objects, and has to cater for a special public; many articles, therefore, which would justly find acceptance in other periodicals cannot be accepted for it, either because they do not fall in with our plans, or because the ground has to some extent been pre-occupied. We have had to decline contributions from writers whose names are known all over the kingdom; and on the same day, perhaps, have accepted contributions from writers who have never, or scarcely ever, appeared in print. The one has been a very painful necessity; the other a very agreeable confirmation of the utility of our plan of requiring articles to be signed. This plan has been much discussed, as all innovations will be; and although it was adopted with a full sense of its inconveniences, the preponderating advantages which determined our decision have proved to be even more weighty than we expected. It would be idle to say that we are not frequently made aware of the inconveniences, and that we have not frequently to resist the demands of those who seem to think open avowal an excellent thing—in others—but prefer anonymity for themselves. The Editor's difficulties are certainly increased by the reluctance still felt by many to the adoption of publicity—a reluctance oftener based on professional than on literary considerations; on the other hand, his difficulties are lightened by the distribution of responsibility, and by the inducement which this limitation of responsibility holds out to writers. A glance at the list of our contributors will show that men of high reputation in Letters, Philosophy, and Science—men of position in the world, men of professional and official character, no less than men quite unknown beyond their own immediate circles—have given their countenance to the plan, and availed themselves of the opportunity of addressing a cultivated public without thereby incurring the disagreeable and almost inevitable penalty

attached to writing anonymously, that of having attributed to them articles which they have not written, and which they would indignantly repudiate. Just as it is right that every one should really be responsible for what he has written, it is wrong that he should be suspected of having written what came from another; and unfortunately readers are so ready with their conjectures, so confident (in spite of perpetual blunders) in their discrimination of styles, and so unhesitating in publishing their conjectures as if these were facts, that it is dangerous to be known to have once written in a periodical where no names are given. Sir John Herschel, Professor Tyndall, or Professor Huxley, are not burthened with the productions of less eminent writers because they have enriched the *FORTNIGHTLY* with their speculations; nor is Sir John Herschel called upon to disavow the opinions of Professor Tyndall, nor Professor Tyndall called upon to disavow the opinions of Sir John Herschel, because both are known to have contributed to our pages.

Passing from contributors to books, the opening of a new year naturally leads the thoughts back over the year that has closed. 1865 will not be distinguished as a fruitful year. No one great work has made it memorable in England, France, or Germany. The noisiest work has been that of the imperial author, and its echoes have long since died away. In our own country I can think only of Mr. John Mill's work on "Hamilton," and Mr. Grote's "Plato," as likely to be considered much above the line. Mr. Lecky's "History of Rationalism" made a stir at first; but no book has become the "talk of the town." We need new poems, new novelists, new and conspicuous writers, to exercise our critical function; and this *REVIEW*, which was projected with the express purpose of exercising a critical influence, has found itself almost without an opportunity. Let us hope better things of 1866.

Meanwhile, publishing has been nearly as active as ever, and our table creaks beneath the produce, so little of it tempting even to the most indulgent reader! In the dearth of Religion, men multiply churches; in the dearth of Poetry, the age is fertile in translations. There seems to be quite a set in the direction of Homer and Dante. The classics generally are in favour, and this year, besides several Homers, we have had an *Æschylus* and a *Sophocles* (very creditably rendered), one *Tasso*, and how many *Dantes* it would be difficult to say. The last version of *Dante*, that by Mr. Dayman ("The Divine Comedy," in *terzarima*, with the Italian text; Longman and Co.), we shall most probably speak of in detail on a future occasion. It is a beautiful book. In the way of beautiful books, let us not omit to mention the Gem Edition of Shakspeare's Songs and Sonnets, which Mr. Palgrave has arranged and Messrs. Macmillan published—a pocket-companion of the most dainty attractiveness, and as legible as if the type were large. Among the "Odds and Ends" which Messrs. Edmonstone and Douglas publish in sixpenny numbers there is a lecture by Mr. Froude on the "Influence of the Reformation on the Scottish Character," which is one of the very best lectures we have read, and for which we recommend every one to exchange their sixpences forthwith. Readers fond of gossip, anecdotal, semi-historical literature, will find Charles Knight's "Shadows of the Old Booksellers" (Bell and Daldy) a very pleasant and suggestive companion. Mr. Knight is himself one of the conspicuous figures among conspicuous booksellers, having aided in the diffusion of cheap literature, and contributed by his own works to the instruction and amusement of thousands. He is, therefore, just

the man to write sympathetically and instructively on such a subject as this. Readers of a more serious turn, and indeed all who pretend to any philosophic culture, should be directed to the new edition of Professor Bain's "Emotions and the Will" (Longman and Co.), decidedly the most important contribution to psychology which this country has produced for a long while. We shall have to speak of it more in detail hereafter; at present, we content ourselves with the announcement of its appearance.

One cannot be altogether mistaken in concluding that the new books are often examples of an immense advance in the art of getting up. I do not refer to gift books and costly works, but to the ordinary literature of the day. Such printing and paper as the Gem Edition of Shakspeare's Songs and Sonnets, the edition of Dante just named, and Mr. Smiles's lives of "Boulton and Watt" (John Murray), are among the elegancies of literature. The last-named book is also profusely illustrated with woodcuts, generally very acceptable additions to the text, but occasionally such as maculate instead of illustrating. For example, that cut of the portrait of the Marquis of Worcester, "after Vandyke," is not only a long way after Vandyke, but is unworthy of a place in any book of pretension; and Dr. Black's descendants will probably make a wry face at the portrait here offered of the philosopher. It is altogether a mistake to give woodcuts of portraits. A house, a street, a grove, or a machine, may be tolerably rendered upon wood; but the delicate subtleties of the human face vanish under the woodcutter's hand.

The daughter of the great tragedian whose retirement has left our stage a blank as regards poetic art, will find a public ready to look with indulgent interest on her first poems; and those who take up Miss Macready's "Cowl and Cap" (Moxon) for her father's sake, will lay it down with respect and admiration for her powers and culture. The poems are rather promises than works, but they show occasionally a felicity of expression and distinctness of vision which may hereafter be matured into something more than promises.

If some one not passionately fond of the bishops were to undertake a criticism of their English, he might help to give us a measure of their intellectual power. In general the bishops write with a feebleness which it is thought cruelty to criticise; but the Bishop of Oxford has a reputation for eloquence, and I should be glad to know what would be thought of eloquence like this if it came from a curate: "I have no doubt myself that the last attempt upon the faith of Ohrist will come not with an open denial of its *verity*, but with a courteous admission of its *truth*. At the same time there will be a *sapping of its distinctive features*." Again: "Believing as I do that there may be heard upon the winds these footfalls of the coming Antichrist; that this which we hear whispered, and spreading, we know not how, through the air, is *just the precursing atmosphere which comes before his advent*." If men will speak without thinking, and aim at eloquence without distinct vision of what their words express, they must fall into this kind of tawdry rhetoric. The orator who said, "I smell a rat—it's brewing a storm—but I'll crush it in the bud," had no great regard for sequence in his metaphors, but a strong feeling that metaphors were ornamental. Are they?

In general, there are few books more mirth-provoking than the books written by Frenchmen on England and the English. Partly owing to the profound national differences and antipathies, and partly to the intense cockneyism of

the Parisian mind, a Frenchman no sooner sets foot on English ground than his mind becomes a prey to the most ludicrous illusions of mal-observation, rash inference, and systematic absurdity. There are, however, conspicuous exceptions. M. de Tocqueville, M. Beaumont, M. Léon Faucher, M. Esquiros, M. Taine, M. Scherer, and M. de Rémusat, with some others, have written on England and English writers with an impartial and sagacious insight which has startled and instructed Englishmen. M. Louis Blanc must be added to this list. He has lived amongst us, honoured and respected, honouring and respecting, for seventeen years. He has studied our institutions and our character, without cockneyism, and without prejudice. He retains his national character, and his national preferences; but with great flexibility of mind he can place himself at our point of view. His two volumes of "*Lettres sur l'Angleterre*" (W. Jeffs), which consist of letters written to French and Belgian newspapers during the last four years, will not only help to dissipate a vast amount of erroneous pre-supposition and established misrepresentation in the minds of French and Belgian readers, they will also interest and instruct Englishmen. If he has a bias, I should rather say it is occasionally towards a too favourable interpretation of our national character; and in general his criticisms are such as deserve consideration.

German readers may be directed to the new book just issued by Eduard Zeller, "*Vorträge und Abhandlungen geschichtlichen Inhalts*" (Williams and Norgate), a collection of lectures and articles of very high merit. In the first essay he sketches rapidly, yet lucidly, the development of monotheism among the Greeks; in the second he discourses on Pythagoras and the Pythagoreans; in the fourth, on Plato's Republic in its relation to succeeding epochs; and in the fifth, on Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. These four essays, diverse in subject although they are, have yet one important connection, as showing the gradual preparations for Christianity in the intellectual development of Greek and Roman society. The third essay is thus somewhat out of place; it is a playful defence of Xanthippe, the shrewish wife of Socrates, but is not felicitous, and it disturbs the progressive interest of the other essays. The sixth essay is very interesting; it describes the rise of the Pietists in Germany, *à propos* of the struggle between Pietism and Philosophy, which ended in the banishment of Wolff from the University of Halle. The seventh essay is on Fichte as a politician. The eighth is on Schleiermacher; the ninth on Primitive Christianity; the tenth on the Tübingen School, with a high commendation of Mr. Mackay's work on that subject; the eleventh on Ferdinand Christian Baur; the last on Strauss and Renan. From this enumeration it will be seen that philosophic and theological readers have a varied and attractive set of subjects offered to their meditation.

EDITOR.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE CONFLICT OF GOOD AND EVIL IN OUR DAY. Twelve Letters to a Missionary. By the REV. F. D. MAURICE, M.A. Smith, Elder & Co. 1865.

WHEN Parr, with much solemnity, asked Porson what he thought of the introduction of moral and physical evil into the world, Porson very coolly replied, "Why, Doctor, I think we could have done very well without them." We rather think the Professor, in uttering this opinion, spoke without due consideration. The influence of evil is necessary to excite good to action. How is good manifested, but in opposition to evil? Is it not the conflict of good with evil that brings to light the virtues and powers of mankind? How tame a dwelling a world without evil would be, may be seen in Goldsmith's "Tale of Aescm." It is the stagnant water, or the stagnant air, that loses its proper character. The hurricane that levels houses and destroys crops, is necessary to give the agitation to the elements which keeps them in their right state.

But we have not now to do with good and evil generally, but with the good and evil of Mr. Maurice. What gave occasion to Mr. Maurice's book was a speech of the Bishop of Oxford, delivered at Salisbury on the 23rd of August last, on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, in which the Bishop said that he had no doubt the last attempt on Christianity would be made with "a courteous admission of its truth," but "a sapping of its distinctive features;" that unbelief is sadly intolerant and prone to persecution; that worldly-minded Christians are disposed to go on too quietly with those around them; that Antichrist is threatening to come, and that we ought to prepare ourselves against him by great missionary efforts; and that the cattle plague and the cholera are handwritings on the wall, warning us to rouse ourselves and be active. These assertions Mr. Maurice takes for his text, and treats the Bishop, though he laments his party tone, with very great respect, being no adversary, but simply a commentator.

The admonitions which the Bishop gives, he says, are needful with regard to the controversies which have recently arisen respecting the books of the Old Testament; but it is our business to keep in view the most obvious, and at the same time the most profound, conception of the Hebrew Scriptures—namely, that they exhibit the conflict between the true God and false gods. This we shall do if we learn that the calling of the Jews is our calling; and then questions about the dates or writers of the books, and about the times when the names Elohim and Jehovah were used in them or disused, will not withdraw us from getting the good that we ought to secure from them. We shall regard these points as subjects of controversy for critics, but not for man.

To the Bishop's remark that the cholera and cattle plague are handwritings on the wall, Mr. Maurice pays rather too great attention. His lordship's assertion is too much of an argument from the particular to the universal. He speaks of these diseases as if they were admonitions to the whole world, when he is thinking of them only as affecting Great Britain, which is of the whole world but a very small part.

We proceed, however, to other matters. We are in such a world, it seems, of theological indistinctness, that we are in danger of mistaking evil for good,

and worshipping some antichrist instead of what we ought to worship. One question which we ought to ask ourselves, to assist in clearing our religious atmosphere, is, in regard to everlasting punishment, not whether there is an eternal death, but whether God, who created man, devised and prepared the eternal death for him ; or whether we ought not to consider Him as the Redeemer from it, as the Author of life, and life only. With this feeling, we shall escape the morbid influence of those who have dwelt so much on the salvation of the soul. We shall make a distinction between the "soulish" man and the spiritual man ; the soulish man being one that is shut up in himself, and the spiritual man one that is drinking in the life that is for all, and enjoying the full blessings of communion with God and benevolence towards His creatures. A man of such thoughts and feelings will not be afraid of free-thinking ; a word which has been sadly ill-treated, for it has been considered that the freest thought must be atheistical thought—a supposition which will lead many, among those of no great learning, to "the theological indistinctness" of which the Bishop of Oxford complains, and to the confusion between good and evil to be apprehended from it. God leaves man free to think, but many of His mistaken worshippers say, "Be afraid of thinking. Close your minds under bolts and bars. Else this result is inevitable—you will cease to believe."

"The feeling that freedom of thought and unbelief are inseparable," says Mr. Maurice, "that one must generate the other, is becoming more and more fixed on those who are at war on all other points. A man who denies Christianity may be told by his religious friends that he is in great peril, that he is trifling with his immortal soul ; but they at once concede to him that he has claimed a freedom to think which they dare not exercise. They implore him to put on the fetters which they wear. Such fetters, he is told, are only painful at first ; custom makes them easy."

But such fetters Mr. Maurice is not the man to advise any one to put on. If young men become perplexed with doubts about the mysteries of Providence and their own destiny, it is not for the preacher to stifle their desires for light and information. He is rather to encourage them to think freely. The name of free-thinker is one that ought to be honoured, and which those who call themselves Christians should not allow others to monopolise.

With freedom of thought must be associated freedom of conscience. To conscience, it is not mere freedom from outward restraint that will give liberty. If we are followers of the Spirit of Truth, we shall find that Spirit also the Spirit of liberty, and the deliverer of conscience from bondage. If you find in a Mussulman, or a person of any other religion, Mr. Maurice tells his missionary, a conscience of good, and have courage to address that conscience, you will bring forth in him a hatred of evil, in greater strength than he ever felt it before. You will thus teach the secret which St. Paul taught, that of keeping a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man ; and you will promote that freedom of conscience to which all feel that they have a right, and which has been too much discouraged by those who are losing, as the Bishop of Oxford says, the distinction between the source of good and the spirit that would drag us into evil.

Freedom of conscience, too, will be incomplete without freedom of will. Under Calvinism the Divine will is represented as mere arbitrary sovereignty, and the human will becomes a mere name. Methodist preaching, under Wesley, became an Arminian proclamation of free-will. The two were totally antagonistic. But

in these times there has been pacification between them, and "much pleasant embracing."

"The Arminian," says Mr. Maurice, "admits just so much of necessity as may limit the power of the Divine will to save fallen spirits. The Calvinist admits just so much of free-will as may account for the refusal of the majority of men to embrace the Gospel. So," he continues, "we hear sermons, probably some of the cleverest, delivered in English pulpits, which are occupied with proving how men disable themselves from believing the Divine message by the indulgence of evil habits; sermons full of undoubted truth, yet which, thus barely stated, must drive us all to despair. For to which of us does it not apply? Which of us is not in continual peril of hardening his heart against belief, of strengthening his will against the discovery of its perversion? What men are more prone to do this than we who are conversant with all the phrases and dogmas of religion, who are continually speaking of them to our fellows? . . . But is there no voice to tell us how that downward progress may be arrested; no one to speak of a power mightier than that, which is drawing us upward? Oh, yes, there are such; men who proclaim that the grace of God is sufficient for all things, able to blot out all transgressions, to create a clean heart and a right spirit in the most evil. Beautiful tidings! how one longs to accept them in their length and breadth! No! that may not be. The *believer* knows that this is so; *he* has this blessed experience of the power of God's grace. The poor *unbeliever* is utterly cast off from it. Sermons of this kind—sometimes, no doubt, mere repetitions of phrases that have been learned by rote from books or living teachers, but sometimes full of the genuine experience of the speaker's own heart, testifying of what he has known—are heard in English churches. They might be a help to members in all states of mental darkness, of moral debasement, *were it not for this frightful limitation, this huge practical contradiction: the grace of God is made, not the ground of man's belief, but dependent upon it.*"

This obstinate distinction—a taint of Calvinism—between believer and unbeliever, is inconsistent with freedom of will, as intimating that the unbeliever's will is the victim of evil; but every hearer of such preaching, of whatever denomination he calls himself, may, if discouraged and depressed, recover his self-possession by reflecting that the Great Will is that it should be well with all at last—that all should come to the knowledge of the truth.

Conversion is the next subject that Mr. Maurice takes into consideration. His missionary is going to convert the heathen. What sort of conversion is he to work in them? We hear a great deal of conversion among our own people. If we are to believe a large body of devout persons among us, there are very few men or women anywhere that have ever been converted. Not only Jews, Turks, and Romanists are not converted, but even the country squire, who goes to church morning and afternoon every Sunday, and the public-school-taught clergyman who points out to him the way that he should go, give, in the opinion of many, no certain signs of having experienced true conversion. They may still be in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity. Our missionary will preach and explain Christianity to the heathen, but when, if conversion is so rare, will he be able to satisfy himself that they are really converted? Mr. Maurice will furnish an answer. The heathen, and others, will be truly converted when they are brought to form right notions of a higher Power, not as a dark Being devising destruction against His creatures, but as One that is to be approached and worshipped with confidence and love. This is the conversion which the preacher is to endeavour to work in all who need it. Men are to be converted from the fancy that they are looking up to a Power of evil to the belief that they are looking up to a Power of good. If we desire to convert a Jew or a Roman Catholic "from Satan to God," as it is expressed, we are not to seek to convert him from his religious opinions to our religious opinions; we

are only to try to give him right notions of Him whom we all alike worship. Saul, when he was converted, was not required to put off the Jew; he was only made to understand that the God of the Jews, as well as of the Christians, was not a God of persecution, but One who treated all with equal mercy and justice.

There are two lights in which Christians regard the Mediator. Some look up to Him as One who reconciles the world to the Great Father of it; but others—a very large portion of mankind—consider Him as a perpetual Arrester of the Father's wrath, which, but for His interposition, would destroy us all. This conception of the Mediator represents Him as one who keeps us from the Father, instead of bringing us nigh to Him; and those who thus contemplate His character may consider any number of mediators or arresters needful to keep us from the Father, and to avert His wrath and vengeance; and this is the great error of Popery, which interposes a number of beings between us and Him to whom we ought to address ourselves immediately. Again, if we regard the Saviour as one who is not to be a Saviour; as one who, in coming hereafter to judge the quick and dead, is to condemn the greater part of both to everlasting misery, we cannot think of Him as a reconciler, but as a Being to be dreaded, and shall worship Him, not as a good Being, but as an evil one. Yet this is the ordinary language of our pulpits, which declares that the Saviour will be manifested "to take vengeance" on those who have not accepted what He has offered them. By representing the Mediator thus, we in fact join His enemies, and fight on their side. The missionary is, therefore, earnestly exhorted not to distract the minds of his hearers by thus setting forth the Mediator in two characters, or as two persons—one that came to save, and another that is coming to destroy—but as one merciful and benevolent Being, by whose means all are at last to be gathered into one.

He who regards the Propitiator, and the Universal Father, in this just and reasonable way, will aim at no mystical self-exaltation, and will resort to no extraordinary ascetical devices to mortify the corrupt affections, which such devices frequently stimulate and excite; but will be satisfied "with the plainest, vulgarest morality," such as the Spirit's influence is content to promote. He will be tolerant towards all men, however they may differ from him in tenets. He will not deny the right of Latins to establish a system which excludes Greeks or Protestants, and then assert the right of Protestants to establish a system excluding Latins or Greeks—a process which must be attended with a multiplication of heresies, which are "the root-sins of human society, threatening its dissolution, and most directly at war with the spirit of holiness." A person so impressed will be eager to check, not only discord, but all the evil passions of which discord is the consequence. "If the Sermon on the Mount is true," says Mr. Maurice, "Christ did not come to put down murder, but the hatred which produces murder; not adultery, but the lusts which produce adultery. He came to regenerate the principle, not to improve the surface, of human existence." Until we own this truth, and act upon it, there can be "no real extirpation of devil-worship." But the course of things has been too much otherwise from the time of the Jews to the present. The Jews wished to throw off the yoke of the Romans, not that they might improve the state of morality and religion, but that they themselves might have a power like the Romans.

"The yoke," continues Mr. Maurice, "was thrown off; then began the reign of anarchy and devilry. Is it not so now? The Church desires to contend with the world. How? By proclaiming a Divine Spirit capable of working out the inward

change, which no outward machinery can effect? Not at all; but by obtaining an outward machinery which shall be a rival to the machinery of states. Such a machinery may be called a church machinery, or what you please; it will be to all intents and purposes a sect machinery; it will be a machinery for punishing heresy, and for spreading heresy; it will make the Church more and more into a mortal scheme for propagating opinions, less and less into a Divine society for propagating a Gospel. In fact, there will be no Gospel to mankind. The Church will simply bear this message to the universe: 'We are saved; you are lost.' And such a salvation will not mean a salvation from any of the evil habits of the world, from pride, malice, uncharitableness. It will mean an adoption into the chosen body of all the corruptions against which it is sent to protest."

Mr. Maurice, however, hopes that a better state of things is approaching. He thinks the people must at last see where "the theological indistinctness" of which the Bishop of Oxford complains is leading them, and that a reformation more complete than that of the sixteenth century must be awaiting us. He believes that the Gospel of "an actual Reconciler and a real Reconciliation" must make itself heard above the din of controversies, and that the spirit of vanity, dogmatism, and heresy must at last be subdued. He expects that it will at length be acknowledged that every church or sect which separates itself from the rest makes itself heretical; doing homage, in fact, to the evil spirit, and setting up notions of the human understanding in opposition to Him by whom the human understanding was given. For himself, whatever be the event, he is resolved to teach the wisdom of tolerating men of all beliefs and all denominations, as members of one universal and eternal church.

"'What then,' " he supposes some objector to say, "'would you include Jews, Turks, infidels, heretics of all kinds, within your church of the eternal?' I would include," he replies, "none within it who would not include themselves. The Romish scheme of compelling people to come in has been tried long enough, and has not succeeded so well that one would wish to revive it." . . . But "do we fear the reproach of saying that the love, the everlasting, unchanging love of God, is about Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics? Then let us preach no Gospel, let us send forth no missionaries, let us not repeat our Good Friday prayer. . . . What is more terrible than to say, 'We believe in the Father,' and not to draw nigh to Him as if He were the Father; 'We believe in the Son,' and only to think of Him as being shut up within the leaves of a book; 'We believe in the Holy Ghost,' and never to own when He convinces us of sin, of righteousness, of judgment; never to be guided by Him into love and truth? Oh God! shatter our formulas as Thy servant of old brake in pieces the brazen serpent, rather than that they should lead us into such perdition as this! But, oh! by them, or without them, by us, or without us, let Thy reconciling name be revealed to the sons of men, to Jews, Turks, heathens, and to us heretics of all kinds and schools, that we may be one even as Thou, Father, art in the Son, and the Son is in Thee, united in the blessed spirit of peace and holiness for ever."

A missionary, he observes, is often told by philosophical friends that he must civilise before he converts. If he is to civilise, what sort of civilisation is he to spread? The civilisation of a spirit that is at work on the inner life of human society, contending with all that makes it brutal or slavish; a spirit that would put an end to divisions and animosities, and promote unity and concord throughout the world.

Thus we see that Mr. Maurice's view of the conflict of good and evil in our day is confined to the conflict of theological good and evil. He considers that freedom of thought, freedom of conscience, freedom of will, are good; and the contraries to these, evil. He is persuaded that dissensions and persecutions are evil; sacrifices, in fact, to the evil spirit; and the sooner they are ended the better for the world.

J. S. WATSON.

THE ILLIAD OF HOMER, IN ENGLISH HEXAMETER VERSE. By J. HENRY DART, M.A., of Exeter College, Oxford. Longmans, Green, & Co. 1865.
 THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER, RENDERED INTO ENGLISH BLANK VERSE. By GEORGE MUSGRAVE, M.A., of Brasenose College, Oxford. 2 Vols. Bell & Daldy. 1865.

It has been said that translations of classical authors ought not to be tried by the ordinary rules of criticism. The difficulties which the writer has to contend against, who endeavours to reproduce in a modern dress the thoughts, the words, and the style of the ancients, are greater than those which meet him who has only to express his own ideas in his own language; and yet, with the exception of those mischief-workers who render the literature of Greece and Rome into bad English prose for the use of indolent school-boys, the translator is generally engaged in what is emphatically a labour of love. However wild his enthusiasm, he can hardly expect to reap much pecuniary profit from the enterprise; and even his hopes of fame rest, he is obliged to confess, on a slender basis. Like Arctic voyagers who have no faith in a north-west passage, but yet struggle on through drifting snow and breaking ice in search of they scarcely know what, writers of this kind find a sufficient reward in surmounting the obstacles they meet, and might choose as their common motto, "*studio fallente laborem.*" This is the case with the two books which are now before us. The first was undertaken, we are told, as an amusement, without any view to publication; and the author of the second, while expressing much diffidence as to his success, assures us that the composition has served to beguile many hours of bodily suffering.

Mr. Dart's work, independently of its merits as a translation, challenges criticism as a new attempt in English hexameters. Into the excellencies and defects of the metre generally this is not the place to enter, and the defence of it as a vehicle for translating Homer may be left in the hands of Dr. Whewell and the Oxford Professor of Poetry. Half of the present version was published three years ago, and the author, profiting by the strictures it then met with, has made many changes, the labour expended on which has not been thrown away. The substitution throughout of the English for the Greek accentuation of proper names has removed what was a great stumbling-block to the unclassical reader, and there are other improvements which show the benefits of revision. Some blemishes, however, remain; and a few of these it seems worth while to point out—if only out of respect to a writer who has shown so sincere a desire to profit by the suggestions of others.

In the first place, Mr. Dart has not, we think, paid sufficient regard to Dr. Whewell's dictum, that "it is absolutely necessary to the essence of the hexameter that it shall begin with a strong syllable." In many instances he has altered verses which violated this rule, and always with a beneficial result; but there are still some left—more, apparently, in the first twelve Books than in the rest of the poem. We select at random a few examples:—

"In Pylos, loved by the Gods:—and he ruled o'er the third generation." (1: 251.) ἦν

"But he, apart from the rest, in the hold of his sea-cleaving galley." (2: 771.) ἦν

"O lady, nought is more close to the mark than the word thou hast spoken." (3: 204.) ἦν

Such lines as these cannot be read without either doing violence to the natural emphasis, or dropping the first syllable of each as superfluous to the metre.

Another source of frequent defects is the practice of concluding the line with

two monosyllables; and this is the more ungrateful to the ear where the reader is forced by the rhythm of the verse to throw on the first word the accent which naturally belongs to the second. Instances of this are:—

“For but a single month if a man is detain’d from his own wife.” (2: 292.)
 “Under the car will I lame with the thunder the limbs of their swift steeds.” (8: 402.)
 “Thus having spoke, with his heel on the breast of the slain, from the deep wound
 Fiercely he wrenched his spear:—and tumbled the corpse on its broad back.” (16: 862, 3.)

And the fault is but slightly veiled by joining the two words with a hyphen, as has been done in “sea-rock,” “close-fight,” “dead-man,” &c. It is particularly unfortunate that Mr. Dart has chosen the end of the verse for the introduction of these feet. They are as nearly pure spondees as can be found in English, and may be used with good effect in the middle of a verse—a part which, in the work before us, is often too dactylic or too trochaic.

“Leaning on this, thus the monarch now spoke to the hosts of the Argives,” (2: 109) and—

“If e’er on the walls of thy temple
 Flowery wreaths of mine have bloom’d—if e’er by my offering,” &c., (1: 41)

are, we submit, cases in point.

We have also noticed some lines which seem hopelessly clumsy, and which must fill with malicious satisfaction those who, with Earl Derby, regard the “so-called” English hexameter as a “pestilent heresy;” but such lines are very rare, and it would be unjust to quote them. We prefer to extract a passage in which the genius of the metre appears admirably to suit the rapidity of Homer’s style, and the directness of his thought. It is from the Tenth Book, where the sleepless Agamemnon and Nestor summon by the moonlight a council of the Achaean heroes, to deliberate how they may hold in check Hector’s overwhelming valour.

“Onward they went to the post of the brave Diomedes, and found him
 Sleeping without his tent, in his armour clad; and his comrades
 Slept by his side; their heads had shields for their pillows; their lances,
 Stuck by the nether-spikes in the earth, stood gleaming; the spear-points
 Shone thro’ the gloom of night as the lightning of Zeus; and the hero
 Slept by himself, with the hide of a wild-bull laid for a mattress.” (150—155.)

Passing to other points in Mr. Dart’s work, we believe that a careful revision, such as we hope he may have the leisure and the inclination to make, would reveal many little inaccuracies of grammar and inelegancies of expression, which it would not be difficult to eradicate. A redundancy of small words, prepositions, pronouns, and conjunctions, and a looseness in the use of tenses, are blemishes, small indeed, but which tend to weaken the force of the verse, and to distract and weary the reader. The punctuation especially is, in many places, intolerable, and appears to have been left entirely to chance. As a translation, the work has the great merit of fidelity. The lines of the Greek and the English correspond with almost verbal accuracy, and it is but seldom that we miss any important features of the original. The chief defects in this respect are in the case of the epithets,—a difficult part, no doubt, of the translator’s labours, but one which cannot be neglected without the loss of many touches which help to mark Homer’s simplicity. Thus the “homicide” Hector and “much suggestive” Odysseus do not convey to us the same mean-

ing as ἀνδροφόνος and πολύμητις. "Bore with protended spears" (6: 3) is hardly English, and expands ἰθυνομένων at the expense of χαλκήρεα; and "the God ambidexter" (18: 590) is a new rendering for Ἀμφιγυήεις.

Apart from these, the language of this version is generally natural and simple, and if it seldom rises very high, it still less frequently sinks. We have marked a few expressions which seem either archaic or too colloquial, and appear to have been pressed into service for the sake of the metre; but the enumeration of them is an ungrateful task, and we gladly relinquish it to others. In taking our leave of Mr. Dart, we lay before our readers, as a fair specimen of the success he has attained, his rendering of a simile which has been selected again and again as a test of a translator's power.

"As when the moon shines full in the sky, and in glory, around her,
Glitter the stars of heaven,—no breezes to ruffle the stillness;—
But, in the calm clear light, long ranges of hills and of headlands,
Forests, and all, stand out; and the pure bright aether above them
Deepens, as star glimmers out upon star; and the shepherd rejoices:
Not less thick in the space 'mid the fleet and the stream of the Xanthus
Glimmer'd the watch-fire lights of the Trojans fronting the city." (8: 555—561.)

It is interesting to compare with this the Poet Laureate's version of the same lines:—

"As when in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
And every height comes out, and jutting peak
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the stars
Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart:
So many a fire between the ships and stream
Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy."

Turning to Mr. Musgrave's translation of the *Odyssey*, we may quote at once the following description of Ulysses, as found by Calypso after the visit of Mercury:—

"Upon the shore she found him. There sate he,
His eyes still moist with tears, and what of life
Had sweet appear'd was gone—consuming fast—
For now that voyage home must he deplore
Which in the nymph roused bitter wrath and woe.
But through night's hours he slumber'd, so compelled,
Within those cavernous grotts—unwilling couched
By one most willing! Through the livelong day,
As on some crag, along the beach, he sat—
In tears and moans and misery consum'd—
Across the barren sea he gazed, and wept,
And thus the goddess found him when the spot
Herself she was approaching." (5: 234—246.)

With the exception of a doubtful translation in the fifth line, the faults which disfigure this passage are shared by the rest of the work, and may be summed up under three heads:—a perversion of the natural order of the words, too great diffuseness, and a want of simplicity of expression. The first of these has the effect of impeding the free movement of the poem, the mind of the reader being continually carried backward instead of forward. Some such inversions might easily escape the notice of a writer composing hurriedly in blank verse, and are perhaps inherent in the metre, for which reason it appears less suitable for translating Homer; but Mr. Musgrave's are often so violent that we know not

what excuse can be urged for them. Thus, in the well-known passage in the Tenth Book, where Ulysses returns to those whom he had left in the ship, when they had thought him dead or lost, we read—

“ Thus did my comrades when with their own eyes
They now again beheld me—and the tears
Began at once to flow,—around me throng’d ; (*sic.*)
And all their feeling was as if, at last,
Their native land and rugged Ithaca,
Where they were born and nourish’d, they had reach’d ;
And in the tones of grief these rapid words
They hail’d me with.” (623—630.)

We have said that the work is also marred by excessive diffuseness. It is not to be expected that in blank verse the English can be kept line for line with the Greek, but we have repeatedly noticed here a single line of the latter spread over two or three of the former ; and many parts have the appearance rather of a lengthy paraphrase than of a translation. Such a license is still more objectionable when some single Greek word is rendered by a whole line, or more, of English ; as when *φύνη* is translated “ fine developments of Nature’s gifts ” (5 : 323), or when for *παρὰ τρητοῖς λεχέεσσι* we find—

“ Beside that bed, whereon the framer’s art
In many a chequer’d perforation lay.” (1 : 701, 2.)

These, indeed, have the demerit of being almost unintelligible ; but where this is not the case, the translation is still bad, because it is utterly at variance with the noble plainness of thought and style of the original. Such phrases as “ when first my eyes upon thee fell,” for *ἔπει ἶδον*, remind us of those laws of the Scaldic bards which ordained that no common object or action should be designated by its ordinary name, when it was possible to express it by any amount of circumlocution. How completely foreign this is to the spirit of Homer, it is not necessary to point out.

But while we believe Mr. Musgrave’s translation to be faulty in these respects, and to be occasionally inaccurate, we by no means think that his labour has been in vain. It has been frequently said of late that the taste for classical studies is declining in England, and some prophets of evil have foretold the day when in our schools the Greek Grammar shall be supplanted by Morell’s Analysis, and Channing’s Orations shall take the place of the Speech on the Crown. If there be any truth in this, it is well that every effort should be made to secure to future generations some means of forming an acquaintance with those masterpieces of ancient literature which have done so much to form the taste of subsequent ages. Even those who have had the advantage of knowing the Greek Homer, may recall pleasant associations by reading in their own tongue the story of the parting of Hector from Andromache, and the visit of Priam to the tent of his great foe, or the description of Calypso’s home, and the meeting between Penelope and her long-lost husband. Never, probably, in an equal space of time, have so many translations of the Iliad and Odyssey appeared as during the last ten years. In addition to innumerable fragments scattered in various publications, we have had the works of Professor Newman, Mr. Wright, Mr. Norgate, and the Earl of Derby, and by the side of these the books before us may take their place as attempts not wholly successful, nor wholly unsuccessful, to render familiar to English readers the wrath of Achilles and the wanderings of Ulysses.

A. R. VARDY.

ROBERT DALBY AND HIS WORLD OF TROUBLE. Being the Early Days of a Connoisseur. Chapman and Hall.

THIS is one of those books which, under the form of fiction, apparently describes the experiences of real life. It is difficult to believe that the author is not recalling scenes through which he has himself passed. Robert Dalby's early days contain very similar incidents to those with which our street urchins are familiar; but the interest of the story lies in the healthy and successful struggle of the boy with the difficulties of his position, and in the love of art which prompted him to the effort. Narratives of this kind, whether wholly true in fact, or merely true to nature, are always interesting and suggestive. We like to hear of any boy who has fought his way upward in life and won distinction; and we like especially to hear of one whose efforts have been prompted by a passion for literature or art.

Robert Dalby's experiences are manifold. He starts in life as a pariah; gets his schooling from an old woman, who, when death overtakes her, is compelled to die in the dark, being too poor to afford a candle; is employed by a dog-fancier; learns to read when a wheel-boy on a rope-walk; becomes a swine-herd, then a kind of mud-lark, after which he is promoted by a relative, and sells vegetables and tripe. All this it will be said is prosaic enough, and so it would be if the story ran in the same groove throughout. But Dalby has an artist's soul, and in spite of this hand-to-mouth life manages to cultivate his taste and to develop his genius. There is poetry in the effort, and the enthusiasm which urges him onward will attract the reader's sympathy. The boy lives for a long time upon twopence a day, and eats his meals in the streets. In one of the narrow lanes of the city, which is no doubt intended for Oxford, lives an excellent French artist, whose windows are filled with pencil drawings. Dalby has already tried oil painting, and, in the opinion of his critic, the old woman with whom he lives, has produced "a poor melancholy daub." The pencil sketches charm the boy, and day after day it is his wont to take his meals within sight of them. "I had given up painting in despair, but I might succeed with the lead pencil notwithstanding. Intently I gazed on each sketch, and anxiously noticed each peculiarity of style, and the more I looked the more my interest increased, and day by day the thought and hope of becoming an artist took stronger hold of me, and became more firmly fixed in my mind." One day, to his horror, Dalby discovers a caricature of himself in the artist's window. "The resemblance was not to be mistaken. There stood the little brown-coat charity boy, with an enormous piece of bread, eating on both sides of his mouth simultaneously, and forming, on the whole, the most ridiculous counterpart that could be obtruded on my conscious gaze." Meanwhile the Frenchman stands behind his screen to witness the boy's amusement. But he has mistaken the lad, who bursts into tears at the sight. The drawing-master is sorry, makes acquaintance with him, and discovers that in heart at least he is like himself, an artist. So he invites him to his table, and to his studio, gives him pencils, paper, India-rubber, and chinks, and better still, "laid in my heart the beginning of that faith in goodness which has never since left me."

Henceforth the boy's career, in spite of great vicissitudes, is marked out as that of an artist and connoisseur. In the course of it he learns the art of carving in stone and in wood, he becomes a picture restorer, gains the friendship of a

print collector, and acquires the secrets of his craft, and at length, having established himself as a picture buyer, marries and settles in the Hague, and according to the custom in orthodox story-books, lives happily ever afterwards.

In passing through these different stages, Dalby falls into grotesque positions, and meets with eccentric characters, which are described with humour and graphic force. The tale, on the whole, is real and life-like, but it has one defect: Robert Dalby, notwithstanding his associates, and his education, is represented as a youth of immaculate virtue. In the most trying circumstances he acts wisely and with moral propriety. Temptation never overpowers him, difficulties never daunt him; he makes no blunders, and incurs no blame; his acquaintances speedily became friends, and almost every one who knows him is ready to do him good service. There is something here flattering to human nature; but is it natural? No doubt there are many good fellows in the world, and much true kindliness of heart; no doubt, too, that genuine merit gains appreciation. But Robert Dalby's world must be different from ours, or he possesses the happy knack of overlooking his own foibles, and the failings of his friends. Perhaps, however, I am forgetting that the book is thrown into the form of a novel, and must not be regarded as a genuine autobiography.

JOHN DENNIS.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SOUL: A SEARCH INTO MAN'S ORIGIN, NATURE, AND DESTINY. By S. W. FULLOM, Royal Hanoverian Gold Medallist for Art and Science. Charles Skeet. 1865.

As a rule we leave worthless books to their certain fate, and do not occupy our pages with pointing out defects where there are no merits. Yet every now and then it may be necessary to interpose a word of warning, when a catching title or delusive puffs may allure buyers. Mr. Fullom's title is attractive; and people who live out of the great literary and scientific circles may not unreasonably conclude that an author who can style himself Gold Medallist for Art and Science must be a man of eminent attainments. It is indeed a sounding title, but what does it mean? An American once scandalised official society in Berlin by appearing at a *soirée* with a medal on his breast of an unknown order. On inspection it proved to be a medal given by the Maryland Agricultural Society to the ingenious wearer, who said he thought it "would look well in Eu-rópe!" We have no knowledge of Mr. Fullom, but we suspect him of being equally adventurous. We suspect that he, having some years ago printed two very feeble volumes about Woman, which he dedicated to the Queen of Hanover, and for which he was rewarded by a gold medal, has made this a pretext for the display on his title-page. If it is not so, and if Hanover really selects Mr. Fullom for honour in consideration of his attainments in art and science, one will know what to think of Hanover!

It is not necessary to read many pages to reach a tolerable estimate of this writer's ability to treat of subjects so vast and delicate as Man's origin, nature, and destiny. The opening chapter is "On the Structure of Things," and the opening sentences of this chapter give us the measure of his style. "When do we first appreciate the mystery of our existence? Some of us never, and none of us at once." He does not mean that some of us never *first* appreciate the

mystery, but begin at the second stage; this, however, is what he says. "The mind catches a gleam," he continues, "like that of dawn, then a twilight, then the full day. The time comes when the faculties make a bound and seize the whole." It is not, perhaps, transparently clear what the faculties do in making this bound, nor what whole is seized by the bound. "But the effect is deadened because the fact is familiar"—what effect and what fact?—"and we are only more alive to its import." One would gladly learn how we become more alive to the import by becoming deadened to the effect, and what the import is to which we become alive.

In another place he tells us that his dog recognises his step "before the sound reaches the human ear, and this delicacy of audience is not uncommon in animals, but *rather a characteristic*." He is generally great on animals; and from him we learn that some "present a complex organism, some but a rudiment." It would be a rudeness to ask if he knows what rudiment means.

He quotes Humboldt's remark that a calm tropical night is one of the sublimest scenes of nature, adding, "What Humboldt so forcibly expresses was my own impression when I first surveyed the constellations of the Southern hemisphere and the Magellanic clouds. Then a glance *unveiled to me the bounds of the universe*, and I realised its immensity." This is what has been vouchsafed to no man but Mr. Fullom; and perhaps it would not have been vouchsafed to him had he known the meaning of the phrase. "This was undreamt of by men of old time," he pityingly adds, "for they had no means of exploring the skies." But now Copernicus, Galileo (here always called Gallileo), Kepler, and Newton have disclosed the bounds—"These prophets have stripped mystery from the world;" and following in their steps, he proposes to strip mystery from the soul.

It may easily be surmised that Materialists have a bad time of it with Mr. Fullom. His scorn of them is lofty. His knowledge of their opinions seems to be as accurate and extensive as his knowledge of the structure of things. "Materialism," he tells us, but carefully abstains from citing chapter and verse, "derives the spirit of life from the air-cells of a seaweed: this is the root of all living." So curious a hypothesis was surely worthy of a more explicit reference. One would like to know the name of the thinker capable of propounding such a notion.

On Spontaneous Generation also we have remarkable passages, displaying the Royal Gold Medallist's accustomed insight and familiarity with scientific questions. "Man bears the impress of Creation in his very aspect. The face consists but of seven features—forehead, eyebrows, eyes, nose, cheeks, mouth, and chin, and preserves a type of race which imposes a further limit to variation. Spontaneous Generation would infallibly follow a mould, and present every face with the same lineaments. Let us consider what would result from this uniformity—what confusion and misery, what obstacles to association and every sympathy of nature. There would be no recognition, because there would be no distinctiveness; and a man could possess neither wife nor kindred, nor institute either government or property." The advocates of Spontaneous Generation have received some rude blows from the Academy of Sciences; but after this they can never raise their heads.

When he comes to a closer examination of the soul, Mr. Fullom displays a fine

impartial ignorance which is in keeping with his aphorism that "nothing is so obstructive of knowledge as a theory." We have but to dip *ad aperturam libri*, and are certain to alight upon some gem, *e.g.*, "Reason confers powers of observation, analysis, deduction, and comparison: it embraces reflection and retrospection, thought and forethought: it is suggestive and inventive, and possesses not only memory but imagination—not only consciousness but conscience." Wherein we see that the author "thinks for himself," and disdains to walk in the beaten paths of psychology. Let us try again:—

"The first quality of life is sensation. It forms the backbone of Man, his frame's pillar. . . . Materialists inquire what is sensation; and Wisdom mystifies itself with definitions, when we might learn a parable from the tooth-ache. This spreads the pain to the ear, and eye, and forehead, to the brain; and here it reaches the mind, when we note a double effect—the one connecting the mind with the body, the other establishing their separate existence." In spite, however, of his scorn of mystifying definitions, he propounds one; and it is worth considering:—"In fact, sensation is the vibration of a nerve, rooted in the brain, and constituting its feeler to that part of the body; and the brain at once supplies it with vitality and its medium of operation." We hope that Hanoverian anatomy is not so loose as to root nerves in the brain; but otherwise Materialists will see no difference between their definition of sensation and the definition here offered.

"The basis of the mind is completed by two fundamental faculties—thought and memory. . . . What is the mechanism of thought baffles investigation. Thought flows, it leads, it mounts, wanders and returns; we can trace its rise and may see its progress, but its process is inscrutable. . . . We can see that memory is an element of thought; at any rate, that memory is necessary to its perfect action. But this fact reveals nothing; for memory is as great a mystery as thought, and a greater miracle. . . . Memory is hinged on thought. . . . The most prominent characteristics of thought are *perception and curiosity*." On learning from Mr. Fullom that Galileo, when he dropped unequal weights from the tower of Pisa, "established the true process of inference," we discern an originality in Mr. Fullom's conceptions of logic which marks him out from all preceding and contemporary thinkers.

It is needless to add that we have not read this work; the specimens quoted will explain why.

EDITOR.

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THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT.¹

WE have all heard much of the Sabbatarian rigour of Scotland, and many of us have thoroughly taken it home to ourselves; but we have been taught to believe that Sabbatarian rigour in Glasgow has been more ceremonial, more rigid, more pharisaical,—if I may so say without being taken to prejudge the cause,—than in any other part of Scotland. And yet there has come to us a voice from Glasgow, from an ordained minister of the Established Presbyterian Church there existing, from a clergyman who has the charge of the most populous parish, as I believe, in Scotland, from one who is known throughout Scotland as one of the most eloquent of her pulpit teachers, who has dared to tell us, and to tell the assembled Presbytery at Glasgow, that he does “not believe in the continual obligation of the Fourth Commandment.” Such a statement, coming from such a source, will be regarded as an immense step forward by a great number of thoughtful men and women in England, who are most anxious to live in undoubting reliance on Gospel teaching, and to square their lives, as far as may be possible to them as failing human beings, with Gospel practice; but who have found it to be altogether impossible to make any fight within the ranks of any Protestant Church, under the weight of such an embargo as that laid upon them by the Fourth Commandment of the Decalogue.

Dr. Macleod,—of whom it may probably be unnecessary to remind the readers of the FORTNIGHTLY that he is the gentleman well known to the literary world as the Editor of “Good Words,”—has been for something like thirty years a clergyman of the Established Church of Scotland; and he is one who has been able, by the strength of his character and the power of his words, to force himself into that notice

(1) THE LORD'S DAY; Substance of a Speech delivered at a Meeting of the Presbytery of Glasgow, on Thursday, 16th November, 1865.” By NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D., Minister of the Barony, Glasgow. —

which all men seek, whether consciously or not, who are called upon to open their mouths or to use their pens before the public. We can well understand what must have been the life and what the natural religious tendencies of a man so placed in Glasgow,—how great must have been the temptation to a man so circumstanced to accept the Fourth Commandment as a matter of course, and to have assumed to himself the respect, the sacerdotal power, and the security in his position, which such acceptance would have given him. But as this would have been most natural on his part, and would have been taken as a matter of course by all who knew him, so is the testimony given by him in opposition to such acceptance the stronger and the more convincing. That a Bampton Lecturer in England should dare to speak to us some truth on this matter was very well. Such truth so spoken went some way no doubt, though it did not go far, because the voice of the lecturer was not loud enough to be audible far and wide. The masses of men out in the world did not even hear tell of what had been so said. But such truth so spoken in Scotland as it has now been spoken by the minister of the Barony Church in Glasgow, in the midst of the Glasgow Presbytery, will be heard far and wide,—already has been heard far and wide; and many a poor frightened Christian will now dare to ask himself whether the mock ceremony of Sabbatarian observance is any longer needful, either for his soul's sake, or for the possession of that every-day respect from other men which is essentially necessary to him in the world in which he lives.

Let us, in the first place, look at the wording of the Fourth Commandment, and at the precepts which have been founded upon it by the great body of English and Scotch clergymen and ministers, to whom Protestants of all denominations in these islands have been regarded as being subject. The words we all know :—"Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day. Six days shalt thou labour and do all that thou hast to do; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt do no manner of work. . . . For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it." And we know, as well, the precepts drawn from this commandment, though they have never been written in words plain as the commandment itself. But the precepts have been these :—that on the day called the Lord's Day we should devote ourselves entirely to serious thoughts, to church-going, to the reading of religious books for such of us as can read, and that, above all things, we should eschew all amusements. No one, I think, will deny that the rules deduced for our use from the Fourth Commandment as to the Lord's Day have been such as I have now roughly described. And yet there is no word in that commandment to warrant such precepts, or to make any man who will really look at the words conceive that such precepts could have been intended

to be given, even to those to whom the commandment was addressed. That there is nothing there addressed to us Christians at all we shall, I trust, soon agree with Dr. Macleod in understanding; but there was nothing in the commandment binding the Jews, to whom it was given, to any such a Sabbath as that with which our Protestant priests have succeeded in fettering so many of us. There is no word in it calling upon men to worship. There was no such thing as public worship in those days, as Dr. Macleod has explained to us. There is no word in it forbidding amusement. But men are told to keep a day holy, and it is explained to them that this holiness is to be exhibited by absolute rest. To the Jews in this matter no discretion was allowed. No bed might be made. No food might be cooked. When the Jews were obliged to depend on manna from heaven for their sustenance, a double quantity of manna was supplied on the day before the Sabbath, and was then garnered for the Sabbath use, —so that even the manna from heaven should not be picked on the Sabbath. This absolute cessation from work was, as far as we know, as binding on the priest himself as on the people. No teaching could take place on that day. In short, it was to be a day of absolute rest, and as such it was undoubtedly kept by the Jews. But who has ever attempted so to keep it in these latter days? What most rigid Sabbatarian in Scotland or elsewhere has ever even attempted to carry out the law. And yet it is manifestly a law of that nature, that if broken in one tittle, it is broken altogether! To the Jews it was absolutely a ceremony. To the Jews, who had received no gifts of spiritual teaching, such a ceremony was, as we can understand in these days, obligatory, if not intelligible. They were as children who are called on to obey, and who do obey, without being expected to understand the ground on which their obedience is demanded. But to us such a law is, by its very nature, revolting. Obedience to it is impossible. The state of mental activity to which we have been brought is utterly antagonistic to it. And consequently no one attempts to keep the law. They who are most hot and most honest in demanding its exact observance do not make any endeavour to keep it as it is written,—hardly asking themselves the question whether the keeping of it is a thing possible to them. But out of that ceremonial law which was given to the Jews, and the keeping of which was within the scope of the then existing Jewish nature, they have made another law, equally ceremonious indeed, equally opposed to the spirit of the Christian religion, which rejects all ceremonies that are only ceremonies, but quite at variance with the old law as written in the Fourth Commandment. The old law insists upon rest, and insists upon nothing else. The law with which we have been fettered has given to such among us as have endeavoured to be obedient to it, no rest. Let any one who has been brought up, as we say strictly, think what his Sundays have been to him. When he

was young, was the Sunday a day of rest to him, with its catechism, its collects, its three services, and its good books,—quite unreadable, but which he was forced to seem to read,—substituted for those readable books in which he took delight in the other six days? As he grew up and went out into the world, endeavouring to square his conduct with the precepts given to him, was Sunday a day of rest to him? When he has made some great but futile attempt,—as so many of us have done in our younger days,—to keep the Sabbath as we were taught to keep it, did it not become a burden of work too heavy for our shoulders? Is there any work harder than prayer to the man who really prays? Is there any task more tedious than that of listening to sermons to the man who really listens? Is the reading of religious literature a pleasant, light occupation, or is it not rather work of the hardest kind? Would not any young man undergoing his education much rather get up a chorus of Sophocles than go through a hundred pages of the ordinary Sunday reading with which he would be supplied in a family devoted to the keeping of the Fourth Commandment? The Sunday prescribed to us has, in fact, been a day of work so hard as to make it a day of torment; and yet this law, under which such torment has been enjoined upon us, is a law inculcating the necessity of actual and entire cessation from labour! Looking at the nature of the obedience which the Jews were expected to give to the law,—and which they did give when living in accordance with the law,—we are justified in supposing that no religious service could have taken place on the day set apart to them for rest by the Fourth Commandment. Sacrifices could not have been offered on that day by their priests. Such offerings made on the Sabbath would have been a breach of the law. And yet this Fourth Commandment has been used as the bugbear by which Sabbath observances and Sunday work have been made so terrible to us Protestants, that, with half of us, Sunday has been a day dreaded,—and with the other half this dread has been so operative that they have refused all concession whatever to a religion that has seemed to impose upon them so unendurable a burden!

All this Dr. Macleod, in the exercise of his functions as a minister of the Gospel among working people, has seen, and felt, and gradually brought home to himself, till his conscience has told him that there was nothing left for him but to speak out. He has perceived,—as we can imagine very gradually, for Dr. Macleod is not a young man,—that the teaching of the church to which he belongs has been wrong in this matter. He has told himself that whatever may be the proper rule for the observance of a seventh day among Christians, that proper rule is not to be found by them in the Fourth Commandment of the Decalogue. That is the point to which he has been driven, and which, with unsurpassed courage, and with arguments which certainly seem to be unanswerable, he attempts

to make good in the speech made by him before the Presbytery at Glasgow, and which is now widely before the world in that pamphlet which is under our notice. For Dr. Macleod's sake it should be thoroughly understood by all who look into the merits of the Anti-Sabbatarian movement, as it is now being made, that he is no advocate for what, for want of better words, I may call a loose keeping of the Lord's Day. Some excellent stories he does tell us of the pharisaical absurdities into which men have been carried in Scotland; and others still more glaring have come out in the cloud of Sabbath Day controversy to which his speech has given rise;—but all that has been very much beside the main question. Over and over again Dr. Macleod insists, with all the vehement eloquence of an accustomed preacher of the Gospel, on the fitness and the beauty and the inevitable obligations of the Lord's Day. He, as a minister of the Gospel, will naturally have stricter notions on that subject than most of us who are only hearers of the Gospel. But the object he has in view is to show us, and to declare to his brother clergymen around him, and to teach all those who respect his teaching in Glasgow, that whatever may be our belief or our practice as to a Lord's Day, that belief and practice should in no way be founded on the Fourth Commandment in the Decalogue given through Moses to the Jews. That is the point to be reached by us all before we can even begin to square our conduct by our religion. That Judaic ceremonial law has revolted us all,—or rather the teaching so strangely thence deduced has done so,—till we have found ourselves to be sick with our own hypocrisy. We have given to the instructions imposed upon us a half-belief,—not scrutinising them, never daring to ask ourselves whether such instructions have really come to us from God,—till our religious feelings have been paralysed by our inability to live according to the rule imposed upon us. Without inquiry we have presumed that such Sundays were necessary as have been inflicted upon us, and, without inquiry, we have thought that the Fourth Commandment was a warrant for it all. But we have known that we have never really obeyed,—that obedience has been out of our power, beyond our strength,—as the carrying of five sacks of wheat at once is beyond the strength of a strong man; and we have succumbed to a mean, crushing feeling of hypocritical pretence at obedience. Of course I speak here of those who have cared to accept such teaching at all,—of the most scrupulous among us. By the less scrupulous, Sabbath Day observances have been acknowledged to be altogether out of the question; and as such observances have been regarded as a necessary part of religion, religion has been allowed to go by the board altogether. That has been practically the effect of the Fourth Commandment among us British Protestants,—both upon those who have attempted and upon those who have not attempted to keep the law.

But now we are invited to look into the matter, and are enabled to discover that the Sunday prescribed to us by our teachers is at any rate not the Sabbath prescribed by the Fourth Commandment to the Jews. Whether it has been prescribed elsewhere,—by Jesus Christ, for instance, to whom we may surely look for all the religious teaching necessary to us,—is another question. From the Fourth Commandment, if it is to be a commandment to us at all, we get no such teaching as that of which it has been made the vehicle. Then follows the other question whether the Fourth Commandment is in any way binding upon us, and consequently whether any of the Commandments, as being in the Decalogue, are binding upon us. There will come upon the minds of most of us an idea, not closely worked out but which will be sufficiently prominent, that the clergymen among us will not insist greatly on the Decalogue as soon as it shall be acknowledged that the Fourth Commandment does not give to them a substantial power over the seventh part of a man's life. But, in rejecting the teaching which has been erroneously drawn from that Commandment, it is impossible not to enter upon the question whether that law is or is not binding upon us for such purpose as it really has, or was intended to have, with the Jews. It certainly does not bind us to the laborious Sabbath which has been taught to us; but does it bind us to the Sabbath of perfect rest which it certainly enjoined from the Jews? In other words, is it a law to us at all, or is it simply the record of a law which was given to, and was accepted by, the Jews? On this question Dr. Macleod is no less plain than on the other, and is, therefore, able to tell us that he does "not believe in the continued obligation of the Fourth Commandment."

For a familiar view of the teaching which we receive in regard to the Commandments it may be well to refer to them as given in our Church Catechism. The Catechism referred to is that belonging to the Church of England, but there is, I think, no essential difference in the teaching given as to the Commandments in any catechism used by our Protestant churches. The child is told that his godfather and godmother promised for him that he should keep God's Commandments, and he is asked how many there are. He says, "Ten." And he then repeats the laws of the Decalogue, beginning by an assertion which is put into his mouth, to the effect that they are "the same which God spake in the twentieth chapter of Exodus, saying, I am the Lord thy God, who brought thee out of the land of Egypt, and out of the house of bondage." What must be the teaching accepted by any child from these words,—if it were not the fact that they are mere words, conveying to the child no meaning whatsoever beyond the undoubted truth that the precepts which he is to repeat are to be found by him on reference to the twentieth chapter of Exodus? The teaching would be this: firstly, that those Ten

Commandments contained to him all that God required of him, and secondly, that God had brought him out of the land of Egypt and out of the house of bondage. But he would soon after encounter two other great Commandments, in which, as he would be told, are contained all the Law and all the Prophets, namely, that he should love the Lord who made him, and love his neighbour as himself. And how is he to reconcile the ten as being all-sufficient with those other two as being also all-sufficient,—seeing that they are so essentially different? And afterwards, should he ever turn a thought to the words which he repeats so often, how is he to believe that God brought him out of the land of Egypt,—either literally or metaphorically,—him, who, in accordance with all the teaching of his religion, has been born under the covenant of Jesus Christ; him, who has never been in bondage? That such words should have been addressed to the Jews when the Commandments were given to them, he may be able to understand. He will have already read that the Lord did bring them out of the land of Egypt, and out of the house of bondage. And if he were content to take the Commandments as an historical record of what the Jews were required to do, he may, as his mind opens to the capability of understanding such matters, come to perceive that laws so exacting, so dry, so imperative,—so fitted for childhood rather than for manhood,—should be suitable to the Jews, whose state before God was that of childhood as compared to his manhood in Christ. He will observe that a One God is spoken of,—the One God whom the Jews knew,—in a manner which he feels to be subversive of the teaching which he is receiving in regard to the Trinity. He will observe that his Creator is spoken of as a jealous God, and as one who does not forgive. He will find that certain rules, specially adapted to Jewish customs, are twisted out of all reasonable construction to suit his own wants. He will come across the rest of the Sabbath Day, though his Sunday is always a day of work. He will find a temporal reward offered to him as the only known inducement to virtue,—and that temporal reward one for which he would be ashamed himself to ask. Then he will find certain sins forbidden,—sins which undoubtedly should be sins to him,—but he will marvel greatly at the arrangement and the limit of the catalogue. Why should he be warned specially against giving false witness, seeing that so much other iniquity lay much nearer in his way? And here probably some idea of Jewish requirements,—of requirements so different from his own,—would come across him.

But this thoughtful youth, who had gone so far in examining the commandments which his godfathers and his godmothers had promised that he should keep, would proceed to the next question in the Catechism, that he might know what he had chiefly learned, or had constantly said that he had chiefly learned, from the Commandments.

And he would find that he had passed his youth in declaring that by these commandments he had chiefly learned, among other things, to love God with all his heart, to worship him, to give him thanks, to put his whole trust in him,—and other such like duties. That such is the duty of a Christian towards his God he will not, probably, be disposed to doubt. And he will have come across lessons, oft repeated, very intelligible, clear as the sun, to this effect, in his readings of Scripture. But he will, I think, find himself utterly unable to extract such doctrine out of the Decalogue. It is wonderful that our ministers of religion should have dared to tell children that they were taught by these dry, unloving, and unlovely laws, such duties as those of heart-love, thanksgiving, and worship. They are taught that God is jealous, and that they must fear him. They are warned that he will resent any doubt as to his sole power and authority. But there is no word to inspire them with love, or to teach them ought of prayer or thanksgiving. Our youth would also remember that he had been called upon to assert that he had learned from the Commandments to love his neighbour as himself, to love his father and his mother, to honour and obey the Queen, to order himself lowly to his betters, to bear no malice or hatred in his heart ;—and other duties, which are plainly and manifestly the duties of a Christian. But he will discover that he can have learned none of these things from any of the Ten Commandments, and that they who had forced him to assert from day to day that he had therein learned these beautiful lessons, had been guilty of an imposition upon him. From the Commandments, as given to the Jews through Moses, he may have learned that he should be just to his neighbour,—that he should take from his neighbour unjustly neither life, nor wife, nor property, nor good name; but from them he cannot have learned to love his neighbour as himself. He can have learned from them neither charity, nor love, nor forbearance. To be just was the duty of a Jew,—and the duty of a Jew hardly went beyond justice. The duty of a Christian goes very far beyond that, and does comprise all that is contained in the answer to the question of which we are speaking ; but nothing of all this can be learned from the Ten Commandments.

Of course it will be understood that Dr. Macleod has attacked simply the teaching which has been adduced from the Fourth Commandment ;—but in doing so, he has been driven to show us that the lessons contained in the Ten were not lessons given to us. “I do not find,” he says, “that the Jerusalem Church, in its first great Pastoral, imposed any such duty upon the Gentiles, nor ever even mentioned the Ten Commandments ; nor can I discover one syllable in all the epistles and all the pastorals of the apostles, against the sin of Sabbath-breaking, or about the special duties to be performed on the Sabbath, or anything whatever to indicate that they held the Sabbath of the Fourth Com-

mandment,—a most unaccountable fact for those who not only believe that the Fourth Commandment is contained in the Moral Law, but seem to believe that all the Moral Law is contained in the Fourth Commandment,—such a prominent place do they give it in the circle of duty !” For such service as this, the Protestant Christians of this country, who have been Sabbath-ridden as by an incubus, will owe, and, I think, will acknowledge, a debt of deep gratitude to Dr. Macleod, which will be much heightened by the manner in which he insists that the abrogation of a Jewish Sabbath will in no way interfere with that Sunday which is so necessary to all men as a day of rest, and to all Christians as a day of worship. “The Christian Church demands,” he says, “from its very nature, and the conditions of its existence, a day for social worship and for the social feast of the Lord’s Supper. Such a day now exists, whatever be its origin. This day, moreover, is marvellously adapted to meet all our wants as men and immortal beings. . . . To those, therefore, who ask, Why keep it up ? I ask, with confidence, in reply, Who would dare to put it down ?”

It is necessary to insist upon this side of the question as well as upon the other, in any argument as to the keeping of the Sabbath ; because there are so many, and they often the best and honestest among us, who will find themselves driven to believe that all men are infidels who question the validity of any one of the Commandments ; and who will be so driven, not because the Ten Commandments are in the Bible,—for there are very many rules laid down for the Jews in the Bible which no strictest Sabbatarian dreams of applying to his own wants ; which, as a matter of course, he could not, possibly, so apply,—but because the Ten Commandments have always been inserted in the prayer-books and catechisms, which they and other Christians have used. That such horror should be felt is very natural, and is by no means an unmixed evil. To laymen such horror against them personally will do little harm, beyond that which always follows any difference in religious belief among dear friends. We do not like to be regarded as being in a bad way by those whom we most dearly love. The injury, however, is not fatal to us. But to one placed as is Dr. Macleod,—to a clergyman who has a name among other clergymen, to whom it is the very breath of his nostrils to be loved and respected by those of his order whom he himself loves and respects, whose name, and fame, and influence, and bread, and the bread of all belonging to him, depends on his reputation for good and orthodox Christian teaching, it is a terrible thing to have to clear away error, such as is this error against which he has now lifted up his voice. But for conscience’ sake such a man would never speak such truth as he has now spoken, but would go on in his old course, honoured by those around him, and struggling to conceal

from his own sight the things which he could not prevent himself from seeing. To have to speak out against the Sabbath of the Fourth Commandment in Glasgow, to a Glasgow Presbyterian minister, must, of itself, have been a terrible necessity. We are bound, therefore,—all of us who meddle with this subject, and who meddle with it without undergoing that which he must undergo,—clearly to explain that Dr. Macleod, intensely anxious as he is to put aside as absolutely null and void the obligations of the Fourth Commandment, feels himself as closely bound as ever he was bound to the observance of the Lord's Day.

But the Lord's Day, as he would have it observed, is not a day of ceremonial rest, in which it is to be considered wicked to walk out with a walking-stick, or to travel by a railway train, or to cut the bone of a joint of meat; but it is a day on which the Christian, who believes, will apply himself, and enable all those dependent on him to apply themselves, to the great duty of worship with such fervour and truth as they may be able to attain.

There seem to be two points specially which every thinking professor of religion should endeavour to consider in reference to the Fourth Commandment. The first is, whether the rules of life supposed to be drawn from that Law, and preached to us by our pastors for our governance, are contained in that Law. And the second is, whether that Law, whatever rules of life can be logically drawn from it, has been intended for us. We have hitherto been taught that we should work hard on Sundays in the Lord's service, whereas the words of the Law require simply rest. Therefore, using our reason, as we cannot avoid using it, we are constrained to conclude that erroneous teaching has been extracted from the Commandment. In answer to the second inquiry, we find that the absolute rest required from the Jews on their Sabbath is not in accordance with Christ's teaching, and that such apathetic rest is not only not good for us, but is beyond our power. Therefore, we are again constrained to conclude that the Fourth Commandment is no Commandment for us. All this will be very terrible to many. It will be terrible to many that any Christian, or, indeed, that any man, should hold such doctrine. But they among us who are thus timid and reverend,—they whose feelings of reverence are averse to any change in things that have been revered,—will gradually learn to perceive that the removal of burdens which are unendurable will make the religion which they love possible to many who now find it to be for them a thing impossible. If Dr. Macleod has done anything to bring such a time nearer to us, then the Christian world will have much for which it ought to be thankful to him.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

VITTORIA.

CHAPTER I.

UP MONTE MOTTERONE.

FROM Monte Motterone you survey the Lombard plain. It is a towering dome of green among a hundred pinnacles of grey and rust-red crags. At dawn the summit of the mountain has an eagle eye for the far Venetian boundary and the barrier of the Apennines; but with sunrise come the mists. The vast brown level is seen narrowing in; the Ticino and the Sesia waters, nearest, quiver on the air like sleepy lakes; the plain is engulfed up to the high ridges of the distant southern mountain range, which lie stretched to a faint cloud-like line, in shape like a solitary monster of old seas crossing the deluge. All about the closer valleys pour long arms of vapour, that now fill them, now hang poised upon the boiling urns below, and gradually thickening and swelling upward, enwrap the scored bodies of the ashen-faced peaks and the pastures of the green mountain, till the heights become islands over a forgotten earth. Bells of herds down the hidden run of its sweet grasses, and a continuous leaping of its rivulets, give the Motterone a voice of youth and homeliness amid that stern company of Titan-heads, for whom the hawk and the vulture cry. The storm has beaten at them until they have got the aspects of the storm. They take colour from sunlight, and are joyless in colour as in shade. When the lower world is under pushing steam, they wear the look of the revolted sons of Time, fast chained before scornful heaven in an iron peace. Day at last brings vigorous fire; arrows of light pierce the mist-wreaths, the dancing draperies, the floors of vapour; and the mountain of piled pasturages is seen with its foot on the shore of Lago Maggiore. Down an extreme gulf the full sunlight, as if darting on a jewel in the deeps, seizes the blue-green lake with its isles. The villages along the darkly-wooded borders of the lake show white as clustered swans; here and there a tented boat is visible, shooting from terraces of vines, or hanging on its shadow. Monte Boscero is unveiled; the semicircle of the Piedmontese and the Swiss peaks, covering Lake Orta, behind, on along the Ticinese and the Grisons, leftwards towards and beyond the Lugano hills, stand bare in black and grey and rust-red and purple. You behold a burnished realm of mountain and plain beneath the royal sun of Italy. In the foreground it shines hard as the lines of an irradiated Cellini shield. Farther away, over middle ranges that are soft and clear, it melts, confusing the waters with hot rays and the forests with darkness, to where, wavering in

and out of view like flying wings, and shadowed like wings of archangels, with rose and with orange and with violet, silver-white Alps are seen, dim as dreamed music. You might take them for mystical streaming torches on the border-ground between vision and fancy. They lean as in a great flight forward upon Lombardy.

The curtain of an early autumnal morning was everywhere lifted around the Motterone, save for one milky strip of cloud that lay lizard-like across the throat of Monte Boscero facing it, when a party of five footfarers, who had met from different points of ascent some way below, and were climbing the mountain together, stood upon the cropped herbage of the second plateau, and stopped to eye the landscape; possibly also to get their breath. They were Italians. Two were fair-haired muscular men, bronzed by the sun and roughly bearded, bearing the stamp of breed of one or other of the hill-cities under the Alps. A third looked a sturdy soldier, square-set and purely positive, for whom beauties of scenery had few awakening charms. The remaining couple were an old man and a youth upon whose shoulder the veteran leaned, and with a whimsical turn of head and eye, indicative of some playful cast of mind, poured out his remarks upon the objects in sight, and chuckled to himself, like one who has learnt the necessity to appreciate his own humour if he is disposed to indulge it. He was carelessly wrapped about in long loose woollen stuff, but the youth was dressed like a Milanese cavalier of the first quality, and was evidently one who would have been at home in the fashionable Corso. His face was of the sweetest virile Italian beauty. The head was long, like a hawk's, not too lean, and not sharply ridged from a rapacious beak, but enough to show characteristics of eagerness and promptitude. His eyes were darkest blue, the eyebrows and long disjoining eyelashes being very dark over them, which made their colour precious. The nose was straight and forward from the brows; a fluent black moustache ran with the curve of the upper lip, and lost its line upon a smooth olive cheek. The upper lip was firmly supported by the under, and the chin stood freely out from a fine neck and throat.

After a space an Austrian war-steamer was discerned puffing out of the harbour of Laveno.

"That will do," said the old man. "Carlo, thou son of Paolo, we will stump upward once more. Tell me, hulloa, sir! are the best peaches doomed to entertain vile, domiciliary, parasitical insects? I ask you, does nature exhibit motherly regard, or none, for the regions of the picturesque? None, I say. It is an arbitrary distinction of our day. To complain of the intrusion of that black-yellow flag and foul smoke-line on the lake underneath us is preposterous, since, as you behold, the heavens make no protestation. Let us up. There is

comfort in exercise, even for an ancient creature such as I am. This mountain is my brother, and flatters me not—I am old.”

“Take my arm, dear Agostino,” said the youth.

“Never, my lad, until I need it. On, ahead of me, goat! chamois! and teach me how the thing used to be done in my time. Old legs must be the pupils of young ones;—mark that piece of humility, and listen with respectfulness to an old head by-and-by.”

It was the autumn antecedent to that memorable spring of the great Italian uprising, when, though for a tragic issue, the people of Italy first felt and acted as a nation, and Charles Albert, called the Sword of Italy, aspired, without comprehension of the passion of patriotism by which it was animated, to lead it quietly into the fold of his Piedmontese kingship.

There is not an easier or a pleasanter height to climb than the Motterone, if, in Italian heat, you can endure the disappointment of seeing the summit, as you ascend, constantly flit away to a farther station. It seems to throw its head back like a laughing senior when children struggle up for kissings. The party of five had come through the vines from Stresa and from Baveno. The mountain was strange to them, and they had already reckoned twice on having the topmost eminence in view, when reaching it they found themselves on a fresh plateau, traversed by wild water-courses, and browsed by Alpine herds; and again the green dome was distant. They reached the highest chalet, where a hearty wiry young fellow, busily employed in making cheese, invited them to the enjoyment of shade and fresh milk. “For the sake of these adolescents, who lose much and require much, let it be so,” said Agostino, gravely, and not without some belief that he consented to rest on behalf of his companions. They allowed the young mountaineer to close the door, and sat about his fire like sagacious men. When cooled and refreshed, Agostino gave the signal for departure, and returned thanks for hospitality. Money was not offered and not expected. As they were going forth, the mountaineer accompanied them to the step on the threshold, and with a mysterious eagerness in his eyes, addressed Agostino.

“Signore, is it true?—the king marches?”

“Who is the king, my friend?” returned Agostino. “If he marches out of his dominions, the king confers a blessing on his people perchance.”

“Our king, signore!” The mountaineer waved his finger as from Novara towards Milan.

Agostino seemed to awaken swiftly from his disguise of an absolute gravity. A red light stood in his eyeballs, as if upon a fiery answer. The intemperate fit subsided. Smoothing down his mottled

grey beard with quieting hands, he took refuge in his habitual sententious irony.

"My friend, I am not a hare in front of the king, nor am I a ram in the rear of him; I fly him not, neither do I propel him. So, therefore, I cannot predict the movements of the king. Will the wind blow from the north to-morrow, think you?"

The mountaineer sent a quick gaze up the air as to descry signs.

"Who knows?" Agostino continued, though not playing into the smiles of his companions; "the wind will blow straight thither where there is a vacuum; and all that we can state of the king is, that there is a positive vacuum here. It would be difficult to predict the king's movements save by such weighty indications."

He laid two fingers hard against the rib which shields the heart. It had become apparently necessary for the speaker to relieve a mind surcharged with bile at the mention of the king; for, having done, he rebuked with an amazed frown the indiscretion of Carlo, who had shouted, "The Carbonaro king!"

"Carlo, my son, I will lean on your arm. On your mouth were better," Agostino added, under his voice, as they moved on.

"Oh, but," Carlo remonstrated, "let us trust somebody. Milan has made me sick of late. I like the look of that fellow."

"You allow yourself, my Carlo, an immense indulgence in permitting yourself to like the look of anything. Now, listen—Viva Carlo Alberto!"

The old man rang out the loyal salutation spiritedly, and awoke a prompt response from the mountaineer, who sounded his voice wide in the keen upper air.

"There's the heart of that fellow!" said Agostino. "He has but one idea—his king! If you confound it, he takes you for an enemy. These free mountain breezes intoxicate you. You would embrace the king himself if you met him here."

"I swear I would never be guilty of the bad joke of crying a 'Viva' to him anywhere upon earth," Carlo replied. "I offend you?" he said, quickly.

The old man was smiling.

"Agostino Balderini is too notoriously a bad joker to be offended by the comments of the perfectly sensible, boy of mine! My limbs were stiff, and the first three steps from a place of rest reminded me acutely of the king's five years of hospitality. He has saved me from all fatigue so long, that the necessity to exercise these old joints of mine touched me with a grateful sense of his royal bounty. I had from him a chair, a bed, and a table; shelter from sun and from all silly chatter. Now I want a chair or a bed. I should like to sit at a table; the sun burns me; my ears are afflicted. I cry 'Viva!' to him that I may be in harmony with the coming chorus of Italy, which

I prophetically hear. That young fellow, in whom you confide so much, speaks for his country. We poor units must not be discordant. No! Individual opinion, my Carlo, is discord when there is a general delirium. The tide arriving, let us make the best of the tide. My voice is wisdom. We shall have to follow this king."

"Shall we!" uttered one behind them gruffly. "When I see this king swallow one ounce of Austrian lead, I shall not be sorry to follow him!"

"Right, my dear Ugo," said Agostino, turning round to him; "and I will then compose his hymn of praise. He has swallowed enough of Austrian bread. He took an Austrian wife to his bed. Who knows? He may some day declare a preference for Austrian lead. But we shall have to follow him, or stay at home drivelling."

Agostino raised his eyes, glazed with the great heat of his frame.

"Oh, that, like our Dante, I had lived in the days when souls were damned! Then would I uplift another shout, believe me! As things go now, we must allow the traitor to hope for his own future, and we simply shrug. We cannot plant him neck-deep for everlasting in a burning marl, and hear him howling. We have no weapons in these times—none! Our curses come back to roost. This is one of the serious facts of the century, and controls violent language. What! are you all gathered about me? Oracles must be moving, too. There's no rest even for them, when they have got a mountain to scale."

A cry, "He is there!" and "Do you see him?" burst from the throats of the men surrounding Agostino.

Looking up to the mountain's top, they had perceived the figure of one who stood with folded arms, sufficiently near for the person of an expected friend to be descried. They waved their hats, and Carlo shot ahead. The others trod after him more deliberately, but in glad excitement, speculating on the time which this sixth member of the party, who were engaged to assemble at a certain hour of the morning upon yonder height, had taken to reach the spot from Omegna, or Orta, or Pella, and rejoicing that his health should be so stout in despite of his wasting labours under city smoke.

"Yes, health!" said Agostino. "Is it health, do you think? It's the heart of the man! and a heart with a millstone about it—a heart to breed a country from! There stands the man who has faith in Italy, though she has been lying like a corpse for centuries. God bless him! He has no other comfort. Viva l'Italia!"

The exclamation went up, and was acknowledged by him on the eminence overhanging them; but at a repetition of it his hand smote the air sideways. They understood the motion, and were silent; while he, until Carlo breathed his name in his hearing, eyed the great scene steadfastly, with the absorbing simple passion of one who has endured long exile, and finds his clustered visions of it confronting

the strange, beloved, visible life:—the lake in the arms of giant mountains; the far-spreading hazy plain; the hanging forests; the pointed crags; the gleam of the distant rose-shadowed snows that stretch for ever like an airy host, mystically clad, and baffling the eye as with the motions of a flight towards the underlying purple land.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE HEIGHTS.

HE was a man of middle stature, thin, and even frail, as he stood defined against the sky; with the complexion of the student, and the student's aspect. The attentive droop of his shoulders and head, the straining of the buttoned coat across his chest, the air as of one who waited and listened, which distinguished his figure, detracted from the promise of other than contemplative energy, until his eyes were fairly seen and felt. That is, until the observer became aware that those soft and large dark meditative eyes had taken hold of him. In them lay no abstracted student's languor, no reflex burning of a solitary lamp; but a quiet grappling force engaged the penetrating look. Gazing upon them, you were drawn in suddenly among the thousand whirring wheels of a capacious and a vigorous mind, that was both reasoning and prompt, keen of intellect, acting throughout all its machinery, and having all under full command; an orb'd mind, supplying its own philosophy, and arriving at the sword-stroke by logical steps,—a mind much less supple than a soldier's; anything but the mind of a Hamlet. The eyes were dark as the forest's border is dark; not as night is dark. Under favourable lights their colour was seen to be a deep rich brown, like the chestnut, or more like the hazel-edged sunset-brown which lies upon our western rivers in the winter floods, when night begins to shadow them. The side-view of his face was an expression of classic beauty rarely now to be beheld, either in classic lands or elsewhere. It was severe; the tender serenity of the full bow of the eyes relieved it. In profile they showed little of their intellectual quality, but what some might have thought a playful luminousness, and some a quick pulse of feeling. The chin was firm; on it, and on the upper lip, there was a clipped growth of black hair. The whole visage widened upward from the chin, though not very markedly before it reached the broad-lying brows. The temples were strongly indented by the swelling of the forehead above them; and on both sides of the head there ran a pregnant ridge, such as will sometimes lift men a deplorable half inch

above the earth we tread. If this man was a problem to others, he was none to himself; and when others called him an idealist, he accepted the title, reading himself, notwithstanding, as one who was less flighty than many philosophers and professedly practical teachers of his generation. He saw far, and he grasped ends beyond obstacles; he was nourished by sovereign principles; he despised material present interests; and, as I have said, he was less supple than a soldier. If the title of idealist belonged to him, we will not immediately decide that it was opprobrious. The idealised conception of stern truths played about his head certainly for those who knew and who loved it. Such a man, perceiving a devout end to be reached, might prove less scrupulous in his course, possibly, and less remorseful, than revolutionary generals. His smile was quite unclouded, and came softly as a curve in water. It seemed to flow with, and to pass in and out of, his thoughts,—to be a part of his emotion and his meaning when it shone transiently full. For as he had an orbéd mind, so had he an orbéd nature. The passions were absolutely in harmony with the intelligence. He had the English manner; a remarkable simplicity contrasting with the demonstrative outcries and gesticulations of his friends when they joined him on the height. Calling them each by name, he received their caresses and took their hands; after which he touched the old man's shoulder.

"Agostino, this has breathed you?"

"It has; it has, my dear and best one!" Agostino replied. "But here is a good market-place for air. Down below we have to scramble for it in the mire. The spies are stifling down below. I don't know my own shadow. I begin to think that I am important. Footing up a mountain corrects the notion somewhat. Yonder, I believe, I see the Grisons, where Freedom sits. And there's the Monte della Disgrazia. Carlo Alberto should be on the top of it, but he is invisible. I do not see him."

"No," said Carlo Ammiani, who chimed to his humour more readily than the rest, and affected to inspect the Grisons' peak through a diminutive opera-glass. "No, he is not there."

"Perhaps, my son, he is like a squirrel, and is careful to run up t'other side of the stem. For he is on that mountain; no doubt of it can exist even in the Boeotian mind of one of his subjects; myself, for example. It will be an effulgent fact when he gains the summit."

The others meantime had thrown themselves on the grass at the feet of their manifestly acknowledged leader, and looked up for Agostino to explode the last of his train of conceits. He became aware that the moment for serious talk had arrived, and bent his body, groaning loudly, and uttering imprecations against him whom he accused of being the promoter of its excruciating stiffness, until

the ground relieved him of its weight. Carlo continued standing, while his eyes examined restlessly the slopes just surmounted by them, and occasionally the deep descent over the green-glowing Orta Lake. It was still early morning. The heat was tempered by a cool breeze that came with scents of thyme. They had no sight of human creature anywhere, but companionship of Alps and birds of upper air; and though not one of them seasoned the converse with an exclamation of joy, and of blessings upon a place of free speech and safety, the thought was in their hunted bosoms, delicious as a woodland rivulet that sings only to the leaves overshadowing it.

They were men who had sworn to set a nation free,—free from the foreigner, to commence.

(He who tells this tale is not a partizan; he would deal equally towards all. Of strong devotion, of stout nobility, of unswerving faith, and self-sacrifice, he must approve; and when these qualities are displayed in a contest of forces, the wisdom of means employed, or of ultimate views entertained, may be questioned and condemned; but the men themselves may not be.)

These men had sworn their oath, knowing the meaning of it, and the nature of the Fury against whom men who stand voluntarily pledged to any great resolve must thenceforward match themselves. Many of the original brotherhood had fallen, on the battle-field, on the glaxis, or in the dungeon. All present, save the youthfuller Carlo, had suffered. Imprisonment and exile marked the chief. Ugo Corte, of Bergamo, had seen his family swept away by the executioner, and pecuniary penalties. Thick scars of wounds covered the body and disfigured the face of Giulio Bandinelli. Agostino had crawled but half a year previously out of his Piedmontese cell, and Marco Sana, the Brescian, had in such a place tasted of veritable torture. But if the calamity of a great oath was upon them, they had now in their faithful prosecution of it the support which it gives. They were unwearied; they had one object; the mortal anguish they had gone through had left them no sense for regrets. Life had become the field of an endless engagement to them; and as in battle one sees beloved comrades struck down, and casts but a glance at their prostrate forms, they heard the mention of a name, perchance, and with a word or a sign told what was to be said of a passionate glorious heart at rest, thanks to Austrian or vassal-Sardinian mercy.

So they lay there and discussed their plans.

"From what quarter do you apprehend the surprise?" Ugo Corte glanced up from the maps and papers spread along the grass to question Carlo ironically, while the latter appeared to be keeping rigid watch over the safety of the position. Carlo puffed the smoke of a cigarette rapidly, and Agostino replied for him—

"From the quarter where the best donkeys are to be had."

It was supposed that Agostino had resumed the habit usually laid aside by him, for the discussion of serious matters, and had condescended to father a coarse joke; but his eyes showed no spark of their well-known twinkling solicitation for laughter, and Carlo spoke in answer gravely—

"From Baveno it will be."

"From Baveno! They might as well think to surprise hawks from Baveno. Keep watch, dear Ammiani; a good start in a race is a kick from the gods."

With that, Corte turned to the point of his finger on the map. He conceived it possible that Carlo Ammiani, a Milanese, had reason to anticipate the approach of people by whom he, or they, might not wish to be seen. Had he studied Carlo's face he would have been reassured. The brows of the youth were open, and his eyes eager with expectation, that showed the flying forward of the mind, and nothing of knotted distrust or wary watchfulness. Now and then he would move to the other side of the mountain, and look over towards Orta; or with the opera-glass clasped in one hand beneath an arm, he stopped in his sentinel-march, frowning reflectively at a word put to him, as if debating within upon all the bearings of it; but the only answer that came was a sharp assent, given after the manner of one who dealt conscientiously in definite affirmatives; and again the glass was in requisition. Marco Sana was a fighting soldier, who stated what he knew, listened, and took his orders. Giulio Bandinelli was also little better than the lieutenant in an enterprise. Corte, on the other hand, had the conspirator's head,—a head like a walnut, bulging above the ears,—and the man was of a sallying temper. He lay there putting bit by bit of his plot before the chief for his approval, with a careful construction that, upon the expression of any doubt of its working smoothly in the streets of Milan, caused him to shout a defensive, "But Carlo says yes!"

This uniform character of Ammiani's replies, and the smile of Agostino on hearing them, had begun to strike the attention of the soldierly Marco Sana. He ran his hand across his shorn head, and puffed his burnt red mole-spotted cheeks, with a sidelong stare at the abstracted youth. "Said yes!" he remarked. "He might say no, for a diversion. He has yeses enough in his pay to earn a Cardinal's hat. 'Is Milan preparing to rise?' 'Yes.'—'Is she ready for the work?' 'Yes.'—'Is the garrison on its guard?' 'Yes.'—'Have you seen Barto Rizzo?' 'Yes.'—'Have the people got the last batch of arms?' 'Yes.'—And 'Yes,' the secret is well kept; 'Yes,' Barto Rizzo is steadily getting them together. We may rely on him: Carlo is his intimate friend: Yes, Yes:—There's a regiment of them at your service, and you may shuffle them as you

will This is the help we get from Milan : a specimen of what we may expect ! ”

Sana had puffed himself hot, and now blew for coolness.

“ You are, ”—Agostino addressed him,—“ philosophically totally wrong, my Marco. Those affirmatives are fat worms for the catching of fish. They are the real pretty fruit of the Hesperides. Personally, you or I may be irritated by them ; but I’m not sure they don’t please us. Were Carlo a woman, of course he should learn to say no ;—as he will now if I ask him, Is she in sight ? I won’t do it, you know ; but as a man and a diplomatist, it strikes me that he can’t say yes too often.”

“ Answer me, Count Ammiani, and do me the favour to attend to these trifles for the space of two minutes,” said Corte. “ Have you seen Barto Rizzo ? Is he acting for Medole ? ”

“ As mole, as reindeer, and as bloody northern Raven ! ” ejaculated Agostino : “ perhaps to be jackal, by-and-by. But I do not care to abuse our Barto Rizzo, who is a prodigy of nature, and has, luckily for himself, embraced a good cause, for he is certain to be hanged if he is not shot. He has the prophetic owl’s face. I have always a fancy of his hooting his own death-scrip. I wrong our Barto ;—Medole would be the jackal, if it lay between the two.”

Carlo Ammiani had corrected Corte’s manner towards him by a complacent readiness to give him distinct replies. He then turned and set off at full speed down the mountain.

“ She is sighted at last,” Agostino murmured, and added rapidly some spirited words under his breath to the chief, whose chin was resting on his doubled hand.

Corte, Marco, and Giulio were full of denunciations against Milan and the Milanese, who had sent a boy to their councils. It was Brescia and Bergamo speaking in their jealousy, but Carlo’s behaviour was odd, and called for reproof. He had come as the deputy of Milan to meet the chief, and he had not spoken a serious word on the great business of the hour, though the plot had been unfolded, the numbers sworn to, and Brescia, and Bergamo, and Cremona, and Venice had spoken upon all points through their emissaries, the two latter cities being represented by Sana and Corte.

“ We’ve had enough of this lad,” said Corte. “ His laundress is following him with a change of linen, I suppose, or it’s a scent-bottle. He’s an admirable representative of the Lombard metropolis ! ” Corte drawled out the words in prodigious mimicry. “ If Milan has nothing better to send than such a fellow, we’ll finish without her, and shame the beast that she is. She has been always a treacherous beast ! ”

“ Poor Milan ! ” sighed the chief ; “ she lies under the beak of the vulture, and has twice been devoured ; but she has a soul : she proves it. Ammiani, too, will prove his value. I have no doubt of him. As

to boys, or even girls, you know my faith is in the young. Through them Italy lives. What power can teach devotion to the old?"

"I thank you, signor," Agostino gesticulated.

"But, tell me, when did *you* learn it, my friend?"

In answer, Agostino lifted his hand a little boy's height from the earth.

The old man then said: "I am afraid, my dear Corte, you must accept the fellowship of a girl as well as of a boy upon this occasion. See! our Carlo! You recognise that dancing speck below there?—he has joined himself—the poor lad wishes he could, I dare swear!—to another bigger speck, which is verily a lady; who has joined herself to a donkey—a common habit of the sex, I am told; but I know them not. That lady, signor Ugo, is the signorina Vittoria. You stare? But, I tell you, the game cannot go on without her; and that is why I have permitted you to knock the ball about at your own pleasure for these forty minutes."

Corte drew his under-lip on his reddish stubble moustache. "Are we to have women in a conference?" he asked from eye to eye.

"Keep to the number, Ugo; and, moreover, she is not a woman, but a noble virgin. I discern a distinction, though you may not. The Vestal's fire burns straight."

"Who is she?"

"It rejoices me that she should be so little known. All the greater the illumination when her light shines out! The signorina Vittoria is a cantatrice who is about to appear upon the boards."

"Ah! that completes it!" Corte rose to his feet with an air of desperation. "We require to be refreshed with quavers and crescendos and trille! Who ever knew a singer that cared an inch of flesh for her country? Money, flowers, flattery, vivas! but, money! money! and Austrian as good as Italian. I've seen the accursed wenches bow gratefully for Austrian bouquets:—bow? ay, and more; and when the Austrian came to them red with our blood. I spit upon their polluted cheeks! They get us an ill name wherever they go. These singers have no country. One—I knew her—betrayed Filippo Mastalone, and sang the night of the day he was shot. I heard the white demon myself. I could have taken her long neck till she twisted like a serpent and hissed. May Heaven forgive me for not levelling a pistol at her head! If God, my friends, had put the thought into my brain that night!"

A black flush had deadened Corte's face to the hue of nightshade.

"You thunder in a clear atmosphere, my Ugo," returned the old man, as he fell back calmly at full length.

"And who is this signorina Vittoria?" cried Corte.

"A cantatrice who is about to appear upon the boards, as I have already remarked: of La Scala, let me add, if you hold it necessary."

"And what does she do here?"

"Her object in coming, my friend? Her object in coming is, first, to make her reverence to one who happens to be among us this day; and, secondly, but principally, to submit a proposition to him and to us."

"What's her age?" Corte sneered.

"According to what calendar would you have it reckoned? Wisdom would say sixty: Father Chronos might divide that by three, and would get scarce a month in addition, hungry as he is for her, and all of us! But Minerva's handmaiden has no age. And now, dear Ugo, you have your opportunity to denounce her as a convicted screecher by night. Do so."

Corte turned his face to the chief, and they spoke together for some minutes: after which, having had names of noble devoted women, dead and living, cited to him, in answer to brutal bellowings against that sex, and hearing of the damsel under debate as one who was expected and was welcome, he flung himself upon the ground again, inviting calamity by premature resignation. Giulio Bandinelli stretched his hand for Carlo's glass, and spied the approach of the signorina.

"Dark," he said.

"A jewel of that complexion," added Agostino, by way of comment.

"She has scorching eyes."

"She may do mischief; she may do mischief; let it be only on the right side!"

"She looks fat."

"She sits doubled up and forward, don't you see, to relieve the poor donkey. You, my Giulio, would call a swan fat if the neck were not always on the stretch."

"By Bacchus! what a throat she has!"

"And well interjected, Giulio! It runs down like wine, like wine, to the little ebbing and flowing wave! Away with the glass, my boy! You must trust to all that's best about you to spy what's within. She makes me young—young!"

Agostino waved his hand in the form of a salute to her on the last short ascent. She acknowledged it gracefully; and talking at intervals to Carlo Ammiani, who footed briskly by her side, she drew by degrees among the eyes fixed on her, some of which were not gentle; but hers were for the chief, at whose feet, when dismounted by Ammiani's solicitous aid, she would have knelt, had he not seized her by her elbows, and put his lips to her cheek.

"The signorina Vittoria, gentlemen," said Agostino.

CHAPTER III.

SIGNORINA VITTORIA.

THE old man had introduced her with much of the pride of a father displaying some noble child of his for the first time to admiring friends.

"She is one of us," he pursued; "a daughter of Italy! My daughter also; is it not so?"

He turned to her as for a confirmation. The signorina pressed his fingers. She was a little intimidated apparently, and for the moment seemed shy and girlish. The shade of her broad straw hat partly concealed her vivid features.

"Now, gentlemen, if you please, the number is complete, and we may proceed to business," said Agostino, formally; but as he conducted the signorina to place her at the feet of the chief, she beckoned to her servant, who was holding the animal she had ridden. He came up to her, and presented himself in something of a military posture of attention to her commands. These were that he should take the poor brute to water, and then lead him back to Baveno, and do duty in waiting upon her mother. The first injunction was received in a decidedly acquiescent manner. On hearing the second, which directed his abandonment of his post of immediate watchfulness over her safety, the man flatly objected with a "signorina, no."

He was a handsome bright-eyed fellow, with a soldier's frame and a smile as broad and beaming as laughter, indicating much of that mixture of acuteness and simplicity which is a characteristic of the South, and means no more than that the extreme vivacity of the blood exceeds at times that of the brain.

A curious frown of half-amused astonishment hung on the signorina's face.

"When I tell you to go, Beppo?"

At once the man threw out his fingers, accompanied by an amazingly voluble delivery of his reasons for this revolt against her authority. Among other things, he spoke of an oath sworn by him to a foreign gentleman, his patron,—for whom, and for whomsoever he loved, he was ready to pour forth his heart's blood,—to the effect that he would never quit her side when she left the roof of her house.

"You see, Beppo," she remonstrated, "I am among friends."

Beppo gave a sweeping bow, but remained firm where he stood. Ammiani cast a sharp hard look at the man.

"Do you hear the signorina's orders?"

"I hear them, signore."

"Will you obey them?"

She interposed. "He must not hear quick words. Beppo is only showing his love for his master and for me. But you are wrong in this case, my Beppo. You shall give me your protection when I require it; and now, you are sensible, and must understand that it is not wanted. I tell you to go."

Beppo read the eyes of his young mistress.

"Signorina,"—he stooped forward mysteriously,—"*signorina*, that fellow is in Baveno. I saw him this morning."

"Good, good. And now go, my friend."

"The signor Agostino," he remarked loudly, to attract the old man; "the signor Agostino may think proper to advise you."

"The signor Agostino will laugh at nothing that you say to-day, Beppo. You will obey me. Go at once," she repeated, seeing him on tiptoe to gain Agostino's attention.

Beppo knew by her eyes that her ears were locked against him; and, though she spoke softly, there was an imperiousness in her voice not to be disregarded. He showed plainly by the lost rigidity of his attitude that he was beaten and perplexed. Further expostulations being disregarded, he turned his head to look at the poor panting beast under his charge, and went slowly up to him: they walked off together a crestfallen pair.

"You have gained the victory, *signorina*," said Ugo Corte.

She replied, smiling, "My poor Beppo! it's not difficult to get the best of those who love us."

"Ha!" cried Agostino; "here is one of their secrets, Carlo. Take heed of it, my boy. We shall have queens when kings are fossils, mark me!"

Ammiani muttered a courtly phrase, whereat Corte yawned in very grim fashion.

The *signorina* had dropped to the grass, at a short step from the chief, to whom her face was now seriously given. In Ammiani's sight she looked a dark Madonna, with the sun shining bright gold through the edges of the summer hat, thrown back from her head. The full and steady contemplative eyes had taken their fixed expression, after a vanishing affectionate gaze of an instant cast upon Agostino. Attentive as they were, light played in them like water. The countenance was vivid in repose. She leaned slightly forward, clasping the wrist of one hand about her knee, and the sole of one little foot showed from under her dress.

Deliberately, but with no attempt at dramatic impressiveness, the chief began to speak. He touched upon the condition of Italy, and the new life animating her young men and women. "I have heard many good men jeer," he said, "at our taking women to our counsel, accepting their help, and putting a great stake upon their devotion.

You have read history, and you know what women can accomplish. They may be trained, equally as we are, to venerate the abstract idea of country, and be a sacrifice to it. Without their aid, and the fire of a fresh life being kindled in their bosoms, no country that has lain like ours in the death-trance can revive. In the death-trance, I say, for Italy does not die!"

"True," said other voices.

"We have this belief in the eternal life of our country, and the belief is the life itself. But let no strong man among us despise the help of women. I have seen our cause lie desperate, and those who despaired of it were not women. Women kept the flame alive. They worship in the temple of the cause."

Ammiani's eyes dwelt fervidly upon the signorina. Her look, which was still fastened upon the chief, expressed a mind that listened to strange matter concerning her very little. But when the plans for the rising of the Bergamaces and Brescians, the Venetians, the Bolognese, the Milanese, all the principal northern cities, were recited, with a practical emphasis thrown upon numbers, upon the readiness of the organised bands, the dispositions of the leaders, and the amount of resistance to be expected at the various points indicated for the outbreak, her hands disjoined, and she stretched her fingers to the grass, supporting herself so, while her extended chin and animated features told how eagerly her spirit drank at positive springs, and thirsted for assurance of the coming storm.

"It is decided that Milan gives the signal," said the chief; and a light, like the reflection of a beacon-fire upon the night, flashed over her.

He was pursuing, when Ugo Corte smote the air with his nervous fingers, crying out passionately, "Bunglers! are we again to wait for them, and hear that fifteen patriots have stabbed a Croat corporal, and wrestled hotly with a lieutenant of the guard? I say they are bunglers. They never mean the thing. Fifteen! There were just three Milanese among the last lot—the pick of the city; and the rest were made up of Trentini, and our lads from Bergamo and Brescia; and the order from the Council was, 'Go and do the business!' which means, 'Go and earn your ounce of Austrian lead.' They went, and we gave fifteen true men for one poor devil of a curst tight blue-leg. They can play the game on if we give them odds like that. Milan burns bad powder, and goes off like a drugged pistol. It's a nest of bunglers, and may it be razed! We could do without it, and well! If it were a family failing, should not I too be trusting them? My brother was one of the fifteen who marched out as targets to try the skill of those hell-plumed Tyrolese: and they did it thoroughly—shot him straight here." Corte struck his chest. "He gave a jump

and a cry. Was it a viva for Milan? They swear that it was, and they can't translate from a living mouth, much more from a dead one; but I know my Niccolò better. I have kissed his lips a thousand times, and I know the poor boy meant 'Scorn and eternal distrust of such peddling conspirators as these!' I can deal with traitors, but these flash-in-the-pan plotters—these shaking, jelly-bodied patriots!—trust to them again? Rather draw lots for another fifteen to bare their breasts and bandage their eyes, and march out in the grey morning, while the stupid Croat corporal goes on smoking his lumpy pipe! We shall hear that Milan is moving; we shall rise; we shall be hot at it; and the news will come that Milan has merely yawned and turned over to sleep on the other side. Twice she has done this trick, and the garrison there has sent five regiments to finish us—teach us to sleep soundly likewise! I say, let it be Bergamo; or be it Brescia, if you like; or Venice: she is ready. You trust to Milan, and you are fore-doomed. I would swear it with this hand in the flames. *She* give the signal? Shut your eyes, cross your hands flat on your breasts; you are dead men if you move. *She* lead the way? Spin on your heels, and you have followed her!"

Corte had spoken in a thick difficult voice, that seemed to require the aid of his vehement gestures to pour out as it did like a water-pipe in a hurricane of rain. He ceased, red almost to blackness, and knotted his arms, that were big as the cable of a vessel. Not a murmur followed his speech. The word was given to the chief, and he resumed:—

"You have a personal feeling in this case, Ugo. You have not heard me. I came through Paris. A rocket will soon shoot up from Paris that will be a signal for Christendom. The keen French wit is sick of its compromise-king. All Europe is in convulsions in a few months: to-morrow it may be. The elements are in the hearts of the people, and nothing will contain them. We have sown them to reap them. The sowing asks for persistency; but the reaping demands skill and absolute truthfulness. We have now one of those occasions coming which are the flowers to be plucked by resolute and worthy hands: they are the tests of our sincerity. This time now rapidly approaching will try us all, and we must be ready for it. If we have believed in it, we stand prepared. If we have conceived our plan of action in purity of heart, we shall be guided to discern the means which may serve us. You will know speedily what it is that has prompted you to move. If passion blindfolds you, if you are foiled by a prejudice, I also shall know. My friend, the nursing of a single antipathy is a presumption that your motive force is personal—whether the thirst for vengeance or some internal union of a hundred

indistinct little fits of egotism. I have seen brave and even noble men fail at the ordeal of such an hour: not fail in courage, not fail in the strength of their desire; that was the misery for them! They failed because midway they lost the vision, to select the right instruments put in our way by Heaven. That vision belongs solely to such as have clean and disciplined hearts. The hope in the bosom of a man whose fixed star is Humanity becomes a part of his blood, and is extinguished when his blood flows no more. To conquer him, the principle of life must be conquered. And he, my friend, will use all, because he serves all. I need not touch on Milan."

The signorina drew in her breath quickly, as if in this abrupt close she had a revelation of the chief's whole meaning, and was startled by the sudden unveiling of his mastery. Her hands hung loose; her figure was tremulous. A murmur from Corte jarred within her like a furious discord, but he had not offended by refusing to disclaim his error, and had simply said in a gruff acquiescent way, "Proceed." Her sensations of surprise at the singular triumph of the chief made her look curiously into the faces of the other men; but the pronouncing of her name engaged her attention.

"Your first night is the night of the fifteenth of next month?"

"It is, signore," she replied, abashed to find herself speaking with him who had so moved her.

"There is no likelihood of a postponement?"

"I am certain, signore, that I shall be ready."

"There are no squabbles of any serious kind among the singers?"

A soft dimple played for a moment on her lips. "I have heard something."

"Among the women?"

"Yes, and the men."

"But the men do not concern you."

"No, signore. Except that the women twist them."

Agostino chuckled audibly. The chief resumed:—

"You believe, notwithstanding, that all will go well? The opera will be acted, and you will appear in it?"

"Yes, signore. I know one who has determined on it, and can do it."

"Good. The opera is *Camilla*?"

She was answering with an affirmative, when Agostino broke in,—

"*Camilla*! And honour to whom honour is due! Let Cæsar claim the writing of the libretto, if it be Cæsar's! It has passed the censorship, signed AGOSTINO BALDERINI—a disaffected person out of Piedmont, rendered tame and fangless by a rigorous imprisonment. The sources of the tale, O ye grave Signori Tedeschi? The sources are partly to be traced to a neat little French vaudeville, very

sparkling—*Camille, or the Husband Asserted*; and again to a certain Chronicle that may be mediæval, may be modern, and is just, as the great Shakespeare would say, ‘as you like it.’”

Agostino recited some mock verses, burlesquing the ordinary libretti, and provoked loud laughter from Carlo Ammiani, who was familiar enough with the run of their nonsense.

“Camilla is the bride of Camillo. I give to her all the brains, which is a modern idea, quite! He does all the mischief, which is possibly mediæval. They have both an enemy, which is mediæval and modern. None of them know exactly what they are about; so there you have the modern, the mediæval, and the antique, all in one. Finally, my friends, *Camilla* is something for you to digest at leisure. The censorship swallowed it at a gulp. Never was bait so handsomely taken! At present I have the joy of playing my fish. On the night of the fifteenth I land him. Camilla has a mother. Do you see? That mother is reported, is generally conceived as dead. Do you see further? Camilla’s first song treats of a dream she had of that mother. Our signorina shall not be troubled to favour you with a taste of it, or, by Bacchus and his Indian nymphs, I should speedily behold you jumping like peas in a pan, like trout on a bank! The earth would be hot under you, verily! As I was remarking, or meant to be, Camilla and her husband disagree, having agreed to. ’Tis a plot to deceive Count Orso—aha? You are acquainted with Count Orso! He is Camilla’s ante-nuptial guardian. Now you warm to it! In that condition I leave you. Perhaps my child here will give you a taste of her voice. The poetry does much upon reflection, but it has to ripen within you—a matter of time. Wed this voice to the poetry, and it finds passage ’twixt your ribs, as on the point of a driven blade. Do I cry the sweetness and the coolness of my melons? Not I! Try them.”

The signorina put her hand out for the scroll he was unfolding, and cast her eyes along bars of music, while Agostino called a “*Silenzio tutti!*” She sang one verse, and stopped for breath.

Between her dismayed breathings she said to the chief:

“Believe me, signore, I can be trusted to sing when the time comes.”

“Sing on, my blackbird—my viola!” said Agostino. “We all trust you. Look at Colonel Corte, and take him for Count Orso. Take me for pretty Camillo. Take Marco for Michiela; Giulio for Leonardo; Carlo for Cupid. Take the chief for the audience. Take him for a frivolous public. Ah, my Pippo!” (Agostino laughed aside to him). “Let us lead off with a lighter piece; a trifle-tra-la-la! and then let the frisky piccolo be drowned in deep organ-notes, as on some occasions in history the people overrun certain puling characters. But that, I

confess, is an illustration altogether out of place, and I'll simply jot it down in my note-book."

Agostino had talked on to let her gain confidence. When he was silent she sang from memory. It was a song of flourishes: one of those be-flowered arias in which the notes flicker and leap like young flames. Others might have sung it; and though it spoke favourably of her aptitude and musical education, and was of a quality to enrapture easy, merely critical audiences, it won no applause from these men. The effect produced by it was exhibited in the placid tolerance shown by the uplifting of Ugo Corte's eyebrows, which said, "Well, here's a voice, certainly." His subsequent look added, "Is this what we have come hither to hear?"

Vittoria saw the look. "Am I on my trial before you?" she thought; and the thought nerved her throat. She sang in strong and grave contralto tones, at first with shut eyes. The sense of hostility left her, and left her soul free, and she raised them. The song was of Camilla dying. She pardons the treacherous hand, commending her memory and the strength of her faith to her husband:—

"Beloved, I am quickly out of sight:
I pray that you will love more than my dust.
Were death defeat, much weeping would be right;
'Tis victory when it leaves surviving trust.
You will not find me save when you forget
Earth's feebleness and come to Faith, my friend,
For all Humanity doth owe a debt
To all Humanity, until the end."

Agostino glanced at the chief to see whether his ear had caught note of his own language.

The melancholy severity of that song of death changed to a song of prophetic triumph. The signorina stood up. Camilla has thrown off the mask, and has sung the name "Italia!" At the recurrence of it the men rose likewise.

"Italia, Italia shall be free!"

Vittoria gave the inspiration of a dying voice: the conquest of death by an eternal truth seemed to radiate from her. Voice and features were as one expression of a rapture of belief built upon pathetic trustfulness.

"Italia, Italia shall be free!"

She seized the hearts of those hard and serious men as a wind takes the strong oak-trees, and rocks them on their knotted roots, and leaves them with the song of soaring among their branches.

Italy shone about her; the lake, the plains, the peaks, and the shouldering flushed snow-ridges. Carlo Ammiani breathed as one who draws in fire. Grizzled Agostino glittered with suppressed emotion, like a frosted thorn-bush in the sunlight. Ugo Corte had his thick brows down, as a man who is reading iron matter. The chief alone showed no sign beyond a half lifting of the hand, and a most luminous fixed observation of the fair young woman, from whom power was an emanation, free of effort. The gaze was sad in its still thoughtfulness, such as our feelings translate of the light of evening.

She ceased, and he said, "You sing on the night of the fifteenth?"

"I do, signore."

"It is your first appearance?"

She bent her head.

"And you will be prepared on that night to sing this song?"

"Yes, signore."

"Save in the event of your being forbidden?"

"Unless you shall forbid me, I will sing it, signore."

"Should they imprison you?"

"If they shoot me I shall be satisfied to know that I have sung a song that cannot be forgotten."

The chief took her hand in a gentle grasp.

"Such as you will help to give our Italy freedom. You hold the sacred flame, and know you hold it in trust."

"Friends,"—he turned to his companions,—“you have heard what will be the signal for Milan.”

GEORGE MEREDITH.

THE KEystone OF PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

I USE the above epithet to describe that which, whatever suffrage may be determined upon, is, I submit, the one essential condition of true Parliamentary reform. The condition is that throughout the work of the election there shall be the most complete provision for the freedom and independence, together with the best means of encouraging the development, of individual thought and action. I discard altogether the argument for what has been called the "representation of minorities," whether by cumulative or restrictive voting. A system which would give to a minority, whether of one-third or two-fifths of a constituency, one member out of three, may be of much effect in stirring up party effort, where it would be otherwise hopeless, but it would add in no appreciable degree to the power of individual expression. Every one would still be helplessly dependent on the concurrence of many hundreds or thousands of those about him. Instead of liberating the personal intellect and conscience, I think it would aggravate the slavery of individuals to the leaders of parties. Such a representation of minorities, moreover, is open to the objection suggested by a writer in the *Examiner*, that it would give them many new seats in addition to the power that minorities obtain by illegitimate means, and by an artificial distribution of the franchise. It is not in favour of any party or of any class, whether it form the minor or the major part of the people, but on behalf of the unfettered action of individuals,—of the units of which the entire body is composed, and therefore of All,—that I make this appeal.

Without an effectual security for the spontaneous manifestation of individual opinion and will in the business of electing representatives, the highest object of free government,—the full moral and intellectual development of individual character, will not be reached. The Reform Bill and much subsequent legislation, the increase and diffusion of wealth and population during the last thirty years, and the unprecedented activity of intercourse and communication throughout the empire, have created a new political world. Territorial guidance, whether in the shape of leadership or dictation, is well-nigh at an end; and if individuals be not left the victims of a not less calamitous usurpation, and abandoned to the irresponsible power of the mass, they must be enabled to extricate themselves from that power when they will, and vindicate the right of personal freedom as well against the multitude as against any other combination, or any single dictator.

It would be a waste of time and space to enlarge on the practical working of our present electoral system—the management of clubs and cliques, the expenditure of money, the untruthfulness, the mean

compliances, and the tendencies to degrade and demoralise. It is sufficient to say that, however dissatisfied electors may be with the choice afforded them, there is not one voter in a thousand but must feel that he is impotent in the matter. He cannot procure, or by any effort promote, the candidature of other men. Except in the case of those who can throw themselves into party struggles, and are nearly indifferent in their choice of instruments, or who make their appreciation of all qualifications subordinate to party interests, no considerable effort is called forth. In the highest and most unprejudiced order of minds there is, in all but rare instances, an absence of any sense of power to do good. The alternatives offered to their choice are too insignificant to arouse the smallest enthusiasm or energy. Nothing is more fatal to exertion than the want of any hope that the exertion will be successful. Endeavour, it has been well said, is more certainly prevented by a feeling of impotency than even by any positive discouragement. The exercise of the franchise, which ought to be, and under proper conditions would be, regarded as the most interesting and exalted function of civil life, is thus placed under circumstances which indefinitely lessen the force, where it does not—as it too commonly does—lower the character of the motives to which it is calculated to appeal. There are no doubt many persons who find profit and advantage in this state of things. Many candidates thereby alone succeed; and the great political parties also have been so long accustomed to the use of this machinery that they shrink from any system which would abolish it, and make the warfare of principles a better and more ennobling strife. The more really helpless every constituency is made—the more its field of selection can be abridged—the more effectually it can be deprived of the power of extricating itself from the trammels which a few leaders skilfully throw around it—the greater necessarily becomes the power of the leaders themselves. They become even more absolute, and not less tyrannical, than the political magnates of the Georgian reigns, whom the Reform Bill superseded.

Asserting that a great constituency of five thousand or ten thousand voters is a feeble body may appear to some a paradox. Spoken of as a mass, they have at first sight the apparent strength of a battalion or an army, possessing a concentrated will which nothing can overpower or control. But examine them nearer. An election is approaching. Two or three candidates, A, B, and C, take possession of the field, pitch their tents in every available spot, secure a certain footing with a few prominent persons, and have their praises trumpeted at the corner of every street. Let any individual voter then reflect for a moment what his power is: his alternative is to do nothing, or to vote for A, B, or C. The electoral power of the whole body is but the sum of the power of the indi-

viduals composing it, and that has dwindled down to the mere opportunity of determining on the relative merits of A, B, and C. If it be said that at first, on the announcement of the election, the constituency had the choice of a greater number of candidates, it is obvious that this can apply only to a few persons who can make their voices heard above the crowd, and that it is speedily taken even from them by those who are prompt enough, or rich enough, to seize the occasion and occupy the ground. It is the necessity of an unhappy system—a system the accident of an illiterate and comparatively barbarous state of society when it was inevitable—which has been brought down to our own times, and in which we are drifting on, and misleading other nations, merely because no public man has given to it sufficient thought,—a system which assumes the monstrous proposition that, in order to give due weight in the representation to one part of the constituency, and due effect to the will of one elector, the will of the other part of that constituency, and of the other elector, must be excluded and set at nought,—a system to which politicians cling as if it were the very end of political existence, deliberately shutting their eyes to the fact, that it is easy to invite and attract to the composition of the governing body the free expression of the opinion and thought of All.

The real impotency of the individual voter at present is felt by reformers of every school, but the strange thing is that it seems to be regarded either as of no importance, or perhaps as one of those inevitable infirmities of which it is useless to complain. The choice of a representative is an intellectual operation which, looking to its possible consequences on the destinies of our nation and race, may well lead any thoughtful voter to a careful study and comparison of the claims of the best men of his time; but the insignificance of the act under the present system, in an intellectual point of view, was the other day not unfairly used in the leading article of a morning paper, a steadfast advocate for reform, against the utility of preliminary inquiries. "Would you," it ironically asked, "gauge the mental and moral qualifications of every unregistered individual in every borough in order to ascertain how many such are fit to be entrusted with the right of declaring that they prefer Smith as a representative to Robinson or Jones?"

It is against this reduction of the right of each elector to the miserable alternative of declaring whether he prefers Jones, or Robinson, or Smith, that I protest. If such a limitation of electoral power were necessary, it must be submitted to; but I say the fact has been proved to demonstration that it is wholly unnecessary. It has been proved that, without abandoning our ancient traditions of representation, or our local spheres of political action, and, in truth,

by their liberal expansion, and careful and progressive adaptation to the age in which we live, through a wider liberty of individual association, the choice of a representative afforded to every elector may be as extensive as his own knowledge and sympathies, and be exercised over the whole field of candidates who have offered themselves to the various constituencies of the kingdom; preserving at the same time to the least qualified voter all the means of judgment and action which he at present possesses, yet placing him under circumstances in which he will be assisted and encouraged, as far as in him lies, to take gradually a better and higher view of his powers and his duties. The sum of the constituent power, by the increase of that of every unit of the body to the utmost extent of his intellectual capacity, is thus incalculably multiplied. All the talents and efforts now employed to oppose and neutralise the opinions of others, together with an entirely unknown amount of political thought and patriotic sentiment, now untouched, might be called forth and directed to the object of enriching the public councils with the best minds.

The qualities which most strongly recommend themselves to different persons are as various as the character, knowledge, temper, and dispositions of mankind. "It is curious when two minds come together, to find how large a part of that which is the very sphere of life and activity in one, is a region unentered and absolutely forbidding to the other," is the remark of a late divine, an earnest student of his fellow-men. Scarcely any tyranny, rightly regarded, would be more truly noxious than that which unnecessarily persists in forcing every man either to abstain from electoral interference altogether, or to confine himself to a choice between one or two persons whom accident has placed before him, instead of enabling him to bring to the performance of his electoral functions all his knowledge of his contemporaries, and all the judgment and experience which his own peculiar train of thought has supplied him with. Under our present arrangements the voter is little more than a machine or tool for carrying out the intentions or plans of others more influential or more crafty than himself. A fragment of this truth is seen by those who advocate the introduction of the ballot,—meaning thereby secret voting,—in order that electors who prefer Smith may not be constrained to vote for Jones or Robinson. The amazing shortsightedness of those who insist upon this as a leading article of their creed, seems to be that they do not see beyond Smith, Jones, and Robinson; that they are under the belief that political salvation depends upon some or one of the three. Whatever may be the knowledge which the elector possesses of the history or condition of his country,—of its foreign relations or internal economy,—whatever his opinions on the necessities of the time, on the measures required

for amelioration or conservation,—however high his standard of public character or public duty,—they think that they have done enough for his political liberation, that they have given full play to his intellect and conscience, if he be allowed in secret to give effect to his view of the comparative merits or demerits of Smith, Jones, or Robinson. In vain may he declare his wish to testify by his vote his confidence in, or his respect or admiration for, those whom he regards as the great statesmen and public men of his time. He is told by them that he can do nothing of the sort; he must confine himself to Smith, Jones, or Robinson.

The truth is, that many of those who thus argue,—many who persist in shutting their eyes to the larger field of choice which extends the power of every voter to the extremity of his horizon of thought,—and who propose to rely upon secret voting as the true security for the small measure of political freedom conceded to the constituencies, are, in fact, the Smiths, Joneses, and Robinsons themselves. They are the candidates, and not the electors. It is not difficult to understand why candidates with no very obvious recommendations should deprecate the introduction of competitors of every degree of eminence. They shrink from such a competitive trial. Perhaps for them nothing can be more in conformity with the instinct of self-preservation than that they should endeavour as long as possible to persuade the electors at large to partake their fears, and protect them from such a fatal comparison. How long the electors,—those who have no intention of becoming candidates,—will be content to be thus hoodwinked, is the important question of this time. The historian of political thought now recounts the generations during which the protection of every industry, by the exclusion of competing products, was regarded as the true theory of commercial prosperity. The historian of progress in the future will have to tell how long a free people, under the guidance of a free press, were made to believe that it was better in political life to prevent the full growth and influence of the opinions of their neighbours, at the cost of subjecting themselves to the same bondage, rather than that the perfect flow and expression of their truest sentiment and most earnest thought should be open to all alike.

If every elector had before him, and were enabled, according to the measure of his judgment and intelligence, to unite with others of like opinions and sympathies, and express by his vote his estimation of the character of, and his confidence in, any man of his time, whom he might regard as deserving of public trust, a train of thought would be opened of which it is impossible to calculate the value. All those who have studied the human mind have dwelt upon the elevating nature of the observation of superior intellect or virtue. "Any human being that towers above his fellows in endurance, force, resolution, or courage, strikes the spectator with an exalted

idea of power, and we are for the moment elevated by the contemplation of heroic human beings, and are in some measure worked upon and permanently influenced by their great example; superior intellect also affects us with the like sentiment." It was one of the precepts of Lord Bacon, that every great deed effected by the power of the human mind and the human will, as manifested in the heroes of every time and tendency, should be brought before the people by abundant examples. In such examples an age may be rich or poor; but those which it does possess would be evoked by a free method of choice, appealing to all opinions and sympathies, once liberated from the shackle of a forced union with heterogeneous and conflicting elements.

Neither constitutions nor laws can make men wise or good, but they may vastly increase or diminish the tendency to good or evil. There will be no political or any other action without an adequate motive. "Without some antecedent of pleasurable or painful feeling, actual or ideal, primary or derivative, the will cannot be stimulated. Through all the disguises that heap up what we call motives, something of one or other of these two grand conditions can be detected." The manner in which the people are politically associated together, the extent and scope of their means and powers of controlling results, the objects which they can promise themselves by successful exertion, and the probabilities of success, will to an immense extent affect in quality and degree the motives of political action; and there is none of these conditions which will not be powerfully influenced by the electoral system. It is impossible to arrive at a conclusion on the probable action of "classes," except by investigation of the motives which commonly operate upon the individuals of which it is composed. "The human mind is not capable of embracing a complex whole until it has surveyed and catalogued the parts of which that whole is made up." It was the well-founded reproach of Mr. Burke, in his criticism on the constitution of the National Assembly, that its authors, whilst they elaborately constructed it on the threefold basis of territory, population, and contribution, yet, having to do with men, they did not seek to complete and consolidate their work by any study of the nature of man.

The Lords' Committee of 1860, appointed on the motion of Lord Grey, was directed to add to the inquiry of the differences in the proportionate numbers of electors voting on the occasion of contests in large and small constituencies, the further question of "the causes of such difference?" The labours of the Committee were brought to a close on the withdrawal of the measure of that year affecting the representation, and it does not appear that the Committee came to any conclusion on the question. It is evident, however, that the question touches the very sources of the vigour and energy of the body

politic—the causes of apathy, lassitude, and spasmodic action, on the one hand, and of activity, effort, and a healthful flow of life, on the other. The general strength and well-being of the nation is incompatible with the weakness and infirmity of its members. “No form or combination of social polity has yet been devised to make an energetic people out of a community of citizens personally feeble.” A better method than any hitherto devised for awakening and giving effect to the public zeal and effort of every thoughtful man may yet be found; and there is no object of political search which is more worthy of engaging the attention of our statesmen and politicians. Without impeding the progress of any Bill which may propose to deal with the suffrage, a Committee of the House of Commons, composed of its most acute minds, may be profitably directed to inquire:—

By what method the electors of the kingdom may severally have the most comprehensive choice of candidates to represent them in Parliament, and in municipal councils, so that every individual voter shall be able to exercise the franchise with the greatest certainty of effect, and in conformity with his most mature and deliberate judgment and conscientious sense of duty?

And that the Committee may have its attention pointed to the question of the compatibility of such an extension of individual liberty with the due preservation and expansion of the power of localities, and their opportunity of distinct action, let this further inquiry be added:—

Whether it is possible by any and what method of grouping or otherwise, to avoid the disfranchisement of any boroughs on the ground of the comparative numbers of their population; and also to enfranchise all unrepresented towns, without forming arbitrarily new electoral districts for electoral purposes only (a course unknown to the ancient history and practice of the Constitution), and so that the inhabitants of every county and town in the kingdom may have a proportionate share in the election of Members of Parliament?

If the labours of such a Committee should produce a satisfactory solution of these questions, they will have cleared the way for reform in this country both in national and local government; have removed most of the difficulties and objections to a wide enfranchisement; and have done great service to the cause of civilisation and humanity by indicating the course to be pursued in the progressive improvement of representative institutions.

THOMAS HARE.

HISTORY OF HEBREW PHILOLOGY.

THE history of the rise and progress of Hebrew Philology is deeply interesting and important. Hebrew, if not the oldest language in the world, is certainly one of the oldest languages. It has primary connections with the Chaldean, Syriac, and Arabic languages and dialects, which were spoken by the most ancient races of Asia and Africa. It has besides innumerable secondary and subordinate connections with the Persian and the Pelasgian languages; and its radicals are often identical with those of the Greek, Latin, German, and Celtic tongues, which have formed the grand media of intelligence and civilisation in Europe.

Hebrew has another claim on our attention and regard. It is pre-eminently the language of the most venerable Biblical Scriptures; and a critical and exact knowledge of Hebrew enables the theologian to cast fresh light on numerous obscurities and corruptions of the original texts of the Bible, and to explain passages which have been misrepresented by unskilful translators.

I propose to take a brief bird's-eye view of the history of Hebrew Philology, as illustrated by the chronological succession of its chief grammars and dictionaries. This will practically exhibit the progress of this branch of oriental learning, from its rude beginnings to its elaborate consummations in our own times; and afford a curious exemplification of the march of intellectual discovery—its struggles, its toils, its darings, and disappointments, which alike conduce to its final victories and triumphs.

It is, of course, impossible within the limits of an article, to enter into the minutiae of detail. I must confine my attention to the *notia facta* of the case. I proceed, therefore, to give a brief, but orderly account of the most distinguished publications which have appeared on Hebrew Philology—publications which I have for the most part possessed and examined in my own library, and of which I can speak from personal knowledge. In doing so I must claim the indulgence of the reader, for I am not aware that the task I propose has been hitherto attempted by critics or bibliographers.

But few indications of Hebrew philology, properly so called, are discernible among the old Jewish and Christian Fathers. Some of the cabalistic rabbins, such as Akiba and Simeon ben Jochai, give glimpses of it in the Liber Jesirah and the Zohar. Of the Christian fathers, Origen and Jerome are the only Hebrew scholars who critically examined the Hebrew words they translated.

In the grammatical department, the first scholars who attained

much celebrity for Hebrew philology in Europe, were Aben Ezra and Kimchi. The latter was a laborious grammarian, and a professed lexicographer. His writings are the chief sources from which the earlier Hebrew grammars and dictionaries were derived. Mr. Etheridge, in his valuable work entitled "Jerusalem and Tiberias," containing a survey of the learning of the Jews, justly praises Rabbi Kimchi, who flourished in the latter part of the thirteenth century. It has been well remarked, that Jewish scholars set an almost unlimited value on the writings of Kimchi, or Quinqui. Of the Spanish Jews of the middle ages, none are more celebrated. Joseph Kimchi and his two sons, Moses and David, were the most influential rabbins of their age. Moses Kimchi wrote a grammar of the Hebrew tongue, entitled *Darke lishon hakkodesh*, "the way of the holy language," which was printed in 1504 at Padua. His brother David Kimchi wrote a grammar and vocabulary of great merit. It is called *Sepher Miclol*, printed 1522. This was translated by Reuchlin, Pellican, and Pagninus, as the ground-work of their own Hebrew grammars.

The next great leading writer on Hebrew grammar is John Reuchlin, or Capnion, the father of the German Reformation. Reuchlin was the ablest critic of his time in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin learning. In 1506 he published his Hebrew grammar entitled "Rudimenta Hebraica," as a companion to his Hebrew Dictionary. Having observed, like Roger Bacon before him, that the Latin Vulgate differed widely from the Hebrew text of the Old Testament, Reuchlin was seized with a strong ambition to produce a more faithful rendering of the original. He saw that in order to accomplish this task successfully it was necessary to begin at the beginning, and to ascertain the grammatical elements and laws of the Hebrew language by critical examination. This he performed with a success, wonderful in a first attempt to combine Hebrew with classical philology. His work paved the way for the rapid extension of Hebrew learning in Germany, and greatly facilitated the biblical labours of Luther.

Just twenty years afterwards, in the year 1526, the learned and celebrated Pagninus published another Hebrew grammar, under the name of "Hebraic Institutions." This formed a most important step in the course of Hebrew philology; for Pagninus was a man of great oriental learning, and extensive influence. To him we are indebted for the first modern Latin version of the Old Testament, translated independently, from the original. His version was received with much respect even by the Romanists, whose faith in the integrity of the Latin Vulgate it considerably undermined. It formed the basis of the interlinear version of Montanus, a scholar of high ability and authority, and indefatigable editor of the Antwerp Polyglott.

By way of episode, we would here correct a very prevalent mistake. Many critics have asserted that the Latin version of Pagninus is the same as that of Montanus, excepting the collocation of words according to the Hebrew order. This is not the fact. These two Latin versions differ very widely, and should be considered as distinct, independent authorities. To illustrate the truth of this statement, I need only cite one text as a specimen of the rest. In the second Psalm, Pagninus says, "*Ut quid congregant & turmatim gentes.*" Montanus says, "*Ut quid tumultuatæ sunt gentes.*"

Soon after Pagninus, flourished one of the greatest names in the history of Hebrew philology—John Buxtorf, born 1564; who, with his son and grandson, published many very valuable works, including a Hebrew grammar and dictionary, on thoroughly Jewish principles, and wonderfully rich in rabbinical literature.

In connection with the grammar of Buxtorf, arose as fierce and prolonged a controversy as the world has seen in the sphere of oriental scholarship. It related to the antiquity and value of the Hebrew points (as they are called), namely, the little points or marks that were often attached to the letters of the Hebrew alphabet. Though the learned are sufficiently familiar with this dispute, it may be expedient to explain it, as briefly as possible, for the sake of the general reader.

The facts seem to be these. Originally, the Hebrew alphabet, like the Greek, possessed several vowels, corresponding with our own *a e i o u*. The ancient Jews wrote their Hebrew in a sort of abbreviated orthography, inscribing those distinctive vowels that were necessary to enable the intelligent peruser to distinguish the words, but omitting some other less important vowel or vowels, that were readily understood, though not expressed. For instance, our words *father* and *mother* might be written in a kind of shorthand, as *fathr*, *mothr*. Now this abbreviated orthography prevailed in ancient Hebrew writings, and the most ancient Hebrew MSS. of scriptures; and those still used as authorities in the Hebrew synagogues are thus written without points. It is also certain that the Septuagint translators of the Old Testament, three centuries before the Christian era, and Origen, three centuries after it, read the Hebrew without points, and merely supplied a missing vowel, such as *a*, *e*, or *y*, when they deemed it requisite.

But in process of time, the Jewish writers became dissatisfied with the uncertainty which existed respecting the old orthographic pronunciation; and they endeavoured to represent their own conventional pronunciation or intonation by means of numerous supplementary vowel-points, and musical accents, which they inserted in the middle or top or bottom of the written letters. Thus, for instance, the French orthographic pronunciation was anciently in

accordance with the written letters ; but by degrees, a conventional pronunciation, widely different, has obtained ; and some French writers have proposed to append a multitude of diacritical marks to French written words, to distinguish the conventional pronunciation or intonation, which ever varies with the progress of time, and the changes of fashion.

Now Buxtorf, in his grammar, seems to have fallen into the error of supposing that all the Hebrew letters were consonants ; and that these vowel-points were the only vowel-characters in the language, as old as the time of Moses ; and essential elements of orthography, necessary to the alphabetic expression of the language. This mistaken notion was censured by the learned Elias Levita, in the middle of the sixteenth century. He asserted truly, that the Hebrew language could be clearly written and understood, without the aid of the points, which were but symbols of pronunciation and intonation. He proved that the points never existed among the ancients ; but that they were the invention of certain Masoretic Jews of the school of Tiberias, who flourished in the sixth century. But the synagogues of the Jews protested against this attack on their favourite points, and described the doctrine of Levita as a downright blasphemy. It would probably have been hooted down, and silenced altogether, had it not been rescued from obscurity by the learned Louis Capellus, a pastor of the Protestant Church of Saumur. Since that period, two distinct classes of Hebrew scholars have existed, namely, the *literalists*, who read and write Hebrew according to its alphabetic orthography, without the aid of points ; and the *punctists*, who stand up for the points, as indispensable requisites. Accordingly, some Hebrew grammars, dictionaries, Bibles, &c., are printed without the points, and some with them. Many Hebrew scholars of great erudition have adopted both these systems. It is difficult to say which has produced the best scholars.

A very considerable advance in Hebrew grammar was made by Bythner, who published the grammar prefixed to his "Lyre of David," or analysis of the Psalms, about 1640. Bythner's mind was of a critical and exact character ; and he examined the composition of words with great accuracy. He was one of the first to discover that the Hebrew language was autocratic and self-contained. He shows how the letters of its alphabet have each of them its own radical significance ; and how the combination of any two of them in a simple root naturally imparts the meaning of that root. He carried out the same theory in respect of trilateral or compound roots, which he supposes are often the results of two simple roots in a state of union. Thus he shows, by analysis, how the Hebrew words all spring out of their own Hebrew elements ; and how the language contained its own etymology—not being indebted to

other languages as they are to it. This theory was carried out to an amazing degree of elaboration by two French grammarians, Fabre D'Olivet and Bergier. Bythner also indicates the great advantage of what we may term the *comparative anatomy* of Hebrew, which resulted from a critical comparison of its roots with those of the cognate or kindred languages, Chaldean, Syriac, Samaritan, Arabic, and Ethiopic. Other grammarians soon carried out this improvement to a considerable extent, in a series of "Harmonic Hebrew Grammars," as they were called, or rather Hebrew polyglott grammars. Such were the grammars of De Dieu, Ravis, Masclef, Schultens, and Kals, in which Hebrew words were traced out in their connection with other oriental tongues, and many new lights were elicited by the etymological analogies and variations which were discovered. Not only Hebrew, but all the languages compared with it, gained much fresh illumination and correction by this process of comparative etymology, construction, and inflexion.

In several of these grammars, especially those of Gesenius, Ewald, and Lee, much analytical criticism has been expended on the specific properties and powers of Hebrew letters and particles. Several interesting discoveries are made by these critics respecting the laws or rules by which certain letters, when placed in the beginning, middle, or end of the roots or radicals, not only alter their inflexion but signification. The Hebrew particles moreover, which play such a very important part in the composition of words and the syntax of sentences, have been explored with the utmost minuteness.

We proceed to notice, as briefly as possible, a few of the most remarkable Hebrew grammars that subsequently appeared, and which strove to excel their predecessors in the critical syntax of the language, and especially in the syntax of the verb, a most difficult and obscure topic. Among these Hebrew grammars high praise must be accorded to that of Schroeder, entitled "*Institutiones ad Fundamenta Linguae Hebraeae*," and to James Robertson's "*Grammatica Linguae Hebraeae*." These were followed by the well-known and elaborate grammars of Wilson, Andrews, Gesenius, Stuart, Nordheimer, Jahn, Sarchi, Glaire, Ewald, Phillips, Mason, and Bernard.

The grand *crux criticorum*, the chief topic of grammatical controversy among these scholars, relates to the moods and tenses of the Hebrew verb. In this *rexata questio*, Andrews has perhaps come nearest the true solution. In his Hebrew grammar he states the startling proposition that the leading constituents of the Hebrew verb are *moods*, not *tenses*. He argues that the Hebrew verb consists of four moods, the infinitive, indicative, subjunctive, and imperative, and the participles. Andrews supposes that the *infinitive* mood in Hebrew implies *being* in the general or abstract sense; and he considers it the basis and foundation of the other moods. He

regards the Hebrew *indicative* mood as implying relative origination or priority. He thinks that the *subjunctive* mood implies consequence or succession; and that the *imperative* implies progression or prospectiveness. He conceives that the old grammarians were mistaken in calling the indicative mood a perfect or preterite tense, and in calling the subjunctive mood a future tense.

If this theory be correct, it shows that the nature of the Hebrew verb, which agrees with the Syriac and Arabic verb, is rather *modal* than *tenseal*, and differs widely from that of the verb in the Greek, Latin, and modern languages of Europe. Certain it is that every attempt to identify the Hebrew moods with relations of tense, past, present, or future, has utterly failed. Each mood, though it has only one form of accidence, signifies past, present, or future, according to its particular circumstances of collocation and context. Hence grammarians, who have construed the Hebrew verb as if it contained strict tenses, have been infinitely perplexed to define these tenses. The form which one grammarian has called the past tense, has by others been translated as a present, or future, or aorist. The form which was called the future tense, is by Lee called a present, by Ewald an imperfect, and by Boothroyd an aorist. The simple fact is this (and it is proved by Gesenius and Stuart), that each form of the Hebrew verb has a wide and variable relation to time, past, present, and future; and that it cannot be confined to definite periods like the tenses of modern languages. The attempts of grammarians to give strict definition to imaginary tenses of the Hebrew verb, have been most unsatisfactory:—

“They puzzle even by explanation,
And darken by elucidation.”

But though the Hebrew, Syriac, and Arabic verbs have no tenses that correspond with the past, present, and future tenses of the verbs in European languages, let it not be supposed that the Semitic orientals have no means of representing these relations of time. They manage to signify them sufficiently well, by means of the collocation of the verb and its participles, as well as by explanatory particles, and above all by accentuations.

There is one fact which lends great importance to the study of Hebrew Grammar, namely, its influence on the grammar of the Hellenistic Greek of the Septuagint, the New Testament, and the Apocryphal writings, and the earliest patristic literature. It has been proved by Macknight, Stuart, Winer, and others, who have made the grammar of the Hellenistic, or oriental Greek, their particular study, that it so frequently accords with the Hebrew Grammar, that it cannot be properly understood but by reference thereto. It differs frequently so much from classical Greek in this

respect, that it is not amenable to its rules of construction or interpretation, in very many instances.

The second great branch of Hebrew Philology is called Hebrew Lexicography, which concerns the formation and development of its lexicons or dictionaries and glossaries. These Hebrew dictionaries commenced at nearly the same period as Hebrew grammars, being often composed by the same men. The progress and development of these two departments of oriental learning, mutually illustrate each other; but they are sufficiently distinct to require separate description.

The earliest Hebrew dictionary that deserves our present notice, is that of Kimchi, which may be considered the main foundation of all that followed. This was exclusively a Hebrew work of the Masoretic school. John Reuchlin, or Capnion, was the first to publish a Hebrew dictionary in Hebrew and Latin, in the year 1506. His dictionary did great credit to his scholarship, and was very serviceable to the biblical scholars who flourished about the period of the Reformation.

The learned Jew, Rabbi Nathan, published the first Hebrew concordance, in 1523, at Venice. This was followed by the valuable dictionary of Pagninus, in 1529.

These works prepared the way for the formation of Schindler's "Lexicon Pentaglotton," in folio, 1612. This admirable scholar not only investigated Hebrew roots with a greater critical skill than had been displayed by his predecessors, but he included the chief common words and parallel passages of the Chaldee, Syriac, and Arabic. This dictionary was a mine of oriental learning, from which his successors borrowed largely, often without acknowledgment. And it maintains its place, even in our own times, as one of the most useful aids in oriental criticism.

In 1621, Colasio made a very valuable Hebrew concordance, by the aid of Nathan, Schindler, and others. This was followed, in 1632, by the great folio Hebrew-Chaldee dictionary of Buxtorf, which was exceedingly rich in information derived from Rabbinical writers, and threw great light on the phraseology of the Targums, the Talmud, and the Cabala.

Another Hebrew lexicographer who deserves notice, was Cocceius, who wrote a folio Hebrew dictionary. He investigated the significance of the roots and derivations, with much originality and sagacity, and explained many passages of Scripture with such success, that his expositions obtained general acceptance in the following age.

Our own countryman, the learned and pious Edward Leigh, who, though a layman, did more service to biblical scholarship than most of the clergy of his time, published a very useful Hebrew dictionary, in 1639, under the title of "Critica Sacra." It deserves much praise,

not only for its own intrinsic merits, as a repertory of this branch of learning, in the seventeenth century, but as being the first Hebrew-English dictionary of influence published in England.

Meantime a set of Hebrew etymological dictionaries were published by Guichart, Thomassin, Martini, and Koenig, which attempted, with more ingenuity than success, to prove that the Hebrew radicals were the foundations of the chief words in all other languages.

In 1669 appeared a far nobler Hebrew dictionary of the Polyglottic order, in two large volumes folio, by Edmund Castell, a name which is an honour to our country. It was called "Lexicon Heptoglotton," containing the biblical philology of Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Samaritan, Ethiopic, Arabic, and Persian. It was published in connection with Walton's Polyglott Bible, which it admirably illustrates. The biblical heroism of Castell, displayed in this work, is amazing. It was the labour of seventeen years; and in executing it he spent £12,000 of his own property, besides his health and eyesight. He lived and died a martyr to his pious and noble cause.

Among other very creditable and useful Hebrew dictionaries of the past century, may be mentioned that of Simon, in two thick volumes octavo; that of Alberti, in quarto; that of Robertson, which not only gave every root, but every inflexion of the verbs and nouns, pronouns, &c.; and that of Fabre d'Olivet, which traced all Hebrew words to bilateral roots. Let me add Montfaucon's Lexicon. But the most gigantic Hebrew dictionary that appeared was that of a Dutchman, named *Hezer*; who, punning on his own name, entitled his work—*Eben-ezer*, "the stone of help." This work, however, only extended to the three first letters of the alphabet.

Hebrew-English dictionaries were published by Parkhurst and Bate, on the Hutchinsonian scheme of interpretation. Levi and Newman published dictionaries on the Masoretic and Rabbinical systems. The latter also published an English-Hebrew dictionary, which with the English-Hebrew dictionary of Joseph, is of much use to the English biblicalist. Although the work of Taylor is highly respectable, it has been much superseded in our times by Wigram's Hebrew concordance.

We must not omit to pay a tribute of gratitude to Dr. Lee, whose Hebrew and English dictionary displays remarkable intimacy with the Hebrew and cognate languages. It well supports the reputation of that wonderful linguist, who was a sort of Admirable Crichton in his day, and who justly earned a world-wide reputation, as a self-taught scholar.

No Hebrew dictionary in Europe has received more attention than that of Gesenius; whose original researches, accurate criticism, and noble impartiality are universally honoured. He gave particular illustration to the component letters and syllables of Hebrew words;

and especially to biliteral radicals and their components. He discarded the old method of arranging all Hebrew words under imaginary roots; and for the most part treated them alphabetically, as independent vocables, so that he avoids straining and torturing their significations to make them subservient to a theory of derivation.

But by far the most important work in Hebrew lexicography, that has recently appeared in Europe, is the Hebrew dictionary of Julius Fuerst, which is now appearing in an English version by Dr. Samuel Davidson. This work is comparatively new and unknown to English students. We proceed to notice a few of its leading peculiarities. Its prospectus states that it excels "in its comparisons of the Aramaean, Arabic, and Targumic dialects; its investigation of the roots of words; its elucidation of difficult passages; and in its collation of the ancient versions with the best Jewish lexicographers." We should state more particularly, that it avails itself of the chief improvements of Gesenius, and adds many of its own. It is very exact in its Masoretic learning. It gives a careful analysis and etymology of the roots, and shows their connections with Indo-European tongues. It gives a great abundance of significations, or meanings, subjective, objective, physical, moral, and typical, and marshals them in successive classes. It profoundly investigates the etymology of proper names; and throws much original light on the departments of geography and natural history. But in some instances it appears too elaborate and recondite, and overwhelms and perplexes the reader with extraneous and superfluous speculations, which are considerably tinged with German transcendentalism, and contain many startling innovations and paradoxes. But these defects will readily be pardoned by those who reflect on the immense amount of truly original information which it adds to the learning of its predecessors.

The advancements of the science of Hebrew, like those of Greek and Latin, have been achieved by successive steps of critical investigation. Each new generation of scholars, availing itself of the stores of the past, has added new links to the chain of discovery which have facilitated the intellectual triumphs of our contemporaries. These also in turn will prepare the way for consummations of learning, hitherto unrealised, and even unimagined. For the growth of science is essentially cumulative. Its developments contain germs of yet grander evolutions; and in the words of Pope—

"Its honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down enlarging as they flow."

FRANCIS BARHAM.

THE FEELINGS AND THE WILL, VIEWED PHYSIOLOGICALLY.

THE question is often asked,—“What bearing has the study of the physical accompaniments of mind on our knowledge of mind proper?” To this it may be answered :—

First. That if mind proper is, in every one of its functions, uniformly accompanied by movements and other material processes, there is a great likelihood that its peculiarities are determined and controlled by such accompaniments. If two facts, A and B, are constant companions; and if we were very much interested in knowing A, we should not neglect to study B. When the ultimate nature of luminous action is inquired into, the circumstance is not overlooked that a body becomes luminous on attaining a high degree of heat.

Secondly. The *limitation* of mind by laws of the material world is a truth but lately recognised in its full extent, and forced upon the world not by mere metaphysicians, but by the phrenologists, and a very small number of physiologists, who made it their business to illustrate the connection between the mind and the brain. From this tardy recognition we have already derived two great practical benefits: one as regards the treatment of the insane, the other as regards a due moderation in working the mind.

And *Thirdly.* It might be made apparent that all the great laws that have been discovered regarding the structure and action of the brain and nerves—the discovery of Bell, for example—do impress their character upon the workings of the mind. Indeed, I consider that most of the valuable suggestions, lately introduced into mental philosophy, have come not through the sole method of introspective consciousness, but through a consideration of the nervous structure. I say this emphatically with reference to what I consider the sound theory of the Will.

The strong facts relied upon as showing that the concomitance of mind and body is not occasional or partial, as always admitted, but thorough-going and complete, are such as these :—In the first place, we have the appearances known in all ages and countries as the Expression, or natural language, of the feelings. The smile, the puckering of the features, the frown, the trembling of fear, the stare of astonishment, are so constant that we reckon them as part of the emotions that they indicate. If a feeling arise in the mind without its natural expression, we account for the circumstance either by its being too feeble, or by voluntary suppression. With this explanation, no state whatever is exempt from the tendency to outward display.

Another argument of great force is found in the often-noted connection between size of brain and mental energy, which, notwithstanding some slight deviations from the strict concomitance, is too marked to be explained away. And, lastly, I will allude to a few of the remarkable facts showing the connection between our thoughts and our feelings, and the nutrition, or the supply of blood to the brain. The arrest of the circulation, by stoppage of the heart, or by pressure on the head, is followed by loss of consciousness. On the other hand, excessive rapidity of the circulation quickens the thoughts, and raises the feelings up to the pitch of delirium. These facts regard the *quantity* of the blood; another class point to the influence of *quality*, or of the ingredients composing it. Excess of carbonic acid, from deficient action of the lungs, causes loss of consciousness. So any of the other impurities that the purifying organs should remove, as urea, depresses or destroys mental function. Poisons that act through the nervous system suspend the consciousness. Then, as regards depressing or extinguishing agencies, on the other extreme, the vigorous exercise of the lungs and of all the other purifying organs, abundance of food, and the stimulants, alcohol, tea, opium, &c., import a high tone of exhilaration to the mind by affecting the constitution of the blood.

The nervous system, as to its outward form and appearance, is a central mass of peculiar matter; and a branching system of cords or threads proceeding from the central mass to all the organs of the body—the senses, the muscles, the viscera, and so on. The central mass—a huge rounded mass (the brain), upon a stem or column (the spinal cord)—when cut into, is of two shades of colour, a pale white and an ashy grey, and the portions so coloured are named respectively the *white* substance and the *grey* substance. Under the microscope, the white substance resolves itself into very minute fibres, and all the branching cords or threads are of this substance. The grey substance, again, resolves itself into a mixture of fibres and *cells*; and it is the presence of these cells that distinguishes the grey substance wherever it is found. Thus, then, we have two ultimate elements to deal with—the *fibre* and the *cell*. A word on each.

Two facts are enough on the fibre:—(1) Their *size* or thickness. This ranges from the $\frac{1}{15000}$ th, the $\frac{1}{30000}$ th, the $\frac{1}{150000}$ th, the $\frac{1}{300000}$ th, even to less than the $\frac{1}{1000000}$ th of an inch. Abiding by the larger range, we might have, in a rod of matter an inch thick, from ten to one hundred millions of fibres. (2.) Their *position*. This is always a *completed* connection between the extremities of the body and the cells of the grey matter, or between one cell and another of the central lump: no loose ends, and no indiscriminate position. The fibres are thus a connecting or conducting material.

Next as to the cells. They are rounded, pear-shaped, or irregular little bodies, and are supposed to give origin each to two or more

threads or fibres. Their minuteness is also great. They range as high as the $\frac{1}{300}$ th of an inch, and as low as the $\frac{1}{12000}$ th.

Of their function, two things:—

1. Being well supplied with blood, they are reckoned to give forth force, power, or energy to the connected nerves, or at all events to reinforce and increase the nervous energy for putting the system into action. It seems unwarrantable to draw a broad line in this respect between the two elements of fibre and cell, which are apparently homogeneous in their constituent material, as well as operating in the same way under nutrition and stimulation. At all events it has been customary to regard these little bodies where the fibres terminate, as especial sources of energy or power, and to style the grey masses of the brain and spinal cord, where they occur, the nervous centres.

2. But there is a second function attaching to them, which I must look upon as a key to the whole plan of the brain. Assuming that one class of nerve fibres (sensory, efferent, incarrying)—those distributed to organs of sense and viscera, for example,—are employed in conveying influence from without inwards, and another class (motory, afferent, outcarrying) distributed to muscles, in carrying influence from within outwards, we find that the two classes are nearly always mixed together in the same bundles and in the same common stem of white matter in the spinal cord. Let us, however, imagine the two classes separated, the sensory nerves all emerging from the centres at one side, and the motory nerves at the other side, we can then express the plan of the brain thus:—The sensitive or incarrying fibres come up, and begin to drop into cells; from these cells other fibres arise and proceed inwards to other cells, and so on. But mark now the enormous connecting mass of fibres that makes up the white matter of the brain, and consider by what process of multiplication this has grown up. There is only one way that is compatible with our views of nerve structure. For one fibre coming up from the sense organs and dropping into a cell, two, three, four, five, or more must emerge; and each of these again, proceeding onwards to a new cell, must be replaced by other three, four, &c.; and so on, until the requisite multiplication has been attained. In the spinal cord, where there is no increase of bulk, this multiplying process is not apparent, but in the junction of the cord with the brain, such must, from mere arithmetical necessity, be the method pursued. For every fibre coming up from the senses, and every fibre going out to the limbs and moving organs, there must be perhaps ten thousand, perhaps a hundred thousand, traversing the brain, involving a great and rapid multiplication in the progress through the cerebral substance.¹

(1) It is impossible to avoid the supposition that the *corpora strata* and the *thalami*

Thus then the cells, besides being Centres of Force, are the Grand Junctions or Crossings, where the fibres extend and multiply their connections; enabling us, so to speak, by drawing one string to pull a great many. The import of the arrangement will appear afterwards. And now a few words as to the Nervous Action.

Prior to the great discoveries in Electricity there was scarce even an illustrative analogy for the mode of action of the nerves. Hartley adduced the transmission of sound as the only phenomenon that he could light upon to represent what passed in sensation. But Electricity has made us familiar with a far subtler, although difficult to be conceived, mode of action than the vibrations of a sounding body. We see a force liberated at one point, as in the voltaic cell, transmitted along a wire to operate or discharge itself at another point, as in magnetising a bar, or in the needle of the telegraph. Of this current nature is the Nerve Force. The material for generating it is in the blood that flows to the cells and to the fibres; and when generated it is conveyed to the extremities of the motor nerves, and is discharged either in stimulating muscles into action outright, or in keeping up a great many currents merely tending to movements in the inner life of thought and feeling.

The nerve force, even if generically it were enrolled as one of the great Electric group, would probably be reckoned a distinct species in consequence of its peculiarities. For one thing, the nerve fibre is very unlike a wire employed in an electric circuit; it conducts more slowly (only at the rate of 200 feet per second), and its own substance is consumed in maintaining the current. And for another thing, the currents are caused, not only by supplying material, that is, *blood*, but by pinching, squeezing, heating, cooling, chemically irritating the nerve. The beginning of a sensation of touch or of hearing is a compression of the fibre; and under the very same supply of blood the energy of the current rises with the force of the compression; it being presumable that the blood is drawn upon for the force that the stimulation has awakened. In short, sensation presents the draft and the blood must honour it.

I proceed to the consideration of the most general laws hitherto arrived at respecting the connection of mind with physical or bodily processes. I reserve for a subsequent historical sketch the metaphysical questions as to the nature of mind, and here assume that mind and matter are distinct and even contrasted properties, yet found in the most intimate alliance.

Mind is now generally admitted to have a three-fold function, expressed by Feeling, Will or Volition, and Intellect or Thought. These are a kind of trinity in unity, for, although characteristic

optici, through which the great stem of the brain diffuses itself in the white matter of the hemispheres, are principal media of this indispensable multiplying process.

in their several manifestations, they are so dependent among themselves, that one could not be destroyed without the destruction of all.

Let us begin with Feeling, or the Feelings. We all know what pleasure and pain are, and we are aware of being sometimes in states of excitement that are not exactly the one or the other. Feeling, in the first place, is being mentally alive, the opposite of *unconsciousness*, as in a swoon, or in dreamless slumber; and in the second place, it is opposed to operations of a purely *intellectual* kind, as remembering, judging, casting up accounts, comparing, classifying, reasoning.

What, then, are the known concomitants of Feeling? I will give as the first position a statement of the most fundamental fact of our mental nature, and will advert to the physical bearings of that fact. I mean what is termed the law or principle of relativity.

I. Law of RELATIVITY (applies to Feeling and to Thought).

1. On the *Mental Side*; Change of Impression is essential to Consciousness. According to this law, the feeling of warmth is not an absolute, independent, or self-sustaining condition of mind, but the result of a transition from cold; the sensation of light supposes a transition from darkness or shade, or from a less degree of illumination to a greater. Hobbes said long ago, "It is almost (he should have said *altogether*) all one for a man to be always sensible of one and the same thing, and not to be sensible at all of anything."

The importance of this principle corresponds with the universality of its range. People are generally aware that the first shock of transition from sickness to health, from poverty to abundance, from ignorance to insight, is the most intense, and that, as the memory of the previous condition fades away, so does the liveliness of the enjoyment of the change. The blessings of leisure, retirement, and rest, are pleasant only by contrast to previous toil and excitement, the incessant demand for novelty and change, for constant advances in wealth, in knowledge, in the arrangements of things about us, attest the existence and the power of the law of Relativity in all the provisions for enjoyment. It is a law that greatly neutralises one part of the advantages of superior fortune, the sense of the superiority itself; but leaves another part untouched, namely, the range, variety, and alternation of pleasures.

It is beyond my present limits to show how the principle of Relativity appears in all the Fine Arts under the name of Contrast, how it necessitates that in science and in every kind of knowledge there should be a real negative to every real notion, or real proposition: straight—curved; motion—rest; mind—extended matter or extended space; how, in short, knowledge is never single but always double, or two-sided, though the two sides are not always both stated. I must be content with this very brief illustration of the principle itself, and now advert to the physical counterpart.

2. On the *Physical Side*. The nervous equilibrium, disturbed by the application of a stimulus at any one part, is perpetually restoring itself. This I admit to be a hypothetical rendering of the physical circumstances accompanying Relativity, deriving its support as an hypothesis from the analogy of what happens when any complex arrangement is disturbed. Opposing forces cause motions to take place until such time as they are all exactly balanced, which is the state of repose and equilibrium. Thus it is that a rush of water into one end of a reservoir, makes a movement over the whole surface till the level is restored.

Reasoning upon this analogy, it is fairly presumable that when all the currents of the brain are equally balanced, and continue at the same pitch,—when no one is commencing, increasing, or abating,—consciousness or feeling is null, mind is quiescent. A *disturbance* of this state of things wakens up the consciousness for a time; *another* disturbance gives it another fillip, and so on; the variety of stimulus in the waking state forbidding the perfect equilibrium from being attained. In harmony with this supposition is the really fitful nature of mind; the stream of consciousness is a series of ebullitions rather than a calm or steady flow. The calmness that we actually experience belongs to a low or moderate excitement; let there be any considerable intensity of feeling, and the ebullition character will start out convincingly prominent.

A second law of the physical connections of Feeling may be expressed thus:—

II. Law of DIFFUSION. When an impression is accompanied with Feeling, the aroused currents *diffuse* themselves freely over the brain, leading to a general agitation of the moving organs as well as affecting the viscera muscles and viscera.

Illustrative contrast.—The so-called Reflex actions (breathing, &c.) are commonly said to have no feeling, and their stimulation lies through a confined channel.

Note of explanation.—It is not meant that every fibre and cell of the brain can be affected at one moment, but that a spreading wave is produced enough to agitate the whole active system.

Let me begin the illustration from the fact given by way of contrast. The Reflex actions are known to be stimulated through the spinal chord, *medulla oblongata*, and parts closely allied, and not from the mass of the brain; they do not possess the large many-fibred circuit of the hemispheres. Then the response in their case is to the single organ engaged in the work to be done; to the chest, in breathing; to the intestines, in the propulsion of the food. As a familiar example of the class, if we touch the palm of any one asleep, we shall probably see the hand curl up. This is reflex, it is unconscious, it is stimulated from the chord, or from some centre short of the general brain. A current has been directed inwards to this centre; there is

no diffusion ; there is only a limited, an isolated response, to the flexor muscles of the fore-arm.

Contrast now what happens in a shock, say of acute pain, as from a severe smart, or a wound in the same organ. A reflex influence would still operate, and give birth to movements of the arm ; but these would be a small part of the case. The bodily members everywhere are put in motion ; the features are contracted with a well-known expression ; the voice sends out a sharp cry ; the whole body is thrown into agitation. Nor do the effects stop with mere muscular movements ; the face is flushed, showing that the circulation is disturbed ; the breathing is quickened, or the reverse ; a temporary loss of appetite proves that the gastric secretions in the stomach are perverted ; the skin is deranged ; and in the feminine constitution it would appear as if the mother's milk were turned into gall. It is apparent that to cause this wide circle of effects, the influence of the shock, the nerve currents set on, must be not merely intense in degree, but highly diffused in their course through the brain ; being thus able to get at and to actuate the general system of out-carrying nerves.

I have taken an extreme case to present the law in its utmost prominence. We might vary the illustration, and show that according to the strength of a feeling is *the extent of the diffusion*, as well as the intensity of the diffused manifestations. But the rise and fall of the two, in steady concomitance, is among our most common experiences ; indeed, our principal means of interpreting the strength of one another's feelings is derived from this uniformity. It would also be easy to prove that the apparent exceptions to the law are not real exceptions ; that in very mild states of feeling, or under a faint degree of excitement, the diffused wave is not strong enough to excite the muscles to an open display ; that the will may suppress the display, that it may be suppressed by habit ; that when the system is so strongly pre-engaged by another influence as to resist a new diffusion impressions are not felt (as in the insensibility to wounds in a battle). I will not dwell on these illustrations, and will add merely a reference to the operation of habit in deadening the feeling that accompanies our action, to show that wherever this deadening influence has occurred the diffused wave is proportionably contracted and suppressed. In our first attempts to write, to cipher, to play on an instrument, to speak, or in any other work of mechanical skill, the inward sense of labour and difficulty is corresponded to by the number of awkward and irrelevant gesticulations. In the last stage of consummated facility and routine, the consciousness is almost nothing ; and the general quietude of the body demonstrates that the cause of power has now become narrowed to the one channel necessary for the exact movements required. This is a sort of educated imitation of the primitive reflex movement adduced at the outset ; the comparison is

so striking as to suggest to physiologists the designation of *secondary reflex*, or automatic, for the habitual movements. A man at a signal post, after long habit, is subjected to little or no nervous influence, except on the single thread of connection between a certain figure depicted on the eye and a certain movement of the hand; the collaterals of the primitive wave have died away, and the accompanying consciousness has fallen to a barely discernible trace.

So far the Law of Diffusion has in it nothing speculative; it is only a general expression of the facts. Various speculative renderings or interpretations may be put, and have been put upon it. By combining the two laws—Relativity and Diffusion—we should obtain the following statement of the most general physical condition of consciousness:—

An increase or diminution of the nerve currents circulating in the brain, sufficiently diffused to affect the combined system of out-carrying nerves (to muscles and viscera).

Mr. Lewes has maintained that consciousness, with purpose, or will, belongs to the spinal chord, and the so-called Reflex Actions, as well as to the brain, and the highest form of our activity, there being no good grounds for denying sensibility to any nerve centre ("Physiology of Common Life," chap. viii.). His facts and arguments in favour of this view seem to me very convincing; but they do not militate against the principle of Diffusion as above explained, but merely give another mode of expressing the same phenomena. It is still true, that in proportion to the diffusion through the nervous system (the amount of nervous matter actuated), is the degree of the consciousness. The Reflex, or spinal, consciousness would be admitted by Mr. Lewes to be comparatively feeble. Nay more: he would also admit, as being in full accordance with his principles, that this consciousness, so far as self-contained and complete for its own sphere, is detached from the cerebral or centralised consciousness, which we call our mind, being what we can be interrogated upon. If the spinal consciousness, and the sensibility of the sympathetic ganglia, mingle with the general tone of feeling, they become to all intents cerebral, and are known by the organs of expression and of voluntary movement that are ministerial to the brain and its sensibility. Our mental history must still be the successive phases of the cerebrum. The sleeper that, when cold, "turns and seeks a warmer spot," or "stretches out his hand and pulls up the bed-clothes," retains no record of those transactions, albeit they involve the essentials of feeling and will. The distinction between the spinal or reflex operations and the cerebral must be retained, after Mr. Lewes's explanation, although in an altered form.

III. We are now, finally, to consider the physical foundations of

that radical contrast of our feelings—pleasure and pain. The opposition of the two is of that total kind—like plus and minus, debt and credit—that some one condition, according to its presence or absence, ought to account for both. Without delaying to quote the various theories of pleasure I will proceed at once to state what I deem the most tenable view.

1. States of *pleasure* are connected with an *increase*, and states of *pain* with a *diminution*, of some or all of the vital functions. This principle resumes a very large department of the known facts; the pleasure of healthy exercise and of rest after toil, the pain of excessive fatigue; the pleasure of nourishment, pure air, a good circulation, and the adjuncts of health; the pains of hunger, thirst, suffocation, hurts, and disease in general. There are some apparent exceptions in this class of healthy and unhealthy agents; the chief, perhaps, is Cold, which may be painful and yet salutary. This exception, however, supplies an instructive commentary to the rule. Cold really depresses, for a time, one organ, the skin, and perhaps also the digestive organs: on the other hand, it exalts, through the capillary circulation, the lungs, the heart, and the muscular and the nervous tone; and the contrast reveals to us that, as far as immediate pleasure is considered, it is more important to preserve the functions of the skin and the stomach than to exalt the lungs, the heart, or the muscles. The same view would explain another exception, namely, why the sick bed is not necessarily a place of discomfort; it is that the feebleness does not always attach to the more sensitive organs.

The general principle, connecting pleasure with vital force, deserves further confirmation from the outward displays under pleasure and under pain; the animation, stir, and vigour under the one, and the drooping and collapse attendant on the other. The spasmodic energy accompanying acute pain is no valid exception: it only proves that a momentary stimulation is possible under an acute shock; for we know that the subsequent stage realises all the vital depressions belonging to pain generally, with the superadded loss due to the violence of the convulsive movements.

Another curious exception that puzzled the great physiologist, Müller, of Berlin, and had been left unsolved by Sir Charles Bell, is there being certain movements specific to the expression of pain; for example, the corrugation of the eyebrows, and the contraction of the mouth, and the depression of the angles of the mouth. It would seem from such appearances, that instead of one of the opposed states being the presence of something absent in the other—vital energy, or whatever else—the two operate in the same way, and merely touch different strings, or send out power in different directions. But we may solve the difficulty thus: The muscles

brought into play under painful depression are generally muscles of small size or *calibre*, and their contracting makes the relaxation of larger muscles more complete. A certain slight exertion of the muscle that corrugates the eyebrows, perfects the relaxation of the more powerful muscle of the scalp that raises the eyebrows; a small stream of energy in the orbicular of the mouth assists the zygomaticus and buccinatus in relaxing themselves to the full. By a slight exercise of the muscles that bend the body and the limbs, we can carry the relaxation of the extensors (the really energetic muscles) much farther than we could do by the voluntary suspension of their own stimulus. By the employment of a small force, we may be supposed to release a greater quantity; so that, after all, the positive exertion of those muscles operating under pain merely aids in the renunciation of muscular energy on the whole. I venture, therefore, to assign as the reason why a forced "sadness of the countenance makes the heart better," is that by the employment of a stimulus we more thoroughly abate the stimulation of the moving organs at large, and allow blood and nervous force to pass to the enfeebled viscera—the digestion, the lungs, the heart, the skin—by whose amelioration the mental tone is most decisively improved. An examination, after Sir C. Bell, of the two great convulsive outbursts—Laughter and Sobbing—would still further confirm the same law: Laughter, with its collaterals, signifying the accession of vital force; the other, with its collaterals, a deprivation of vital force. But I pass on.

2. The stimulation of the nerves with a due regard to their condition as to nourishment is pleasurable; to pass this limit, painful.

I have already made a passing remark that the mere presence of nourishment, that is, blood, does not evoke all the nervous activity that the blood can pay for; the case is rather, that the blood yields up force at the instance of stimulation from without. Now this stimulation in the proper degree is connected with pleasure, and there is a degree that is painful—both points varying with the condition of the individual.

If we commence the illustration from the side of Pain, we may note as the two leading circumstances, (1) Conflict and (2) Intensity.

First. To say that all *conflicting* stimulations are painful, is merely to state a consequence of the former position. Conflict is waste of vital power, and is likely to be accompanied by a depression of the mental tone. This simple and obvious maxim sums up a wide experience; it includes the pleasures of harmony and the pains of discord; the pleasures of a free scope to all our impulses; the pains of constraint, obstruction, and thwarted aims; the pleasure of discovering similarity, agreement, consistency, and unity among things; the pains of inconsistency and contradiction.

Secondly. As regards Intensity. Violent, excessive, and sudden stimulations induce pain on various grounds. In opposition to the law that connects pleasure with vital energy, they cause a momentary exhaustion of the power of the nerves affected; and they may further be considered as originating a conflict with the prevailing currents of the brain, which do not adjust themselves at once to the new impetus. Thus though, on the general principle of relativity, they waken up a strong feeling, they sin against the conditions of *pleasurable feeling*.

Conflict and violence, then, are two principal modes of painful stimulation, and explain a very considerable number of our pains. In most, if not in all, of the painful sensations of three of the senses—namely, Touch, Hearing, and Sight—the pain is either discord or excess. The smarting acuteness of a blow on the skin, of a railway whistle close to the ear, of a glare of light, are due to the mere degree or excess of the stimulus. In hearing and sight, we have also the pains of discord. In the two remaining senses, Taste and Smell, we cannot make the same affirmation. We do not know what is the mode of nervous action in a bitter taste, as quinine or soot; and we cannot say that the transition from sweet to bitter is a transition from moderate stimulus to an excessive one. It may be that the power of the nerve is exhausted under a different kind of influence from mere violence of stimulation; but no certain knowledge exists on the subject. The same remarks apply to smell.

These observations on the *negative* aspect of stimulation—the aspect of pain—contain by implication the positive aspect. Stimulation, as such, is pleasurable. “Man loves sensation,” said Aristotle. For the eye to see, for the ear to hear, for the skin to touch, are in themselves joyful. We cannot affirm, with respect to the ordinary gratification of the five senses, that they increase vitality,—they may do so slightly; we can say only that they draw upon the vitality to maintain nerve-currents that give pleasure. It is agreeable to spend a certain portion of the forces of the system in nervous electricity; it is not agreeable to push this expenditure beyond a certain point. And when the stimulation has passed this point, degenerating into pain, the pleasurable tone can be restored only by replenishing the vitality, according to the principle that connects pleasure with vitality.

I may remark, as confirming all that has been said, what is our common experience and practice with regard to pleasure, namely, the greater value of the stimulants that are not intense, but voluminous, that affect moderately a large sensitive surface, or many nerves at once: the warm bath is a familiar instance; the music of a full band is another. The same happy effect springs from change or variety; the stimulation is multiplied, and no one part pushed to exhaustion.

The last point that I will advert to is the obscure subject of Narcotic

stimulants—alcohol, tea, tobacco, opium, and the rest. These operate a very little way, if at all, in giving new vitality; they draw upon our vitality, even till it is much below par, postponing the feeling of depression till another day. It is probable that the influence of the narcotics is complicated, and not the same for all. We may safely say respecting them, that they are the extreme instance of the principle of stimulation, as opposed to the principle of vital conservation; they are the large consumers, not the producers, of vitality; they expend our stock of power in nerve electricity in a higher degree, and with a more dangerous licence, than the ordinary stimulants of the senses.

The physical theory of Pleasure and Pain has a direct bearing in punishment and Prison Discipline. I happened to be present at a debate on that subject, in one of the sections of the British Association, at the Manchester meeting in 1861. The speakers were bent upon suggesting modes of punishment, painfully deterring, and yet not injurious to the convicts' health. I could not help remarking, from my conviction of the doctrine now expressed, that the object aimed at is all but a contradiction. There is, if any, the barest margin between the infliction of pain, and the destruction of vital power. If the first of the two maxims above stated (the connection of pleasure with vital conservation, &c.,) expresses the whole truth, there would be no margin at all; but it might seem that under the second maxim (Stimulation), there is room to operate as proposed. Stimulants cannot, as a general rule, be said to increase vital power; they are usually on the verge of destroying it, and frequently do destroy it. Consequently, the withholding of stimulation—in the shape of alcohol, tobacco, tea, cheerful light and spectacle, the sounds of busy life, society, amusing literature, &c.—cannot be said necessarily to abate the vital forces, and may be instrumental in conserving them. Nevertheless, if these are withheld to the extent of making them strongly craved for (and, if they are not, their loss does not punish), the state of craving is an internal conflict that lowers the general vitality. If the craving dies away after a time, the depression ceases, and so does the punishment. Then, again, it might seem that the application of what is painfully salubrious, would exactly hit the mark; as the cold bath, the well-ventilated and but moderately heated cell, cleanliness, measured food, steady industry, and regularity of life. But unless the convict takes kindly to these various measures, they are more depressing than wholesome; and if his system does adapt itself, that is, if they end in reforming his constitution and habits, they are no longer punishment. In the debate in question, one of the speakers, who I believe was officially connected with a London prison, remarked that, as a rule, discharged convicts are deteriorated in constitution. The opposite allegation has sometimes been made; but between the two I will venture to arbitrate by saying

that, in whatever cases the confinement operates as a serious punishment, the deterioration is almost certain. The same speaker observed that corporal punishment has this advantage over imprisonment,—that, while it is a severe deterring smart, it does not to the same degree inflict permanent damage.

Having now finished what I intended to say on the Feelings, the part next in order is the Will. But it is not my intention to make this the subject of a full discussion. Voluntary action is, in the face of it, a physical fact; animal muscle under nervous stimulation is one of the mechanical prime movers; the motive power of muscle is as purely physical as the motive power of steam; food is to the one what fuel is to the other. The distinguishing peculiarity of our voluntary movements is that they rise in Feeling and are guided by Intellect; hence so far as Will is concerned the problem of physical and mental concomitance is still a problem of Feeling or of Intellect. The extension and improvement of our voluntary power is one large department of our education; but the process of education is wholly included under the Intellect. I shall confine myself, then, as regards the Will to a short statement of the fundamental processes involved in it, one of which has just been before us under the Feelings, and will again appear as playing a part in the Intellect. In the Will altogether I reckon up *three* elements; two primitive, instinctive, or primordial, and a third a process of education or acquirement.

The first primordial element is called the Spontaneous Energy or Activity of the system, or the disposition of the moving organs to come into operation of themselves previous to, and apart from, the stimulation of the senses or the feelings; the activity being increased when such stimulation concurs with the primitive spontaneity. I think there is evidence to show that the profuse activity attendant on health, nourishment, youth, and a peculiar temperament called the active temperament, springs in a very great degree from inherent active power, with no purpose at first, but merely to expend itself; and that that activity gradually comes under the guidance of the feelings and purposes of the animal. It is the surplus nervous power of the system discharging itself without waiting for the promptings of sensation. In the course of our education the spontaneity is so linked with our feelings as to be an instrument of our well-being, in promoting our pleasures and removing pains. The voice by mere spontaneity sends forth sounds, the ear controls and directs them into melody, and the wants of the system generally make them useful in other ways.

2. Mere spontaneity, however, would not give us all that we find in the impulses of the Will. Being the overflow of vital power, it would show itself only whenever and wherever there was such an overflow. We want a kind of activity that shall start forth whenever

pleasure is to be secured or pain to be banished, and that shall be directed to the very points where these effects can be commanded.

For such a power we must refer to the great fundamental law of Pleasure and Pain—the law that connects Pleasure with increase of Vital Power, Pain with the diminution of Vital Power. This law we may look upon as in many respects the foundation, the mainstay, of our being ; it is the principle of self-conservation—the self-regulating, self-acting impulse of the animal system. When anyhow we come into a state of joyful elation, the physical state corresponding is an exaltation of vital energy to the muscles, the organic functions, one or other, or both ; and that exaltation is an increase of the activity that is bringing the pleasure. The first act of masticating a morsel of food develops a pleasurable feeling to the conscious mind, and a concurrent stimulus of heightened activity to the body ; the heightened activity vents itself in the parts actually moving at the time—the masticating organs, the cheeks, jaw, and tongue, which in consequence proceed with redoubled vigour, the pleasure thus feeding itself. In that connection we have, as I believe, the deepest foundation of the will. On the other hand, if, in the course of energetic movements of mastication, a false step occurs, the teeth embracing by mistake the skin of the lip, or the tongue, there is mentally a smart of pain, and physically, I think, a destruction of nervous power through the shock, and the destruction of power is at once and directly a cessation of the active currents impelling the mouth and the jaws.

Such I conceive to be the groundwork of Volition greatly, but never entirely, overlaid in mature life by a large superstructure of acquired connections between feelings and specific movements. Without some such foundation I see no way of beginning the work of voluntary acquisition, nothing to make our movements relevant to our state of feeling at the time ; moreover, it is the check that is always ready to step in and supersede our acquired habits. At any moment a burst of pleasure will raise our energies, a shock of pain (not being an acute existing smart) will depress them ; in the one case the cause of the pleasure, if our over activity, will be maintained with increase ; in the other case the energies are arrested, and if they are causing the pain, that will cease with them. The bursting out of a cheerful light in a dark labyrinth spurs us on without our going through the formality of what we call a resolution of the will ; a progress leading us to darkness, strangeness, and uncertainty will be arrested by the mere sinking away of our energies before even we can begin to deliberate. Our course in life from first to last, although most at first, is trial and error, groping and feeling our way, musing somehow and judging of the result ; and the general tendency of the law in question is to sustain us when we are in a good track, to turn off the steam when we are in a bad track.

ALEXANDER BAIN.

LESLIE.

GREAT men leave two different impressions of themselves on their contemporaries, the one the result of their public career, the other of their private life. When these are harmonious, when both what is known to the public as such, and what reaches the public through the report of the great man's intimates, alike are favourable, the personage becomes the object of traditional admiration. It gives a solid satisfaction to the conscience of mankind to be confirmed in its natural tendency to believe in the worthiness of its favourites. It greatly augments the chances of immortality for a genius when those who knew him in the common intercourse of life certify that he was as noble as his performance. It damages the fame of those who most excel in their own craft when it is known that outside of it they were no better than other people; and nothing diminishes the prestige of a refined artist like evidence that his refinement was limited to his trade, and did not make his manners beautiful nor his conduct wise.

Charles Robert Leslie, the painter, is a distinguished instance of an artist whose private estimation amongst those who enjoyed his intimacy was as high as the estimation of him formed by the outer world that only knew him by his works. I had the advantage of observing him in both capacities—as man and artist. I have never neglected an opportunity for studying his pictures; and he was good enough to admit me to as great a degree of personal intimacy as the wide difference in our years would naturally allow.

It may be considered one of the misfortunes of a writer on art that he cannot place himself on terms of friendship with famous artists without renouncing all intention of writing about them. The *nil nisi bonum*, a rule questionable enough as regards dead men from whom we have received no kindness, will always remain in force concerning men, whether living or dead, who have proved themselves true friends to us. On this account I should have abstained from writing on Leslie altogether if it had seemed necessary to weaken or withhold any criticism out of consideration for his kindness and hospitality. For it is the duty of a public writer to withhold no criticism, however severe, which he believes to be just; but it is the duty of a private friend to pass in silence what appear to him weaknesses or imperfections in his friend. If these two duties conflict, the subject is a forbidden one. In this case they do *not* conflict. I may speak of Leslie at the same time with the frankness of a critic and the tenderness of a friend. Nothing that I should desire to say of him could hurt him if he were alive to hear it.

The reader is not to conclude that I have one ideal for all humanity, or even for all artistic humanity, and that Leslie precisely and completely fulfilled that ideal. I rather incline to the philosophy of a poor peasant woman, who, when puzzled by some peculiarity of character, used to endeavour to account for it to herself by the truly profound reflection that "it takes a deal of sorts to make a world."

If all men realised one ideal, the collective force of humanity, which depends on variety of endowment in individuals, would be lost in the general uniformity, and consequent incapacity in all but a very few directions. It is the basis of a large and liberal criticism, the basis even of all justice in criticism, to tolerate and applaud the most opposite kinds of faculty, and even, what the ordinary moralist so unwillingly admits, very wide diversities in character. Leslie realised, or closely approached, a very beautiful ideal of life and character, and one especially advantageous in this respect that it was most eminently favourable to his own happiness, and to that of everybody over whom he had any influence, but even his good qualities produced, as they always do, an appearance of deficiency in other directions. That wise French proverb, "*On a toujours les défauts de ses qualités*," tersely expresses this inevitable necessity. If we have a quality we have a defect with it, not necessarily a blameworthy fault or failing, but a deficiency. We have each of us these deficiencies; nor are they, in general, faults to be ashamed of. They may therefore be mentioned without offence, just as we may say of the genus *homo*, that it is wingless, seeing that being endowed with arms it could not (according to the present arrangements of Nature on this planet) have had wings also.

A general impression exists here, and I believe in the United States, that Leslie was an American by birth. He was born in London, of American parents, on the 19th of October, 1794. On the 18th of September, 1799, his father, Mr. Robert Leslie, took his family to America, on board the ship *Washington*. The voyage was long and difficult, the ship encountered tempestuous weather in the Channel, and was thirty-four days in beating out. Passing through our English fleet, a signal gun was fired from the *Majestic*, which, by carelessness, had a ball in it, that lodged in a spar on the *Washington*, and very nearly killed two passengers. The day after, the *Washington* met with a French privateer, and had two hard fights, during which the little Leslies were kept down in the hold with other children, where they amused themselves by playing at hide and seek. Shortly afterwards they met another privateer, which, however, avoided them after receiving one shot. Then they put in at Lisbon for repairs, which detained them there five months and two days. On leaving Lisbon they encountered a gale of wind, and lost their fore-topmast. On the sudden cessation of the gale, the waves

not having yet had time to subside, and the ship being no longer prevented from rolling by the pressure of the wind on her canvas, did so with such violence that her main-topmast went also. She arrived at Philadelphia on the 11th of May, nearly eight months after her departure from London. Mr. Robert Leslie, during his previous residence in America, had been a watchmaker in Philadelphia, where he had a partner, whom he had left in charge of the business during his absence. This person appears to have mismanaged the affairs of the firm, and as he was now dead the surviving partner brought an action against his executors, but himself died before the suit was decided.

Leslie's mother was now a widow in very narrow circumstances. She opened a boarding-house, and her eldest daughter taught drawing; but Leslie and his brother continued their education at the University of Pennsylvania, by the kindness of two of the Professors.

Leslie tells us that he neglected mathematics as much as he possibly could. He had from infancy liked drawing, and now desired to be a painter. His mother, however, could not afford him a painter's education, and he was bound apprentice to Messrs. Bradford and Inskeep, booksellers, in Philadelphia. The circumstance which changed Leslie's destiny was the arrival of G. F. Cooke, the actor, whose likeness he drew from memory with so much success, that Mr. Bradford believed he might succeed as a painter, and now encouraged his attempts at drawing, which he had before discountenanced. This sketch of Cooke was taken to the Exchange Coffee House, at the hour when the merchants of Philadelphia assembled there, and made a sensation amongst them. Mr. Bradford, with a kindness which deserves warm praise, and which caused Leslie to remember him always with the most lively gratitude, struck whilst the iron was hot, and got up a subscription (to which he contributed liberally) that enabled Leslie to study painting for two years in Europe.

Leslie's first lesson in painting was received at Philadelphia from Mr. Sully, a resident artist. "He began," says Leslie, "a copy of a picture in my presence, and then put his palette and brushes into my hand, telling me to proceed in the same way with a copy of my own. The next day he carried his work further, and I again followed him, and so on, until the copies were both finished; thus explaining to me at once the processes of scumbling, glazing, &c." This is the best practical way of teaching the mechanism of the art. I have elsewhere advocated its adoption in the studios of eminent artists, where several pupils might be allowed to copy, in this way, works as they advance, process by process, without any cost of time or trouble on the part of the master, beyond an occasional word of counsel.

Sully gave his pupil letters to West, Beechey, and other artists in London. Leslie sailed in company with Mr. Inskeep, one of the

partners in the bookselling establishment he had just quitted, who had business in England. He found Americans in London who were kind to him, and formed a friendship with Morse, then a young art-student like himself, who shared the same painting-room. Their most intimate associates were young Americans from Boston, students of medicine; they had, however, the advantage of advice from Allston and King.

No reader of Leslie's autobiography can have felt surprised to learn that, when young, he was a devoted play-goer. His art, being an interpretation of that order of literature which exhibits men and women in dramatic action, was of itself most intimately allied with the profession of the actor. Actors study plays, and afterwards conceive and personate the characters; painters like Leslie study plays (or novels), and afterwards conceive and paint the characters; both study literature with a view to the reproduction, in visible shape and gesture, of the phantoms evoked by the imagination of the writer. The actor may learn from the painter, and the painter reciprocally from the actor. Much of Leslie's most valuable artistic education must have been acquired in theatres, and his pictures are permanent models of all those qualities of fine acting which appeal to the mind through the eye only.

Every young man of genius has at first a deep respect for acquired reputations. Leslie revered West and Fuseli in his youth. We have a remark in the autobiography which Leslie left us, on Fuseli's teaching at the Academy when he was a student there, which is not to be passed without notice. "He generally came into the room once in the course of every evening, and rarely without a book in his hand. He would take any vacant place among the students, and sit reading nearly the whole time he stayed with us. I believe he was right. For those students who are born with powers that will make them eminent, it is sufficient to place fine works of art before them. They do not want instruction, and those that do are not worth it. Art may be *learnt*, but can't be *taught*. Under Fuseli's wise neglect, Wilkie, Mulready, Etty, Landseer, and Haydon distinguished themselves, and were the better for not being made all alike by teaching, if, indeed, that could have been done."

This is one of the few subjects on which I cannot agree with Leslie. I am in favour of a thorough artistic education; believing that if all art cannot be taught, the handicraft of art can, and something besides, and that an educated artist need not necessarily be less original than an educated writer. English painters are for the most part untrained, or half-trained. This, more than any other cause, has delayed their recognition out of their own country. Men of great genius occasionally overcome this disadvantage; but even the best of them are weakened by it, or prevented from reaching that fine

equality of faculty which severe training can alone secure. *All* lose time, many waste life itself for the lack of that. Painting is not merely mental conception, not merely poetry, but at the same time the most difficult of all the handicrafts. Carpentry and joinering, cabinet-making, even, are only on the same level as house-painting in point of difficulty; landscape and figure painting, *as handicraft trades*, are far more difficult than any one of these. Yet you apprentice carpenters, and joiners, and cabinet-makers in their youth; you apprentice even house-painters, but you think it natural to leave artists to pick up their craft by simply looking at what other men have done in it. All that can be said of *no* teaching is, that it is preferable to a tyrannous system of bad teaching. Neither would I have artists "made all alike by teaching." If every artist admitted pupils into his own studio, or into a studio close to that in which he himself worked, and applied to their education principles arrived at by himself in the course of his own experience, the variety of experience in the masters would ensure a variety of training in the pupils; and each youth, on beginning to learn his profession, might get himself apprenticed to that particular master for whom he felt the closest natural affinity. There is great difference of opinion amongst English artists on the subject of education in their profession. Many share Leslie's view; others advocate a uniform and public system; and the rest think private apprenticeship would answer best, only they do not take apprentices.

Leslie obtained two silver medals at the Academy. His first large picture had for its subject "Saul and the Witch of Endor." West assisted him in the composition, often calling to see the work in progress. This picture was refused at the British Gallery, but West kindly hung it in a large room of his own, where it found a purchaser in Sir John Leicester, afterwards Lord de Tabley. In the autumn of 1817, Leslie visited Paris in company with Allston and William Collins, and the three made studies in the Louvre. Of the French painters then in vogue Leslie tells us that he liked Guérin best, but that he did not like David.

Two years afterwards, in 1819, Leslie exhibited the first of those pictures which have won his fame, "Sir Roger de Coverley going to Church;" in 1821, when he was elected an Associate of the Academy, "May Day in the time of Queen Elizabeth;" in 1824, "Sancho Panza in the apartment of the Duchess;" in 1825, the year of his marriage, "Slender, Shallow, and Anne Page." In 1826 he was elected a member of the Royal Academy.

Having now found his vein, made a bright beginning of reputation, obtained an Academic diploma, and formed many friendships in England, London was exactly the place for Leslie. But his American relations plotted and contrived a plan to induce him to recross the

Atlantic by accepting for him the appointment of Drawing-Master at the West Point Military Academy. One can hardly blame them for this, as affection is often quite unconsciously selfish, and no doubt they thought a fixed income a good thing for a married man; but Leslie was already too distinguished a painter to waste his time in teaching drawing to schoolboys. On arriving at West Point, and making the experiment of uniting the professions of painter and drawing-master, Leslie found that the time required by his new occupation was much greater than had been represented to him, whilst the advantages of a permanent residence in America seemed, on the whole, doubtful. He therefore returned to England with his family after a few months at West Point. His subsequent history consists of little else than quiet labour, steady and successful, but by no means severe, constant intercourse with many friends, of whom not a few are famous for their own achievements, the publication of a biography and a book of lectures, and then the gradual decline of health, hastened finally by the loss of a very dear daughter.

My personal recollections of Leslie are limited to the last few years of his life. A literary friend of mine, who was a neighbour of his, and knew him intimately, asked me to meet him, and as I really loved art, which was a great virtue in Leslie's estimation, he soon became one of my kindest and best friends. Looking back to the time, eleven years ago, when I enjoyed the most of his society, I regret very much not to have profited by it better. A distinguished artist, now an Academician, who was an old friend of Leslie's, used to urge me to place my studies more under Leslie's direction; and, indeed, nothing would have been easier for me than to become his pupil, as my lodgings were near to his house, and he would have come to see my work almost daily if I had desired it. But that unhappy fatality which so often prevents men from seeing their true interest till too late interposed between us. I had the greatest respect for Leslie's *own* art, but felt convinced that he knew little of landscape, and, not wishing to hurt him by neglecting to follow any recommendations he might offer, I carefully kept my work out of his way, which was the easier as I painted in a studio several miles from my lodgings. There was, perhaps, no great error in this estimate. Leslie was not a good landscape painter, and his knowledge of the natural phenomena of landscape, his acquaintance with that science of natural appearances which is the basis of the art of landscape painting, was limited to the commonly-known facts. My error lay in another direction. I failed to perceive that however slight might be Leslie's acquaintance with these specialities of my art, he was in full possession of the kind of technical knowledge which I most needed—the safe and effectual management of oil colour. No artist that ever lived painted more soundly and safely, no artist ever got more satisfactory results by

means so simply right. Reynolds and Turner were both better colourists, but neither of them would have *taught painting* so well as Leslie. He was always ready to do anything he could to serve me. I remember how he took me to see Turner's Gallery in Queen Anne Street whilst the Chancery suit was pending, how he took me to see Rogers and his house, and the studies left in possession of Constable's family, when we spent hours over them together, how he asked me to meet celebrated friends of his, how willingly and kindly he showed me everything of his own which he thought might be interesting. He heard me say that I should like to see Landseer, or inferred as much from some expression of admiration for Landseer's work, and so asked me to meet him; and, when everybody else was gone away, kept me till the last that I might hear some of Sir Edwin's best talk. I happened to express some curiosity about Leslie's venerable friend Mr. Rogers, so he took me to St. James's Place. Mr. Rogers was out for his day's drive, but Leslie went in and spent an hour or two in showing me everything of artistic interest in the house, we penetrated even into the poet's own bedroom. At last Mr. Rogers returned, and Leslie introduced me to him with one of those kind expressions which never failed him when they could be of use. Mr. Rogers thought he remembered having seen me before, and when told that he was mistaken, said that I could not have been better introduced, and asked me if I had been all over the house. Then he began to praise one or two works of Leslie's that he possessed, and we had a little talk about Velasquez and other subjects. At that date, however, Mr. Rogers, though he still loved art, had lost his memory. In Turner's house we saw the pictures now in the possession of the nation, and Leslie criticised them in his temperate style.

In conversation, Leslie belonged to the class of anecdotists. He very seldom argued, advanced opinions with apparent diffidence, and never, in my hearing at least, was roused into eagerness or eloquence. His manners were perfect, according to the English ideal; he never interrupted or contradicted, except in a very careful and delicate way. There was great charm in his society, and he had two very valuable qualities in the highest perfection—simplicity and urbanity. There is, however, an element of dissatisfaction in intercourse with such characters as his. They are never thrown off their guard, they never tell you rude truth; if a fact is not likely to be agreeable to you they pass it in silence, and so, if they are wise, their wisdom does not much benefit you. I always felt that Leslie would not frankly tell me what he thought of my own work, if the full expression of his opinion might possibly hurt me. This was not craft or disingenuousness in him, it arose from pure tenderness of heart. He could not endure to give pain. I know another eminent artist very intimately who criticises me most severely, and I like him for it, so that Leslie's

reticence need not have been due to any visible impatience of criticism on my part; but he shrank from moral tooth-drawing. Perhaps this feeling may have been reciprocal between us. I did not belong to his generation, but was the contemporary of his elder children. Of course it did not become me to point out what seemed to me the shortcomings of his work; nor did I praise it before him, though he must have seen that there was something in his pictures that I relished. When his second "Rape of the Lock" was finished, he asked me to go and see it, and he read Pope's poem aloud before the picture with great delicacy of emphasis, addressing to me a word of comment from time to time to elucidate his intentions.

I have said that he was an anecdotist. Perhaps it is as well that anecdotists should not predominate in society, for they contribute little to the sustained work of conversation, and are rather apt to disconnect it. But Leslie was the most favourable example of the class I ever met. His stories were always interesting and well told, and every one of them had for its point some curious illustration of character. He never wasted a word in superfluous narration, said all that was necessary to prepare you for the point he had in reserve, and then placed it effectually. His autobiography contains many anecdotes which are told exactly as he would have narrated them verbally. Take, for instance, this absurd one about Charles Lamb:—"I dined with him one day at Mr. Gilman's. Returning to town in the stage-coach, which was filled with Mr. Gilman's guests, we stopped for a minute or two at Kentish Town. A woman asked the coachman, 'Are you full inside?' Upon which Lamb put his head through the window and said, 'I am quite full inside; that last piece of pudding at Mr. Gilman's did the business for me.'" Now that is a perfectly-told anecdote. In a few brief sentences the reader is fully prepared to relish the saying which is to be quoted. You cannot retrench one syllable. The words, "at Kentish Town," might, perhaps, have been omitted, but they add to the interest of the anecdote by giving it locality. Leslie told a story as he painted a face, giving all that the meaning exacted in a few felicitous touches. When he had hit an expression in painting, his countenance beamed with quiet satisfaction; when he had told a characteristic anecdote, his eyes lighted up with lively humour. This habit of anecdote bore a very close relation to his habit of looking for and seizing curious momentary expressions in people's faces. What delighted him most were those accidental revelations of character which other people commonly miss. He watched for those chance liftings of the curtain of conventionalism when a look or a word reveals some unsuspected peculiarity of mind. I always felt that he saw through me, for before such an observer you can hardly dissimulate in either speech or gesture, a glance or a phrase will betray you. Yet this sensation never cost me any

uneasiness, for his indulgence equalled his penetration. Subtle humorist as he was, he saw the weaknesses and absurdities of men only to smile at them with the kindest interest. If ever he *laughed* at anybody, it was as we sometimes laugh at the little oddities of dear friends. Wrong and injustice would have made him indignant if he had dwelt upon them, but he instinctively avoided the contemplation of these. He loved the beauty of the world, fair landscapes, graceful women, pleasant society, and quiet merriment. He had no tragic power, and shut his eyes to the existence of evil, repeating to himself a maxim he had made, which is very pretty, and would be very pleasant if it were only true—"There is no evil but sin, from which I pray God to deliver us all now and hereafter." He did not see that the operation of the most salutary and necessary natural law causes much suffering which, to the sufferers, is decidedly an evil, and that a small imprudence in this world often brings on more misery than a great sin. He did not see that the one law which governs the world is practical convenience, that the universe is a machine intended to work well as a whole, and that innocence itself may be very cruelly lacerated, like a child in a cotton-mill, if it happens to get between the wheels. The perception of this continual tragedy is the condition of the highest intellectual power, the courage to face this fact is the condition of solemnity in art, and eloquence in literature. Not having this, Leslie could still paint refined comedy and write pleasant anecdotes or paragraphs of sensible counsel to his younger brethren. But he had not literary force. He wrote correctly and even elegantly, and always in perfectly good taste, but never passionately or persuasively. His prose is to the prose of born writers what the verse of an Oxford Prize Poem is to the verse of Sordello or Don Juan.

The "Life of Constable" was the first book Leslie made. His object was, by a selection of letters, to place the life and character of his subject as vividly as possible before the reader, effacing himself as biographer, and only coming forward from time to time when a few words of his own were needed to link together the materials he had collected. As a work of literary art, other than simply editorial, the claims of this biography are consequently slight. The publication of private letters is nearly always injudicious. Private letters, when they *are* private letters intended for no subsequent publicity, are careless, and full of little trivialities which do not easily support the glare of type. It is right that a biographer should have access to letters written by his subject which are not strictly confidential; but he ought to use them only for his own guidance, not deliver them directly to the public eye. The "Life of Constable" is not a work to be read through easily—the perpetual recurrence of little breaks in the narrative, the introduction of trivialities which tempt

the reader to skip, and yet the attention required to follow all the movements and details of Constable's existence across the incessant quotations, are unfavourable to the reader's comfort. There is a passage by Leslie in which he vindicates his own judgment in printing a letter of Constable's containing expressions of exultation about the quality of one of his own pictures. If you grant that private letters are to be published at all, those which express self-satisfaction ought not to be omitted; the more, in this instance, as such self-satisfaction ought to be liberally forgiven to painters, who enjoy very little of it. I only find fault with Leslie so far as this—that he conformed to a bad custom. In the *way* he conformed to it he showed, of course, his usual good taste.

Leslie's admiration for Constable was extreme. The simple truth is, that although he may have admired, or thought it his duty to admire, one or two other artists more, no artist touched him so closely as Constable did. He himself says that Constable's pictures gave him a delight distinct from, and he almost thinks superior to, that he received from any other pictures whatever. "Amongst all the landscape-painters, ancient or modern," says Leslie, "no one carries me so entirely to nature." At the time when I knew Leslie he often talked to me about Constable, and tried to make me see his merits: but although I was always ready to spend any number of hours in looking at Constable's works, and could listen with pleasure to all Leslie had to say in their favour, I did not really care about them. They seemed to me to lack delicacy of observation, because Constable did not seek after the qualities I thought most necessary, whilst he aimed at other qualities which, for my ignorance, did not so much as exist in nature, as they certainly had never been recognised by any previous art. It is only very lately that I find myself able to understand Constable, and this degree of enlightenment has been forced upon me—as art-knowledge usually is on everybody—by the difficulties of practical work. Finding great defects in my own manner of painting, I perceived at last that they were due to the absence of those very qualities which in Constable's pictures are always most conspicuously present, and which had for Leslie a charm so seductive.

Mr. Ruskin refuses altogether the rank of a master to Constable, and considers him merely an industrious amateur. Leslie certainly placed him in the very first rank of masters. This difference of opinion is interesting as an example of the hopelessness of unanimity in judgments about art. Mr. Ruskin's method of study is not such as to lead him naturally to any right appreciation of Constable. Mr. Ruskin draws definite objects with delicate precision and often in outline, nearly always seeking for beauty of line, as especially in his beautiful drawings of leaves and branches, and mountain contours.

Constable seems to have been constitutionally indifferent to this kind of beauty; he did not see lines, but spaces, and in the spaces he did not see simple gradations, but an immense variety of differently coloured sparkles and spots. This variety really exists in nature, and Constable first directed attention to it. Then again, he cared comparatively little for the repose of nature, much for what seemed to him her *life*. He liked broken weather, and fitful breezes, and passing clouds; and, in general, any condition of things which would give movement and glitter. And he preferred homely landscape to noble landscape, probably from early association with homely scenery of a kind which is apt to gain a peculiar hold upon the affections. In all these tastes of his he differed widely from the tastes of Mr. Ruskin, and as his art was new it was necessarily empirical. These reasons may in some measure account for Mr. Ruskin's aversion to it. Constable, however, has had wide influence. In France, Troyon and the Bonheurs have looked to him, and all the best modern French landscape is due to the hints he gave. That landscape is now the most influential in Europe; it is even probable that its influence may extend itself to England. It is very possible that, in this round-about way, Constable may ultimately exercise more lasting power over landscape art even in England than any of his contemporaries. Leslie's high opinion of him is supported by artistic opinions of great weight. Troyon's opinion, especially, is of weight, for Troyon himself was a landscape painter of extraordinary power. Mr. Ruskin's recorded verdict may, on the other hand, operate usefully as a check; there is much in nature which Constable failed to render, and if his influence became consecrated and unquestioned, it would be necessary to insist on certain very important truths which he either unconsciously missed, or consciously sacrificed as incompatible with those novel qualities he aimed at.

The publication of Leslie's lectures in the form of a "Handbook for Young Painters," drew forth from Mr. Ruskin a still stronger expression of antagonism. In his Academy Notes for the year 1855 he wrote:—"The power over slight and passing expression is always a separate gift, eminently possessed by many caricaturists (for instance, in the highest degree by Leitch¹); and it has never, I believe, in a single instance, been consistent with any understanding of the qualities of the highest art. It was, therefore, the extreme of rashness in Mr. Leslie to attempt a work of criticism on historical or sacred painting. But it was worse than rashness—it was an inexcusable want of sense—to venture further into the criticism of landscape art; and his work, instead of becoming what it was intended to be by the ingenious Mr. Murray, a guide to young

(1) Can it be possible that Mr. Ruskin meant *Leech*—John Leech?

painters, will remain a perpetual warning to painters advanced in life, not to suppose that, by watching the smiles of coquettes, they can learn to appreciate the ideals of the masters of religious art, or by a life spent among the sophistications of the world, become sharers in the spirit of the great painters who have communed with the heart of Nature."

It was my impression on first reading this passage, an impression which after the lapse of ten years I still retain, that it transgresses those rules of courtesy which ought always to subsist between writers, however widely they may differ in opinion. Such discourtesy is in this instance the more unpardonable that Leslie himself in his allusions to Mr. Ruskin's writings had maintained a tone of perfect moderation and urbanity. The passage I have just quoted contains, as the reader will observe, no reply whatever to the particular views advanced by Leslie, nor even any attempt at a reply, but only a most unbecoming personal attack. Assuming for a moment that Leslie and Mr. Ruskin were on a footing of equality, which, considering more than twenty years' difference in their respective ages they were not, it would still have been in bad taste on Mr. Ruskin's part to pass thus from the matter to the man, and to endeavour, by disparaging allusions to the life led by his opponent, to weaken the effect of his argument without being at the pains to reply to it. If this is Mr. Ruskin's literary policy, it is not a sagacious policy. It may, indeed, occasionally deter a timid opponent from exposing himself to unscrupulous personalities, but it repels the sympathies of every rightly thinking reader. It did not disturb Leslie. He spoke of Mr. Ruskin in my hearing after the publication of the attack, in precisely the same gentle tone as before it.

The only criticism which I should feel inclined to apply to the "Handbook" is disarmed by its title. A collection of lectures, intended for young men, must necessarily recapitulate much that is already known; and the defect of the work, as it appears to those who are already acquainted with artistic tradition, is its want of novelty. Not that I would have a writer on art, or on anything, seek novelty for its own sake; but when a work is addressed to the cultivated adult public, and not, as in this instance, to young learners, the matter ought to be either new or set in a new light. The publication of a work may be advisable on one of two different grounds. If, as in the case of "Modern Painters," it expresses opinions, and calls attention to facts hitherto wholly unknown, it ought to be published for the benefit of the most cultivated; but if, as in the case of Leslie's "Handbook," it chiefly contains old ideas, newly worded, it may still be desirable that it should be published for the benefit of the least cultivated, those to whom these ideas are not yet familiar, in any shape, and who may be benefited by having

them presented clearly and conveniently. It may be observed, moreover, that Leslie had a constant habit of introducing any original opinion of his own by first repeating a commonplace ; and that hasty readers, alighting on the commonplaces, and deterred by them from going further, might easily conclude that the book contained nothing else. He had also a way of *telling* facts that everybody knows, instead of merely alluding to them ; as, for instance, speaking of Cornaro, he says, "The fine old man, whose life, by an extraordinary system of temperance, was protracted to a hundred years," instead of saying, "Luigi Cornaro, the centenarian," which would have recalled the story of his temperance to every one.

Leslie was usually a safe guide. Even when most inclined to differ from him, I have always found, in the end, as for example, in the case of Constable, that his views were based upon considerations which could not be prudently disregarded. Art is always seen from various points of view, and it is a great advantage when painters like Leslie have afforded us the opportunity of seeing the subject from the ground they occupied. For example : how interesting it is to know that he so fully appreciated the beautiful colouring displayed in the minor arts of the Persians and Chinese ! He had true feeling for landscape, and though his information on that branch of art by no means equalled his love of it, still his criticism on Turner is, on the whole, as just as it is temperate and well-weighed. In my view, however, Leslie much undervalued our contemporary school of landscape painters in water-colour, and overvalued Claude and Dughet. He knew absolutely nothing about mountains so that the fine mountain drawing which distinguishes Mr. Newton and a few others of our school of water-colourists was lost upon him, whilst he remained insensible to the absurdities of mountain form so prevalent in the works of the old masters.

Leslie left behind him an autobiography which was a disappointment to me because it contained so little about himself. It is full of amusing anecdotes, but his own inner life remains just as much sealed to us as if he had left nothing. The truth is, that his habit of anecdote was so irresistible that he could not help telling the best he knew about everybody. The purely biographic material does not occupy twenty pages, and even in that Leslie himself is treated almost as much *from the outside* as if the book had been written by another person.

The most interesting feature of this autobiography is the pleasant picture it gives of a great patron—the Earl of Egremont. The relation that subsisted between Leslie and that nobleman was strictly a relation of patronage, yet an exceedingly pleasant one. Many artists will not allow the title "patron" to be assumed by, or applied to, their customers ; some imitate attorneys, and call their customers

their "clients." A desire for equality, an honourable wish for independence, or an aversion to favour and obligation, exists in the present day, and makes men naturally impatient of those airs of protection which the patron assumes, or which, when he does *not* assume them, our imagination attaches to the title. This feeling I believe to be perfectly legitimate. When a man buys work, which he desires to possess, *at its fair market price*, he confers no favour. But the true patron really *did* confer favour, and had a fair claim to a kind of consideration quite different from that of ordinary clients and customers. He paid, in the first place, generally far more than the object was worth in the market, he often ordered it when he did not want it, out of a generous impulse to help merit, and in all these transactions he mingled a personal interest and kindness which often added most materially to the happiness of the artist's whole existence. Lord Egremont had the nature of a noble patron. It was his delight to serve and aid men of artistic genius, and he did this with such admirable delicacy that the most sensitive of them were never wounded in their self-respect. His interest in Leslie extended itself to all Leslie's family; Mrs. Leslie and her children were regularly invited to Petworth every year. Extreme benevolence of character, joined to an intelligent appreciation of art, made Lord Egremont what he was—the most perfect example of a patron that ever existed in England. The simple customer or client can never be anything like that; and the relation between artists and great picture-dealers, can seldom, I should imagine, have that pleasant interchange of disinterested kindness on the one hand, and willing acknowledgment on the other, which marked the easy intercourse of Leslie and Lord Egremont.

From the anecdotes of this nobleman given in Leslie's autobiography I select the following, both as an illustration of the true politeness and amiability of his character and for its curious resemblance to another story, of an old French nobleman, related by the Countess de Bassanville. I have italicised the points of coincidence.

"As his lordship, *from that 'put-up-ability' of his character* which Beechey noticed, *seldom changed his servants, some of the upper ones were as old as himself; and these not being in livery, and his own dress, in the morning, being very plain, he was sometimes by strangers mistaken for one of them.* This happened with a maid of one of his lady guests, who had not been at Petworth before. She met him, crossing the hall, as the bell was ringing for his servants' dinner, and said: *Come, old gentleman, you and I will go to dinner together, for I can't find my way in this great house.*' He gave her his arm, and led her to the room where the other maids were assembled at their table, and said: *'You dine here, I don't dine till seven o'clock.'*"

Here is the French anecdote:—

"Simple, doux, bienveillant et bienfaisant, le duc ne changeait jamais de domestiques. Quelques uns de ses gens, qui avaient vieilli dans sa maison se trouvaient donc de son âge.

"Or, comme ils ne portaient pas de lirréc, et que le costume de leur maître était fort simple, on le prit souvent lui-même pour l'un de ses gens, et cette méprise fut commise de la façon la plus plaisante par une jeune femme de chambre attachée à la baronne de Gir. . . , qui, pour la première fois, avait été conviée à passer l'automne au château.

"Cette fille, qui n'avait pas encore vu le duc, le rencontra en traversant le vestibule, au moment où l'on sonnait le déjeuner des domestiques, et, s'avancant vivement vers lui :

"*'Allons, mon bonhomme,'* lui dit-elle en montrant ses dents blanches dans un gai sourire, *'donnez-moi le bras pour me conduire à l'office, où nous allons déjeuner. J'ai peur de me perdre dans cette grande halle de château !'*

"Le duc, de l'air le plus sérieux du monde, offrit le bras à la soubrette ; puis, l'ayant conduite à l'office, où les autres domestiques se trouvaient réunis :—

"*'Voilà où vous déjeunerez,'* lui dit-il ; *'mais je ne puis le faire avec vous, car j'ai déjà mangé là-haut.'*"

The coincidences are so numerous and so very extraordinary, even in the smallest details, that if Madame de Bassanville's duke had not been the husband of one of her most intimate friends, one would be strongly tempted to believe that Leslie's story of Lord Egremont had crossed the Channel and assumed a French dress.

Leslie was a bad autobiographer, because anything but an egotist. Such writers as Montaigne and Benvenuto Cellini make the best autobiographies. Leslie was perhaps too modest to be an egotist, but I am not quite sure whether this is so much a question of modesty as some critics imagine. A man's attention may be drawn to himself by his own sense of inferiority and desire to correct his own defects. Montaigne was a great egotist, but not in the least disposed to overestimate his own powers in anything, and no one was ever more truly modest, that is, more clearly aware of his own imperfections. Leslie left a strong impression on all who knew him that he was remarkably unassuming, but this may have been due in some measure to his complete success in life. His merits were recognised to the full ; he rose from a position of poverty and obscurity to competence and fame. He was the beloved friend and associate of some of the most distinguished Englishmen of his time. He had not a single claim to consideration which was not liberally allowed, and allowed early, before he had had time to become embittered in that struggle for mere recognition which so often injures the character of aspirants. His relations with the world were always easy and agreeable. He had no troublesome convictions of a nature to disturb the serenity of

his attitude towards the beliefs or prejudices of his contemporaries. No grievous social wrong or injustice galled him as Shelley was galled; no ridicule stiffened him, as it did Wordsworth, into solemn self-assertion. He afforded a refined pleasure, and was richly rewarded for so doing; he amused the great world, and the great world gave him its smiles and welcome. Such natures are happy and enviable, but they are not the natures to which Heaven delegates its stern work and strong authority. Great poets and great thinkers, without being less modest at heart than Leslie was, have capacities of earnestness and emotion which lift them from time to time into states of such intense conviction about things, that they utterly forget discretion. Leslie never, either in writing or painting, had these passionate and inspired moments. He never forgot to be discreet.

Little space is left to attempt an estimate of him as a painter, and I shall confine myself, in this place, to record the general impression he has made upon me. It is the misfortune of writers on art, as well as of their readers, that pictures are so dispersed and so difficult of access, that the writer can rarely have the work before him whilst he makes his observations, and the reader hardly ever reads them in its presence. For art-criticism to be truly efficient the critic should write before the picture, and then the reader should come to it with the printed criticism in his hand. When this cannot be done, general remarks are all that is likely to be of much use.

The one point in which Leslie excelled all other painters was vivacity and truth in delicate shades of passing expression. This rare gift was sustained and supported in Leslie by an extraordinary refinement—a refinement so natural to him, and so very perfect, that all he painted, or said, or wrote, or did, was sure, however questionable occasionally on other grounds, to be in irreproachably good taste. He was by no means profoundly intellectual, not a deep thinker; indeed, the most familiar ideas of modern philosophy were apparently unknown to him; he was not an extensive reader, nor original in his choice of books; he read a few of the best English classics, and Molière, Cervantes, and Le Sage, and every morning the articles in the *Times*. But, as I remember thinking when he read Pope's "Rape of the Lock" to us before the picture, his reading was not like other men's reading. He saw and realised every personage in his clear inventive brain, he felt the exact value of every carefully chosen epithet; he understood, with a fineness of sympathy which proved his true brotherhood with great geniuses, the subtlest intentions of his author. Lovers of good acting who may have had the great pleasure of hearing Samson at the *Théâtre Français*, will have seen operating in another but kindred art, the workings of an intelligence akin to Leslie's. Leslie was only an interpreter of literature, not a creator of new types, and so ranks with the greatest actors in refined

comedy. A painter of this kind has, however, one claim which actors cannot have, he can demonstrate his accurate understanding of female character. Leslie's women are pre-eminent for all feminine graces; his ladies are the best bred women in the world of painting; even his servant girls are vivacious without vulgarity. It is needless to say that Leslie's gentlemen *are* gentlemen; that follows necessarily from the fact that Leslie was himself a gentleman, of which, nobody who knew him, and was qualified to form an opinion, could ever entertain a doubt.

For merely artistic qualities, on the other hand, his claims are far less considerable. His colour faculty was by nature so feeble, that he only attained by great labour such a degree of power as would barely save his pictures from giving offence. Now and then, in accessories, he achieved passages of really beautiful colour, which are too generally overlooked by his critics; but the plain truth is that he never could paint flesh. I attach little importance to the popular objection about his "chalkiness," because colour, quite as bad as Leslie's, escapes this censure by very simple expedients, which anybody may learn. It was rather to Leslie's honour that he should have disdained the shining browns and warm yellows which, whether true or false, make colour *comfortable* to the popular eye, and tried earnestly for the true tints. In early life, as he told me himself, he could not appreciate colour in the works of other men, but by dint of hard study he came to appreciate it afterwards, and, when I knew him, unaffectedly enjoyed it. All that humility, and patience, and laborious practice, and observation could do to make him a colourist they did for him; and his best works prove that he very well knew what the qualities of good colour are. His faculty was weak and imperfect rather than false, and, poor as his colour is, it is better than very much which the world quite readily accepts.

Leslie's system of chiaroscuro was true and luminous, and entirely free from those contradictory violences of opposition which delight ignorant people in Gustave Doré. His knowledge of reflections was especially accurate. His drawing was as good as that of most of his contemporaries, but not remarkable as drawing, except perhaps for its entire absence of false pretension. There is, however, much inequality in his pictures in this respect—forms being at one time felt with delicacy, whilst at others we get an abstract in which natural curvature and projection are considerably stiffened and flattened, so as to give an appearance of rigidity, which, being usually combined with some opacity of colour, repels the spectator. When I compare Leslie with living rivals I should say that in technical points he was far inferior to such men as Stevens, Heilbuth, Meissonier, Gérôme, and (especially) Plassan, but superior to any one of them in intelligence. Heilbuth, however, is a great master of quiet expression, and

possesses much of that kind of subtle observation which distinguished Leslie.

Finally, there can be no doubt that Leslie is amongst the immortals. His pictures will live as great masterpieces of perception. For his writings on art no independent immortality could be predicted; if he were not famous on other grounds, the "*Handbook*" would not redeem him from oblivion. Of these things, however, the pictures and the writings, posterity will judge for itself; and in the end, I doubt not, judge truly. But as to the *man*, posterity must be content to form its opinion on our testimony; and as I began this paper by asserting that, in this instance, the private man was as good as the public one, so I will conclude it by reverting to those qualities which did not exhibit themselves in print or on the walls of the Royal Academy.

He was sincerely religious, orthodox on the chief points of dogmatic belief, and yet so tolerant that he had for one of his most esteemed friends a learned writer, as heterodox as Renan or Strauss, Robert William Mackay, the author of "*The Progress of the Intellect*." I have often heard him speak of Mr. Mackay, and always with the very utmost respect and consideration. Of the merits of Mr. Mackay's erudite labours, Leslie was not competent to judge; he knew this, and did not even attempt to form an opinion upon them. But he was fully qualified to judge of his neighbour's qualities as a human being; and the whole bench of bishops could not have prevented him from saying, before all his children, or before anybody else, how highly he esteemed his unbelieving friend. To see merit in a member of the proscribed class implies, in England, unusual liberality, but to *say* that you see it requires courage. It is not rare to find liberality of this kind in people who do not care about religion; but Leslie *did* care. A firm believer, though free from the least taint of bigotry, his high sense of justice required him to honour goodness even in an "infidel," actively contending against his own faith.

Thackeray, in a carefully written paper published in the *Cornhill Magazine* soon after Leslie's death, chose three epithets wherewith to characterise him. They were well weighed, no doubt; and it is interesting to see what that great novelist, whose life was passed in the searching study of human nature, considered the most striking attributes of his dead friend. His genius, of course, Thackeray, with his sense of humour and love of art, could not fail to enjoy; but these three epithets say nothing about the genius. *The good, the gentle, the beloved*. Those are the chosen words. They are simply accurate and just. Leslie's goodness was a serene habit, his gentleness a proverb, and all who knew him loved him.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON

SANITARY REFORM.—WATER SUPPLY.

I do not think the alarming language which some have used in treating of this subject, is either called for by actual circumstances, or that it can be productive of good results. It is far more likely to lead to the adoption of crude and ill-advised schemes, requiring a large investment of capital in works which are neither most advantageous in the present, and will be obstacles to future improvement.

It is very true that the quantity of water which the soil of the country annually receives is limited. Fortunately there is but little variation in the amount, though a considerable difference in the intervals of rainfall. But assuming an average annual fall of thirty inches in depth, it is at once seen that the quantity received may be regarded as practically unlimited, and that our care should be concentrated upon the most economic mode of acquiring the largest possible quantity which is demanded by the most liberal estimate of our wants.

The term "water economy," if not used, has certainly been interpreted in the sense which would be applicable to coal economy. The difference between the supplies of coal and water is, that it is quite possible to imagine the day when the coal-fields of England will be exhausted, while it is quite impossible to suggest any circumstances which would reduce the rainfall by an inch. We know, for instance, that the Northumberland coal-field is not a thousand square miles in extent, that the greatest thickness of workable coal is not more than one hundred feet, while the mean thickness scarcely exceeds twelve feet; and resulting from this, we can calculate with tolerable accuracy that a consumption of twenty millions of tons annually will exhaust this coal-field in about three hundred years. But the rainfall remains undiminished.

It has, indeed, been suggested, that land drainage has reduced the rainfall to an appreciable degree; but it should be remembered that this extravagant statement is made with respect to an island which, from east to west, nowhere measures more than three hundred miles. Undoubtedly, the primary effect of land drainage is to reduce the amount of water evaporated from the soil; I say, the primary effect, because the quantity of water of which the soil is relieved by these drains is not so important in its actual effect upon the producing qualities of the soil, as the rise of temperature in the earth above the level of the drains, which is the result of reduced evaporation. It is certainly true that less water is evaporated from a well-drained than from a marshy country, and that the soil of England gives out

much less watery vapour than it did twenty years ago; but when we remember that the division of the surface of the globe is three-fourths of water to one of land, and that a hundred and forty-five millions of square miles of sea are constantly supplying the heavens with rain;—and, moreover, that we are surrounded by seas of great extent, with an infallible and immense rain machinery close at hand in the junction of the heated Gulf Stream with the icy Arctic waters,—it should excite a smile rather than alarm when we are threatened with a national thirst because of agricultural land drainage.

Probably there is no equal area in the world upon which so many geological strata are exhibited at the surface as in England. Speaking with reference to the general industry of the country rather than with scientific minuteness, it may be said that metal mines and mountains characterise the older and harder formations; that coal mines and manufacturing industry abound upon those which are next in degree of solidity; while to agriculture are devoted those beds of more recent and softer composition. This division affects the supply of water, inasmuch as the first and second have generally an impermeable surface, and the water must either be utilised during its passage to the sea, or be stored upon the surface for use in times of drought; while in the third division the supply finds a natural storage beneath the surface, running through the permeable beds until it falls upon some impermeable strata, then, saturating to the level of its outfall those beds through which it has passed, it is lessened only by artificial depletion, or by the slow process of capillary action on the part of the drier surface of the soil. Of all English reservoirs none above-ground are so capacious as the great bed of New Red sandstone, which, with an enormous thickness, underlies so large a part of mid and north-western England, or the great bed of chalk, upon which rests so much of the wealth of the south and south-eastern portions of the kingdom. When it is considered that these are the thickest strata in our geological series, and that while sandstone will take up a sixth of its bulk in water, chalk will absorb double this quantity, or one-third of its bulk, it needs but little acquaintance with the extent of these natural reservoirs to be certain that they are not filled by the rainfall of a single year.

It follows, then, from this brief description of the water-bearing surface of the country, that generally those districts which are mountainous and manufacturing obtain their supply by means of storage reservoirs constructed at high levels, pouring forth their contents by gravitation; while those localities which are agricultural are mainly supplied from underground sources, the water being pumped to the surface and then distributed for consumption. Yet the distribution of the rainfall by the geological strata is much more equitable than appears upon the surface. For instance, the rainfall

of Lancashire is about double that of Middlesex, while the fall of portions of the Lake country is twice that of Lancashire. But it cannot be doubted that a large portion of this excessive rainfall finds its way into the red sandstone stretching to the south, just as the increased rainfall upon the South Downs is distributed throughout the vast bed of chalk of which they form the most elevated portion.

There is no doubt that a plentiful supply of good water is one of the first requisites of public health, and with reference to any increase in the northern division of the country, nothing would seem easier than to advise the construction of additional reservoirs. If water-closets were generally used among the population in the North, a largely increased supply would be needed. But the difficulty of obtaining this increase in the immediate neighbourhood of existing waterworks is complicated by vested rights of landowners and mill-owners in the neighbouring rivers and streams; rights which offer a far stronger resistance to extension than any caused by the expense of the works. These water rights are the subject of perpetual litigation, of endless intrigue, and continual anxiety to the manufacturers. Yet such are the economic advantages of the storage of excessive rainfall, that by the construction of reservoirs a constant flow can be given to the river or stream, for manufacturing purposes, exceeding its average flow, although a large portion of the drainage of the watershed is abstracted for household and urban consumption. But in a densely populated district the expense of contesting and satisfying these rights increases to an alarming extent the cost of extensions, and suggests a wider search for any very large addition. The supply of the chief towns in Lancashire is generally of very excellent quality; and indeed it may be said that no other city in England possesses a water supply equal to that of Manchester, whether as regards its purity or volume. The waterworks of this city belong to the Corporation, who have power to supply nearly thirty townships, including a population considerably exceeding half a million. The water thus distributed by gravitation, which is gathered from high lands, of the millstone grit formation, is very soft and pure, and at a distance of nearly twenty miles from the storage reservoirs, the Corporation are able to supply other local authorities at the price of three pence per thousand gallons, and at this rate to realise a considerable profit.

The difference between pure and impure water does not pass the public comprehension, yet it must not be hastily assumed that they can appreciate this distinction by sight or smell or taste with sufficient certainty to protect their health. But analysis will detect all impurities. Yet that admixture of bi-carbonate of lime which constitutes the difference between "hard" and "soft" water, is not deemed an impurity, when it exists to a moderate degree, sufficient to cause a supply to be rejected for domestic purposes, though it affects

the real value of the water for such uses. "Hardness in water" is defined by Dr. Clarke's test to imply, "one grain of bi-carbonate, or sulphate of lime, in each gallon of water," which, if it contains six grains per gallon, is called "hard" if less than six, "soft" water. Among the physical advantages attending the consumption of soft water are said to be a comparative freedom from granular and calculous deposits in the bodily system, and a greater delicacy of complexion, to which circumstance some ascribe the well-deserved reputation of the "Lancashire witches," for personal beauty. But this is not all. The water supply of the Lancashire district as compared with that derived from the chalk formation in the South, requires but one-half the quantity of soap and one-third the quantity of tea to effect the same results in the washing-tub or the teapot, a circumstance which is equivalent to an immense reduction in the prices of these articles, to say nothing of the saving of labour and linen in the process of washing. The master of the Bolton workhouse, some years ago, crucially tested this difference, by making the "old women's" tea with hard water. Their allowance was four ounces of tea, but he put six ounces to the usual quantity of water, substituting hard for soft. Nothing was said respecting the experiment, but after three days of the "six ounce and hard water" tea, a deputation waited upon him to complain "that the tea had not been so strong as it had been formerly; the person making it must have made a mistake, and forgot to put the usual quantity of tea to the same quantity of water."

But in course of time it may happen, through the increased demand for water in the manufacturing districts by the rapid growth of the towns, by the general use of water-closets, by a large addition of manufacturing power, by the diminution of surface supply owing to the construction of sewers and drains, by a demand on the part of owners of great industrial works for a supply free from all dangers of litigation and impurity, that it will be necessary to go farther in search of water, and to utilise, for the consumption of a very extensive area, the excessive rainfall of the Lake districts, which about Seathwaite averages 140 inches per annum. During the drought of last summer, the corporation of Liverpool experienced great difficulty in eking out their stores of water, and they may yet have to resort to the plan suggested some years since by my friend Mr. Rawlinson, who proposed to bring the waters of the Bala Lake to the banks of the Mersey. Recently, a very comprehensive scheme has been brought forward by Mr. Dale, the manager of the Hull waterworks, who proposes, at the modest cost of eight and a half millions sterling, to utilise the waters of Ullswater and Haweswater, leading them by a line of one hundred and fifty miles in length, supplying the following towns, daily, with 131,000,000 gallons, in these

proportions:—Liverpool, 40,000,000 gallons; Leeds, 15,000,000; Bradford, 10,000,000; Lancaster, 2,000,000; Preston, 8,000,000; Wigan, 4,000,000; Dewsbury, 3,000,000; Wakefield, 3,000,000; Bingley, 1,000,000; Kendal, 2,000,000; Bolton, 8,000,000; Blackburn, 6,000,000; Keighley, 2,000,000; Huddersfield, 4,000,000; Burnley, 4,000,000; Rochdale, 4,000,000; Halifax, 4,000,000; Colne, 1,000,000; Bury, 8,000,000; and St. Helens, 2,000,000. Whether this proposal will be carried into execution, I cannot venture to predict, but I am confident that economy of manufacture alone will induce a much greater storage of the northern rainfall.

It is here, however, in London, that the question is of paramount importance. The water supply of the metropolis is bad in quality, deficient in quantity, and faulty as to the sources from whence it is obtained. Nothing is more certain than that “progress” involves a large increase in the use of water. The quantity delivered in London rose from 44,383,332 gallons in 1856, to more than 108,000,000 gallons in the past year. One half of this supply is filched from the River Thames; not economised from the storm waters of rainy seasons, but drained from the sluggish stream in the thirsty summer, more largely even than during the impetuous floods of winter. This water is fouled by the sewage of many considerable populations scattered throughout the Thames basin, which includes 1,000,000 inhabitants above the point from which the lowest supply is obtained; it is further polluted by the surface drainage of many thousand acres of highly manured land, and by the incidents of an extensive traffic, including the corpses of innumerable dogs and cats, which, after death, are so noxiously avenged. And the same objections may be urged against so much of the remainder of the supply as is derived from the Lea and the Ravensbourne, in the east and south of London.

The Thames can ill afford to lose this quantity of water, which amounts to one-sixth of the dry-weather flow at Hampton; and now, less than ever, when the diversion of the sewage has prevented the restoration of this water in the locality where its outfall would affect the flow of the river. But that the Thames should bear a further abstraction is not to be tolerated, nor are there other sources of supply in the neighbourhood of the metropolis sufficient to meet the increasing demand. It is quite possible that legislation resulting from the now-pending inquiry of the Rivers Commission may prevent to a great extent the pollution of these and other rivers. We may yet see the Thames Embankment lined with anglers; but we must not expect that populous river basins will afford a supply of pure water, nor is it right upon sanitary or economic principles to take water for domestic consumption from the dry-weather stream of such rivers.

But I have said that the water supply of London is not only unsatisfactory in quantity, but also in quality. I will not refer to

the wells—many of which are fouled by directly poisonous contaminations, of which the Broad Street pump, of cholera notoriety, is a signally fatal example—but to the quality of the water furnished by the eight great companies which together pour in the daily drink of 108,000,000 gallons. In point of organic impurity, as expressed in analytical tables, the London water does not appear much inferior to that of the northern cities, but the organic impurity of the first is of a very different character to that of the organic impurity of the latter. Organic impurity is hurtful in proportion to its power of putrefaction, and the humous peaty matter which forms so large a portion of the organic impurity contained in the waters from the moors, upon the millstone grit and silurian formations, is comparatively harmless when contrasted with the matter which pollutes the river supplies of London. But it is in reference to the important quality of hardness that the whole of the London supply appears so inferior to the northern waters. The waters of Lake Bala, to which I have referred as a possible source of supply for Liverpool, contain but $0^{\circ}8$ of hardness, while the London water contains from 12° to 16° by the same test. It may be safely assumed that the presence of this quantity of lime in the metropolitan water involves the waste of not less than 3,000,000 lbs. of tea and 3,000,000 lbs. of soap every year; nor is it a high estimate to set the money loss thus involved at £525,000, a sum which, capitalised at 4 per cent., would represent £13,125,000. But this is only a part of the waste occasioned by the hardness of the London water. To this must be added the loss in coffee, in the preparation of chemicals for manufacturing purposes, the large item represented by wear and tear of clothes in washing, and other sums, which in positive loss would swell this total probably to £20,000,000 sterling.

I will leave to the readers of this paper the task of computing the sum which should be added for the sanitary advantage of a soft water supply. Once, to be sure, there did appear an advocate of hard water, on the ground that lime was necessary to renew the osseous framework of the body, but he retired abashed upon the suggestion that "bone" was rather a characteristic of the Scotch people, who are in general consumers of water containing but 1° or 2° of hardness.

Assuming, then, it is necessary that increased supply should be obtained for the metropolis, and that it is desirable the water should be as soft as can be procured, I will refer to the localities from whence this addition, or entirely new supply, could be obtained. It is the opinion of the best informed persons upon this question, that a large addition to the existing supply might be obtained from the chalk which underlies the metropolitan district, and from the Bagshot sands of Surrey. The first would, of course, be very hard, though if the lime were precipitated this evil would be to a great extent annihili-

lated. The latter would be decidedly soft water. But neither would of itself furnish a supply sufficient for the total demand of London, which is the prime necessity of any scheme proposing the largest measure of reform with the disuse of the existing works. The eight companies to which I have previously referred have an invested capital of about £7,000,000 sterling, with a gross annual revenue of about £700,000, and compose an obstacle of very formidable dimensions. But not insuperable, as appears from the scheme recently promulgated by W. J. F. Bateman, who proposes to supply London with 220,000,000 gallons a day from the sources of the Severn, comprising two drainage areas, each of about 66,000 acres in extent: one of which "is situated a little to the east of the range of mountains of which Cader Idris and Aran Mowddu are the highest summits, respectively of 2,914 and 2,979 feet in height, and forms the drainage ground of the rivers Banw and Vyrnwy, which join the Severn about halfway betwixt Welshpool and Shrewsbury. The other district is situated immediately to the east of Plynlimmon, 2,500 feet in height, and forms the drainage ground of the upper portion of the river Severn proper. The discharge pipes of the lowest reservoir in each of these districts will be placed at an elevation of about 450 feet above the level of Trinity high-water mark."

The idea is not novel, but the details are original, and appear to be thoroughly satisfactory. The water would be of a far better quality, containing only 1°·6 of hardness, than can be obtained from any nearer locality; indeed, these high mountain lands are the natural waterworks of a country. Mr. Bateman proposes in these districts to construct four reservoirs, containing an aggregate storage capacity of 4,991,000,000 cubic feet, the embankments in no case to exceed 80 feet in height. By aqueducts of 19 and 21½ miles in length respectively, the waters of the two districts would unite a little to the N.E. of Montgomery, and from thence by a common aqueduct of 152 miles in length, open or tunnelled, according to the level of the intervening country, be conducted to high land near Stanmore, from which point the water could be supplied to the metropolis from service reservoirs, "at high pressure, and under the constant supply system."

At present the waters of these districts, estimated at 130,000,000 gallons per day, would be sufficient; and the necessary works, including the long aqueduct, of such dimensions as would conduct the full supply when it was needed, and the cost of connecting new piping with the existing systems, W. Bateman estimates at £8,600,000, the total estimate for a supply of 220,000,000 gallons per day being £10,850,000. But there are the vested rights to be dealt with, and the engineer estimates "the gross cost, after capitalising the present dividends and interest of the existing companies, if they are to be purchased, viz., £450,000 per annum, at twenty-five years' purchase,

will be £19,850,000 for the first instalment of 130,000,000 gallons per day (exclusive of any of the New River supplies, which may still be retained), or £165,416 per million; when the full quantity from North Wales is introduced, viz., 220,000,000 gallons per day, the total cost will be £22,100,000, or £100,454 per million gallons per day."

I do not see anything in this scheme which should alarm our civic economists, although it will probably be some time before they rise to the full appreciation of the benefits to be derived from it. The cost would amount to about one year's rateable value of the property within the district receiving the supply, and I can say that the proportion of such an outlay has not been suffered to withstand improvement in many northern towns, which to this extent have availed themselves of the provisions of the Public Works Acts, at a time when a cruel depression of trade had seriously influenced their municipal treasuries.

In a sanitary point of view the question of water supply eminently demands attention, as it relates to the small scattered towns and villages, hundreds of which have no regular supply whatever, and are dependent upon ditch-water, or well-water, which is in many cases very impure. I have heard of 117 people waiting around one pump; of poor women rising in the early morning, three hours before working time, and walking more than a mile in order to be first at the tiny stream upon which their village was dependent for water. There are many rural districts, too, where the poor are drinking dung-discoloured water; many, where the supply is drawn from old wells, the mouths of which, trodden to a funnel shape, mix the washings of the surface with their contents. In very many towns which have a supply, the poorer classes are obliged to fetch their water from stand-pipes—a mode of distribution not only wasteful to a very serious extent, but involving continuous and unnecessary labour on the part of working people, when, by a proper application of machinery, 30,000 pailsful could be lifted to their housetops for a shilling. This is a state of things which is a disgrace to the country, and more especially to the great landowners upon whom rests, in the first place, the duty of providing a supply of water for the populations congregated upon their estates.

At a recent meeting of the Society of Arts, a paper was read upon the subject of "water supply, especially to small towns and villages in rural districts," by Mr. Bailey Denton, in which he recommended the storage of agricultural drainage water in small reservoirs, and assuming the population of a village to be 400, requiring 10 gallons each per day, he estimated that it would be necessary to store 120 days' supply, or 480,000 gallons, the reservoir containing 720,000, to allow for evaporation and waste, and covering $\frac{4}{15}$ ths of an acre with

a depth of $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet. The cost of this work was set by Mr. Denton at £415.

It is impossible not to feel grateful to him for calling attention to the real suffering which a very large proportion of the population are enduring, owing to the want of a proper supply of water. But I cannot convince myself that the ills they endure are much more grievous than would be the wholesale execution of a system of small works of this description. The fact is, that the reform must be made, each place for itself, in the manner and under conditions which the locality suggests. As Resident Government Inspector of the Lancashire Public Works, I have seen a small township construct very efficient water works for £450, which were in operation during last summer, and held a good supply during the unusual drought. But this is quite an exceptional case. The construction of a number of small, shallow, and exposed ponds throughout the rural districts, is an undertaking which cannot be recommended on sanitary or economical grounds. There are many cases where such reservoirs may be constructed with great advantage; but the reform cannot be carried out upon a system which ignores the capacity or incapacity of separate districts. It might be thought desirable that the funds should be borrowed from one common source; but there can be no common treatment in the design of the required works, which, both to secure greater purity of the water and economy of cost, should be made as large as possible, feeding the widest area which could be supplied from one centre.

To the proposal to collect the water from land-drainage for domestic consumption, there are few objections to be made. As a rule, this water would be considerably softer than that to be obtained by pumping from the under-lying strata. There are good grounds for believing that the habitual use of water drawn from the chalk formation tends to impair the digestive organs, and predisposes to calculous disease. It is said, too, that the presence of carbonate of lime in water is a frequent cause of sore throat, and is invariably found where goitre is a common affliction. But this objection applies principally to the chalk beds, and there are many water-holding strata throughout the agricultural districts to which it is not applicable. Of the water which is carried off by land drains, it is true that sometimes but a small portion comes directly from the surface of the soil. The drain marks the level of saturation of the strata in which it rests; but during the season in which these small reservoirs were filling, the soil below the drains would be saturated, and in that case, the water carried off by them would come directly from the surface. This season is also concurrent with the time of manuring, and if it be possible for the taint of the manure to remain in the water after percolating to the drains, the outfall would certainly be impure.

On this point the General Board of Health took evidence, some years since, at the suggestion of the late Lord Carlisle. Among other witnesses, they examined Mr. Smith of Deanston, who, in reference to land-drainage, holds the place which Adam Smith does in political economy. Mr. Smith said, "The water flowing from drains is generally very limpid and pure, although at times, when much manure has been put upon the land, it is impregnated to a considerable degree with soluble matter and sometimes colouring." But unquestionably, the water issuing from drains four feet deep, especially from land under grass, is generally very soft, and of good quality; and if the main drains were carefully led away, so as to avoid contact with any of the washings from the surface of the cultivated lands, a valuable supply of water might thus be gained. Yet in place of constructing one small reservoir for each village, in which it might be very difficult, if not impossible, to preserve the purity of the water, it would, when practicable, be far more economical and serviceable to construct one or more for each watershed. By such aggregation the quality of the water will be improved, and its cost lessened. If the works could be constructed for a population of 400 persons, at a cost of £415, they would obtain a supply of 480,000 gallons for this sum. This is Mr. Denton's proposal. But the Manchester Corporation are enabled to sell this quantity at a considerable profit, and at a distance of twenty miles from the reservoirs, for an annual charge of £6; while if a pumping system is considered desirable, not less than 80,000 gallons may be lifted upwards of fifty feet at a cost of one shilling!

I have only made these remarks in order to prove that in this, as in every other undertaking, there are great advantages in association. The provision of a pure and sufficient supply of water, especially in the rural districts, has been very much neglected; and if regard is to be had to the health of the people, it is a matter which presses for immediate attention. The want is felt mainly among populations too small to possess any local authority empowered to execute such works; and in the endeavour to remedy a state of things which must be characterised as disgraceful, it may be found desirable to give to Boards of Guardians the necessary power to execute these works.

R. ARTHUR ARNOLD.

UNDERGROUND PERILS.

If the Apostle Paul had lived some centuries later on, he might have had occasion to add to the list of perils which he underwent those underground dangers to which so large a portion of our population are subject, and of which the Report of the Inspectors of coal mines forms the instructive, though ominous, death-roll.

People sitting before their cheerful Christmas fire have very feeble notions of the difficulty and risk that every nub of coal represents. They have a generally vague impression of the gloomy interior of a coal pit, that rises to a certain degree of intensity when any particular tragedy on a large scale is unfortunately enacted, such as those at the Hartley or the Risca collieries; but except on such occasions as these they have but little idea of the daily and hourly danger incurred by those whose province it is to procure that most essential article for carrying on British commerce and supplying warmth to the British population. The Reports, albeit they are blue books, deserve to be studied attentively by every intelligent person; for though we are not all colliery proprietors or coal merchants, we are all indirectly interested in the coal question; and even as a matter of humanity we cannot help feeling a certain amount of sympathy with the lives and fortunes of 307,000 of our fellow-countrymen,—that being, according to the Report, about the number of coalminers employed during the past year. And when we come to consider that, even after years of diligent and stringent government supervision, when every possible rule has been made for the protection of life, founded upon the most scientific investigations, for every 109,000 tons of coal brought to the light of day, one life is lost, what must have been the hecatombs annually sacrificed underground in the days when it was nobody's business to look after the safety of the collier, when he was nothing but a wretched troglodyte, unknown and unnoticed save by those whose policy it was to get as much as they could out of him. It really is a terrible thing to think that every 109,000 tons demands a life, and that during the year 1864 for every 354 persons employed one was struck down, and it fully justifies the pressure put on coalmasters to prevent by every possible means such a lamentable state of things.

It will always happen, however, that whatever rules are made, whatever improvements effected, they will be frequently rendered nugatory by the stupidity and carelessness of those for whose protection they were adopted, and it is surprising what a large proportion of accidents is due to this cause. Some of them read almost

like acts of suicide ; the worst of it being that the one who is to blame is seldom the only victim, but that others are generally included in the fatal results.

It might be expected that the more recently a coal district has been worked, the smaller per-centage would there be of accidents or deaths, owing to the increased appliances and better working arrangements of the newer collieries, as compared with those which have been at work for some time. But this rule does not hold good. For instance, West Scotland—which comprises the Lanarkshire and Ayrshire districts, one of the oldest coal-producing localities that we have—is far more free from accident than South Wales, which is more recently developed than any other ; and even Northumberland ranks above the latter in immunity of life. For whereas South Wales, raising (in round numbers) 6,900,000 tons, has one man killed for every 277 colliers working, and for every 66,000 tons of coal raised ; East Scotland, raising very little less coal, has only one man killed for every 622 colliers, and every 188,000 tons brought to the surface. Northumberland, which produces more than 10,000,000 of tons, loses only one man for every 147,000 tons ; and yet the Newcastle coal-field has been in working order centuries before South Wales was thought of.

One great reason for this unpleasant superiority of South Wales in adding to the death-roll, is the fiery nature of the coals, especially in the Merthyr and Aberdare seams ; on account of which it often happens that, when an explosion does occur, it is the means of destroying a great number of men at the same time.

Of all the districts, that of West Lancashire and North Wales are the most destructive in the proportion of deaths to the number of colliers working, being 1 to every 221 ; while South Wales has most deaths in proportion to the number of tons of coal raised, being 1 to every 66,000. Yorkshire heads the list in freedom from accident, although it will be seen, in referring to the list, that the number of colliers employed in each district does not always bear the same relation to the number of tons of coal raised. Thus, Northumberland and North Durham employ 24,400 men, and yield more than 10,000,000 tons ; whereas the next to it, South Wales, employs 29,000, and yields not quite 7,000,000 tons. This may be accounted for in two or three ways ; it partly depends on the geological formation of the country, the character of the seams, and so on. The collieries in Northumberland are only 165 in number, against 332 in South Wales ; but, on the other hand, they are infinitely larger in staff and *matériel*, some of them forming perfect colonies of themselves, and very few being as small as most of the establishments in South Wales. The latter district, too, is of a very extensive area, and the pits are much scattered ; whereas, in the former, which is much less extensive in

acreage, every square yard is made available for mining purposes, although the separate collieries are fewer in number.

In South Staffordshire it appears that there are no less than 540 collieries, which nevertheless do not employ so many men as South Wales does with 200 less pits; and this arises from the thickness of the seams, the extreme value of the ground, and the consequent crowding together of numbers of collieries into a very small compass—as indeed must be evident to any traveller by railway through the Black Country.

Let us now glance at the various forms in which death usually appears to the collier, as tabulated by the Inspectors' Reports. Perhaps the one best known to the public, and certainly the most dreaded by those liable to it, on account of the wholesale slaughter so frequently involved, is that of explosion; from which cause we see that 257 perished in the years 1863-4. It is scarcely fair to estimate any one district as regarding explosion by any one year, as, from some fatality or mischance, a coalfield that is usually tolerably free from this misfortune, may all of a sudden be the scene of a widespread catastrophe, which numbers its victims by hundreds. Yet, as a general rule, the character of the coal-seams may be ascertained by consulting the black list; since, let what will be done, it is impossible always to control the fiery element so as to prevent its stamping in burning letters a certain individuality on the district. Against this, however, it may be said that the more fiery a coal is known to be, the greater care is taken to guard against danger.

As many of my readers probably know, an explosion of fire-damp arises from the presence of carbureted hydrogen in such a quantity in the air of the pit that it becomes explosive when a light is introduced. Nor is the danger over when this crisis happens; for one of the results of the explosion is to generate an enormous quantity of carbonic acid, indifferently called after-damp, choke-damp, or black-damp, which surely suffocates those whom the scorching flame has spared, unless they have been fortunate enough to reach purer air. When such a frightful calamity as this overtakes a pit, it may easily be conceived what numbers are swept off at one blow; and how hopeless it is, generally speaking, for any one to escape who comes within the radius of its influence. Nearly all our most fatal colliery accidents have happened from this cause.

No one who has not lived in a colliery district can have the slightest conception of the dreadful panic and terror that seizes on all concerned at the very suspicion of an explosion; although it has happened, in extensive mines, that one section of colliers working in a far off place was unaware of the sad havoc going on in another part. Above ground, the excitement is intense; at the first intimation that there is anything wrong, too often heralded by a dull deep

boom issuing from the pit's mouth, hundreds of those residing near, principally women and children, rush to the scene of action, each bewailing the possible loss of a parent, husband, or child. For a brief period men's wits seem to have deserted them; but that soon ceases, and with the pluck and presence of mind that characterises the true Englishman in time of danger, a cordon is soon established round the pit's mouth, and the thronging crowd kept off; the doctors hastily appear with the necessary appliances for restoring suspended animation; the viewers and managers of neighbouring collieries hurriedly consult on the safest mode of proceeding, and an apparatus is soon rigged up for the purpose of descent, if, as often happens, the usual machinery is injured. Then a brave band of men, disregarding ought but the fact that their fellow-men are dying or dead underground, cautiously descend, the first great object being to restore some degree of ventilation to the workings, in order that the earliest possible exploration may be carried out in safety. While some are effecting this object, others are proceeding carefully amidst the almost overpowering gases, to the locality where it is known that the colliers were at work; and soon they come upon the horrible traces—men, who have flown with the wings of fear towards the shaft in the hopes of escaping from the demon behind, but who having been overtaken, lie either gasping for breath, or senseless. As they approach the scene of the explosion, the horrors assume a different aspect. Here the victims lie in every possible attitude, scorched, blackened, mangled, and unrecognisable, even by the fond relations waiting at the pit's mouth.

I know nothing more solemn and distressing than to form one of that crowd, as soon as it is known that the first ghastly cargo has started from the bottom. As the chain winds slower and slower, every head cranes forward with horrible dread, to see what the next turn of the wheel will reveal. Up comes the cage, with, may be, a couple of dead bodies in charge of the living, when there is one eager look, and straightway some wretched wife or mother rushes forward, shrieking and wailing to see the hope and stay of the family, who, only a few hours before, left the home in health and spirits, now brought up a corpse. The whole scene, when the explosion has been of any great extent, is enough to haunt one to one's dying day;—the never-ending stream of bodies carried to their homes, the rows and rows of coffins, and lastly the funerals with their thousands of mourners, stamp such an occurrence with an indescribable gloom and horror. And to think that all this death and destruction has possibly arisen from the carelessness of one man, who, may be, has gone into a place into which he had no business to go, or who has lighted his pipe in defiance of rules.

One would have thought that the very knowledge that there was

gas in any particular place would be sufficient to deter a workman from going there with naked light, *i.e.* without a safety lamp, even were there no special rule to prevent his doing so ; but the reports show a number of cases in which this has happened, the transgressors not being boys or strangers to the underground arrangements, but old, experienced men, and in one case, the owner of the pit himself, who was engaged in surveying, and who was perfectly well aware of the dangerous locality. By another rule no collier is allowed to have a safety lamp unless it is locked, the key being in the hands of a proper officer, whose place it is to see to them ; but it unfortunately happens that the overt act of picking the lock, to get a light for the pipe, is only too easy and too common. When discovered, the offence is severely punished ; but it is too usual an occurrence for the punishment to come in a terrible and sudden form, and carry off the culprit in a single second beyond the reach of any earthly tribunal. In pits where the fire-damp is at a minimum, and where the ventilation is very good, it is at the discretion of the manager to allow the men to work with naked lights, as is often done in some of the bituminous pits of South Wales. Even then the presence of the gas may easily be tested by applying a light to the roof, when a sheet of pale tinted flame instantly runs along, as if warning one that the playing with such edged tools must not be carried too far.

A very common occurrence in firing pits is the presence of "blowers," by which is meant a cavity in the coal that has served as a receptacle for all the gas around it, which, of course, is instantly liberated by the stroke of the pick, doing more or less damage according to the size of the hollow. The same thing is occasionally repeated on a much larger scale by the chance breaking in upon old workings which have been closed up for years, and upon the walls of which a too incautious approach has been made either from carelessness or a misapprehension as to the proximity of the dangerous locality. Such a mistake is most terrible and fatal in its consequences ; for sometimes water, and sometimes gas, is evolved in such prodigious quantities that destruction infallibly overtakes everybody working in that quarter. Is there no guarantee against this hidden danger, and can no protection be devised for those who are thus daily working over a barrel of gunpowder ? The only protection is summed up in one word, "Ventilation ;" and, thanks to the mining schools, the physics of ventilation are pretty well understood. As Mr. Brough well says in his report for Monmouthshire :—

"There are no secrets in ventilation. Furnace power in excess, so that less or more wind may be had as required, and when wanted ; great sectional area wherever air travels underground, splitting it judiciously ; abundant supervision and complete discipline,—these are the simple methods by which approximate

safety may be arrived at and relied on. It matters but little which may be the prevailing danger, fire-damp or black-damp; thorough searching ventilation, never neglected, will sweep both or either harmlessly and speedily away."

Of course, it is not to be expected that so much ventilation can ever be applied as to render every portion of the workings safe at all times and seasons. We have seen that it is the practice to wall off disused workings, in order that no one might venture in; and it is the duty of the firemen thoroughly to inspect every stall and leading morning and evening, so that no workman is allowed to enter any place where gas is reported to exist, until it has been the subject of special attention. The air of some pits, however, is always at a point at which explosion is more or less liable to occur. *Apròpos* of which, Mr. Evans, in his Derbyshire report, strongly shows the care which should be taken under these circumstances, and debates upon

"The impropriety and danger of continuing to work even with a safety lamp in an explosive mixture. The feeling among some is, that when gas is discovered and men are furnished with safety lamps, all is done that is necessary, and that it is safe to continue to work with a lamp, which in fact means nothing more or less than substituting these instruments in lieu of ventilation,—a practice most dangerous to life and property, and one too common in Nottinghamshire."

North Staffordshire heads the list from deaths by explosion during the year 1864, with a total of 22, being exactly double the number of the year previous.

The fluctuations, however, are better exemplified in the case of the South Wales basin, which, in the last year, only lost 6 men from this cause, but in 1863, 66. This enormous increase was mainly owing to the terrible explosion at the Morfa Pit, near Neath, which was generally looked upon as the best conducted and ventilated colliery in the district. Nevertheless, at a moment's notice, 39 were sacrificed; and it may be mentioned as an instance of the destructive force, that although the accident happened in the early part of October, the last body was not discovered till the end of November, owing to the blowing away of all the timbers that supported the roof, and the consequent choking up of the works. The number of deaths from explosion in this single district, which does not include Monmouthshire, during the last nine years, has been over 1,100!

But notwithstanding this formidable array of figures, death by explosion is not the most common form that occurs. The greatest number of casualties arise from falls of the roof or of the coal itself, and 400 deaths are attributed to this cause in 1864, South Wales again taking the lead with an obituary of 67, closely followed by South Staffordshire with 51, and West Lancashire with 43.

This excess of death in some localities is due to the fact that the roof or strata that lie immediately over the coal seams is shaky and liable to come down in masses, whereas the roof of other coals is hard

and rocky. The protection against this kind of accident is very simple, and consists of a sufficient supply of timber to prop up the roof as the excavation of the coal goes on. Pit-wood, however, is an expensive article, and there is too often a short supply at the colliery, so that workmen, rather than leave off their occupation, will venture on in a sort of happy recklessness as to whether the roof will hold or not; indeed, it is not uncommon for the men to neglect applying for timber rather than give themselves the trouble to go and look for the officer whose place it is to supply it, until at last the trembling mass gives way and comes down upon the unhappy collier, who, if he is fortunate enough to escape death, seldom comes off without a broken leg or thigh. The large totals of deaths from falls—viz., 395 in 1864, and 407 in 1863—lead one to think that much greater carefulness should be bestowed on this point, and particularly during the removal of timber from abandoned workings. Mr. Atkinson, in his South Durham report, calls special attention to the great danger incurred, and particularly by the deputy overmen, whose duty it is to perform this removal. Next to accidents by falls underground, come those connected with the shafts or machinery, a prevalent source of evil, by which 184 persons lost their lives. And yet there is no portion of a colliery that is in general so thoroughly well managed and so provided with the newest appliances as that affecting the winding gear; but, on the other hand, there are so many things to be guarded against, and so many little points liable to get disarranged, that we cannot wonder that so many fatalities are included under this head. The simple accident of tumbling down the shaft by misadventure is not uncommon; and a very singular variety occurred in South Staffordshire by which six men were killed. A horse was being bridled by the ostler in the stable near the pit's mouth, when it got restive, knocked the latter down, and bolted out of the building. Unfortunately it made directly for the shaft, down which it tumbled, falling upon the six men who were descending at the time. Of course both men and horse were all precipitated to the bottom in a heap.

This would have been prevented if the safety wicket which is now adopted in all good collieries had been placed to fence the shaft round. A similar accident sometimes happens from men who are descending, and have to stop midway to enter a particular working or gallery, mistaking their landing place, and stepping off under the impression that their journey is ended, instead of which, poor fellows, they find that they have undertaken one with a more speedy and terrible termination. Death sometimes arises from things falling on the colliers as they are descending, such as pebbles or a clod of earth from the side of the shaft; and it is surprising to find what a very small stone will kill a man when it tumbles from a great height. Prevention, however, is easily attained by fixing to the top of the

cage an iron roof of no great thickness or weight, called a bonnet, which under ordinary circumstances is calculated to resist the blow. Cases, however, have been known where even the bonnet has been penetrated. The safest and most radical protection can only be attained by having the shaft of a pit securely bricked or walled throughout the whole depth, so as to form a perfectly smooth face and do away with all irregularities of surface. Many large pits have had this improvement carried out at an enormous expense, and no pit shaft is ever sunk now without walling being considered a *sine qua non*. Some of the Somersetshire collieries are very defective in the formation of their shafts, being remarkably uneven and jagged from top to bottom, and not more than four and a half feet in diameter, which seriously tells on the amount of air which can be admitted for ventilation. When a pit is so bad in this respect as to require a peculiarly constructed machine to travel up and down it, we can easily fancy the constant danger to which the travellers are exposed. Yet this is the case in a colliery in Gloucestershire, where a machine called a "man-hudge" is used, and where, partly in consequence of the state of the shaft, six men lost their lives. They had to get out a little before they arrived at the bottom, where there was a certain amount of standage water, technically called the "sumph." By means of some inaccuracy of the signals, the men were lowered into the water, and although the engineer found out his mistake in about half a dozen seconds—viz., that the machine had been lowered too much—it was not rectified in time to prevent its occupants from all stepping off into the water and being drowned. An accident equally fatal with that of being lowered too far sometimes occurs, viz., that of being lifted too high, generally arising from the engine that controls the winding gear running wild, and being unable to be stopped in time. Near Dudley, four boys were ascending a pit shaft about sixty yards deep, when it appeared that an iron key belonging to part of the engine machinery had slipped out of its place, so the engineer lost his control over it, and the lads were drawn up over the pulley and of course killed. For those who are not familiar with the outside appearance of a coalpit it may be explained that the winding chain is connected with the engine by means of pulleys, or "sheaves," placed on a framework about twenty feet above the mouth of the pit. It will be obvious therefore how little escape there could be for anybody brought over these revolving wheels with such force.

Death from the snapping of the winding-chain is not an unfrequent occurrence, although not so common as of yore, owing to the substitution of flat wire ropes instead of the chains that formerly were in universal use. Nevertheless, wire ropes, although infinitely superior, will snap sometimes, more especially if subject to the vapour and

steam of an upcast shaft—i.e. a shaft at the bottom of which there is a furnace for the purpose of ventilating the galleries.

I have already alluded to the danger of too closely approaching old and disused workings, from the risk of tapping the walls and letting out the accumulated gas, or, may be, water. From this latter eight colliers lost their lives at Mold, in Flintshire, owing to a misunderstanding on the part of the surveyors of the mine. A very common thing in coal strata is the presence of a "fault," or intrusion of some rock of various thickness, which may, and generally does, have the effect of severing the continuity of the coal-beds, and of altering their position, causing them to disappear for a time, and to reappear at a higher or lower level, according as the fault is an upthrow or a downthrow. Generally speaking, faults are held in abhorrence by the colliery proprietor, as, unless they are known to exist and are expected, they, to say the least of it, cause a temporary check to the working of the coal, together with a certain amount of doubt as to where the latter may turn up again. Faults, however, have their advantages sometimes; and amongst others, that of serving as a natural barrier to hold back those accumulations of water which exist in every underground working. Now, it appears that in the case of this accident at Mold it was certain that a quantity of water existed in the old working; but it was also known that there were two faults, which in the natural course of things would have been amply sufficient to have kept it back; and so it would, had not unfortunately one fault been cut through, and explorations carried very much beyond it, until the working plans were within a yard or two of the walls of the "goaf," as an old working is professionally called; and so a vast torrent of water burst in, and the eight men were drowned. I have not yet exhausted the black catalogue of accidents underground, but have, I think, shown sufficient to enlist some sympathy with the daily life and risk of our black-diamond hewers, who, what with fire and water, carelessness and recklessness, follow the most dangerous occupation of any class of labourers, except perhaps those who work in gunpowder mills. The great question, after all, is—what good has the present system of Government inspection done, or has it done any good? Undoubtedly it has, as is evidenced by the reports of the Inspectors themselves, and by what is far more to the point, a diminishing death-rate.

PHILLIPS BEVAN.

ON THE ADVISABLENESS OF IMPROVING NATURAL KNOWLEDGE.

A LAY SERMON, DELIVERED AT ST. MARTIN'S HALL, ON SUNDAY, JAN. 7TH, 1866.

THIS time two hundred years ago—in the beginning of January, 1666—those of our forefathers who inhabited this great and ancient city, took breath between the shocks of two fearful calamities, one not quite past, although its fury had abated; the other to come.

Within a few yards of the very spot in which we are assembled, so the tradition runs, that painful and deadly malady, the plague, appeared in the latter months of 1664; and, though no new visitor, smote the people of England, and especially of her capital, with a violence unknown before, in the course of the following year. The hand of a master has pictured what happened in those dismal months; and in that truest of fictions, "The History of the Plague Year," Defoe shows death, with every accompaniment of pain and terror, stalking through the narrow streets of old London, and changing their busy hum into a silence broken only by the wailing of the mourners of fifty thousand dead; by the woeful denunciations and mad prayers of fanatics; and by the madder yells of despairing profligates.

But, about this time in 1666, the death rate had sunk to nearly its ordinary amount; a case of plague occurred only here and there, and the richer citizens who had flown from the pest had returned to their dwellings. The remnant of the people began to toil at the accustomed round of duty, or of pleasure; and the stream of city life bid fair to flow back along its old bed, with renewed and uninterrupted vigour.

The newly kindled hope was deceitful. The great plague, indeed, returned no more; but what it had done for the Londoners, the great fire, which broke out in the autumn of 1666, did for London; and, in September of that year, a heap of ashes and the indestructible energy of the people were all that remained of the glory of five-sixths of the city within the walls.

Our forefathers had their own ways of accounting for each of these calamities. They submitted to the plague in humility and in penitence, for they believed it to be the judgment of God. But, towards the fire they were furiously indignant, interpreting it as the effect of the malice of man,—as the work of the Republicans, or of the Papists, according as their prepossessions ran in favour of loyalty or of Puritanism.

It would, I fancy, have fared but ill with one who, standing where I

now stand, in what was then a thickly peopled and fashionable part of London, should have broached to our ancestors the doctrine which I now propound to you—that all their hypotheses were alike wrong; that the plague was no more, in their sense, a Divine judgment, than the fire was the work of any political, or of any religious, sect; but that they were themselves the authors of both plague and fire, and that they must look to themselves to prevent the recurrence of calamities, to all appearance so peculiarly beyond the reach of human control—so evidently the result of the wrath of God, or of the craft and subtlety of an enemy.

And one may picture to oneself how harmoniously the holy cursing of the Puritan of that day would have chimed in with the unholy cursing and crackling wit of the Rochesters and Sedleys, and with the revilings of the political fanatics, if my imaginary plain dealer had gone on to say that, if the return of such misfortunes were ever rendered impossible, it would not be in virtue of the victory of the faith of Laud, or of that of Milton; and, as little, by the triumph of republicanism, as by that of monarchy. But that the one thing needful for compassing this end was, that the people of England should second the efforts of an insignificant corporation, the establishment of which, a few years before the epoch of the great plague and the great fire, had been as little noticed, as they were conspicuous.

Some twenty years before the outbreak of the plague a few calm and thoughtful students banded themselves together for the purpose, as they phrased it, of “improving natural knowledge.” The ends they proposed to attain cannot be stated more clearly than in the words of one of the founders of the organisation:—

“Our business was (precluding matters of theology and state affairs) to discourse and consider of philosophical enquiries, and such as related thereunto:—as Physick, Anatomy, Geometry, Astronomy, Navigation, Staticks, Magneticks, Chymicks, Mechanicks, and Natural Experiments; with the state of these studies and their cultivation at home and abroad. We then discoursed of the circulation of the blood, the valves in the veins, the *venæ lacteæ*, the lymphatic vessels, the Copernican hypothesis, the nature of comets and new stars, the satellites of Jupiter, the oval shape (as it then appeared) of Saturn, the spots on the sun and its turning on its own axis, the inequalities and selenography of the moon, the several phases of Venus and Mercury, the improvement of telescopes and grinding of glasses for that purpose, the weight of air, the possibility or impossibility of vacuities and nature’s abhorrence thereof, the Torricellian experiment in quicksilver, the descent of heavy bodies and the degrees of acceleration therein, with divers other things of like nature, some of which

were then but new discoveries, and others not so generally known and embraced as now they are ; with other things appertaining to what hath been called the New Philosophy, which, from the times of Galileo at Florence, and Sir Francis Bacon (Lord Verulam) in England, hath been much cultivated in Italy, France, Germany, and other parts abroad, as well as with us in England."

The learned Dr. Wallis, writing in 1696, narrates, in these words, what happened half a century before, or about 1645. The associates met at Oxford, in the rooms of Dr. Wilkins, who was destined to become a bishop ; and subsequently coming together in London, they attracted the notice of the king. And it is a strange evidence of the taste for knowledge which the most obviously worthless of the Stuarts shared with his father and grandfather, that Charles the Second was not content with saying witty things about his philosophers, but did wise things in regard to them. For he not only bestowed upon them such attention as he could spare from his poodles and his mistresses, but, being in his usual state of impecuniosity, begged for them of the Duke of Ormond ; and, that step being without effect, gave them Chelsea College, a charter, and a mace : crowning his favours in the best way they could be crowned, by burdening them no further with royal patronage or state interference.

Thus it was that the half-dozen young men, studious of the "New Philosophy," who met in one another's lodgings in Oxford or in London, in the middle of the seventeenth century, grew in numerical and in real strength, until, in its latter part, the "Royal Society for the Improvement of Natural Knowledge" had already become famous, and had acquired a claim upon the veneration of Englishmen, which it has ever since retained, as the principal focus of scientific activity in our islands, and the chief champion of the cause it was formed to support.

It was by the aid of the Royal Society that Newton published his "Principia." If all the books in the world, except the Philosophical Transactions, were destroyed, it is safe to say that the foundations of physical science would remain unshaken, and that the vast intellectual progress of the last two centuries would be largely, though incompletely, recorded. Nor have any signs of halting or of decrepitude manifested themselves in our own times. As in Dr. Wallis's days, so in these, "our business is, precluding theology and state affairs, to discourse and consider of philosophical enquiries." But our "Mathematick" is one which Newton would have to go to school to learn ; our "Statics, Mechanics, Magneticks, Chymicks, and Natural Experiments" constitute a mass of physical and chemical knowledge, a glimpse at which would compensate Galileo for the doings of a score of inquisitorial cardinals ; our "Physick" and

"Anatomy" have embraced such infinite varieties of being, have laid open such new worlds in time and space, have grappled, not unsuccessfully, with such complex problems, that the eyes of Vesalius and of Harvey might be dazzled by the sight of the tree that has grown out of their grain of mustard seed.

The fact is perhaps rather too much, than too little, forced upon one's notice, now-a-days, that all this marvellous intellectual growth has a no less wonderful expression in practical life; and that, in this respect, if in no other, the movement symbolised by the progress of the Royal Society stands without a parallel in the history of mankind.

A series of volumes as bulky as the Transactions of the Royal Society might possibly be filled with the subtle speculations of the schoolmen; not improbably, the obtaining a mastery over the products of mediæval thought might necessitate an even greater expenditure of time and of energy than the acquirement of the "New Philosophy;" but though such work engrossed the best intellects of Europe for a longer time than has elapsed since the great fire, its effects were "writ in water," so far as our social state is concerned.

On the other hand, if the noble first President of the Royal Society could revisit the upper air and once more gladden his eyes with a sight of the familiar mace, he would find himself in the midst of a material civilisation more different from that of his day, than that of the seventeenth, was from that of the first, century. And if Lord Brouncker's native sagacity had not deserted his ghost, he would need no long reflection to discover that all these great ships, these railways, these telegraphs, these factories, these printing presses, without which the whole fabric of modern English society would collapse into a mass of stagnant and starving pauperism,—that all these pillars of our State are but the ripples and the bubbles upon the surface of that great spiritual stream, the springs of which, only, he and his fellows were privileged to see; and seeing, to recognise as that which it behoved them above all things to keep pure and undefiled.

It may not be too great a flight of imagination to conceive our noble *retenant* not forgetful of the great troubles of his own day, and anxious to know how often London had been burned down since his time, and how often the plague had carried off its thousands. He would have to learn that, although London contains tenfold the inflammable matter that it did in 1666; though, not content with filling our rooms with woodwork and light draperies, we must needs lead inflammable and explosive gases into every corner of our streets and houses, we never allow even a street to burn down. And

if he asked how this had come about, we should have to explain that the improvement of natural knowledge has furnished us with dozens of machines for throwing water upon fires, any one of which would have furnished the ingenious Mr. Hooke, the first "curator and experimenter" of the Royal Society, with ample materials for discourse before half a dozen meetings of that body; and that, to say truth, except for the progress of natural knowledge, we should not have been able to make even the tools by which these machines are constructed. And, further, it would be necessary to add, that although severe fires sometimes occur and inflict great damage, the loss is very generally compensated by societies, the operations of which have been rendered possible only by the progress of natural knowledge in the direction of mathematics, and the accumulation of wealth in virtue of other natural knowledge.

But the plague? My Lord Brouncker's observation would not, I fear, lead him to think that Englishmen of the nineteenth century are purer in life, or more fervent in religious faith, than the generation which could produce a Boyle, an Evelyn, and a Milton. He might find the mud of society at the bottom, instead of at the top, but I fear that the sum total would be as deserving of swift judgment as at the time of the Restoration. And it would be our duty to explain once more, and this time not without shame, that we have no reason to believe that it is the improvement of our faith, nor that of our morals, which keeps the plague from our city; but, again, that it is the improvement of our natural knowledge.

We have learned that pestilences will only take up their abode among those who have prepared unswept and ungarnished residences for them. Their cities must have narrow, unwatered streets, foul with accumulated garbage. Their houses must be ill-drained, ill-lighted, ill-ventilated. Their subjects must be ill-washed, ill-fed, ill-clothed. The London of 1665 was such a city. The cities of the East, where plague has an enduring dwelling, are such cities. We, in later times, have learned somewhat of nature, and partly obey her. Because of this partial improvement of our natural knowledge and of that fractional obedience, we have no plague; because that knowledge is still very imperfect and that obedience yet incomplete, typhus is our companion and cholera our visitor; But it is not presumptuous to express the belief that, when our knowledge is more complete and our obedience the expression of our knowledge, London will count her centuries of freedom from typhus and cholera, as she now gratefully reckons her two hundred years of ignorance of that plague, which swooped upon her thrice in the first half of the seventeenth century.

Surely, there is nothing in these explanations which is not fully borne out by the facts? Surely, the principles involved in them are

now admitted among the fixed beliefs of all thinking men? Surely, it is true that our countrymen are less subject to fire, famine, pestilence, and all the evils which result from a want of command over and due anticipation of the course of nature, than were the countrymen of Milton; and health, wealth, and well-being are more abundant with us than with them? But no less certainly is the difference due to the improvement of our knowledge of nature, and the extent to which that improved knowledge has been incorporated with the household words of men, and has supplied the springs of their daily actions.

Granting for a moment, then, the truth of that which the depreciators of natural knowledge are so fond of urging, that its improvement can only add to the resources of our material civilisation; admitting it to be possible that the founders of the Royal Society themselves looked for no other reward than this, I cannot confess that I was guilty of exaggeration when I hinted, that to him who had the gift of distinguishing between prominent events and important events, the origin of a combined effort on the part of mankind to improve natural knowledge might have loomed larger than the Plague and have out-shone the glare of the Fire; as a something fraught with a wealth of beneficence to mankind, in comparison with which the damage done by those ghastly evils would shrink into insignificance.

It is very certain that for every victim slain by the plague, hundreds of mankind exist and find a fair share of happiness in the world, by the aid of the spinning jenny. And the great fire, at its worst, could not have burned the supply of coal, the daily working of which, in the bowels of the earth, made possible by the steam pump, gives rise to an amount of wealth to which the millions lost in old London are but as an old song.

But spinning jenny and steam pump are, after all, but toys, possessing an accidental value; and natural knowledge creates multitudes of more subtle contrivances, the praises of which do not happen to be sung because they are not directly convertible into instruments for creating wealth. When I contemplate natural knowledge squandering such gifts among men, the only appropriate comparison I can find for her is, to liken her to such a peasant woman as one sees in the Alps, striding ever upward, heavily burdened, and with mind bent only on her home; but yet, without effort and without thought, knitting for her children. Now stockings are good and comfortable things, and the children will undoubtedly be much the better for them; but surely it would be short sighted, to say the least of it, to depreciate this toiling mother as a mere stocking-machine—a mere provider of physical comforts?

However, there are blind leaders of the blind, and not a few of them, who take this view of natural knowledge, and can see nothing

in the bountiful mother of humanity but a sort of comfort-grinding machine. According to them, the improvement of natural knowledge always has been, and always must be, synonymous with no more than the improvement of the material resources and the increase of the gratifications of men.

Natural knowledge is, in their eyes, no real mother of mankind, bringing them up with kindness, and, if need be, with sternness, in the way they should go, and instructing them in all things needful for their welfare; but a sort of fairy godmother, ready to furnish her pets with shoes of swiftness, swords of sharpness, and omnipotent Aladdin's lamps, so that they may have telegraphs to Saturn, and see the other side of the moon, and thank God they are better than their benighted ancestors.

If this talk were true, I, for one, should not greatly care to toil in the service of natural knowledge. I think I would just as soon be quietly chipping my own flint axe, after the manner of my forefathers a few thousand years back, as be troubled with the endless malady of thought which now infests us all, for such reward. But I venture to say that such views are contrary alike to reason and to fact. Those who discourse in such fashion seem to me to be so intent upon trying to see what is above nature, or what is behind her, that they are blind to what stares them in the face, in her.

I should not venture to speak thus strongly if my justification were not to found in the simplest and most obvious facts,—if it needed more than an appeal to the most notorious truths to justify my assertion, that the improvement of natural knowledge, whatever direction it has taken, and however low the aims of those who may have commenced it—has not only conferred practical benefits on men, but, in so doing, has effected a revolution in their conceptions of the universe and of themselves, and has profoundly altered their modes of thinking and their views of right and wrong. I say that natural knowledge, seeking to satisfy natural wants, has found the ideas which can alone still spiritual cravings. I say that natural knowledge, in desiring to ascertain the laws of comfort, has been driven to discover those of conduct, and to lay the foundations of a new morality.

Let us take these points separately; and, first, what great ideas has natural knowledge introduced into men's minds?

I cannot but think that the foundations of all natural knowledge were laid when the reason of man first came face to face with the facts of nature: when the savage first learned that the fingers of one hand are fewer than those of both; that it is shorter to cross a stream than to head it; that a stone stops where it is unless it be moved, and that it drops from the hand which lets it go; that light and heat come and go

with the sun ; that sticks burn away in a fire ; that plants and animals grow and die ; that if he struck his fellow savage a blow he would make him angry, and perhaps get a blow in return ; while if he offered him a fruit he would please him, and perhaps receive a fish in exchange. When men had acquired this much knowledge, the outlines, rude though they were, of mathematics, of physics, of chemistry, of biology, of moral, economical, and political science, were sketched. Nor did the germ of religion fail when science began to bud. To use words which, though new, are yet three thousand years old :—

“ . . . When in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
And every height comes out, and jutting peak
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the stars
Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart.”¹

But if the half-savage Greek could share our feelings thus far, it is irrational to doubt that he went further, to find, as we do, that upon that brief gladness there follows a certain sorrow,—the little light of awakened human intelligence shines so mere a spark amidst the abyss of the unknown and unknowable ; seems so insufficient to do more than illuminate the imperfections that cannot be remedied, the aspirations that cannot be realised, of man’s own nature. But in this sadness, this consciousness of the limitation of man, this sense of an open secret which he cannot penetrate, lies the essence of all religion ; and the attempt to embody it in the forms furnished by the intellect is the origin of all theology.

Thus it seems impossible to imagine but that the foundations of all knowledge—secular or sacred—were laid when intelligence dawned, though the superstructure remained for long ages so slight and feeble as to be compatible with the existence of almost any general view respecting the mode of governance of the universe. No doubt from the first there were certain phenomena which, to the rudest mind, presented a constancy of occurrence, and suggested that a fixed order ruled, among them, at any rate. I doubt if the grossest of Fetish worshippers ever imagined that a stone must have a god within it to make it fall, or that a fruit had a god within it to make it taste sweet. With regard to such matters as these, it is hardly questionable that mankind, from the first, took strictly positive and scientific views.

But, with respect to all the less familiar occurrences which present themselves, uncultured man, no doubt, has always taken himself as the standard of comparison, as the centre and measure of the world ; nor could he well avoid doing so. And finding that his apparently uncaused will has a powerful effect in giving rise to many occurrences,

(1) Need it be said that this is Tennyson’s English for Homer’s Greek ?

he naturally enough ascribed other and greater events to other and greater volitions, and came to look upon the world and all that therein is, as the product of the volitions of persons like himself, but stronger, and capable of being appeased or angered, as he himself might be soothed or irritated. Through such conceptions of the plan and working of the universe all mankind have passed, or are passing. And we may now consider, what has been the effect of the improvement of natural knowledge on the views of men who have reached this stage, and who have begun to cultivate natural knowledge with no desire but that of "increasing God's honour and bettering man's estate."

For example: what could seem wiser, from a mere material point of view, more innocent from a theological one, to an ancient people, than that they should learn the exact succession of the seasons, as warnings for the husbandmen; or the position of the stars, as guides to their rude navigators? But what has grown out of this search for natural knowledge of so merely useful a character? You all know the reply. Astronomy,—which of all sciences has filled men's minds with general ideas of a character most foreign to their daily experience, and has more than any other rendered it impossible for them to accept the beliefs of their fathers. Astronomy,—which tells them that this so vast and seemingly solid earth is but an atom among atoms, whirling, no man knows whither, through illimitable space; which demonstrates that what we call the peaceful heaven above us, is but that space, filled by an infinitely subtle matter whose particles are seething and surging, like the waves of an angry sea; which opens up to us infinite regions where nothing is known, or ever seems to have been known, but matter and force, operating according to rigid rules; which leads us to contemplate phenomena the very nature of which demonstrates that they must have had a beginning, and that they must have an end, but the very nature of which also proves that the beginning was, to our conceptions of time, infinitely remote, and that the end is as immeasurably distant.

But it is not alone those who pursue astronomy who ask for bread and receive ideas. What more harmless than the attempt to lift and distribute water by pumping it; what more absolutely and grossly utilitarian? But out of pumps grew the discussions about nature's abhorrence of a vacuum; and then it was discovered that nature does not abhor a vacuum, but that air has weight; and that notion paved the way for the doctrine that all matter has weight, and that the force which produces weight is co-extensive with the universe,—in short, to the theory of universal gravitation and endless force. And learning how to handle gases led to the discovery of oxygen and

to modern chemistry, and to the notion of the indestructibility of matter.

Again, what simpler, or more absolutely practical, than the attempt to keep the axle of a wheel from heating when the wheel turns round very fast? How useful for carters and gig drivers to know something about this; and how good were it, if any ingenious person would find out the cause of such phenomena, and thence educe a general remedy for them. Such an ingenious person was Count Rumford; and he and his successors have landed us in the theory of the persistence or indestructibility of force. And in the infinitely minute, as in the infinitely great, the seekers after natural knowledge, of the kinds called physical and chemical, have everywhere found a definite order and succession of events which seem never to be infringed.

And how has it fared with "Physick" and Anatomy? Have the anatomist, the physiologist, or the physician, whose business it has been to devote themselves assiduously to that eminently practical and direct end, the alleviation of the sufferings of mankind,—have they been able to confine their vision more absolutely to the strictly useful? I fear they are worst offenders of all. For if the astronomer has set before us the infinite magnitude of space, the practical eternity of duration of the universe; if the physical and chemical philosophers have demonstrated the infinite minuteness of its constituent parts, and the practical eternity of matter and of force; and if both have alike proclaimed the universality of a definite and predicable order and succession of events, the workers in biology have not only accepted all these, but added more startling theses of their own. For as the astronomers discover in the earth no centre of the universe, but an eccentric speck, so the naturalists find man to be no centre of the living world, but one amidst endless modifications of life; and as the astronomer observes the mark of practically endless time set upon the arrangements of the solar system, so the student of life finds the records of ancient forms of existence peopling the world for ages, which, in relation to human experience, are infinite.

Furthermore, the physiologist finds life to be as dependent for its manifestation on particular molecular arrangements as any physical or chemical phenomenon; and, wherever he extends his researches, fixed order and unchanging causation reveal themselves, as plainly as in the rest of nature.

Nor can I find that any other fate has awaited the germ of Religion. Arising, like all other kinds of knowledge, out of the action and interaction of man's mind, with that which is not man's mind, it has taken the intellectual coverings of Fetishism or Polytheism; of Theism or Atheism; of Superstition or Rationalism. With these, and

their relative merits and demerits, I have nothing to do; but this it is needful for my purpose to say, that if the Religion of the present differs from that of the past, it is because the theology of the present has become more scientific than that of the past; because it has not only renounced idols of wood and idols of stone, but begins to see the necessity of breaking in pieces the idols built up of books and traditions and fine-spun ecclesiastical cobwebs: and of cherishing the noblest and most human of man's emotions, by worship "for the most part of the silent sort" at the altar of the Unknown and Unknowable.

Such are a few of the new conceptions implanted in our minds by the improvement of natural knowledge. Men have acquired the ideas of the practically infinite extent of the universe and of its practical eternity; they are familiar with the conception that our earth is but an infinitesimal fragment of that part of the universe which can be seen; and that, nevertheless, its duration is, as compared with our standards of time, infinite. They have further acquired the idea that man is but one of innumerable forms of life now existing in the globe, and that the present existences are but the last of an immeasurable series of predecessors. Furthermore, every step they have made in natural knowledge has tended to extend and rivet in their minds the conception of a definite order of the universe—which is embodied in what are called, by an unhappy metaphor, the laws of nature—and to narrow the range and loosen the force of men's belief in spontaneity, or in changes other than such as arise out of that definite order itself.

Whether these ideas are well or ill founded is not the question. No one can deny that they exist, and have been the inevitable outgrowth of the improvement of natural knowledge. And if so, it cannot be doubted that they are changing the form of men's most cherished and most important convictions.

And as regards the second point—the extent to which the improvement of natural knowledge has remodelled and altered what may be termed the intellectual ethics of men,—what are among the moral convictions most fondly held by barbarous and semi-barbarous people?

They are the convictions that authority is the soundest basis of belief; that merit attaches to a readiness to believe; that the doubting disposition is a bad one, and scepticism a sin; that when good authority has pronounced what is to be believed, and faith has accepted it, reason has no further duty. There are many excellent persons who yet hold by these principles, and it is not my present business, or intention, to discuss their views. All I wish to bring clearly before your minds is the unquestionable fact that the improve-

ment of natural knowledge is effected by methods which directly give the lie to all these convictions, and assume the exact reverse of each to be true.

The improver of natural knowledge absolutely refuses to acknowledge authority, as such. For him, scepticism is the highest of duties; blind faith the one unpardonable sin. And it cannot be otherwise, for every great advance in natural knowledge has involved the absolute rejection of authority, the cherishing of the keenest scepticism, the annihilation of the spirit of blind faith; and the most ardent votary of science holds his firmest convictions, not because the men he most venerates hold them; not because their verity is testified by portents and wonders; but because his experience teaches him that whenever he chooses to bring these convictions into contact with their primary source, nature—whenever he thinks fit to test them by appealing to experiment and to observation—nature will confirm them. The man of science has learned to believe in justification, not by faith, but by verification.

Thus, without for a moment pretending to despise the practical results of the improvement of natural knowledge, and its beneficial influence on material civilisation, it must, I think, be admitted that the great ideas, some of which I have indicated, and the ethical spirit which I have endeavoured to sketch, in the few moments which remain at my disposal, constitute the real and permanent significance of natural knowledge.

If these ideas be destined, as I believe they are, to be more and more firmly established as the world grows older; if that spirit be fated, as I believe it is, to extend itself into all departments of human thought, and to become co-extensive with the range of knowledge; if, as our race approaches its maturity, it discovers, as I believe it will, that there is but one kind of knowledge and but one method of acquiring it; then we, who are still children, may justly feel it our highest duty to recognise the advisableness of improving natural knowledge, and so to aid ourselves and our successors in their course towards the noble goal which lies before mankind.

T. H. HUXLEY.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

At length, then, we know who is to be the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. The pet of the citizens of London, whose political rise has been so rapid, Mr. George Goschen, has found himself a Cabinet Minister. The other day he was unknown to the public, but known to the discerning few as an able man of business, and a masterly writer on monetary questions; yesterday, as we may say, he was marked as a promising young Member of Parliament; to-day he has a seat in the Cabinet. This is a rapid advance, and looks like taking fortune by storm.

But what do Ministers gain by transferring Mr. Goschen from the Board of Trade to the Duchy? Mr. Goschen is assumed to be a man of business, a good administrator, a shrewd observer, ready in the application of means to ends. At the Board of Trade, if that institution is good for anything, there should be scope for the exercise of the qualities attributed to the leading member for the City. But what scope is there in the office of the Duchy of Lancaster? How can an able man shine in a department where there is nothing to do? What administrative force can a man bring to a government when he has nothing to administer? But perhaps the Government wanted not administrative talent, since a clerk or two can do all that needs be done in the Duchy; and what the Government hopes to gain by the transaction is more political philosophy in the Cabinet, and more debating force on the Treasury Bench. From that point of view there may be some gain; for the tongue of the Vice-President of the Board of Trade would be necessarily tied in the presence of the President of the Board of Trade, just as Mr. Forster will have to sit mumchance while Mr. Cardwell expounds his remarkable views of colonial policy. But as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, with a seat in the Cabinet and the weight that it gives, Mr. Goschen will find his tongue loosed, and he will be able to speak on any and every subject if his aid is wanted. The transformation, therefore, will add to the debating force of the Government, inasmuch as it converts a silent into a speaking member. By the way, as Mr. Goschen has been admitted to the Cabinet, we may infer that he has not incurred the displeasure of the Imperial Majesty of France.

What the political effect of Mr. Goschen's elevation upon the Extreme Left of the House of Commons may be it is not so easy to say. Will they regard his abrupt promotion with as much confidence as they would that of Mr. Forster or Mr. Stansfeld? There is nothing in the proceeding to alarm the old Whigs; nothing even to hurt the tender feelings of the Liberal Conservatives. But it may be doubted whether the Radicals, reasonable and unreasonable, will consider it as any compliment to them. It may be doubted, too, whether the choice of Mr. Goschen will overcome in the mind of Mr. Bright that distrust of Mr. Gladstone which, from the marked omission of his name in the Rochdale speech, everybody inferred he entertained. For it is Mr. Gladstone's wing of the Cabinet which is strengthened by the admission of Mr. Goschen to the political arcana; and it is that wing which is not trusted by Mr. Bright. This may be a recommendation to the thoughtful and moderate portion of the community, but that is not the point we are considering. The point is whether the

extreme Liberals, whose votes are so much needed, will like to see their own men kept in subordinate positions or excluded from office to please a foreign potentate; and how far that will affect the fortunes of the Ministry in the coming Session.

At present, on the surface at least, those prospects, though a little dim here and there, are not without some rays of brightness. First there is the certainty of another prosperity budget, with a large balance, and a probable further remission of taxation. This alone is almost enough to buoy up a Ministry. Then the reduction of the Army, which is certain to take place, is also certain, whether good or bad policy, to be popular,—only thoughtful folk will bear in mind that it in no degree resembles that sham reduction of the French army which will be pleaded as a reason for effecting a real reduction in ours. If we strike off two companies in every battalion of the Line, we really and absolutely are that number of men the poorer; and if we suddenly want them we shall have to obtain new ones, as we have obtained them before, by giving large bounties. If the French Emperor knocks off two companies, he only dispenses with them for the time, and when he wants them he has only to sign a decree, and there they are, with the eagles, in a few weeks. If the Emperor reduces the call for conscripts from 100,000 to 80,000, then he will have done a thing approximating to our intended reduction. That we do not expect him to do. Our reduction may be a right measure, only do not let it be said that we “disarm” because France has disarmed; for the reason is not consistent with the fact. Be that as it may, a reduction of the army is certain to be popular. Then there is the Austrian treaty, which, like the French treaty, will have an important bearing on the budget. The contemplated Reform Bill, the heads of which were probably only laid before the Cabinet this week, while it rouses hopes and fears, and throws the ship of the State nearer to the breakers, nevertheless imparts some strength. On the other hand, although two new Whig peers, Lord Northbrook and Lord Romilly, will be in the Upper House to help Lord Russell, although Mr. Goschen has become available as a piece of Treasury Bench artillery, although Sir Robert Peel has been mollified by the Red Ribbon of the Bath, yet the Ministry, as a whole, is instinctively felt to be weak, and will be held to be weak until it has proved that it is strong. Why the Ministry is regarded as weak it would be more difficult to say. The impression arises partly from distrust of Lord Clarendon and Mr. Cardwell, but mainly from a vague feeling that, although there may be master minds in the Cabinet, there is no mind master of the Cabinet; and consequently, that there will be more than the usual and legitimate amount of compromise in the measures it will sanction; and perhaps more than the anticipated divergence and gibbing in the ranks of the Liberal party.

Mr. Bright's speech at Rochdale is, perhaps, the most damaging speech—damaging, that is, for the Ministry—which he has yet delivered, not because it is so moderate, but because it raises so many suspicions, and propounds advice which, if followed, will make reform of Parliament the work of the next decade. At Blackburn Mr. Bright figured as a decided supporter of the administration, taken as a whole. At Rochdale Mr. Bright implies his distrust of the Cabinet by parading his trust in Lord Russell. As he speaks as *amicus curiæ*, as he stands in a relation to the Government which implies a knowledge of what is going on beneath the surface, this is significant of movements which he does not

approve. But it is his advice to make the Reform Bill a one-legged measure, to make it a simple Lowering of the Franchise Bill, and not a comprehensive Reform Bill, which has roused apprehension. What is required, what even members of the Tory party would welcome and support, is a Bill moderate but thorough, that is, one which would really bring the constitution of Parliament into harmony with facts and with sentiments, for it is only blind politicians who disdain or ignore the latter class of political forces. Immense changes have taken place since 1832, and what we need is a measure which will come up with those changes. The essence of statesmanship is adaptation. We want a statesman-like measure which will adapt the representation of the country to the changes in the country. But we want a measure or measures which shall be final for a long term; and such being our want, Mr. Bright comes forward to recommend a measure expressly devised to prolong agitation and to furnish a force for making a series of changes. This is bad alike as tactics and policy—bad as tactics, because it frankly reveals an *arrière pensée* precisely of the kind most dreaded; bad as policy, because it would unsettle everything and settle nothing. Moreover, a Bill boldly declaring that every one who inhabits a house rated at £5 or rented at £6 a year, shall have a vote, would be a Bill recognising government by numbers as a principle. In the small towns it would increase the number of voters who could be bought or intimidated, and in the larger towns it would give power to one class. But the worst feature of the plan is the provision it embodies for systematic agitation on fundamental questions. Far better would it be, if we cannot now get a thorough measure, to wait until we can, than to fall in with this scheme of tinkering the constitution by enlarging the boiler and diminishing the safety-valves. We infer from Mr. Bright's speech that Lord Russell leans towards this one-legged Reform project, and that Mr. Gladstone does not. But we cannot say that Mr. Bright executes his self-imposed office of protector and spiritual adviser of the Government with a due regard to the political health and longevity of his clients. His censure of the ministerial overture to Lord Stanley is further evidence of his distrust of Mr. Gladstone; for if Lord Stanley had closed with the offer, he would have gone in to strengthen the Gladstone wing of the Cabinet, and probably the Gladstone views of reform and home legislation generally, and not the Russell wing.

The censure which Mr. Bright passed upon Mr. Cardwell for the line he has taken on the Jamaica business was probably based on information of that Minister's proceedings not possessed by the public. We cannot say that the censure was wholly unjust, because there is reason to doubt whether Mr. Cardwell did not attempt, for a moment, to interpose his tiny shield between Mr. Eyre and the public: reason which is confirmed by the answer which the Minister gave, at Oxford, to the somewhat insolent question of Captain Fane; for he put the matter in a light which left it doubtful whether what has happened in Jamaica was not, in his opinion, perfectly justifiable. Had it not been for the decided course taken by Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone, it is but too probable that Mr. Cardwell would have written for explanations, and not improbable that he would have been content with the answers he received. We owe the Commission, now completed by the appointment of Mr. Maule, to the chiefs of the Cabinet and the pressure of opinion; but it would be unjust to deny that they did not, with the public, feel that inquiry and its full consequences

were demanded in order to vindicate the honour of Britain. We should not have referred to the subject at all, had not those who first opposed inquiry, then suppressed the facts, now begun to lecture everybody who ventures to express an opinion on the conduct of Mr. Eyre and the Assembly, even subsequent to the great slaughter of the thriving blacks whose misfortune it was to dwell in that garden of plenty, St. Thomas-in-the-East. Very different was the conduct of the present censors of opinion in the winter of 1854-5, when the British army was suffering on the bare hills of the Crimea. Then they condemned not only without inquiry, but almost without evidence. Up to the present time all the evidence has been on one side; it has all been supplied by the authorities; and yet those who take that evidence as matter for comment are denounced as prejudging the case. Certainly the public, on this question, we mean the public interested in the preservation of the national honour, have acted on the whole with unexceptionable moderation, and it is simple impertinence to tell people who have long ceased to talk to hold their tongues. Nevertheless it is impossible not to express amazement at the simplicity of a man who could think that a letter like Colonel Whitfield's would satisfy the British public. After thousands of people had been shot, hanged, or flogged, it would be a perfect miracle were those who had the luck to escape to look otherwise than sullen and discontented. This is the Colonel's proof of a conspiracy, that the faces of one-half of those who were not shot, hanged, or flogged did not brim over with complacent smiles! And when we read such mischievous expressions in a solemn report we are told to say nothing, under penalty of being lectured on the enormity of prejudging the case.

The nearest home trouble for Ministers is the cattle plague. The number of cattle now attacked per week is close upon, if it be not more than 8,000. Of these about nine-tenths die or are killed. The increase has been steadily progressive, and somewhat rapid, but since June last the total number lost in this way is about 70,000, or a little less than one-half of the number exposed directly to the influence of the disease. Since we last commented on the subject, the Government has clothed the Courts of Quarter Sessions with large powers, by virtue whereof these courts have adopted stringent resolutions, restricting considerably, and in some cases absolutely prohibiting, the movement of cattle, even on farms. There are many, admirers of the despotic monarchies of the Continent, who demand a sweeping order in Council universally applicable, and putting a stop everywhere, at once, to all movement of cattle, sheep, and swine. But until it is shown that the local authorities cannot deal with the evil, or until Parliament sanctions the immediate interposition of the central authority, it is better that the old rule of working through local bodies should be adhered to. Happily we have now better hope from prevention in another shape. For some time the cattle plague has been declared to be small-pox. It is true that doctors differ on this, as on almost every conceivable question. But surely the assertion can be tested. Mr. Tollemache, High Sheriff of Cheshire, has tested it in a small way. He had sixteen beasts. Ten of these he vaccinated with lymph obtained from the Vaccine Hospital. Six he did not vaccinate. The ten survived; the six died. Now, no one will say that this little experiment establishes the fact; but it does go a long way in confirmation of the opinions of those medical men who maintain that this virulent pest is small-pox. Of course, if it is, then we have fair ground for assuming that the further progress

of the malady in its most virulent shape can be arrested by the vaccination of all cattle existing and all their offspring. At any rate, there is hope in this direction; while there is little in the stamping out or quarantine theories, and none at all in the belief some entertain that the disease must run its course. Up to the present time Government has declined to act as insurer-general of stock, or to guarantee an insurance fund, or to entertain the question of compensation out of the public pocket. But the latest scheme put forward by Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, namely, a public loan, borrowed by the local authorities, repayable out of compulsory insurance rates in the shape of a rent-charge on the farms, is less objectionable; though this too is open to criticism. Nevertheless, it is pretty plain that if the malady is not stayed, the interest affected is quite strong enough to insist either on naked compensation, or a loan on some plan similar to that propounded by Sir James Shuttleworth.

Another little difficulty is the Extradition Treaty with France. Our readers may be aware that the French Government have given notice of the termination of the treaty negotiated in 1843, on the ground that under its stipulations and through the machinery of our law, they cannot recover possession of their runaway scoundrels. They aver that from 1843 to 1866 they have never been able to obtain one single fugitive criminal from the tenacious grasp of the British magistrates; and their journals have not scrupled, of course, to impute this to the worst motives. The Government say that they can obtain their criminals from every other country in Europe, that our law and our practice differ from the rest of Europe, and that justice will not be done until we assimilate our law and practice to those of the continental despotisms. What they want to establish is, that a French officer, by exhibiting a few pieces of paper, sometimes only an indictment, without any evidence, shall be able to get a warrant of arrest from a British magistrate. Every one will see how liable this would be to abuse. We may ask why the French cannot do in England what we do in America—furnish evidence before the court sufficient to warrant the committal of the accused. If our forms are considered too careful of the liberty of the subject, it must be remembered that it was to protect that liberty they were invented. Despotie countries can easily arrange for the surrender of persons accused of crime, because in despotie countries there are no guards for individual liberty. But that is no reason why free England should accommodate her laws to those of countries where an accused person is regarded as guilty. We have reason to suspect that a desire to get at political refugees is at the bottom of this revocation of the treaty. The French Emperor tried to accomplish that end in 1852, when Lord Malnesbury, an old friend and admirer, was in power; and Lord Malnesbury did not scruple to bring in a Bill to satisfy his old friend, a Bill which the House of Lords contemptuously threw out. It is somewhat singular that the advent of Lord Clarendon should be the signal for a renewal of the attempt. The French journals, indeed, protest that their Government does not want to seize political refugees; but we have a right to doubt their sincerity when they add they only want persons who have committed offences which would be punishable if committed here, and they want them on the mere presentation of a French magistrate's warrant. But political libels and sedition are offences punishable in both countries. It is impossible to tell who might not be demanded. If the law of 1843 had authorised what the French Government wants, one Louis Napoleon might have been demanded and surrendered

for breaking prison. Of course, if any changes can be made not prejudicial to British liberty and British honour, no one will object. But in dealing with a despotic sovereign demanding those whom he calls criminals, we are in duty bound to stand upon our guard. The ingenuity which invented that exquisite instrument of torture, the *avertissement*, is capable of greater things in the same line, and would not find it difficult to employ language that would, if enshrined in a treaty, place every Frenchman in Great Britain at his mercy. No one has used language in a non-natural sense to a greater extent than the French Emperor, and we must take care that none of it creeps into the new treaty which Lord Clarendon will have to negotiate with M. Drouyn de Lhuys. The Emperor has been very successful, but the success not the least grateful to him would be to induce England to sign away her ancient renown as the safe refuge of the political exile. Happily there is no fear of this result in the present application of the principles of strategy to jurisprudence; for any Minister or Ministers who favoured it would meet with prompt and decisive punishment.

When the French Chambers meet we shall have in an authentic shape the views of the French Liberals on the condition of the empire at home and abroad. We know already that the "Mexican chimera" and the finances will form the salient subjects of debate, and the defence which the Talking Ministers will present will be quite as interesting as the expositions of the assailants. Something will be said, too, about decentralisation and the persecution of the press, and unless the Imperial Government contrives it otherwise, they will find their hands full of home affairs.

The revocation of the Extradition Treaty; the rumour of a Franco-Austrian alliance, about which it is so difficult to come at any really trustworthy information; the assertion of the *Mémorial Diplomatique* that should Prussia refuse to agree to the convocation of the Estates of Schleswig-Holstein the other Powers which signed the Treaty of London will act by themselves in that matter, and if the Estates will it, set up the Prince of Augustenburg; the gossip about intervention in Greece,—look like attempts to divert the French and other people from their own affairs; but may be only mere talk. We, at all events, do not intend to be diverted if we can help it, having much to do. And it certainly cannot be said that Austria has less to do than we have. Her statesmen are engaged in the great enterprise of restoring the very foundations of the empire, from which it is not reasonable to believe they will turn aside to reconstruct the map of Europe. The prospects of a thorough reunion between Austria and Hungary are as favourable as ever, both sides apparently meaning it this time; but it is somewhat hasty to argue therefrom the ascendancy of the Magyars in the Cabinet of Vienna; or that Austria will abandon her German position for an Eastern empire. The gift of an Order to the Prince Imperial is only an acknowledgement of the recent help rendered to Austria by the French capitalists; a small foundation on which to build the bulky structure of a Franco-Austrian alliance, or, what some look to, an alliance of France, Austria, and England.

Next to the guarantee of ability and sincerity given by Austrian statesmen in Hungary, is the frank report on the finances furnished by Minister Von Larisch. There is always a chance of improved financial and fiscal arrangements when the badness of an existing system is candidly admitted. The Austrian Chancellor of the Exchequer fairly tells the world that his predecessors dealt in delusive

figures; that the estimate of the deficit was ten times too small; and that the estimates of revenue and expenditure were alike erroneous. M. von Plener left as a legacy a deficit of £8,000,000. That has been reduced by curtailing expenditure to one-half. In the ensuing year there will still be a deficit of £4,000,000, but by further reductions, this in 1867 is to fall one-half again. At the same time the Minister declares the country to be over-taxed and badly taxed, and he actually has the courage to remit taxes in the face of a deficit, trusting, and rightly also, if our experience is worth anything, that moderate taxation and economy of collection are more prolific than high taxation and waste in the collection. It is the frankness of the exposition of the disease which gives hope of cure—a frankness totally new in Vienna. Moreover, the Minister counts on the return of confidence inspired by the adoption of the constitutional system; and although the non-Hungarian countries are at present without representative institutions, the Minister looks to their speedy revival, and counts on their hearty and active participation in the management of financial affairs. Already the Government has adopted the principle of our Appropriation Act by decreeing that the sums granted under the various heads shall only be applied to the purposes set forth in the budget; and it is plain that the Minister contemplates extensive fiscal reforms, with the aid of some future representative body, should he remain in office. It is remarkable that the expenditure of the Austrian empire should be only £53,120,000, and that its vast resources and extent should only yield a revenue of £49,000,000; a little less than one-half of which is required to pay the interest on the national debt. Are not these figures alone a censure on Austrian government?

One stumbling-block of Austria has been Venetia, and up to this day it has been a stumbling-block of Italy too; for the great army which Italy maintains partly finds the motive of its being in the fear lest Austria should cross the Mincio, as well as in the hope that occasion might arise for the march of an Italian army to deliver Venice. If there is a Franco-Austrian alliance, it will be a sign that the enemies of Italy have triumphed in the Cabinet of the Tuileries; for the only *raison d'être* of such an alliance could be the settlement of Italian matters to the satisfaction of the two Imperial Courts. Be that as it may, General La Marmora has reconstituted his ministry, the extreme party has moderated its tone, and the Pope seems disposed to take an indirect share in the execution of the September convention, by acquiescing in the departure of the French army, and by allowing the kingdom of Italy to become responsible for that part of the Pontifical debt which is supposed to be the share of the old States of the Church. Thus as the German Courts are being brought one by one to recognise Italy by the pressure of commercial necessities, so the Pope indirectly recognises Victor Emmanuel in order to escape the crushing burden of a debt he cannot pay. Austria and Hanover, we believe, are now the only German Courts of any moment which still withhold their recognition of the Italian kingdom. Bavaria has just formally accomplished the act of recognition, and Saxony will come next. The best sign, however, in Italy is the more reasonable language of the extreme Liberals, who have been brought to their senses by the disruption of the old La Marmora Cabinet, and who seem to feel that the condition of the country requires the frank and loyal co-operation of all parties in the work of restoration. And this none the less, perhaps, because of these rumours of a political understanding between France and Austria.

The military revolt in Spain is the justification of the hitherto inexplicable letters from Madrid in the columns of the *Times*. There, and there alone, have we read warnings of coming disorder. The revolt, so far as it has gone while we write, is grave enough to create the greatest anxiety in the Royal Ministers, and extensive enough to rouse public curiosity. But the facts of the proceeding are nearly all obscured. All we know is this: Two regiments of cavalry, stationed at Ocana and Aranjuez, mutinied on the 3rd of January. At the same time General Prim suddenly quitted Madrid, giving out that he was bent on a sporting excursion in the mountains of Toledo. The insurgent horsemen moved first upon Arganda, hoping to be joined by the troops at Alcala; but, as these went to Madrid, and as General Zabala led a column out of Madrid directly upon Arganda, the insurgents fled over the Tagus, breaking the bridge which carried the highway to Valencia over the stream, and thus were able to file through Tarancon and Tembleque before Zabala, left on the wrong bank of the Tagus, could cross it at Aranjuez, and move after them. Coincidentally the infantry regiment Almanza, in quarters at Avila, led by its colonel, took a train and drove towards Zamora. Here the garrison was hostile, and they backed the train, and disappeared in a fog. This regiment has been disarmed in Portugal. The latest reports describe the loyal troops as still on the trail of the rebels. Marshal O'Donnell has shown some vigour in fighting the danger. New Castile has been declared in a state of siege, several suspected officers have been arrested, and preparations made on all sides to quench an insurrection in the capital. The gravity of the outbreak has been fully admitted in the Cortes, where it was only fitting that at least one member should be found to taunt O'Donnell with his own exploits as a revolutionist and mutineer. As to the prospects of the revolt, who can guess them? In 1854 O'Donnell and Dulce appeared to be mere fugitives for a week or two; and in the third, one was a Minister and the other on the road to Cuba. General Prim, as great a revolutionist as O'Donnell himself, is a very dashing and popular soldier; but he may not have the luck of O'Donnell and Narvaez. At all events doubt obscures the facts of the present revolt, which all who hoped that Spain had given up these violent habits will regret. It is another example of the supreme danger of making a political tool of an army.

As we anticipated, President Johnson perseveres with his plan of reconstructing the Union. Since our last, he has not only officially reported the rebellion to be at an end, but he has formally restored four States—North and South Carolina, Alabama, and Georgia—to their normal condition. These four have as much control over their own affairs as they had in 1860. Slavery is gone, and there is a Freedman's Bureau in their midst, and this constitutes the only restriction on their rights. The extreme party in Congress do not like it, but it is plain that extreme views will not prevail, and that the President will have his way. All the re-admitted States want is admission to Congress, and that for a time the extreme party may be able to deny them. This is very rapid work, and yet our old Confederate sympathisers actually talk about delay and obstruction in the restoration of the Union! Finally, the amendment of the Constitution abolishing slavery has been officially declared to have been ratified. So slavery is, *de jure*, as well as *de facto*, at an end.

January 12.

CAUSERIES.

AFTER long and puzzled search for a title that would suit the brief and varied paragraphs which it was thought convenient to introduce occasionally in this part of the REVIEW, I borrowed the title VARIA from German catalogues, and was pleased with its appropriateness. Unfortunately the name had already been chosen by the author of "The Gentle Life" for a book which he had several times advertised during the last two years, which advertisements I must have seen and forgotten. At any rate, he has the prior claim to its use in England; and accordingly I yield it to him, and adopt the less appropriate, but I hope unclaimed, title of CAUSERIES.

As a sign of our times—peculiarly of *our* times, and impossible at any earlier date—let attention be called to the Lay Sermon Movement, exemplified in the resolution to give Sunday evenings to Science and General Knowledge, instead of an exclusive devotion to Theology. The first of these Lay Sermons was preached by Professor Huxley on the 7th instant at St. Martin's Hall, the subject being "The Advisableness of Improving Natural Knowledge." Sir John Bowring, Dr. Carpenter, Dr. Hodgson, Mr. James Heywood, and Mr. Baxter Langley are to follow; and should the experiment succeed, we may hope to see a Church rearing itself on the basis of what is knowable and attainable, and boldly declaring the truth, which is daily becoming more and more evident, that Science *also* has "a cure of souls." This is a conviction which has grown up in our day. For centuries Science struggled hard to establish a place for itself among men's serious occupations; it was repelled, it was rejected, it was persecuted. Instead of being welcomed as the bringer of glad tidings, it was shrieked at as the destroyer of souls. It began to retaliate. The fight was for a long while unequal; and Science emerging from the heat of conflict with the dust and passions of the battle-field obscuring its broad brow—angry, aggressive, suspicious, striking right and left—made enemies of strangers, and consequently got hard names flung at it. The man of science was first dreaded as a magician, then stigmatised as an infidel. This is passing away. Having gained so many victories, and proved its right to a place in the world, Science has become more generous and calm; it has also earned more general respect. It is no longer the noble aspiration of a few, but the very bread of life to many. Formerly the best indication of a nation's progress was in its religious conceptions. Now the surest indication is in its scientific conceptions.

It was a great, though inevitable, mistake on the part of Theology to make enemies of Philosophy and Science, instead of welcoming them as fellow-workers. They are now retaliating. As a well-known writer in the *Athenæum* (Dec. 30) remarks, it is the "wind of Philosophy which has raised the storm now beating on the cliffs of scholastic orthodoxy, and which will wear them away until the primitive rock on which they are built, but which they have hidden, is laid bare." But in spite of this one among the very important influences of Philosophy, the English public is strangely indifferent; and this indifference is aided and abetted by the apathy or ignorance of the constituted directors of public opinion in the press. The cold shoulder is everywhere turned to Philosophy. If our journals are to be trusted, there are no works engaging the

attention of thoughtful minds ; none worthy to engage their attention. Columns upon columns are devoted to watery novels and flimsy books of travel, to essays without thought, and compilations at second hand ; but the works that are really influencing the minds of England are either never named, or are named in such slight notices as to stimulate no curiosity about them. Comte, Sir W. Hamilton, Mr. John Stuart Mill, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and Professor Bain, are names which will at once suggest themselves as the names of men who have a "following ;" yet what space do the critical journals award them ? What student is led to open their works from any instigation of professional critics ? And what treatment can obscure men expect ? The *Athenæum* of the 30th of December spared four of its columns to a notice of eleven philosophical works, one of these columns being occupied with general remarks ; and all it thought necessary to say on Mr. Mill's work on Comte referred to paper and printing.

Is this editorial apathy, or is it the editorial conception of what the public demands ? The *Athenæum*, in the article just named, asks, "Are all these books written because people will read them, or are people found to read them because they are written ?" Evidently there is a distrust of public interest. The public can be believed to be greatly interested in learning how bad a trashy novel may be, or how small an amount of novelty may be contained in a tour on the Continent ; but cannot be credited with any interest in more serious works ; so that reviewers avoid serious works. The writer adds—"We had a very long vacation, during which everything thrived except philosophy ; and mind was an hypothesis which was generally understood to be current among the Germans, who were sneered at for cultivating what could neither be seen, felt, nor sold."

There can be little doubt that the general public is, and always will be, indifferent to Philosophy ; and journals which cater for the wants of a general public cannot be expected to disregard this fact. On the other hand, journals which pretend to lead or to reflect opinion cannot without in consequence ignore Philosophy. They should give it its due place among social influences, and do their utmost to extend its dominion. Grave articles on grave writers would not, perhaps, be largely read ; but they would be read by the graver portions of the journal's readers ; and would instigate some of those who fritter away strong intellects on fleeting topics to give the more serious topics their attention. In Reviews and leading Magazines more attention is paid to the wants of the influential minority. But the critical journals seem afraid of philosophy.

While on this subject, and as confirming what has been said of the indifference of the general public on the one hand, and the neglect of reviewers on the other, let it be noted that Mr. Herbert Spencer has found so little support in his laborious philosophical undertaking, that, unable to continue losing money in endeavouring to enlighten his contemporaries, he is compelled to announce the termination of his series. A distinguished contributor to this REVIEW writes to me :—"I see with the utmost regret that Spencer talks of closing his series. It would be a blow to English thought, and a shame to English education." It is quite clear that, small as the public demand for such works as Mr. Spencer's must be, it is quite large enough to secure him from loss, if that public could only be thoroughly made aware of the existence of his works, their scope and matter. Now, it is in bringing such knowledge to the scattered groups of a miscellaneous reading public that one of the best services of a critical journal would be effected. Instead of doing this, the critics are silent ; or, if they speak,

it is not to tell the reader what the philosopher thinks, but what they think of the philosopher : a quite uninteresting matter.

Among the books just received which call for more than ordinary attention, Professor Owen's "Anatomy of the Vertebrates" (Longman and Co.) may be named. It is only the first volume of the long-expected work which is to complete the scheme commenced in 1843 by the volume on *Invertebrates* (2nd edition, 1855), and may be taken as a summary of the lectures delivered at the Royal College of Surgeons in 1852-3-4. It comprises *Fishes and Reptiles*. Four hundred and fifty woodcuts illustrate the text—a few of them new, the majority old familiar friends, but all useful as diagrams and indispensable to the student. I may hereafter have to speak more in detail of this book, unless I can find some critic to speak of it with more authority ; meanwhile, the author's name is enough to direct to it all whom it may concern.

Tawdry in gilt of externals, but exquisite and golden in thought and feeling, the "Selections from the Poetry of Mrs. Browning" (Chapman and Hall) is a volume of rare attractiveness, which may be commended to every one who pretends to a delicate taste. The selection has been made by Browning himself ; and the poet's instinct and the husband's reverential love have combined to give this Selection a peculiar artistic interest, over and above the separate interest of each poem. "It has been attempted," he says, "to retain and to dispose the characteristics of the general poetry whence this is an abstract, according to an order which should allow them the prominence and effect they seem to possess when considered in the larger, not exclusively the lesser works of the poet. A musician might say, such sweet chords are repeated, others made subordinate by distribution, so that a single movement may imitate the progress of the whole symphony. But there are various ways of modulating up to and connecting any given harmonies ; and it will be neither a surprise nor a pain to find that better could have been done as to both selection and sequence, than in the present case all care and the profoundest veneration were able to do." A better selection ? Possible ; but not to me conceivable. I read the whole volume through, and felt as if I were reading one work. That is the final test of the artistic construction of such a selection ; it is also a test of the unalterable sincerity of the writer, who expresses her own mind, and is not trying experiments on yours. The various poems have very various degrees of merit, but they have all the supreme merit of being genuine. They are songs ; musical utterances of thoughts and fancies passing through the poet's brain. In affluent felicity of expression, Mrs. Browning is a study for poets and critics, even when the thought expressed is of little value. We often hear the far-off echo of Shakspearian phrase, as, for instance—

"There's nothing low

In love, when love the lowest : meanest creatures
Who love God, God accepts while loving so.
And what I *feel*, across the inferior features
Of what I *am*, doth flash itself and show
How that great work of love enhances Nature's.'

Or this :—

"What can I give thee back, O liberal
And princely giver, who hast brought the gold
And purple of thine heart, unstained, untold,
' And laid them on the outside of the wall

In unexpected largesse ? am I cold,
 Ungrateful that for these most manifold
 High gifts I render nothing back at all ?
 Not so ; not cold—but very poor instead.
 Ask God who knows. For frequent tears have run
 The colours of my life, and left so dead
 And pale a stuff it were not fitly done
 To give the same as pillow to thy head.
 Go farther ! let it serve to trample on."

Shakspeare has no finer sonnet than that. The one blemish in it ("Ask God who knows"), which is apt to excite a feeling of the ridiculous if dwelt upon, is the kind of blemish very frequent in her poems,—a reckless, or at least prodigal, introduction of God and Christ, disturbing the homogeneity of impression ; but it is evidently a spontaneous mode of thought with her. I cannot venture to go on quoting passages as I should like to quote and comment, but as a single specimen of the delicate varieties she could throw into the same sentiment, let this little poem be compared with the sonnet just given :—

"Oh, wilt thou have my hand, Dear, to lie along in thine ?
 As a little stone in a running stream, it seems to lie and pine.
 Now drop the poor pale hand, Dear, unfit to plight with thine.

"Oh, wilt thou have my cheek, Dear, drawn closer to thine own ?
 My cheek is white, my cheek is worn, by many a tear run down.
 Now leave a little space, Dear, lest it should wet thine own.

"Oh, must thou have my soul, Dear, commingled with thy soul ?
 Red grows the cheek, and warm the hand ; the part is in the whole,
 Nor hands nor cheeks keep separate when soul is joined to soul."

The fascinations of a literary career, which seem so brilliant when viewed from afar, and through the pleasant illusions of hope and youthful confidence, present but a pitiable appearance in the biographies of most literary men. Experience is daily reading us a homily on the precariousness of the profession, and the habitual improvidence of the professors ; but we do not often meet with a sterner warning than is conveyed in the paragraph from the *Northern Whig* which has been copied into the papers. A man of genius, William Carleton, at an age when even the day-labourer may fold his arms and cease to work, nearly blind, and with fading faculties, at seventy-one has still to struggle on to maintain a large family upon £150 a year, the residue of his pension after the insurance premium is paid. Now when we consider that of all forms of literary work none is so lavishly remunerated as Fiction, and that the author of the "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry" was very popular with readers of Fiction, the announcement that William Carleton is in distress implies either the insufficiency of Literature as a means of securing a competence even for an author who has considerable success, or else the improvidence which permits a man to make income of his capital, "living from hand to mouth," without any serious forethought of the coming days when failing faculties or waning reputation will no longer secure the income. Read the story how you will, it is one which should arrest the serious thought of the many ambitious aspirants who are tempted to escape the "drudgery" of commerce for the illusory attractions of Literature.

EDITOR.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE IDEAS OF THE DAY ON POLICY. By CHARLES BUXTON, M.A., M.P.

John Murray.

"THE aim of this book," as Mr. Buxton tells us in his first sentence, "is not to show what men might think, or ought to think, but what they are actually now thinking in England." In other words, it is his object here not to form public opinion, or to oppose public opinion, or to back public opinion, but to define public opinion, telling us exhaustively,—or as nearly as his labour may enable him to do so,—what public opinion thinks on all matters of state politics. Never did a man sit down to a task more laborious or less ambitious. As Mr. Buxton says of this, his own garden, it is a "sicciissimus hortus." Necessarily there is here a skeleton without flesh, or muscles, or blood. Unless a man take this book to read it from faith in Mr. Charles Buxton, as I did; or unless there be some student who modestly believes of himself that he has yet to learn what public opinion in England does think, and that dogmatical teaching on the subject may aid him,—and there are but few politicians so honest or so modest,—I do not see who is to read the book, or why any one should read it. And yet I make bold to say that there is no politician in England, old or young, to whom the book, if carefully read, would not be of signal advantage.

Mr. Charles Buxton has been for some years known in the House of Commons as one of those members who vacillate with a pendulous motion that has in it more of honesty than of doubt, and which, though full of trouble for themselves, is ultimately very beneficial to the country, between the expediency of a Lord Palmerston, and the impracticability of a Mr. Roebuck. Such men, when they take the form in which Mr. Buxton has shown himself, are as eager to assume the usefulness of the late Prime Minister as they are to be inwardly conscious of the honesty which the other gentleman has always displayed. But the struggle between the two lines of public life is a hard struggle, and nine times out of ten is unsuccessful. The man must rid himself of his scruples and undertake the exigencies of public life,—I may hardly, perhaps, say pure and simple,—but with a mind indifferent to its impurities and complexities; or else he must work ever in opposition, and must be fighting on small points against things which he knows to be good in the main. That this is so Mr. Buxton has felt keenly, and this little book before us is the result not only of his thought on the subject, but of his feeling also. Speaking, in his chapter on judicial statesmanship, of the normal Member of Parliament who in his early career endeavours to take his own special course without yielding to those who are more fit to lead him than he is to lead, he says that for such a one "nothing can be less prudent than his thus daring to think out for himself, and strike out his own line. Most of those about him are partisans, however little they may be of politicians. They may care little for the principles they profess; they may care little for the practical results to be expected from their legislation; but they will be none the less eager for the triumph of their party, and will look very much askance at the man who is ready to leave it in the lurch, or break loose from its ties." Then he goes on to say how the impracticable man will be looked on as a black sheep,—and he evidently feels that the impracticable man will properly be so regarded. All this comes of the combat that is always going on within Mr. Buxton's breast between utility and honesty, and of the

effort which he is ever making to combine two things which appear to his clear vision to be hardly compatible. To be always in opposition has not been in unison with the constructive and reparative tendencies of his nature. To be ever on the side of Government has tallied as little with his thirst for pure waters. Hence has come this book. He has given us a catalogue of the Ideas of the day on Policy instead of becoming a Vice-President of the Board of Trade, because it has been necessary to his intellect and his conscience to combine the two things. He is very anxious to maintain his scruples, and yet he would almost sooner throw them overboard than remain useless and inactive. But if he can combine the two, he will have carried every point,—even though the “hortus” should be “siccissimus.”

Mr. Buxton takes up seven subjects of political import to the English mind, and on each of them gives, or attempts to give, the principles and ideas which are now guiding the minds of Englishmen. As for instance, on Financial Policy, he tells us that the ideas in favour of Free Trade are as follows:—

1. That the more good things a nation gets the better.
2. That it is outside the business of Government to assist any man or any classes of men in carrying on their own affairs;—except, indeed, by guarding them from wrong.
3. That every man has a right to work out his own good in his own way, if he do not trespass against others.
4. That the gain of each is the gain of all.
5. That nature is wiser than man, and that man should not mar nature by meddling.
6. That the more trade grows, the more nations will be knit together, and war become impossible.
7. (An idea felt only in certain quarters.) That free trade would lower the landholding and raise the trading interests.
8. That wealth poured into the land must strengthen every class.
9. That free trade, by enhancing individual wealth, must fill the national exchequer.

Thus he gives us very succinctly those Ideas in the English political mind which are strong in favour of Free Trade; and then, immediately afterwards, he gives those ideas by which the system of Protection is defended. Without troubling the reader of the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* with the latter, I will ask him to examine his own free-trading mind as to the former, and to assert to himself whether the ideas in favour of Free Trade, as given by Mr. Buxton, do not comprise all that have passed through his own mind, inducing him to become a Free Trader, as well as all those which he knows to have operated on others. He will probably find also that there is no idea given on the subject, as an idea of the day, with which he is not already conversant. If this be so, he cannot but come to the result that his author has been able, on that subject, to collect all that public opinion has thought out for itself.

The seven subjects on which Mr. Buxton treats are as follows:—1. Our Religious Policy. 2. Our Social Policy. 3. Our Financial Policy. 4. Our Foreign Policy. 5. Our Colonial Policy. 6. Our Indian Policy. 7. Our Irish Policy. He works out each in the same way, giving the pros and cons,—the ideas first which, for the lack of a better word, we may call progressive; and then the conservative ideas in opposition to the progressive ideas. This is done with the coldest impartiality,—as though the author himself had no political impulses, no strong party feelings, no opinions indeed of his own of any sort. Or if, by reason of weakness of the flesh, a bias does creep in, the author tells us that it is there by reason of his own imperfection. If there be flesh and blood, it is a fault. It has been his object to give us the simple skeleton, without a shred of mortal covering.

And it is wonderful that any man who has all the hot impulses of a politician should have been able to keep himself to such a programme so closely as Mr. Buxton has done. There is no controversy in his book, no reasoning even,—hardly so much as an opinion. But on all the subjects named above, there is a list of the current ideas for and against the great measures of policy which are present to the minds of all men; and to him who will consent to use a skeleton, they will be found admirable, by reason of their intelligent simplicity and their intelligible completeness. The chapters on the Religious, Social, and Financial policy of the country,—or what may be called our Home Policy, are much the most complete and the most useful; the first, perhaps,—that on our Religious Policy,—being the best; but in none of his dicta does Mr. Buxton seem to have got out of his depth, or to be talking of matters to which he has not been able to give, and has not given, adequate thought. To say that such a book is pleasant reading would be absurd; but it can be read in a couple of hours, and if read by a political tyro, already conversant with the leading political thoughts of the country, it will leave behind more of political knowledge than can be gained by a twelve months' study of leading articles, and of speeches either in the House or in the provinces.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

NARRATIVE OF AN EXPEDITION TO THE ZAMBESI AND ITS TRIBUTARIES, AND OF THE DISCOVERY OF LAKES SHIRWA AND NYASSA. By DAVID and CHARLES LIVINGSTONE. John Murray.

THE expedition, the history of which is told in this volume, has in no degree answered the popular expectation that it would establish commercial relations with the tribes upon the Zambesi and its tributaries. And so far from accomplishing anything against the slave-trade, some discouragement to which had also been hoped for from it, it undoubtedly helped to extend that traffic by fixing the attention of the Portuguese traders upon districts which had previously escaped them. The results which it has produced, however, are far more than commensurate with the cost and the risks which it involved. Dr. Livingstone is now able to show that Eastern and Central Africa can produce, almost in any quantities, not only cotton, but many other articles of which Europe has constant need; and to make it probable that its capabilities might at once be turned to account if only the foreign slave-trade could be stopped, and men of our more civilised and energetic race were enabled to protect and give direction to the natives. That he has done nothing more than this—that it is impossible to do more at present than to raise strong hopes of a bright future for this part of Africa—must be ascribed to the conduct of the Portuguese, the sovereigns, or nominal sovereigns, of a large portion of it, whose restrictive laws make foreign trade impossible, and whose active prosecution of the slave-trade is fatal to the growth of peaceful industry. The Portuguese seem to have made no objection to Dr. Livingstone exploring the country; indeed, they made a profit by his explorations, for their slave-trade was always following on his track. The geographical results of his numerous journeys have long since been made public; the discovery of Lake Nyassa is much the most important of them.

Indigo, cotton, tobacco, and sugar are the articles of European use which could most advantageously be cultivated in Eastern and Central Africa; and with a virgin soil, exceedingly rich, and a considerable population, on the whole industrious and well-disposed, great quantities of these might be pro-

duced at a very low price. Two or three crops of maize can be got from the soil every year; and wheat, which is indispensable for Europeans in Africa, can be grown during the cold months. Europeans run no very great risk from the climate; for the fever of the country, judiciously treated, is "scarcely more serious than a cold is in England." Plenty of good food, and plenty of interesting work, are, according to Dr. Livingstone, the sole preventives of the fever; and with good food and plenty of quinine it can easily be cured. Cotton was grown in almost every district which Dr. Livingstone traversed; and the variety of it which is most in favour has been pronounced in Lancashire nearly equal to the best New Orleans, and the sort of article most required by the manufacturer. The indigo plant is not cultivated, but is found growing wild everywhere; tobacco is cultivated, for the natives are assiduous smokers. Sugar might be produced in many districts; Dr. Livingstone specially points to one, near the mouths of the Zambesi, as capable in good hands of meeting the whole demand of Europe. The only drawback upon the productiveness of the soil is in the possibility of drought, and a drought may be looked for once in a few years; but much might be done to counteract the effects of drought by the use of irrigation. The country contains enormous deposits of coal—of which, by the way, the properties were not known to the natives. It is believed that there is gold; there certainly is an abundance of iron, which the hill-tribes are very skilful in working.

The Portuguese, who hold the nominal sovereignty of the country near the Zambesi, have not made, and are not likely to make or to permit, any attempt to develop its resources. They are content with the profits derived from the slave-trade; they sell the labour of the country rather than employ it. The wars carried on for the capture of slaves by tribes hired and armed by the Portuguese traders, occasion a terrible loss of life; Dr. Livingstone declares that not one in five of their victims actually becomes a slave. In the case of the Manganjas, the inhabitants of the Shire valley,—who were almost exterminated during Livingstone's residence in Africa,—the proportion was much less than this, drought and famine having followed upon the forays of the slave-traders. Of those captured, the men were mostly sent, in terms of contract with the French Government, as "free immigrants" to the Isle of Bourbon. The murderous system of "free immigration" has been given up by the French Government, but the Portuguese slave-traders do not yet want for customers.

Dr. Livingstone describes the African tribes as being, with few exceptions, intelligent, industrious, peaceful, civil; good neighbours to each other, too, when not tempted by the prospect of getting slaves or cattle. He says they are not more savage, or ignorant, or superstitious than the common English of two centuries ago; but though this may be true, it evidently conveys a very partial impression. Is it credible that a population of English blood, even if deprived of their governing class, would have succumbed to the onset of any invaders so tamely as the Manganjas did? The Manganjas were evidently very poor creatures, belonging to a race of low organisation, even if they were industrious, and good-natured, and sociable in a high degree.

The government among the African tribes is patriarchal; the chief is called the father of the tribe, and exercises despotic sway over his "children." In some cases, numerous chieftains, ruling over a wide area, own allegiance and pay tribute to a common chief. The chiefship is more often elective than hereditary; and a chief's nephew, his sister's son, has a better chance of succeeding

him than his own son, because, says Dr. Livingstone, it is unquestionable that the sister's son has the family blood. Female chiefs are far from uncommon, and where this is the case the position of women is found to be very good. The tribes differ very widely in respect of the treatment of women; and it does not seem to be best among those who, in other respects, are the most advanced. In general, a wife is scarcely better than a slave, and deports herself before her husband as a slave before his master. In many cases, however, a wife is allowed something like a position of equality; occasionally the wife is virtually ruler of her husband and his household; and Dr. Livingstone mentions certain hill-tribes among whom the women do all the buying and selling, and will allow no male to come into the market-place. In some districts, instead of the customary exclamation, "Oh, my father!" which Africans utter in moments of surprise and emergency, the people said "Oh, my mother!" and this was found to be an indication of the mother holding household authority. It does not appear whether there is any restriction of the right of intermarriage, except that one tribe of wandering hippopotamus hunters had almost become a caste—the men rarely, the women never, marrying out of the tribe. Polygamy is practised by all who can afford it; for Africans have to pay for their wives (when they do not steal them from neighbouring tribes), and only the rich can manage to get more than one. Poor men often have to go without a wife; and as the wealthy are often the old people, polygamy is found unfavourable to the growth of population. From occasional facts mentioned by Dr. Livingstone, it seems probable that the African tribe, like the Australian, contains persons of several stocks. It is stated, for instance, in illustration of native slave-trading, that one portion of a tribe often kidnaps and sells men belonging to another portion, and that this gives rise to a blood-feud, and sometimes to a break-up of the tribe. This seems to prove that the principle upon which the tribe is separated into "portions" is that of difference of blood. The Zulu tribes incorporate with themselves the children whom they capture in their forays. Dr. Livingstone does not say whether these children are adopted into the tribe; or whether they are formed into a new sept or subdivision within it. A knowledge of the fact would throw some light upon the growth of communities. The permanent value of Dr. Livingstone's book would have been greatly increased by attention to such matters as these. It is a pity that a man with his opportunities has not a scientific eye for social phenomena, for he is a most trustworthy observer of matters in which he is interested, and indefatigable in informing himself about them.

D. McLENNAN.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY. A Novel. By Amelia B. Edwards. 3 Vols. Tinsley, Brothers.

THE title of this book is too modest. It is not with half a million of money, but with nine million, five hundred and fifty-two thousand, four hundred and odd pounds, or, at least, with the half of this, that the story is concerned. We do not remember ever to have suffered before from so disagreeable a nightmare of figures, as the frequent repetition of this amount brought upon us when we began to read the first volume; but after a time the mind, tired of attempting to form any conception of such a sum, quietly accepted it as a matter not of reason, but faith, and we were rather disappointed than otherwise to find, towards the end, that the villain of the tale carried about in his carpet-bag not

more than a couple of millions in banknotes and jewels. Apart from this there is not much to distinguish the story (which appeared originally in the pages of *All the Year Round*), from other three-volume novels which issue from the press in large numbers every year. The chief characters are the young man who comes suddenly into possession of so enormous a fortune, of course, without any idea of the value of money; the lawyer, his uncle, who is the villain *afore-said*; a young English nobleman, who is all that a young English nobleman ought to be; an Italian count, who has devoted his life and fortune to securing the liberty of his country, and who directs from England the movements of Garibaldi in Sicily; and two heroines, one of whom marries the heir and the other the peer. But no great skill is shown in the development of these characters, or in the arrangement of the plot, and it is easy to predict before the end of the first volume what will be the conclusion of the third. On the other hand, the descriptive passages are well written, and the conversation lively, and, when once the general features of the story are recognised, the incidents are not too startling until the *dénouement* is reached. This last should be, we think, less hurried. It is hardly consistent with the conventional ideas of modern times, that the young lady who has been for some time engaged to the lawyer, and is bound to him, as she supposes, by the strongest ties of gratitude, should learn on the evening before her intended marriage the whole story of her lover's baseness, should discard him on the spot, and accept in his place his nephew, whom she has only seen once before at a railway station. We would gladly have foregone all information on the Rhaeto-Romansch tongue, or the desultory remarks of the members of the Erechtheum Club, if only to afford her an extra half hour's delay before she need have called her new suitor by his Christian name. Objection might also be taken to the close interweaving of fact and fiction in a matter of recent history, which leaves us with the vague impression that the Italian Revolution was due to the machinations of an old gentleman and his handsome daughter, in the octagon tower of an English country-house. But these reflections would have little weight with those who have leisure and inclination for reading books of the class to which this belongs, and to such we commend it, with the assurance that they will find it neither too dull nor too exciting.

A. R. VARDY.

INTRODUCTION TO MODERN CHEMISTRY, EXPERIMENTAL AND THEORETIC. By

A. W. HOFMANN, Professor of Chemistry in the Royal School of Mines.

Walton and Maberley. 1865.

It is not often that a man of science, especially a German, is endowed with the faculties necessary for popular exposition of technical subjects: the gain would be immense could learned professors often meet with such collaborators as Dr. Hoffman has found in Mr. F. O. Ward, to whose aid he here expresses himself indebted, and "whose well-known powers of lucid composition and habits of philosophical thought will be traced in every chapter of this work." We are to suppose that Dr. Hoffman furnished the material, and in some sense the tissue of this work, but that from the lectures delivered to pupils Mr. Ward has constructed a book for the meditation of readers. At any rate, let the division and co-operation of labour have been what it may, the public gets a very noticeable result. As an "Introduction"—and it is nothing more, pretends to be nothing more—it has very conspicuous merits, leading the student gradually from the

concrete facts to general principles, and altogether reversing the usual mode of expounding the elements of the science. The new views of type and chemical notation, which are gradually introducing system into the mass of hitherto disconnected facts, are lucidly explained. The authors begin at once, without definition or preparation, to expound the hydrogen series; and are then led to chemical symbols, and the volumetric and ponderal combining ratios of the elements. Having also expounded the nitrogen series, they rise to the generalities of chemical philosophy. By the experimental examination of a few substances the student is led to distinguish elementary from compound bodies, and mechanical from chemical mixtures. In the hydrogen group it is seen that only one *chemical mixture* can be obtained between each element—thus, one combination of hydrogen with chlorine, one with oxygen, one with nitrogen; but indefinite *mechanical mixtures* of these elements can be obtained: whereas, in the nitrogen series, at least five different chemical compounds can be obtained. Yet that these are chemical, not mechanical, mixtures is certain from the definiteness and constancy of their composition, and from the essential differences of properties which distinguish them from their elementary constituents. "Nitrogen and oxygen are colourless gases, insoluble in water, and incapable of condensation into the liquid, and *a fortiori* into the solid, form by any means at our command. Nitric anhydride and hyponitric acid, on the other hand, solidify at low temperatures to white crystalline bodies. Nitrous acid condenses by cold to a yellow-brown liquid; nitric acid, in contact with air, acquires a greenish-blue colour; nitrous oxide, lastly, is much more soluble in water than either of its constituents. It is, therefore, obvious that these bodies are not mere mechanical mixtures, but true chemical compounds, of nitrogen and oxygen; and we are thus led to the conclusion—one evidently of the highest importance—that two of the elements are capable of combining in *several proportions* to form a series of true chemical compounds, each differing from the others, and all differing from their primary constituents." This does not, however, in the least affect the fundamental distinction between combination and mixture: the one is limited, definite; the other indeterminate. The one changes the essential characters, the other preserves them. I should be disposed to make a slight modification in the statement that, whereas "the possible mixtures of nitrogen with oxygen are beyond the power of numbers to express, the possible combinations with oxygen are only five." This seems to me too absolute, and assumes a finality not warranted by the previous teachings of the science. If we simply say all the *known* combinations of nitrogen with oxygen are those of two volumes of nitrogen with one, two, three, four, or five volumes of oxygen, we shall be more cautious. When the authors say that, "should we ever succeed in producing other true combinations of oxygen with nitrogen, all chemical experience assures us that such combinations will take place in equally determinate ratios," they surely cannot mean to exclude from these new compounds the possibility of different ratios? The ninth and tenth lectures on the Molecular Constituents of Bodies are singularly interesting; indeed, the whole volume is instructive and suggestive; and our chief regret is, that it is an Introduction, and not a Treatise.

EDITOR.

THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.

No. V. THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

IN my last essay I showed that it was possible for a constitutional monarch to be, when occasion served, of first-rate use both at the outset and during the continuance of an administration; but that on matter of fact it was not likely that he would be useful. The requisite ideas, habits, and faculties far surpass the usual competence of an average man, educated in the common manner of sovereigns. The same arguments are entirely applicable at the close of an administration. But at that conjuncture the two most singular prerogatives of an English king—the power of creating new peers and the power of dissolving the Commons—come into play; and we cannot duly criticise the use or misuse of these powers till we know what the peers are and what the House of Commons is.

The use of the House of Lords—or, rather, of the Order of the Lords in its dignified capacity—is very great. It does not attract so much reverence as the Queen, but it attracts very much. The office of an order of nobility is to impose on the common people—not necessarily to impose on them what is untrue, yet less what is hurtful; but still to impose on their quiescent imaginations what would not otherwise be there. The fancy of the mass of men is incredibly weak; it can see nothing without a visible symbol. There is much that it can scarcely make out even with a symbol. Nobility is the symbol of mind. It has the marks from which the mass of men always used to infer mind, and often still infer it. A common clever man who goes into a country place will get no reverence; but the “old squire” will get reverence. Even after he is insolvent, when every one knows that his ruin is but a question of time, he will get five times as much respect from the common peasantry as the newly-made rich man who sits beside him. The common peasantry will listen to his nonsense

more submissively than to the new man's sense. An old lord will get infinite reverence. His very existence is so far useful that it awakens the sensation of obedience to a *sort* of mind—the coarse, dull, contracted multitude, who could neither appreciate or perceive any other sort.

The order of nobility is of great use, too, not only in what it creates, but in what it prevents. It prevents the rule of wealth—the religion of gold. This is the obvious and natural idol of the Anglo-Saxon. He is always trying to make money; he reckons everything in coin; and, therefore, he bows down before a great heap, and sneers as he passes a little heap. He has a “natural instinctive admiration of wealth for its own sake.” And within good limits the feeling is quite right. So long as we play the game of industry vigorously and eagerly (and I hope we shall long play it, for we must be very different from what we are if we do anything better), we shall of necessity respect and admire those who play successfully, and a little despise those who play unsuccessfully. Whether this feeling be right or wrong, it is useless to discuss; to a certain degree, it is involuntary: it is not for morals to settle whether we will have it or not; nature settles for us that, within moderate limits, we must have it. But the admiration of wealth in a state of society where the sources of wealth abound, goes far beyond this; it ceases to regard in any degree the skill of acquisition; it respects wealth in the hands of the inheritor just as much as in the hands of the maker; it is a simple envy and love of a heap of gold as a heap of gold. From this our aristocracy preserves us. There is no country where a “poor devil of a millionaire is so ill off as in England.” The experiment is tried every day, and every day it is proved that money alone—money *pur et simple*—will not buy “London Society.” Money is kept down, and, so to say, cowed by the predominant authority of a different power.

But it may be said that this is no gain; that worship for worship, the worship of money is as good as the worship of rank. Even granting that it were so, it is a great gain to society to have two idols; in the competition of idolatries, the true worship gets a chance. But it is not true that the reverence for rank—at least, for hereditary rank—is as base as the reverence for money. As the world has gone, manner has been half-hereditary in certain castes, and manner is one of the fine arts. It is the *style* of society; it is in the daily-spoken intercourse of human beings what the art of literary expression is in their occasional written intercourse. In reverencing wealth we reverence not a man, but an appendix to a man; in reverencing inherited nobility, we reverence the probable possession of a great faculty—the faculty of bringing out what is in one. The unconscious grace of life may be in the middle classes; finely-mannered persons are born

everywhere, but it *ought* to be in an aristocracy; and a man must be born with a hitch in his nerves if he has not some of it. It is a physiological possession of the race, though it is sometimes wanting in the individual.

There is a third idolatry from which that of rank preserves us, and perhaps it is the worst of any—that of office. The basest deity is a subordinate employé, and yet just now in civilised governments it is the commonest. In France and all the best of the Continent it rules like a superstition. It is to no purpose that you prove that their pay is smaller than mercantile pay; that their work is more monotonous than mercantile work; that their mind is less useful and their life more tame. They are still thought to be greater and better. They are *decorés*; they have a little red on the left breast of their coat, and no argument will answer that. In England, by the odd course of our society, what a theorist would desire, has in fact turned up. The great offices, whether permanent or parliamentary, which require mind, now give social prestige, and almost only those. An Under-Secretary of State with £2,000 a-year is a much greater man than the director of a finance company with £5,000, and the country saves the difference. But except a few offices like the Treasury, which were once filled with aristocratic people, and have an odour of nobility at second-hand, minor place is of no social use. A big grocer despises the exciseman; and what in many countries would be thought impossible, the exciseman envies the grocer. Solid wealth tells where there is no artificial dignity given to petty public functions. A clerk in the public service is “nobody;” and you could not make a common Englishman see why he should be anybody.

But it must be owned that this turning of society into a political expedient has half spoiled it. A great part of the “best” English people keep their mind in a state of decorous dulness. They maintain their dignity; they get obeyed; they are good and charitable to their dependants. But they have no notion of *play* of mind; no conception that the charm of society depends upon it. They think cleverness an antic, and have a constant though needless horror of being thought to have any of it. So much does this stiff dignity give the tone, that the few Englishmen capable of social brilliancy mostly secrete it. They reserve it for persons whom they can trust, who respect it, who are capable of appreciating its *nuances*. But a good government is well worth a great deal of social dulness. The dignified torpor of English society is inevitable if we give precedence—not to the cleverest classes, but to the oldest classes—and we have seen how useful that is.

The social prestige of the aristocracy is, as every one knows, immensely less than it was a hundred years or even fifty years since.

Two great movements—the two greatest of modern society—have been unfavourable to it. The rise of industrial wealth in countless forms has brought in a competitor which has generally more mind, and which would be supreme were it not for awkwardness and intellectual *gêne*. Every day our companies, our railways, our debentures, and our shares, tend more and more to multiply these *surroundings* of the aristocracy, and in time they will hide it. And while this undergrowth has come up, the aristocracy have come down. They have less means of standing out than they used to have. Their power is in their theatrical exhibition, in their state. But society is every day becoming less stately, as our great satirist has observed. The last Duke of St. David's used to cover the north road with his carriages; landladies and waiters bowed before him. The present Duke sneaks away from a railway station, smoking a cigar, in a brougham. The aristocracy cannot lead the old life if they would; they are ruled by a stronger power. They suffer from the tendency of all modern society to raise the average, and to lower—comparatively, and perhaps absolutely, to lower—the summit. As the picturesqueness, the featurecliness of society diminishes, aristocracy loses the single instrument of its peculiar power.

If we remember the great reverence which used to be paid to nobility as such, we shall be surprised that the House of Lords, as an assembly, has always been inferior; that it was always just as now, not the first, but the second of our assemblies. I am not, of course, now speaking of the middle ages; I am not dealing with the embryo or the infant form of our Constitution; I am only speaking of its adult form. Take the times of Sir R. Walpole. He was Prime Minister because he managed the House of Commons; he was turned out because he was beaten on an election petition in that House; he ruled England because he ruled that House. Yet the nobility were then the governing power in England. In many districts the word of some lord was law. The "wicked Lord Lowther," as he was called, left a name of terror in Westmoreland during the memory of men now living. A great part of the borough members and a great part of the county members were their nominees; an obedient unquestioning deference was paid them. As individuals the peers were the greatest people; as a House the collected peers were but the second House.

Several causes contributed to create this anomaly, but the main cause was a natural one. The House of Peers has never been a House where the most important peers were most important. It could not be so. The qualities which fit a man for marked eminence, in a deliberative assembly, are not hereditary, and are not coupled with great estates. In the nation, in the provinces, in his own province, a Duke of Devonshire, or a Duke of Bedford, was a much greater man than Lord

Thurlow. They had great estates, many boroughs, innumerable retainers, a following like a court. Lord Thurlow had no boroughs, no retainers; he lived on his salary. Till the House of Lords met, the dukes were not only the greatest, but immeasurably the greatest. But as soon as the House met, Lord Thurlow became the greatest. He could speak, and they could not speak. He could transact business in half an hour which they could not have transacted in a day, or could not have transacted at all. When some foolish peer who disliked his domination, sneered at his birth, he had words to meet the case. He said it was better for any one to owe his place to his own exertions than to owe it to descent, to being the "accident of an accident." But such a House as this could not be pleasant to great noblemen. They could not like in their own assembly (and yet that was their position from age to age) a lawyer who was of yesterday, whom everybody could remember without briefs, who had talked for "hire," who had "hungered after six-and-eightpence." They did not gain glory from the House; on the contrary, they lost glory when they were in the House. They devised two expedients to get out of this difficulty; they invented proxies, which enabled them to vote without being present, without being offended by vigour and invective, without being vexed by ridicule, without leaving the rural mansion or the town palace where they were demigods. And what was more effectual still, they used their influence in the House of Commons instead of the House of Lords. In that indirect manner a rural potentate who half returned two county members, and wholly returned two borough members, who perhaps gave seats to members of the Government, who possibly seated the leader of the Opposition, became a much greater man than by sitting on his own bench, in his own House, hearing a chancellor talk. The House of Lords was a second-rate force, even when the peers were a first-rate force, because the greatest peers, those who had the greatest social importance, did not care for their own House, or like it, but gained great part of their political power by a hidden but potent influence in the competing House.

When we cease to look at the House of Lords under its dignified aspect, and come to regard it under its strictly useful aspect, we find the literary theory of the English Constitution wholly wrong, as usual. This theory says that the House of Lords is a co-ordinate estate of the realm, of equal rank with the House of Commons; that it is the aristocratic branch, just as the Commons is the popular branch; and that by the principle of our Constitution the aristocratic branch has equal authority with the popular branch. So utterly false is this doctrine that it is a remarkable peculiarity, a capital excellence of the British Constitution, that it contains a sort of Upper House, which is not of equal authority to the Lower House, yet still has some authority.

The evil of two co-equal Houses of distinct natures is obvious. Each House can stop all legislation, and yet some legislation may be necessary. At this moment we have the best instance of this which could be conceived. The Upper House of our Victorian Constitution, representing the rich wool-growers, has disagreed with the Lower Assembly, and most business is suspended. But for a most curious stratagem the machine of government would stand still. Most constitutions have committed this blunder. The two most remarkable Republican institutions in the world commit it. In both the American and the Swiss Constitutions the Upper House has as much authority as the second; it could produce the maximum of impediment—the dead-lock, if it liked; if it does not do so, it is owing not to the goodness of the legal constitution, but to the discreteness of the members of the Chamber. In both these constitutions this dangerous provision is defended by a peculiar doctrine with which I have nothing to do now. It is said that there must be in a Federal Government some institution, some authority, some body possessing a veto in which the separate States composing the Confederation are all equal. I confess this doctrine has to me no self-evidence, and it is assumed, but not proved. The State of Delaware is *not* equal in power or influence to the State of New York, and you cannot make it so by giving it an equal veto in an Upper Chamber. The history of such an institution is most natural. A little State will like, and must like, to see some token, some memorial mark of its old independence preserved in the Constitution by which that independence is extinguished. But it is one thing for an institution to be natural, and another for it to be expedient. If indeed it be that a Federal Government compels the erection of an Upper Chamber of conclusive and co-ordinate authority, it is one more in addition to the many other inherent defects of that kind of government. It may be necessary to have the blemish, but it is a blemish just as much.

There ought to be in every constitution an available authority somewhere. The sovereign power must be *come-at-able*. And the English have made it so. The House of Lords, at the passing of the Reform Act of 1832, was as unwilling to concur with the House of Commons as the Upper Chamber at Victoria to concur with the Lower Chamber. But it did concur. The Crown has the authority to create new peers; and the king of the day had promised the Ministry of the day to create them. The House of Lords did not like the precedent, and they passed the Bill. The power was not used, but its existence was as useful as its energy. Just as the knowledge that his men can strike makes a master yield in order that they may not strike, so the knowledge that their House could be swamped at the will of the king—at the will of the people—made the Lords yield to the people.

From the Reform Act the function of the House of Lords has been altered in English history. Before that Act it was, if not a directing Chamber, at least a Chamber of directors. The leading nobles, who had most influence in the Commons, and swayed the Commons, sat there. Aristocratic influence was so powerful in the House of Commons, that there never was any serious breach of unity. When the Houses quarrelled, it was, as in the great Aylesbury case, about their respective privileges, and not about the national policy. The influence of the nobility was then so potent, that it was not necessary to exert it. The English Constitution, though then on this point very different from what it now is, did not even then contain the blunder of the Victorian or of the Swiss Constitution. It had not two Houses of distinct origin; it had two Houses of common origin—two Houses in which the predominant element was the same. The danger of discordance was obviated by a latent unity.

Since the Reform Act the House of Lords has become a revising and suspending House. It can alter Bills; it can reject Bills on which the House of Commons is not yet thoroughly in earnest—upon which the nation is not yet determined. Their veto is a sort of hypothetical veto. They say, We reject your Bill for this once, or these twice, or even these thrice; but if you keep on sending it up, at last we won't reject it. The House has ceased to be one of latent directors, and has become one of temporary rejectors and palpable alterers.

It is the sole claim of the Duke of Wellington to the name of a statesman that he presided over this change. He wished to guide the Lords to their true position, and he did guide them. In 1846, in the crisis of the Corn-Law struggle, and when it was a question whether the House of Lords should resist or yield, he wrote a very curious letter to the present Lord Derby:—

“For many years, indeed from the year 1830, when I retired from office, I have endeavoured to manage the House of Lords upon the principle on which I conceive that the institution exists in the Constitution of the country, that of Conservatism. I have invariably objected to all violent and extreme measures, which is not exactly the mode of acquiring influence in a political party in England, particularly one in opposition to Government. I have invariably supported Government in Parliament upon important occasions, and have always exercised my personal influence to prevent the mischief of anything like a difference or division between the two Houses,—of which there are some remarkable instances, to which I will advert here, as they will tend to show you the nature of my management, and possibly, in some degree, account for the extraordinary power which I have for so many years exercised, without any apparent claim to it.

“Upon finding the difficulties in which the late King William was involved by a promise made to create peers, the number, I believe, indefinite, I determined myself, and I prevailed upon others, the number very large, to be absent from the House in the discussion of the last stages of the Reform Bill, after the negotiations had failed for the formation of a new Administration. This course gave at the time great dissatisfaction to the party; notwithstanding that I

believe it saved the existence of the House of Lords at the time, and the Constitution of the country.

"Subsequently, throughout the period from 1835 to 1841, I prevailed upon the House of Lords to depart from many principles and systems which they as well as I had adopted and voted on Irish tithes, Irish corporations, and other measures, much to the vexation and annoyance of many. But I recollect one particular measure, the union of the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, in the early stages of which I had spoken in opposition to the measure, and had protested against it; and in the last stages of it I prevailed upon the House to agree to, and pass it, in order to avoid the injury to the public interests of a dispute between the Houses upon a question of such importance. Then I supported the measures of the Government, and protected the servant of the Government, Captain Elliot, in China. All of which tended to weaken my influence with some of the party; others, possibly a majority, might have approved of the course which I took. It was at the same time well known that, from the commencement at least of Lord Melbourne's Government, I was in constant communication with it, upon all military matters, whether occurring at home or abroad, at all events. But likewise upon many others.

"All this tended, of course, to diminish my influence in the Conservative party, while it tended essentially to the ease and satisfaction of the Sovereign, and to the maintenance of good order. At length came the resignation of the Government by Sir Robert Peel, in the month of December last, and the Queen desiring Lord John Russell to form an Administration. On the 12th of December the Queen wrote to me the letter of which I enclose the copy, and the copy of my answer of the same date; of which it appears that you have never seen copies, although I communicated them immediately to Sir Robert Peel. It was impossible for me to act otherwise than is indicated in my letter to the Queen. I am the servant of the Crown and people. I have been paid and rewarded, and I consider myself retained; and that I can't do otherwise than serve as required, when I can do so without dishonour, that is to say, as long as I have health and strength to enable me to serve. But it is obvious that there is, and there must be, an end of all connection and counsel between party and me. I might with consistency, and some may think that I ought to, have declined to belong to Sir Robert Peel's Cabinet on the night of the 20th of December. But my opinion is, that if I had, Sir Robert Peel's Government would not have been framed; that we should have had — and — in office next morning.

"But, at all events, it is quite obvious that when that arrangement comes, which sooner or later must come, there will be an end to all influence on my part over the Conservative party, if I should be so indiscreet as to attempt to exercise any. You will see, therefore, that the stage is quite clear for you, and that you need not apprehend the consequences of differing in opinion from me when you will enter upon it; as in truth I have, by my letter to the Queen of the 12th of December, put an end to the connection between the party and me, when the party will be in opposition to her Majesty's Government.

"My opinion is, that the great object of all is that you should assume the station, and exercise the influence, which I have so long exercised in the House of Lords. The question is, how is that object to be attained? By guiding their opinion and decision, or by following it? You will see that I have endeavoured to guide their opinion, and have succeeded upon some most remarkable occasions. But it has been by a good deal of management.

"Upon the important occasion and question now before the House, I propose to endeavour to induce them to avoid to involve the country in the additional difficulties of a difference of opinion, possibly a dispute between the Houses, on a question in the decision of which it has been frequently asserted that their lordships had a personal interest; which assertion, however false as affecting each of them personally, could not be denied as affecting the

proprietors of land in general. I am aware of the difficulty, but I don't despair of carrying the Bill through. You must be the best judge of the course which you ought to take, and of the course most likely to conciliate the confidence of the House of Lords. My opinion is, that you should advise the House to vote that which would tend most to public order, and would be most beneficial to the immediate interests of the country."

This is the mode in which the House of Lords came to be what it now is, a chamber with (in most cases) a veto of delay, with (in most cases) a power of revision, but with no other rights or powers. The question we have to answer is, "The House of Lords being such, what is the use of the Lords?"

The common notion evidently fails, that it is a bulwark against imminent revolution. As the Duke's letter in its every line evinces, the wisest members, the guiding members of the House, know that the House must yield to the people if the people is determined. The two cases—that of the Reform Act and the Corn Laws—were decisive cases. The great majority of the Lords thought Reform revolution, Free-trade confiscation, and the two together ruin. If they could ever have been trusted to resist the people, they would then have resisted it. But in truth it is idle to expect a second chamber—a chamber of notables—ever to resist a popular chamber, a nation's chamber, when that chamber is vehement and the nation vehement too. There is no strength in it for that purpose. Every class chamber, every minority-chamber, so to speak, feels weak and helpless when the nation is excited. In a time of revolution there are but two powers, the sword and the people. The executive commands the sword; the great lesson which the First Napoleon taught the Parisian populace; the contribution he made to the theory of revolutions at the 18th Brumaire, is now well known. Any strong soldier at the head of the army can use the army. But a second chamber cannot use it. It is a pacific assembly, composed of timid peers, or aged lawyers, or, as abroad, clever *littérateurs*. Such a body has no force to put down the nation, and if the nation will have it do something it must do it.

The very nature, too, as has been seen, of the Lords in the English Constitution, shows that it cannot stop revolution. The Constitution contains an exceptional provision to prevent its stopping it. The executive, the appointee of the popular chamber and the nation, can make new peers, and so create a majority in the peers; it can say to the Lords, "Use the powers of your House as we like, or you shall not use them at all. We will find others to use them; your virtue shall go out of you if it is not used as we like, and stopped when we please." An assembly under such a threat cannot arrest, and could not be intended to end, a determined and insisting executive.

In fact the House of Lords, as a House, is not a bulwark that will keep out revolution, but an index that revolution is unlikely. Rest-

ing as it does upon old deference, and inveterate homage, it shows that the spasm of new forces, the outbreak of new agencies, which we call revolution, is for the time simply impossible. So long as many old leaves linger on the November trees, you know that there has been little frost and no wind. Just so while the House of Lords retains much power, you may know that there is no desperate discontent in the country, no wild agency likely to cause a great demolition.

There used to be a singular idea that two chambers—a revising chamber and a suggesting chamber—were essential to a free government. The first person who threw a hard stone—an effectually hitting stone—against the theory was one very little likely to be favourable to democratic influence, or to be blind to the use of aristocracy; it was the present Lord Grey. He had to look at the matter practically. He was the first great colonial minister of England who ever had himself to introduce representative institutions into *all* her capable colonies, and the difficulty stared him in the face that in those colonies there were hardly enough good people for one assembly, and not near enough good people for two assemblies. It happened—and most naturally happened—that a second assembly was mischievous. The second assembly was either the nominee of the Crown, which in such places naturally allied itself with better instructed minds, or was elected by people with a higher property qualification; some peculiarly well-judging people. Both these choosers chose the best men in the colony, and put them into the second assembly. And thus the first assembly was necessarily left without those best men. The popular assembly was denuded of those guides and those leaders who would have led and guided it best. Those superior men were put aside to talk to one another, and perhaps dispute with one another; they were a concentrated instance of high but neutralised forces. They wished to do good, but they could do nothing. The Lower House, with all the best people in the colony taken out of it, did what it liked. The democracy was weakened rather than strengthened by the isolation in a weak position of its best opponents. As soon as experience had shown this, or seemed to show it, the theory that two chambers were essential to a good and free government vanished away.

With a perfect Lower House it is certain that an Upper House would be scarcely of any value. If we had an ideal House of Commons perfectly representing the nation, always moderate, never passionate, abounding in men of leisure, never omitting the slow and steady forms necessary for good consideration, it is certain that we should not need a higher chamber. The work would be done so well that we should not want any one to look over or revise it. And whatever is unnecessary in government is pernicious. Human life makes so much complexity necessary that an artificial addition is sure to do

harm : you cannot tell where the needless bit of machinery will catch and clog the hundred needful wheels ; but the chances are conclusive that anything which gets among them will impede them somewhere, so near are they and so delicate. But though beside an ideal House of Commons the Lords would be unnecessary, and therefore pernicious, beside the actual House a revising and leisured legislature is extremely useful, if not quite necessary.

At present the chance majorities on minor questions in the House of Commons are subject to no effectual control. The nation never attends to any but the principal matters of policy and state. Upon these it forms that rude, rough, ruling judgment which we call public opinion ; but upon other things it does not think at all, and it would be useless for it to think. It has not the materials for forming a judgment : the detail of Bills, the instrumental part of policy, the latent part of legislation, are wholly out of its way. It knows nothing about them, and could not find time or labour for the careful investigation by which alone they can be apprehended. A casual majority of the House of Commons has therefore dominant power : it can legislate as it likes, and regulate as it likes. And though the whole House of Commons upon great subjects very fairly represents public opinion, and though its judgment upon minor questions is, from some secret excellencies in its composition, remarkably sound and good ; yet, like all similar assemblies, it is subject to the hasty action of sinister interests. There are said to be two hundred "members for the railways" in the present Parliament. If these two hundred choose to combine on a point which the public does not care for, and which they care for because it affects their purse, they are absolute. A formidable sinister interest may always obtain the complete command of a dominant assembly by some chance and for a moment, and it is therefore of great use to have a second chamber of an opposite sort, differently composed, in which that interest in all likelihood will not rule.

The most dangerous of all sinister interests is that of the executive Government, because it is the most powerful. It is perfectly possible, it has happened, and will happen again, that the Cabinet, being very powerful in the Commons, may inflict minor measures on the nation which the nation did not like, but which it did not understand enough to forbid. If, therefore, a tribunal of revision can be found in which the executive, though powerful, is less powerful, the government will be the better ; the retarding chamber will impede minor instances of parliamentary tyranny, though it will not prevent or much impede revolution.

Every large assembly is, moreover, a fluctuating body ; it is not one house, so to say, nor a set of houses ; it is one knot of men to-night and another to-morrow night. A certain unity is doubt-

less preserved by the duty which the executive is supposed to undertake, and does undertake, of keeping a house; a constant element is so provided about which all sorts of variables accumulate and pass away. But even after due allowance for the full weight of this protective machinery, our House of Commons is, as all such chambers must be, subject to sudden turns and bursts of feeling, because the members who compose it change from time to time. The pernicious result is perpetual in our legislation; many acts of Parliament are medleys of different motives because the majority which passed one set of its clauses is different from that which passed another set.

But the greatest defect of the House of Commons is that it has no leisure. The life of the House is the worst of all lives—a life of distracting routine. It has an amount of business brought before it such as no similar assembly ever has had. The British empire is a miscellaneous aggregate, and each bit of the aggregate brings its bit of business to the House of Commons. It is India one day and Jamaica the next: then again China, and then Sleswig Holstein. Our legislation touches on all subjects, because our country contains all ingredients. The mere questions which are asked of the ministers run over half human affairs; the Private Bill Acts, the mere *privilegia* of our Government—subordinate as they ought to be—probably give the House of Commons more absolute work than the whole business, both national and private, of any other assembly which has ever sat. The whole scene is so encumbered with changing business, that it is hard to keep your head in it.

Whatever, too, may be the case hereafter, when a better system has been struck out, at present the House does all the work of legislation, all the detail, and all the clauses itself. One of the most helpless exhibitions of helpless ingenuity and wasted mind is a committee of the whole House on a Bill of many clauses which eager enemies are trying to spoil, and various friends are trying to mend. An Act of Parliament is at least as complex as a marriage settlement: and it is made much as a settlement would be if it were left to the vote and settled by the major part of persons concerned, including the unborn children. There is an advocate for every interest, and every interest clamours for every advantage. The executive Government by means of its disciplined forces,—the few invaluable members who sit and think,—preserves some sort of unity. But the result is very imperfect. The best test of a machine is the work it turns out. Let any one who knows what legal documents ought to be, read first his marriage settlement and then an Act of Parliament; he will certainly say, "I would have dismissed my attorney if he had done my business as the legislature has done the nation's business." While the House of Commons is what it is, a good revising, regulating, and retarding House would be a benefit of great magnitude.

But is the House of Lords such a chamber? Does it do this work? This is almost an undiscussed question. The House of Lords, for thirty years at least, has been in popular discussion an accepted matter. Popular passion has not crossed the path, and no vivid imagination has been excited to clear the matter up.

The House of Lords has the greatest merit which such a chamber can have; it is *possible*. It is incredibly difficult to get a revising assembly, because it is difficult to find a class of respected revisers. A federal senate, a second House, which represents State Unity, has this advantage; it embodies a feeling at the root of society—a feeling which is older than complicated politics, which is stronger a thousand times over than common political feelings—the *local* feeling. “My shirt,” said the Swiss state-right patriot, “is dearer to me than my coat.” Every State in the American Union would feel that disrespect to the Senate was disrespect to itself. Accordingly, the Senate is respected: whatever may be the merits or demerits of its action, it can act; it is real, independent, and efficient. But in common governments it is fatally difficult to make an *unpopular* entity powerful in a popular government.

It is almost the same thing to say that the House of Lords is independent. It would not be powerful, it would not be possible, unless it were known to be independent. The Lords are in several respects more independent than the Commons; their judgment may not be so good a judgment, but it is emphatically their own judgment. The House of Lords, as a body, is accessible to no social bribe. And this, in our day, is no light matter. Many members of the House of Commons, who are to be influenced by no other manner of corruption, are much influenced by this its most insidious sort. The conductors of the press and the writers for it are worse—at least the more influential who come near the temptation; for “position,” as they call it—for a certain intimacy with the aristocracy they would do almost anything and say almost anything. But the Lords are those who give social bribes, and not those who take them. They are above corruption because they are the corruptors. The Lords have no constituency to fear or wheedle; they have the best means of forming a disinterested and cool judgment of any class in the country. They have, too, leisure to form it. They have no occupations to distract them which are worth the name. Field sports are but playthings, though some Lords put an Englishman’s seriousness into them. Few Englishmen can bury themselves in science or literature; and the aristocracy have less, perhaps, of that *impetus* than the middle classes. Society is too correct and dull to be an occupation, as in other times and ages it has been. The aristocracy live in the fear of the middle classes—of the grocer and the merchant. They dare not frame a society of enjoy-

ment as the French aristocracy once formed it. Politics are the only occupation a peer has worth the name. The House of Lords, beside independence to revise independently, position to revise effectually, has leisure to revise intellectually.

These are great merits; and, considering how difficult it is to get a good second chamber, and how much with our present first chamber we need a second, we may well be thankful for them. But we must not permit them to blind our eyes. Those merits of the Lords have faults close beside them which go far to make them useless. With its power, its wealth, its place, its leisure, the House of Lords would, on the very surface of the matter, rule us far more than it does if it had not secret defects which hamper and weaken it.

The first of these defects is hardly to be called secret, though, on the other hand, it is not well known. A severe though not unfriendly critic of our institutions said that "the cure for admiring the House of Lords was to go and look at it"—to look at it not on a great party field-day, or at a time of parade, but in the ordinary transaction of business. There are perhaps ten peers in the House, possibly only six; three is the quorum for transacting business. A few more may dawdle in or not dawdle in; the principal speakers, the lawyers (a few years ago when Lyndhurst, Brougham, and Campbell were in vigour they were by far the predominant talkers) and a few statesmen whom every one knows. But the mass of the House is nothing. This is why orators trained in the Commons detest to speak in the Lords. Lord Chatham used to call it the "Tapestry." The House of Commons is a scene of life if ever there was a scene of life. Every member in the throng, every atom in the medley, has his own objects (good or bad), his own purposes (great or petty); his own notions, such as they are, of what is; his own notions, such as they are, of what ought to be. There is a motley confluence of vigorous elements, but the result is one and good. There is a "feeling of the House," a "sense" of the House, and no one who knows anything of it can despise it. A very shrewd man of the world went so far as to say that "the House of Commons has more sense than any one in it." But there is no such "sense" in the House of Lords, because there is no life. The Lower Chamber is a chamber of eager politicians; the Upper (to say the least) of *not* eager ones.

This apathy is not, indeed, as great as the outside show would indicate. The committees of the Lords (as I shall presently show) do a great deal of work, and do it very well. And, such as it is, the apathy is very natural. A House composed of rich men who can vote by proxy without coming will not come very much. But after every abatement the real indifference to their duties of most peers is a great defect, and the apparent indifference is a dangerous defect. As far as politics go there is profound truth in Lord Chesterfield's

axiom, that the world must judge of you by what you seem not by what you are." The world knows what you seem ; it does not know what you are. An assembly—a revising assembly especially—which does not assemble, which looks as if it does not care how it revises, is defective in a main political ingredient. It may be of use, but it will hardly convince mankind that it is so.

The next defect is even more serious ; it affects not simply the apparent work of the House of Lords but the real work. For a revising legislature, it is too uniformly made up. Errors are of various kinds ; but the constitution of the House of Lords only guards against a single error—that of too quick change. The Lords—leaving out a few lawyers and a few outcasts—are all landowners of more or less wealth. They all have more or less the opinions, the merits, the faults of that one class. They revise legislation, as far as they do revise it, exclusively according to the supposed interests, the predominant feelings, the inherited opinions, of that class. Since the Reform Act, this uniformity of tendency has been very evident. The Lords have felt—it would be harsh to say hostile, but still dubious, as to the new legislation. There was a spirit in it alien to their spirit, and which when they could they have tried to cast out. That spirit is what has been termed the "modern spirit." It is not easy to concentrate its essence in a phrase : it lives in our life, animates our actions, suggests our thoughts. We all know what it means, though it would take an essay to limit it and define it. So far as the work of revision goes, the House of Lords is not an impartial reviser, but a biased reviser.

This singleness of composition would be no fault, it would be, or might be, even a merit, if the criticism of the House of Lords, though a suspicious criticism, were yet a criticism of great understanding. The characteristic legislation of every age must have characteristic defects ; it is the outcome of a character, of necessity faulty and limited. It must mistake some kind of things : it must overlook some other kind. If we could get hold of a complementary critic, a critic who saw what the age did not see, and who saw rightly what the age mistook, we should have found a critic of inestimable value. But is the House of Lords that critic ? Can it be said that its unfriendliness to the legislation of the age is founded on a perception of what the age does not see, and a rectified perception of what the age does see ? The most extreme partisan, the most warm admirer of the Lords, if of fair and tempered mind, cannot say so. The evidence is too strong. On free trade, for example, no one can doubt that the Lords—meaning the opinion of the Lords—and not so much what they did, in fact, as what they wished to do, and would have done, if they had acted on their own minds—were utterly wrong. This is the clearest test of the "modern spirit." It is easier here to be sure

it is right than elsewhere. Commerce is like war ; its result is patent. Do you make money or do you not make it ? There is as little appeal from figures as from battle. Now no one can doubt that England is a great deal better off because of free trade ; that it has more money, and that money diffused, as we should wish it diffused. In the one case in which we can unanswerably test the modern spirit, it is right, and the dubious Upper House—the House which would have rejected it, if possible—was wrong.

There is another reason. The House of Lords, being an hereditary chamber, cannot be of more than common ability. It may contain—it almost always has contained, it almost always will contain—extraordinary men. But its average born law-makers cannot be extraordinary. Being a set of eldest sons picked out by chance and history, it cannot be very wise. It would be a standing miracle if such a chamber possessed a knowledge of its age superior to the other men of the age ; if it possessed a superior and supplemental knowledge ; if it descried what they did not discern, and saw truly that which they saw, indeed, but saw untruly.

The difficulty goes deeper. The task of revising, of adequately revising the legislation of this age, is not only that which a *noblesse* has no facility in doing, but one which it has a difficulty in doing. Look at the statute book for 1865—the statutes at large for the year. You will find, not pieces of literature, not nice and subtle matters, but coarse matters, crude heaps of heavy business. They deal with trade, with finance, with statute law reform, with common law reform ; they deal with various sorts of business, but with business always. And there is no educated human being less likely to know business, worse placed for knowing business, than a young lord. Business is really more agreeable than pleasure ; it interests the whole mind, the aggregate nature of man more continuously, and more deeply. But it does not *look* as if it did. It is difficult to convince a young man, who can have the best of pleasure, that it will. A young lord just come into £30,000 a year will not, as a rule, care much for the law of patents, for the law of “passing tolls,” or the law of prisons. Like Hercules, he may choose virtue, but Hercules could hardly choose business. He has everything to allure him from it, and nothing to allure him to it. And even if he wish to give himself to business, he has little means. Pleasure is near him, but business is far from him. Few things are more amusing than the ideas of a well-intentioned young man, who is born out of the business world, but who wishes to take to business, about business. He has hardly a notion in what it consists. It really is the adjustment of certain particular means to equally certain particular ends. But hardly a young man destitute of experience is able to separate end and means. It seems to him a kind of mystery ; and it is lucky if he do not think

that the forms are the main part, and that the end is but secondary. There are plenty of business men, falsely so-called, who so think. The subject seems a kind of maze. "What would you recommend me to *read*?" the nice youth asks; and it is impossible to explain to him that reading has nothing to do with it, that he has not yet the original ideas in his mind to read about; that administration is an art as painting is an art; and that no book can teach the practice of either.

Formerly this defect in the aristocracy was hidden by their other advantages. Being the only class at ease for money and cultivated in mind they were without competition; and though they might not be, as a rule, and extraordinary ability excepted, excellent in state business, they were the best that could be had. Even in old times, however, they sheltered themselves from the greater pressure of coarse work. They appointed a manager—a Peel or a Walpole, anything but an aristocrat in manner or in nature—to act for them and manage for them. But now a class is coming up trained to thought, full of money, and yet trained to business. As I write, two members of this class have been appointed to stations considerable in themselves, and sure to lead (if anything is sure in politics) to the Cabinet and power. This is the class of highly-cultivated men of business who, after a few years, are able to leave business and begin ambition. These men are few in public life, because they do not know their own strength. It is like Columbus and the egg once again; a few original men will show it can be done, and then a crowd of common men will follow. These men know business partly from tradition, and this is much. There are University families—families who talk of fellowships, and who invest their children's ability in Latin verses as soon as they discover it; there used to be Indian families of the same sort, and probably will be again when the competitive system has had time to foster a new breed. Just so there are business families to whom all that concerns money, all that concerns administration, is as familiar as the air they breathe. All Americans, it has been said, know business; it is in the air of their country. Just so certain classes know business here; and the lord can hardly know it. It is as great a difficulty to learn business in a palace as it is to learn agriculture in a park.

To one kind of business, indeed, this doctrine does not apply. There is one kind of business in which our aristocracy have still, and are likely to retain long, a certain advantage. This is the business of diplomacy. Napoleon, who knew men well, would never, if he could help, employ men of the Revolution in missions to the old courts; he said, "They spoke to no one, and no one spoke to them;" and so they sent home no information. The reason is obvious. The old-world diplomacy of Europe was largely carried on in drawing-rooms, and, to a great extent, of necessity still is so. Nations touch

at their summits. It is always the highest class which travels most, knows most of foreign nations, has the least of the territorial sectarianism, which calls itself patriotism, and is often thought to be so. Even here, indeed, in England the new trade-class is in real merit equal to the aristocracy. Their knowledge of foreign things is as great, and their contact with them often more. But, notwithstanding, the new race is not as serviceable for diplomacy as the old race. An ambassador is not simply an agent; he is also a spectacle. He is sent abroad for show as well as for substance; he is to represent the Queen among foreign courts and foreign sovereigns. An aristocracy is in its nature better suited to such work; it is trained to the theatrical part of life; it is fit for that if it is fit for anything. A shrewd judge wants "to pass an Act that the Minister at Washington should always be a Lord." The social prestige of an aristocracy is most valuable in a country which has no aristocracy.

But, with this exception, an aristocracy is necessarily inferior in business to the classes nearer business; and it is not, therefore, a suitable class, if we had our choice of classes, out of which to frame a chamber for revising matters of business. It is indeed a singular example how natural business is to the English race, that the House of Lords works as well as it does. The common appearance of the "whole House" is a jest—a dangerous anomaly, which Mr. Bright will some time use; but a great deal of substantial work is done in "Committees," and often very well done. The great majority of the Peers do none of their appointed work, and could do none of it; but a minority—a minority never so large and never so earnest as in this age—do it, and do it well. Still no one, who examines the matter without prejudice, can say that the work is done perfectly. In a country so rich in mind as England, far more intellectual power can be, and ought to be, applied to the revision of our laws.

And not only does the House of Lords do its work imperfectly, but often, at least, it does it timidly. Being only a section of the nation, it is afraid of the nation. Having been used for years and years, on the greatest matters, to act contrary to its own judgment, it hardly knows when to act on that judgment. The depressing languor with which it damps an earnest young peer is at times ridiculous. "When the Corn Laws are gone, and the rotten boroughs, why teaze about Clause IX. in the Bill to regulate Cotton Factories?" is the latent thought of many peers. A word from the leaders, from "the Duke," or Lord Derby, or Lord Lyndhurst, will rouse on any matter the sleeping energies; but most lords are feeble and forlorn.

These grave defects would have been at once lessened, and in the course of years nearly effaced, if the House of Lords had not resisted the proposal of Lord Palmerston's first government to create peers for life. The expedient was almost perfect. The difficulty of reforming

an old institution like the House of Lords is necessarily great ; its possibility rests on continuous caste and ancient deference. But if you begin to agitate about it, to bawl at meetings about it, that deference is gone, its peculiar charm lost, its reserved sanctity gone. But, by an odd fatality, there was in the recesses of the Constitution an old prerogative which would have rendered agitation needless—which would have effected, without agitation, all that agitation could have effected. Lord Palmerston was—now that he is dead, and his memory can be calmly viewed—as firm a friend to an aristocracy, as thorough an aristocrat, as any in England ; yet he proposed to use that power. If the House of Lords had still been under the rule of the Duke of Wellington, perhaps they would have acquiesced. The Duke would not indeed have reflected on all the considerations which a philosophic statesman would have set out before him ; but he would have been brought right by one of his peculiarities. He disliked, above all things, to oppose the Crown. At a great crisis, at the crisis of the Corn Laws, what he considered was not what other people were thinking of, the economical issue under discussion, the welfare of the country hanging in the balance, but—the Queen's ease. He thought the Crown so superior a part in the Constitution, that, even on vital occasions, he looked solely—or said he looked solely—to the momentary comfort of the present sovereign. He never was comfortable in opposing a conspicuous act of the Crown. It is very likely that, if the Duke had still been the President of the House of Lords, they would have permitted the Crown to prevail in its well-chosen scheme. But the Duke was dead, and his authority—or some of it—had fallen to a very different person. Lord Lyndhurst had many great qualities : he had a splendid intellect—as great a faculty of finding truth as any one in his generation ; but he had no love of truth. With this great faculty of finding truth, he was a believer in error—in what his own party admit to be error—all his life through. He could have found the truth as a statesman just as he found it when a judge ; but he never did find it. He never looked for it. He was a great partisan, and he applied a capacity of argument, and a faculty of intellectual argument rarely equalled, to support the tenets of his party. The proposal to create life-peers was proposed by the antagonistic party—was at the moment likely to injure his own party. To him this was a great opportunity. The speech he delivered on that occasion lives in the memory of those who heard it. His eyes did not at that time let him read, so he repeated by memory, and quite accurately, all the black-letter authorities bearing on the question. So great an intellectual effort has rarely been seen in an English assembly. But the result was deplorable. Not by means of his black-letter authorities, but by means of his recognised authority and his vivid impression, he induced the House of Lords to reject the proposition of the Government. Lord Lyndhurst

said the Crown could not now create life-peers, and so there are no life-peers. The House of Lords rejected the inestimable, the unprecedented opportunity of being tacitly reformed. Such a chance does not come twice. The life-peers who would have been then introduced would have been among the first men in the country. Lord Macaulay was to have been among the first; Lord Wensleydale—the most learned and not the least logical of our lawyers—to be the very first. Thirty or forty such men, added judiciously and sparingly as years went on, would have given to the House of Lords the very element which, as a criticising chamber, it needs so much. It would have given it critics. The most accomplished men in each department might then, without irrelevant considerations of family and of fortune, have been added to the Chamber of Review. The very element which was wanted to the House of Lords was, as it were, by a constitutional providence, offered to the House of Lords, and they refused it. By what species of effort that error can be repaired, I cannot tell; but, unless it is repaired, the intellectual capacity can never be what it would have been, will never be what it ought to be, will never be sufficient for its work.

Another reform ought to have accompanied the creation of life-peers. Proxies ought to have been abolished. Some time or other the slack attendance in the House of Lords will destroy the House of Lords. There are occasions in which appearances are realities, and this is one of them. The House of Lords on most days looks so unlike what it ought to be, that most people will not believe it is what it ought to be. The attendance of considerate peers will, for obvious reasons, be larger when it can no longer be overpowered by the *non*-attendance, by the commissioned votes of inconsiderate peers. The abolition of proxies would have made the House of Lords a real House; the addition of life-peers would have made it a good House.

The greater of these changes would have most materially aided the House of Lords in the performance of its subsidiary functions. It always perhaps happens in a great nation, that certain bodies of sensible men posted prominently in its constitution, acquire functions, and usefully exercise functions which, at the outset, no one expected from them, and which do not identify themselves with their original design. This has happened to the House of Lords especially. The most obvious instance is the judicial function. This is a function which no theorist would assign to a second chamber in a new constitution, and which is matter of accident in ours. But I do not much rely on this. It is *not* a function of the House of Lords, but of a Committee of the House of Lords. On one occasion only, the trial of O'Connell, the whole House, or some few in the whole House, wished to vote, and they were told they could not, or they would destroy the

judicial prerogative. No one, indeed, would venture *really* to place judicial function in the chance majorities of a fluctuating assembly: it is so by a sleepy theory; it is not so in living fact. As a legal question, too, it is a matter of grave doubt whether there ought to be two supreme courts in this country—the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and (what is in fact though not in name) the Judicial Committee of the House of Lords. Up to a very recent time one committee might decide that a man was sane as to money, and the other committee might decide that he was insane as to land. This absurdity has been cured; but the error from which it arose has not been cured—the error of having two supreme courts, to both of which, as time goes on, the same question is sure often enough to be submitted, and each of which is sure every now and then to decide it differently. I do not reckon the judicial function of the House of Lords as one of its true subsidiary functions, first because it does not in fact exercise it, next because I wish to see it in appearance deprived of it. The supreme court of the English people ought to be a great conspicuous tribunal, ought to rule all other courts, ought to have no competitor, ought to bring our law into unity, ought not to be hidden beneath the robes of a legislative assembly.

The subsidiary functions of the House of Lords, are real and, unlike its judicial functions, are very analogous to its substantial nature. The first is the faculty of criticising the executive. An assembly in which the mass of the members have nothing to lose, where most have nothing to gain, where every one has a social position firmly fixed, where no one has a constituency, where hardly any one cares for the minister of the day, is the very assembly in which to look for, from which to expect, independent criticism. And in matter of fact we find it. The criticism of the act of late administrations by Lord Grey has been admirable. But such criticism, to have its full value, should be many-sided. Every man of great ability puts his own mark on his own criticism; it will be full of thought and feeling, but then it is of idiosyncratic thought and feeling. We want many critics of ability and knowledge in the Upper House—not equal to Lord Grey, for they would be hard to find—but like Lord Grey. They should resemble him in impartiality; they should resemble him in clearness; they should most of all resemble him in taking the supplemental view of a subject. There is an actor's view of a subject which (I speak of mature and discussed action—of Cabinet action) is nearly sure to include everything old and near—everything ascertained and determinate. But there is also a bystander's view, which is likely to omit some one or more of these old and certain elements, but also to contain some new or distant matter which the absorbed and occupied actor could not see. There ought to be many life-peers in our secondary chamber

capable of giving us this higher criticism. I am afraid we shall not soon see them, but as a first step we should learn to wish for them.

The second subsidiary action of the House of Lords is even more important. Taking the House of Commons, not after possible, but most unlikely improvements, but in matter of fact and as it stands, it is overwhelmed with work. The task of managing it falls upon the Cabinet, and that task is very hard. Every member of the Cabinet in the Commons has to "attend the House;" to contribute by his votes, if not by his voice, to the management of the House. Even in so small a matter as the education department, Mr. Lowe, a consummate observer, spoke of the disability of finding a chief "not exposed to the prodigious labour of attending the House of Commons." It is all but necessary that certain members of the Cabinet should be exempt from that toil, and untouched by that excitement. But it is also necessary that they should have the power of explaining their views to the nation; of being heard as other people are heard. There are various plans for so doing, which I shall discuss a little in speaking of the House of Commons. But so much is evident: the House of Lords, for its own members, attains this object; it gives them a voice; it gives them what no competing plan does give them—*position*. The leisured members of the Cabinet speak in the Lords with authority and power. They are not administrators with a power to a right to speech—clerks (as is sometimes suggested) brought down to lecture a House, but not to vote in it; but they are the equals of those they speak to; they speak as they like, and reply as they choose; they address the House, not with the "bated breath" of subordinates, but with the force and dignity of sure rank. Life-peers would enable us to use this faculty of our constitution more freely and more variously. It would give us a larger command of able leisure; it would improve the Lords as a political pulpit, for it would enlarge the list of its select preachers.

The danger of the House of Commons is, perhaps, that it will be reformed too rashly; the danger of the House of Lords certainly is, that it may never be reformed. Nobody asks that it should be so; it is quite safe against rough destruction, but it is not safe against inward decay. It may lose its veto as the Crown has lost its veto. If most of its members neglect their duties, if all its members continue to be of one class, and that not quite the best; if its doors are shut against genius that cannot found a family, and ability which has not five thousand a year, its power will be less year by year, and at last be gone, as so much kingly power is gone no one knows how. Its danger is not assassination, but atrophy; not abolition, but decline.

WALTER BAGEHOT.

VITTORIA.

CHAPTER IV.

AMMIANI'S INTERCESSION.

It was a surprise to all of them, save Agostino Balderini, who passed his inspecting glance from face to face, marking the effect of the announcement. Corte gazed at her heavily, but not altogether disapprovingly. Giulio Bandinelli and Marco Sana, though evidently astonished, and to some extent incredulous, listened like the perfectly reliable lieutenants in an enterprise which they were. But Carlo Ammiani stood horror-stricken. The blood had left his handsome young olive-hued face, and his eyes were on the signorina, large with amazement, from which they deepened to piteousness of entreaty.

"Signorina!—you! Can it be true? Do you know?—do you mean it?"

"What, signor Carlo?"

"This;—will you venture to do such a thing?"

"Oh, will I venture! What can you think of me? It is my own request."

"But, signorina, in mercy, listen and consider."

Carlo turned impetuously to the chief. "The signorina can't know the danger she is running. She will be seized on the boards, and shut up between four walls before a man of us will be ready,—or more than one," he added softly. "The house is sure to be packed for a first night; and the Polizia have a suspicion of her. She has been off her guard in the Conservatorio; she has talked of a country called Italy; she has been indiscreet;—pardon, pardon, signorina! but it is true that she has spoken out from her noble heart. And this opera! Are they fools?—they must see through it. It will never,—it can't possibly be reckoned on to appear. I knew that the signorina was heart and soul with us; but who could guess that her object was to sacrifice herself in the front rank,—to lead a forlorn hope! I tell you it's like a Pagan rite. You are positively slaying a victim. I beg you all to look at the case calmly!"

A burst of laughter checked him; for his seniors by many years could not hear such veteran's counsel from a hurried boy without being shrewdly touched by the humour of it, while one or two threw a particular irony into their tones.

"When we do slay a victim, we will come to you as our augur, my Carlo," said Agostino.

Corte was less gentle. As a Milanese and a mere youth, Ammiani

was antipathetic to Corte, who closed his laughter with a windy rattle of his lips, and a "pish!" of some emphasis.

Carlo was quick to give him a challenging frown.

"What is it?" Corte bent his head back, as if inquiringly.

"It's I who claim that question by right," said Carlo.

"You are a boy."

"I have studied war."

"In books."

"With brains, Colonel Corte."

"War is a matter of blows, my little lad."

"Let me inform you, signor Colonel, that war is not a game between bulls, to be played with the horns of the head."

"You are prepared to instruct me?" The fiery Bergamaso lifted his eyebrows.

"Nay, nay!" said Agostino. "Between us two first;" and he grasped Carlo's arm, saying in an underbreath, "Your last retort was too long-winded. In these conflicts you must be quick, sharp as a rifle-crack that hits echo on the breast-bone and makes her cry out. I correct a student in the art of war." Then aloud: "My opera, young man!—well, it's my libretto, and you know we writers always say 'my opera' when we have put the pegs for the voice; you are certainly aware that we do. How dare you to make calumnious observations upon my opera? Is it not the ripe and admirable fruit of five years of confinement? Are not the lines sharp, the stanzas solid? and the stuff, is it not good? Is not the subject simple, pure from offence to sensitive authority, constitutionally harmless? Reply!"

"It's transparent to any but asses," said Carlo.

"But if it has passed the censorship? You are guilty, my boy, of bestowing upon those highly disciplined gentlemen who govern your famous city—what title? I trust a prophetic one, since that it comes from an animal whose custom is to turn its back before it delivers a blow, and is, they remark, fonder of encountering dead lions than live ones. Still, it is you who are indiscreet,—eminently so, I must add, if you *will* look lofty. If my opera has passed the censorship! eh, what have you to say?"

Carlo endured this banter till the end of it came.

"And you—you encourage her!" he cried wrathfully. "You know what the danger is for her, if they once lay hands on her. They will have her in Verona in four-and-twenty hours; through the gates of the Adige in a couple of days, and at Spielberg, or some other of their infernal dens of groans, within a week. Where is the chance of a rescue then? They torture, too,—they torture! It's a woman; and insult will be one mode of torturing her. They can use rods——"

The excited Southern youth was about to cover his face, but caught back his hands, clenching them.

"All this," said Agostino, "is an evasion, manifestly, of the question concerning my opera, on which you have thought proper to cast a slur. The phrase, 'transparent to any but asses,' may not be absolutely objectionable, for transparency is, as the critics rightly insist, meritorious in a composition. And, according to the other view, if we desire our clever opponents to see nothing in something, it is notably skilful to let them see through it. You perceive, my Carlo. Transparency, then, deserves favourable comment. So, I do not complain of your phrase, but I had the unfortunate privilege of hearing it uttered. The method of delivery scarcely conveyed a compliment. Will you apologise?"

Carlo burst from him with a vehement question to the chief: "Is it decided?"

"It is, my friend;" was the reply.

"Decided! She is doomed! Signorina! what can you know of this frightful risk? You are going to the slaughter. You will be seized before the first verse is out of your lips, and once in their clutches, you will never breathe free air again. It's madness!—ah, forgive me!—yes, madness! For you shut your eyes; you rush into the trap blindfolded. And that is how you serve our Italy! She sees you an instant, and you are caught away;—and you who might serve her, if you would, do you think you can move dungeon walls?"

"Perhaps, if I have been once seen, I shall not be forgotten," said the signorina, smoothly, and then cast her eyes down, as if she felt the burden of a little possible accusation of vanity in this remark. She raised them with fire.

"No; never!" exclaimed Carlo. "But, now you are ours. And—surely it is not quite decided?"

He had spoken imploringly to the chief. "Not irrevocably?" he added.

"Irrevocably!"

"Then she is lost!"

"For shame, Carlo Ammiani!" said old Agostino, casting his sententious humours aside. "Do you not hear? it is decided! Do you wish to rob her of her courage, and see her tremble? It's her scheme and mine: a case where an old head approves a young one. The chief says Yes! and you bellow still! Is it a Milanese trick? Be silent!"

"Be silent!" echoed Carlo. "Do you remember the beast Marschatscka's bet?" The allusion was to a black incident concerning a young Italian ballet girl who had been carried off by an

Austrian officer, under the pretext of her complicity in one of the antecedent conspiracies.

"He rendered payment for it," said Agostino.

"He perished; yes! as we shake dust to the winds; but she!—it's terrible! You place women in the front ranks—girls! What can defenceless creatures do? Would you let the van-regiment in battle be the one without weapons? It's slaughter. She's like a lamb to them. You hold up your jewel to the enemy, and cry, 'Come and take it.' Think of the insults! think of the rough hands, and foul mouths! She will be seized on the boards——"

"Not if you keep your tongue from wagging," interposed Ugo Corte, fevered by this unseasonable exhibition of what was to him manifestly a lover's frenzied selfishness. He moved off, indifferent to Carlo's retort. Marco Sana and Giulio Bandinelli were already talking aside with the chief.

"Signor Carlo, not a hand shall touch me," said the signorina. "And I am not a lamb, though it is good of you to think me one. I passed through the streets of Milan in the last rising. I was unharmed. You must have some confidence in me."

"Signorina, there's the danger," rejoined Carlo. "You trust to your good angels once, twice—the third time they fail you! What are you among a host of armed savages? You would be tossed like weed on the sea. In pity, do not look so scornfully! No, there is no unjust meaning in it; but you despise me for seeing danger. Can nothing persuade you? And besides," he addressed the chief, who alone betrayed no signs of weariness; "listen, I beg of you. Milan wants no more than a signal. She does not require to be excited. I came charged with several propositions for giving the alarm. Attend, you others! The night of the Fifteenth comes; it is passing like an ordinary night. At twelve a fire-balloon is seen in the sky. Listen, in the name of saints and devils!"

But even the chief was observed to show signs of amusement, and the gravity of the rest forsook them altogether at the display of this profound and original conspiratorial notion.

"Excellent! excellent! my Carlo," said old Agostino, cheerfully. "You have thought. You must have thought, or whence such a conception? But, you really mistake. It is *not* the garrison whom we desire to put on their guard. By no means. We are not in the Imperial pay. Probably your balloon is to burst in due time, and, wind permitting, disperse printed papers all over the city?"

"What if it is?" cried Carlo, fiercely.

"Exactly. I have divined your idea. You have thought, or, to correct the tense, are thinking, which is more hopeful, though it may chance not to seem so meritorious. But, if yours are the ideas of full-blown jackets, bear in mind that our enemies are coated

and breeched. It may be creditable to you that your cunning is not the cunning of the serpent; to us it would be more valuable if it were. Continue."

"Oh! there are a thousand ways." Carlo controlled himself with a sharp screw of all his muscles. "I simply wish to save the signorina from an annoyance."

"Very mildly put," Agostino murmured, assentingly.

"In our Journal," said Carlo, holding out the palm of one hand to dot the forefinger of the other across it, by way of personal illustration—"in our Journal we might arrange for certain letters to recur at distinct intervals in Roman capitals, which might spell out, 'THIS NIGHT AT TWELVE,' or 'AT ONE.'"

"Quite as ingenious, but on the present occasion erring on the side of intricacy. Aha! you want to increase the sale of your Journal, do you, my boy? What a rogue!"

With which, and a light slap over Carlo's shoulder, Agostino left him.

This aspect of his own futile propositions stared the young man in the face too forcibly for him to nurse the spark of resentment which was struck out in the turmoil of his bosom. He veered, as if to follow Agostino, and remained midway, his chest heaving, and his eyelids shut.

"Signor Carlo, I have not thanked you." He heard Vittoria speak. "I know that a woman should never attempt to do men's work. The chief will tell you that we must all serve now, and all do our best. If we fail, and they put me to great indignity, I promise you that I will not live. I would give this up to be done by any one else who could do it better. It is in my hands, and my friends must encourage me."

"Ah, signorina!" the young man sighed bitterly. The knowledge that he had already betrayed himself in the presence of others too far, and the sob in his throat labouring to escape, kept him still.

A warning call from Ugo Corte drew their attention. Close by the chalet where the first climbers of the mountain had refreshed themselves, Beppo was seen struggling to secure the arms of a man in a high-crowned green Swiss hat, who was apparently disposed to give the signorina's faithful servant some trouble. After gazing a minute at this singular contention, she cried—

"It's the same who follows me everywhere!"

"And you will not believe you are suspected," murmured Carlo in her ear.

"A spy?" Sana queried, showing keen joy at the prospect of scotching such a reptile on the lonely height.

Corte went up to the chief. They spoke briefly together, making use of notes and tracings on paper. The chief then said "Adieu" to

the signorina. It was explained to the rest by Corte that he had a meeting to attend near Pella about noon, and must be in Fobello before midnight. Thence his way would be towards Genoa.

"So, you are resolved to give another trial to our crowned ex-Carbonaro," said Agostino.

"Without leaving him an initiative this time!" and the chief embraced the old man. "You know me upon that point. I cannot trust him. I do not. But, if we make such a tide in Lombardy that his army must be drawn into it, is such an army to be refused? First, the tide, my friend! See to that."

"The king is our instrument!" cried Carlo Ammiani, brightening.

"Yes, if we were particularly well skilled in the use of that kind of instrument," Agostino muttered.

He stood apart while the chief said a few words to Carlo, which made the blood play vividly across the visage of the youth. Carlo tried humbly to expostulate once or twice. In the end his head was bowed, and he signified a dumb acquiescence.

"Once more, good-bye." The chief addressed the signorina in English.

She replied in the same tongue, "Good-bye," tremulously; and passion mounting on it, added—"Oh! when shall I see you again?"

"When Rome is purified to be a fit place for such as you."

In another minute he was hidden on the slope of the mountain lying towards Orta.

CHAPTER V.

THE SPY.

BEPP0 had effected a firm capture of his man some way down the slope. But it was a case of check that entirely precluded his own free movements. They hung together intertwined, in the characters of specious pacificator and appealing citizen, both breathless.

"There! you want to hand me up neatly; I know your vanity, my Beppo; and you don't even know my name," said the prisoner.

"I know your ferret of a face well enough," said Beppo. "You dog the signorina. Come up, and don't give trouble."

"Am I not a sheep? You worry me. Let me go."

"You're a wriggling eel."

"Catch me fast by the tail then, and don't hold me by the middle."

"You want frightening, my pretty fellow!"

"If that's true, my Beppo, somebody made a mistake in sending you to do it. Stop a moment. You're blown. I think you gulp down your minestra too hot; you drink beer."

"You dog the signorina! I swore to scotch you at last."

"I left Milan for the purpose—don't you see? Act fairly, my Beppo, and let us go up to the signorina together decently."

"Ay, ay, my little reptile! You'll find no Austrians here. Cry out to them to come to you from Laveno. If the Motterone grew just one tree! Saints! one would serve."

"Why don't you—fool that you are, my Beppo!—pray to the saints earlier? Trees don't grow from heaven."

"You'll be going there soon, and you'll know better about it."

"Thanks to the Virgin, then, we shall part at some time or other!"

The strugglings between them continued sharply during this exchange of intellectual shots; but hearing Ugo Corte's voice, the prisoner's confident audacity forsook him, and he drew a long tight face like the mask of an admonitory exclamation addressed to himself from within.

"Stand up straight!" the soldier's command was uttered.

Even Beppo was amazed to see that the man had lost the power to obey or to speak.

Corte grasped him under the arm-pit. With the force of his huge fist he swung him round and stretched him out at arm's length, all collar and shanks. The man hung like a mole from the twig. Yet, while Beppo poured out the tale of his iniquities, his eyes gave the turn of a twinkle, showing that he could have answered one whom he did not fear. The charge brought against him was, that for the last six months he had been untiringly spying on the signorina.

Corte stamped his loose feet to earth, shook him, and told him to walk aloft. The flexible, voluble fellow had evidently become miserably disconcerted. He walked in trepidation, speechless, and when interrogated on the height his eyes flew across the angry visages with dismal uncertainty. Agostino perceived that he had undoubtedly not expected to come among them, and forthwith began to excite Giulio and Marco to the worst suspicions, in order to indulge his royal poetic soul with a study of a timorous wretch pushed to anticipations of extremity.

"The execution of a spy," he preluded, "is the signal for the ringing of joy-bells on this earth; not only because he is one of a pestiferous excess, in point of numbers, but that he is no true son of earth. He escaped out of hell's doors on a windy day, and all that we do is to puff out a bad light, and send him back. Look at this fellow, in whom conscience is operating so that he appears like a corked volcano! You can see that he takes Austrian money; his skin has got to be the exact colour of Münz. He has the greenish-yellow eyes of those elective, thrice-aborred vampyres who feed on patriot-blood. He is condemned without trial by his villainous countenance, like an ungrammatical preface to a book. His tongue refuses to confess, but nature is stronger:—observe his knees. Now

this is guilt. It is execrable guilt. He is a nasty object. Nature has in her wisdom shortened his stature to indicate that it is left to us to shorten the growth of his offending years. Now, you dangling soul! answer me:—what name hailed you when on earth?"

The man, with no clearly serviceable tongue, articulated, "Luigi."

"Luigi! the name Christian and distinctive. The name historic:—Luigi Porco?"

"Luigi Saracco, signore."

"Saracco: Saracco: very possibly a strip of the posterity of cut-throat Moors. To judge by your face, a Moor undoubtedly: glib, slippery; with a body that slides and a soul that jumps. Taken altogether, more serpent than eagle. I misdoubt that little quick cornering eye of yours. Do you ever remember to have blushed?"

"No, signore," said Luigi.

"You spy upon the signorina, do you?"

"You have Beppo's word for that," interposed Marco Sana, growling.

"And you are found spying on the mountain this particular day! Luigi Saracco, you are a fellow of a tremendous composition. A goose walking into a den of foxes is alone to be compared to you,—if ever such goose was! How many of us did you count, now, when you were, say, a quarter of a mile below?"

Marco interposed again: "He has already seen enough up here to make a rope of florins."

"The fellow's eye takes likenesses," said Giulio.

Agostino's question was repeated by Corte, and so sternly that Luigi, beholding kindness upon no other face save Vittoria's, watched her, and muttering "Six," blinked his keen black eyes piteously to get her sign of assent to his hesitated naming of that number. Her mouth and the turn of her head were expressive to him, and he cried "Seven."

"So; first six, and next seven," said Corte.

"Six, I meant, without the signorina," Luigi explained.

"You saw six of us without the signorina! You see we are six here, including the signorina. Where is the seventh?"

Luigi tried to penetrate Vittoria's eyes for a proper response; but she understood the grave necessity for getting the full extent of his observations out of him, and she looked as remorselessly as the men. He feigned stupidity and sullenness, rage and cunning, in quick succession.

"Who was the seventh?" said Carlo.

"Was it the king?" Luigi asked.

This was by just a little too clever; and its cleverness, being seen, magnified the intended evasion so as to make it appear to them that Luigi knew well the name of the seventh.

Marco thumped a hand on his shoulder, shouting—

"Here; speak out! You saw seven of us. Where has the seventh one gone?"

Luigi's wits made a dash at honesty. "Down Orta, signora."

"And down Orta, I think, you will go; deeper down than you may like!"

Corte now requested Vittoria to stand aside. He motioned to her with his hand to stand farther, and still farther off; and finally told Carlo to escort her to Baveno. She now began to think that the man Luigi was in some perceptible danger, nor did Ammiani disperse the idea.

"If he is a spy, and if he has seen the chief, we shall have to detain him for at least four-and-twenty hours," he said, "or do worse."

"But, signor Carlo,"—Vittoria made appeal to his humanity,—
"do they mean, if they decide that he is guilty, to hurt him?"

"Tell me, signorina, what punishment do you imagine a spy deserves?"

"To be called one!"

Carlo smiled at her lofty method of dealing with the animal.

"Then you presume him to have a conscience?"

"I am sure, signor Carlo, that I could make him loathe to be called a spy."

They were slowly pacing from the group, and were on the edge of the descent, when the signorina's name was shrieked by Luigi. The man came running to her for protection, Beppo and the rest at his heels. She allowed him to grasp her hand.

"After all, he is *my* spy; he does belong to me," she said, still speaking on to Carlo. "I must beg your permission, Colonel Corte and signor Marco, to try an experiment. The signor Carlo will not believe that a spy can be ashamed of his name.—Luigi!"

"Signorina!"—he shook his body over her hand with a most plaintive utterance.

"You are my countryman, Luigi?"

"Yes, signorina."

"You are an Italian?"

"Certainly, signorina!"

"A spy!"

Vittoria had not always to lift her voice in music for it to sway the hearts of men. She spoke the word very simply in a mellow soft tone. Luigi's blood shot purple. He thrust his fists against his ears.

"See, signor Carlo," she said; "I was right. Luigi, you will be a spy no more?"

Carlo Ammiani happened to be rolling a cigarette-paper. She put

out her fingers for it, and then reached it to Luigi, who accepted it with singular contortions of his frame, declaring that he would confess everything to her. "Yes, signorina, it is true; I am a spy on you. I know the houses you visit. I know you eat too much chocolate for your voice. I know you are the friend of the signora Laura, the widow of Giacomo Piaveni, shot—shot on Annunciation Day. The Virgin bless him! I know the turning of every street from your house near the Duomo to the signora's. You go nowhere else, except to the maestro's. And it's something to spy upon you. But think of your Beppo who spies upon me! And your little mother, the lady most excellent, is down in Baveno, and she is always near you when you make an expedition. Signorina, I know you would not pay your Beppo for spying upon me. Why does he do it? I do not sing 'Italia, Italia shall be free!' I have heard you when I was under the maestro's windows; and once you sang it to the signor Agostino Balderini. Indeed, signorina, I am a sort of guardian of your voice. It is not gold of the Tedeschi I get from the signor Antonio-Pericles——"

At the mention of this name, Agostino and Vittoria laughed out.

"You are in the pay of the signor Antonio-Pericles," said Agostino. "Without being in our pay, you have done us the service to come up here among us? Bravo! In return for your disinterestedness, we kick you down, either upon Baveno or upon Stresa, or across the lake, if you prefer it.—The man is harmless. He is hired by a particular worshipper of the signorina's voice, who affects to have first discovered it when she was in England, and is a connoisseur, a millionaire, a Greek, a rich scoundrel, with one indubitable passion, for which I praise him. We will let his paid eavesdropper depart, I think. He is harmless."

Neither Ugo nor Marco were disposed to allow any description of spy to escape unscotched. Vittoria saw that Luigi's looks were against him, and whispered: "Why do you show such cunning eyes, Luigi?"

He replied: "Signorina, take me out of their hearing, and I will tell you everything."

She walked aside. He seemed immediately to be inspired with confidence, and stretched his fingers in the form of a grasshopper, at which sight they cried: "He knows Barto Rizzo—this rascal!" They plied him with signs and countersigns, and speedily let him go. There ensued a sharp snapping of altercation between Luigi and Beppo. Vittoria had to order Beppo to stand back.

"It is a poor dog, not of a good breed, signorina," Luigi said, casting a tolerant glance over his shoulder. "Faithful, but a poor nose. Ah! you gave me this cigarette. Not the Virgin could have touched my marrow as you did. That's to be remembered by and

by ! Now, you are going to sing on the night of the fifteenth of September. Change that night. The signor Antonio-Pericles watches you, and he is a friend of the government, and the government is snoring for you to think it asleep. The signor Antonio-Pericles pacifies the Tedeschi, but he will know all that you are doing, and how easy it will be, and how simple, for you to let me know what you think he ought to know, and just enough to keep him comfortable ! So we work like a machine, signorina. Only, not through that Beppo, for he is vain of his legs, and his looks, and his service, and because he has carried a gun and heard it go off. Yes ; I am a spy. But I am honest. One can be honest and a spy. Signorina, I have two arms, but only one heart. If you will be gracious and consider ! Say, here are two hands. One hand does this thing, one hand does that thing, and that thing wipes out this thing. It amounts to clear reasoning ! Here are two eyes. Were they meant to see nothing but one side ! Here is a tongue with a line down the middle almost to the tip of it—which is for service. That Beppo couldn't deal double, if he would ; for he is imperfectly designed—a mere dog's pattern ! But, only one heart, signorina—mind that. I will never forget the cigarette. I shall smoke it before I leave the mountain, and think—oh ! ”

Having illustrated the philosophy of his system, Luigi continued : “ I am going to tell you everything. Pray, do not look on Beppo ! This is important. The signor Antonio-Pericles sent me to spy on you, because he expects some people to come up the mountain, and you know them ; and one is an Austrian officer, and he is an Englishman by birth, and he is coming to meet some English friends who enter Italy from Switzerland over the Moro, and easily up here on mules or donkeys from Pella. The signor Antonio-Pericles has gold ears for everything that concerns the signorina. ‘ A patriot is she,’ he says ; and he is just as jealous of your English friends. He thinks they will distract you from your studies ; and perhaps”—Luigi nodded sagaciously before he permitted himself to say—“ perhaps he is jealous in another way. I have heard him speak like a sonnet of the signorina's beauty. The signor Antonio-Pericles thinks that you have come here to-day to meet them. When he heard that you were going to leave Milan for Baveno, he was mad, and with two fists up, against all English persons. The Englishman who is an Austrian officer is quartered at Verona, and the signor Antonio-Pericles said that the Englishman should not meet you yet, if he could help it.”

Vittoria stood brooding. “ Who can it be,—who is an Englishman, and an Austrian officer, and knows me ? ”

“ Signorina, I don't know names. Behold, that Beppo is approaching like the snow ! What I entreat is, that the signorina

will wait a little for the English party, if they come, so that I may have something to tell my patron. To invent upon nothing is most unpleasant, and the signor Antonio can soon perceive whether you are swimming with corks. Signorina, I can dance on one rope—I am a man. I am not a midge—I cannot dance upon nothing.”

The days of Vittoria's youth had been passed in England. It was not unknown to her that old English friends were on the way to Italy; the recollection of a quiet and a buried time put a veil across her features. She was perplexed by the mention of the Austrian officer by Luigi, as one may be who divines the truth too surely, but will not accept it for its loathsomeness. There were Englishmen in the army of Austria. Could one of them be this one whom she had cared for when she was a girl? It seemed hatefully cruel to him to believe it. She spoke to Agostino, begging him to remain with her on the height awhile to see whether the signor Antonio-Pericles was right; to see whether Luigi was a truth-teller; to see whether these English persons were really coming. “Because,” she said, “if they do come, it will at once dissolve any suspicions you may have of this Luigi. And I always long so much to know if the signor Antonio is correct. I have never yet known him to be wrong.”

“And you want to see these English,” said Agostino. He frowned.

“Only to hear them. They shall not recognise me. I have now another name; and I am changed. My hat is enough to hide me. Let me hear them talk a little. You and the signor Carlo will stay with me, and when they come, if they do come, I will remain no longer than just sufficient to make sure. I would refuse to know any of them before the night of the Fifteenth; I want my strength too much. I shall have to hear a misery from them;—I know it; I feel it; it turns my blood. But let me hear their voices! England is half my country, though I am so willing to forget her and give all my life to Italy. Stay with me, dear friend, my best father! humour me, for you know that I am always charming when I am humoured.”

Agostino pressed his finger on a dimple in her cheeks. “You can afford to make such a confession as that to a greybeard. The day is your own. Bear in mind that you are so situated that it will be prudent for you to have no fresh relations, either with foreigners or others, until your work is done,—in which, my dear child, may God bless you!”

“I pray to Him with all my might,” Vittoria said, in reply.

After a consultation with Agostino, Ugo Corte and Marco and Giulio bade their adieux to her. The task of keeping Luigi from their clutches was difficult; but Agostino helped her in that also. To assure them, after his fashion, of the harmlessness of Luigi, he seconded him in a contest of wit against Beppo, and the little fellow, now that he had shaken off his fears, displayed a quickness of retort

and a liveliness "unknown to professional spies and impossible to the race," said Agostino; "so absolutely is the mind of man blunted by Austrian gold. We know that for a fact. Beppo is no match for him. Beppo is sententious; ponderously illustrative; he can't turn; he is long-winded; he, I am afraid, my Carlo, studies the journals. He has got your journalistic style, wherein words of six syllables form the relief to words of eight, and hardly one dares to stand by itself. They are like huge boulders across a brook. The *meaning*, do you see, would run of itself, but you give us these impeding big stones to help us over it, while we profess to understand you by implication. For my part, I own, that to me, your parliamentary, illegitimate academic, modern crocodile phraseology, which is formidable in the jaws, impenetrable on the back, can't circumvent a corner, and is enabled to enter a common understanding solely by having a special highway prepared for it,—in short, the writing in your journals is too much for me. Beppo here is an example that the style is useless for controversy. This Luigi baffles him at every step."

"Some," rejoined Carlo, "say that Beppo has had the virtue to make you his study."

Agostino threw himself on his back and closed his eyes. "That, then, is more than you have done, signor Tuquoque. Look on the Bernina yonder, and fancy you behold a rout of phantom Goths; a sleepy rout, new risen, with the blood of old battles on their shrouds, and a north-east wind blowing them upon our fat land. Or take a turn at the other side towards Orta, and look out for another invasion, by no means so picturesque, but preferable. Tourists! Do you hear them?"

Carlo Ammiani had descried the advance troop of a procession of gravely-heated climbers,—ladies upon donkeys, and pedestrian guards stalking beside them, with courier, and lacqueys, and baskets of provisions, all bearing the stamp of pilgrims from the great western Island.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WARNING.

A MOUNTAIN ascended by these children of the forcible Isle, is a mountain to be captured, and colonised, and absolutely occupied for a term; so that Vittoria soon found herself and her small body of adherents observed, and even exclaimed against, as a sort of intruding aborigines, whose presence entirely dispelled the sense of romantic dominion which a mighty eminence should give, and which Britons expect when they have expended a portion of their energies. The

exclamations were not complimentary ; nevertheless, Vittoria listened with pleased ears, as one listens by a brookside near an old home, hearing a music of memory rather than common words. They talked of heat, of appetite, of chill, of thirst, of the splendour of the prospect, of the anticipations of good hotel accommodation below, of the sadness superinduced by the reflection that in these days people were found everywhere, and poetry was thwarted ; again of heat, again of thirst, of beauty, and of chill. There was the enunciation of matronly advice ; there was the outcry of girlish insubordination ; there were sighings for English ale, and namings of the visible ranges of peaks, and indicatings of geographical fingers to show where Switzerland and Piedmont met, and Austria held her grasp on Lombardy ; and “ to this point we go to-night ; yonder to-morrow ; farther the next day,” was uttered, soberly or with excitement, as befitted the age of the speaker.

Among these tourists there was one very fair English lady, with long auburn curls of the traditionally English pattern, and the science of Paris displayed in her bonnet and dress ; which, if not as graceful as severe admirers of the antique in statuary or of the mediæval in drapery demand, pleads prettily to be thought so, and commonly succeeds in its object, when assisted by an artistic feminine manner. Vittoria heard her answer to the name of Mrs. Sedley. She had once known her as a Miss Adela Pole. Amidst the cluster of assiduous gentlemen surrounding this lady it was difficult for Vittoria’s stolen glances to discern her husband ; and the moment she did discern him she became as indifferent to him as was his young wife, by every manifestation of her sentiments. Mrs. Sedley informed her lord that it was not expected of him to care, or to pretend to care, for such scenes as the Motterone exhibited ; and having dismissed him to the shade of an umbrella near the provision baskets, she took her station within a few steps of Vittoria, and allowed her attendant gentlemen to talk while she remained plunged in a meditative rapture at the prospect. The talk indicated a settled scheme for certain members of the party to reach Milan by the Como road. Mrs. Sedley was asked if she expected her brother to join her here or in Milan.

“ Here, if a man’s promises mean anything,” she replied, languidly.

She was told that some one waved a handkerchief to them from below.

“ Is he alone ?” she said ; and directing an opera-glass upon the slope of the mountain, pursued, as in a dreamy disregard of circumstances.—“ That is Captain Gambier. My brother Wilfrid has not kept his appointment. Perhaps he could not get leave from the general ; perhaps he is married : he is engaged to an Austrian countess, I have heard. Captain Gambier did me the favour to go round to

a place called Stresa to meet him. He has undertaken the journey for nothing. It is the way with all journeys—though this” (the lady had softly reverted to her rapture)—“this is too exquisite! Nature at least does not deceive.”

Vittoria listened to a bubble of meaningless chatter, until Captain Gambier had joined Mrs. Sedley; and at him, for she had known him likewise, she could not forbear looking up. He was speaking to Mrs. Sedley, but caught the look, and bent his head for a clearer view of the features under the broad straw hat. Mrs. Sedley commanded him imperiously to say on.

“Have you no letter from Wilfrid? Has the mountain tired *you*? Has Wilfrid failed to send his sister one word? Surely Mr. Pericles will have made known our exact route to him? And his uncle, General Pierson, could—I am certain he *did*—exert his influence to procure him leave for a single week to meet the dearest member of his family.”

Captain Gambier gathered his wits to give serviceable response to the kindled lady, and letting his eyes fall from time to time on the broad straw hat, made answer—

“Lieutenant Pierson, or, in other words, Wilfrid Pole——”

The lady stamped her foot, and flushed.

“You know, Augustus, I detest that name.”

“Pardon me a thousandfold. I had forgotten.”

“What has happened to you?”

Captain Gambier accused the heat.

“I found a letter from Wilfrid at the hotel. He is apparently kept on constant service between Milan, and Verona, and Venice. His quarters are at Verona. He informs me that he is to be married in the spring; that is, if all continues quiet: married in the spring. He seems to fancy that there may be disturbances; not of a serious kind, of course. He will meet you in Milan. He has never been permitted to remain in Milan longer than a couple of days at a stretch. Pericles has told him that she is in Florence. Pericles has told him that Miss Belloni has removed to Florence.”

“Say it a third time,” the lady indulgently remarked.

“I do not believe that she has gone.”

“I dare say not.”

“She has changed her name, you know.”

“Oh, dear, yes; she has done something fantastic, naturally! For my part, I should have thought her own good enough.”

“Emilia Alessandra Belloni is good enough, certainly,” said Captain Gambier.

The shading straw rim had shaken once during the colloquy. It was now a fixed defence.

"What is her new name?" Mrs. Sedley inquired.

"That I cannot tell. Wilfrid merely mentions that he has not seen her."

"I," said Mrs. Sedley, "when I reach Milan, shall not trust to Mr. Pericles, but shall write to the Conservatorio; for, if she is going to be a great cantatrice,—really, it will be agreeable to renew acquaintance with her. Nor will it do any mischief to Wilfrid, now that he is engaged. Are you very deeply attached to straw hats? They are sweet in a landscape."

Mrs. Sedley threw him a challenge from her blue eyes; but his reply to it was that of an unskilled youth, who reads a lady by the letters of her speech:—"One minute. I will be with you instantly. I want to have a look down on the lake. I suppose this is one of the most splendid views in Italy. Half a minute!"

Captain Gambier smiled brilliantly; and the lady, perceiving that polished shield, checked the shot of indignation on her astonished features, and laid it by. But the astonishment lingered there, like the lines of a slackened bow. She beheld her ideal of an English gentleman place himself before these recumbent foreign people, and turn to talk across them, with a pertinacious pursuit of the face under the bent straw hat. Nor was it singular to her that one of them at last should rise and protest against a continuation of the impertinence.

Carlo Ammiani, in fact, had opened matters with a scrupulously-courteous bow.

"Monsieur is perhaps unaware that he obscures the outlook?"

"Totally, monsieur," said Captain Gambier, and stood fast.

"Will monsieur do me the favour to take three steps either to the right or to the left?"

"Pardon, monsieur, but the request is put almost in the form of an order."

"Simply if it should prove inefficacious in the form of a request."

"What, may I ask, monsieur, is your immediate object?"

"To entreat you to behave with civility."

"I am at a loss, monsieur, to perceive my offence."

"Permit me to say, it is lamentable you do not know when you insult a lady."

"I have insulted a lady?" Captain Gambier looked profoundly incredulous. "Oh! then you will not take exception to my assuming the privilege to apologise to her in person?"

Ammiani arrested him as he was about to pass.

"Stay, monsieur; you determine to be impudent, I perceive; you shall not be obtrusive."

Vittoria had tremblingly taken old Agostino's hand, and had risen to her feet. Still keeping her face hidden, she walked down the slope, followed at an interval by her servant, and curiously watched by the

English officer, who said to himself, "Well, I suppose I was mistaken," and consequently discovered that he was in a hobble.

A short duologue in their best stilted French ensued between him and Ammiani. It was pitched too high in a foreign tongue for Captain Gambier to descend from it, as he would fain have done, to ask the lady's name. They exchanged cards and formal salutes, and parted.

The dignified altercation had been witnessed by the main body of the tourists. Captain Gambier told them that he had merely interchanged amicable commonplaces with the Frenchman,—“or Italian,” he added carelessly, reading the card in his hand. “I thought she might be somebody whom we knew,” he said to Mrs. Sedley.

“Not the shadow of a likeness to her,” the lady returned.

She had another opinion when later a scrap of paper bearing one pencilled line on it was handed round. A damsel of the party had picked it up near the spot where, as she remarked, “the foreigners had been sitting.” It said:—

“Let none who look for safety go to Milan.”

CHAPTER VII.

BARTO RIZZO.

A WEEK following the day of meetings on the Motterone, Luigi the spy was in Milan, making his way across the Piazza de' Mercanti. He entered a narrow court, one of those which were anciently built upon the Oriental principle of giving shade at the small cost of excluding common air. It was dusky noon there through the hours of light, and thrice night when darkness fell. The atmosphere, during the sun's short passage overhead, hung with a glittering heaviness, like the twinkling iron-dust in a subterranean smithy. On the lower window of one of the houses there was a board, telling men that Barto Rizzo made and mended shoes, and requesting people who wished to see him to make much noise at the door, for he was hard of hearing. It speedily became known in the court that a visitor desired to see Barto Rizzo. The noise produced by Luigi was like that of a fanatical beater of the tom-tom; he knocked and banged and danced against the door, crying out for his passing amusement an adaptation of a popular ballad:—

“Oh, Barto, Barto! my boot is sadly worn: The toe is seen, that should be veiled from sight: The toe that should be veiled like an eastern maid: Like a sultan's daughter: Shocking! shocking! One of a company of ten that were living a secluded life in chaste

privacy! Oh, Barto, Barto! must I charge it to thy despicable leather or to my incessant pilgrimages? One fair toe! I fear presently the corruption of the remaining nine: Then, alas! what do I go on? How shall I come to a perfumed end, who walk on ten indecent toes? Well may the delicate gentlemen sneer at me and scorn me: As for the angelic Lady who deigns to look so low, I may say of her that her graciousness clothes what she looks at: To her the foot, the leg, the back: To her the very soul is bared: But she is a rarity upon earth. Oh, Barto, Barto, she is rarest in Milan! I might run a day's length and not find her. If, O Barto, as my boot hints to me, I am about to be stripped of my last covering, I must hurry to the inconvenient little chamber of my mother, who cannot refuse to acknowledge me as of this pattern: Barto, O shoemaker! thou son of artifice and right-hand-man of necessity, preserve me in the fashion of the time: Cobble me neatly: A dozen waxed threads and I am remade:—Excellent! I thank you: Now I can plant my foot bravely: Oh, Barto, my shoemaker! between ourselves, it is unpleasant in these refined days to be likened at all to that preposterous Adam!"

The omission of the apostrophes to Barto left it one of the ironical, veiled Republican, semi-socialistic ballads of the time, which were sung about the streets for the sharpness and pith of the couplets, and not from a perception of the double edge down the length of them.

As Luigi was coming to the terminating line, the door opened. A very handsome sullen young woman, of the dark, thick-browed Lombard type, asked what was wanted; at the same time the deep voice of a man, conjecturally rising from a lower floor, called, and a lock was rattled. The woman told Luigi to enter. He sent a glance behind him; he had evidently been drained of his sprightliness in a second; he moved in with the slackness of limb of a gibbeted figure. The door shut; the woman led him downstairs. He could not have danced or sung a song now for great pay. The smell of mouldiness became so depressing to him that the smell of leather struck his nostrils refreshingly. He thought: "Oh, Virgin! it's dark enough to make one believe in every single thing they tell us about the saints." Up in the light of day Luigi had a turn for careless thinking on these holy subjects.

Barto Rizzo stood before him in a square of cellarage that was furnished with implements of his craft, too dark for a clear discernment of features.

"So, here you are!" was the greeting Luigi received.

It was a tremendous voice, that seemed to issue from a vast cavity. "Lead the gentleman to my sitting-room," said Barto. Luigi felt

the wind of a handkerchief, and guessed that his eyes were about to be bandaged by the woman behind him. He petitioned to be spared it on the plea, firstly, that it expressed want of confidence; secondly, that it took him in the stomach. The handkerchief was tight across his eyes while he was speaking. His hand was touched by the woman, and he commenced timidly an ascent of stairs. It continued so that he would have sworn he was a shorter time going up the Motterone; then down, and along a passage; lower down, deep into corpse-climate; up again, up another enormous mountain; and once more down, as among rats and beetles, and down, as among faceless horrors, and down, where all things seemed prostrate and with a taste of brass. It was the poor fellow's nervous imagination, preternaturally excited. When the handkerchief was caught away, his jaw was shuddering, his eyes were sickly; he looked as if impaled on the prongs of fright. It required just half a minute to reanimate this mercurial creature, when he found himself under the light of two lamps, and Barto Rizzo fronting him, in a place so like the square of cellarage which he had been led to with unbandaged eyes, that it relieved his dread by touching his humour. He cried, "Have I made the journey of the signor Capofinale, who visited the other end of the world by standing on his head?"

Barto Rizzo rolled out a burly laugh.

"Sit," he said. "You're a poor sweating body, and must needs have a dry tongue. Will you drink?"

"Dry!" quoth Luigi. "Holy San Carlo is a mash in a wine-press compared with me."

Barto Rizzo handed him a liquor, which he drank, and after gave thanks to Providence. Barto raised his hand.

"We're too low down here for that kind of machinery," he said. "They say that Providence is on the side of the Austrians. Now then, what have you to communicate to me? This time I let you come to my house: trust at all, trust entirely. I think that's the proverb. You are admitted; speak like a guest."

Luigi's preference happened to be for categorical interrogations. Never having an idea of spontaneously telling the whole truth, the sense that he was undertaking a narrative gave him such emotions as a bad swimmer upon deep seas may have; while, on the other hand, his being subjected to a series of questions seemed at least to leave him with one leg on shore, for then he could lie discreetly, and according to the finger-posts, and only when necessary, and he could recover himself if he made a false step. His ingenious mind reasoned these images out to his own satisfaction. He requested, therefore, that his host would let him hear what he desired to know.

Barto Rizzo's forefinger was pressed from an angle into one

temple. His head inclined to meet it ; so that it was like the support to a broad blunt pillar. The cropped head was flat as an owl's ; the chest of immense breadth ; the bulgy knees and big hands were those of a dwarf-athlete. Strong colour, lying full on him from the neck to the forehead, made the big veins purple and the eyes fierier than the movements of his mind would have indicated. He was simply studying the character of his man. Luigi feared him ; he was troubled chiefly because he was unaware of what Barto Rizzo wanted to know, and could not consequently tell what to bring to the market. The simplicity of the questions put to him were bewildering : he fell into the trap. Barto's eyes began to get terribly oblique. Jangling money in his pocket, he said—

"You saw Colonel Corte on the Motterone : you saw the signor Agostino Balderini : good men, both ! Also young Count Ammiani : I served his father, the general, and jogged the lad on my knee. You saw the signorina Vittoria. The English people came, and you heard them talk, but did not understand. You came home and told all this to the signor Antonio, your employer number one. You have told the same to me, your employer number two. There's your pay."

Barto summed up thus the information he had received, and handed Luigi six gold pieces. The latter, springing with boyish thankfulness and pride at the easy earning of them, threw in a few additional facts, as, that he had been taken for a spy by the conspirators, and had heard one of the Englishmen mention the signorina Vittoria's English name. Barto Rizzo lifted his eyebrows queerly. "We'll go through another interrogatory in an hour," he said ; "stop here till I return."

Luigi was always too full of his own cunning to suspect the same in another, until he was left alone to reflect on a scene ; when it became overwhelmingly transparent. "But, what could I say more than I did say ?" he asked himself, as he stared at the one lamp Barto had left. Finding the door unfastened, he took the lamp and lighted himself out, and along a cavernous passage ending in a blank wall, against which his heart knocked and fell, for his sensation was immediately the terror of imprisonment and helplessness. Mad with alarm, he tried every spot for an aperture. Then he sat down on his haunches ; he remembered hearing word of Barto Rizzo's rack :—certain methods peculiar to Barto Rizzo by which he screwed matters out of his agents, and terrified them into fidelity. His personal dealings with Barto were of recent date ; but Luigi knew him by repute : he knew that the shoemaking business was a mask. Barto had been a soldier, a schoolmaster ; twice an exile ; a conspirator since the day when the Austrians had the two fine apples of Pomona,

Lombardy and Venice, given them as fruits of peace. Luigi remembered how he had snapped his fingers at the name of Barto Rizzo. There was no despising him now. Luigi could only arrive at a peaceful contemplation of Barto Rizzo's character by determining to tell all, and (since that seemed little) more than he knew. He got back to the leather-smelling chamber, which was either the same or purposely rendered exactly similar to the one he had first been led to.

At the end of a leaden hour Barto Rizzo returned.

"Now, to recommence," he said. "Drink before you speak, if your tongue is dry."

Luigi thrust aside the mention of liquor. It seemed to him that by doing so he propitiated that ill-conceived divinity called Virtue, who lived in the open air, and desired men to drink water. Barto Rizzo evidently understood the kind of man he was schooling to his service.

"Did that Austrian officer, who is an Englishman, acquainted with the signor Antonio-Pericles, meet the lady, his sister, on the Motterone?"

Luigi answered promptly, "Yes."

"Did the signorina Vittoria speak to the lady?"

"No."

"Not a word?"

"No."

"Not one communication to her?"

"No; she sat under her straw hat."

"She concealed her face?"

"She sat like a naughty angry girl."

"Did she speak to the officer?"

"Not she!"

"Did she see him?"

"Of course she did! As if a woman's eyes couldn't see through straw-plait!"

Barto paused, calculatingly, eye on victim.

"The signorina Vittoria," he resumed, "has engaged to sing on the night of the Fifteenth; has she?"

A twitching of Luigi's muscles showed that he apprehended a necessary straining of his invention on another tack.

"On the night of the Fifteenth, signor Barto Rizzo? That's the night of her first appearance. Oh, yes!"

"To sing a particular song?"

"Lots of them! ay-äie!"

Barto took him by the shoulder and pressed him into his seat till he howled, saying, "Now, there's a slate and a pencil. Expect me

at the end of two hours, this time. Next time it will be four : then eight, then sixteen. Find out how many hours that will be at the sixteenth examination."

Luigi flew at the torturer and stuck at the length of his straightened arm, where he wriggled, refusing to listen to the explanation of Barto's system : which was that, in cases where every fresh examination taught him more, they were continued, after regularly-lengthening intervals, that might extend from the sowing of seed to the ripening of grain. "When all's delivered," said Barto, "then we begin to correct discrepancies. I expect," he added, "you and I will have done before a week's out."

"A week !" Luigi shouted. "Here's my stomach already leaping like a fish at the smell of this hole. You brute bear ! it's a smell of bones. It turns my inside with a spoon. May the devil seize you when you're sleeping ! You shan't go : I'll tell you everything—everything. I can't tell you anything more than I have told you. She gave me a cigarette—there ! Now you know :—gave me a cigarette ; a cigarette. I smoked it—there ! Your faithful servant."

"She gave you a cigarette, and you smoked it ; ha !" said Barto Rizzo, who appeared to see something to weigh even in that small fact. "The English lady gave you the cigarette ?"

Luigi nodded : "Yes ;" pertinacious in deception. "Yes," he repeated ; "the English lady. That was the person. What's the use of your skewering me with your eyes !"

"I perceive that you have never travelled, my Luigi," said Barto. "I am afraid we shall not part so early as I had supposed. I double the dose, and return to you in four hours' time."

Luigi threw himself flat on the ground, shrieking that he was ready to tell everything—anything. Not even the apparent desperation of his circumstances could teach him that a promise to tell the truth was a more direct way of speaking. Indeed, the hitting of the truth would have seemed to him a sort of artful archery, the burden of which should devolve upon the questioner, whom he supplied with the relation of "everything and anything."

All through a night Luigi's lesson continued. In the morning he was still breaking out in small and purposeless lies ; but Barto Rizzo had accomplished his two objects : that of squeezing him, and that of subjecting his imagination. Luigi confessed (owing to a singular recovery of his memory) the gift of the cigarette as coming from the signorina Vittoria. What did it matter if she did give him a cigarette ?

"You adore her for it ?" said Barto.

"May the Virgin sweep the floor of heaven into her lap !" interjected Luigi. "She is a good patriot."

"Are you one?" Barto asked.

"Certainly I am."

"Then I shall have to suspect you, for the good of your country."

Luigi could not see the deduction. He was incapable of guessing that it might apply forcibly to Vittoria, who had undertaken a grave, perilous, and imminent work. Nothing but the spontaneous desire to elude the pursuit of a questioner had at first instigated his baffling of Barto Rizzo, until, fearing the dark square man himself, he feared him dimly for Vittoria's sake; he could not have said why. She was a good patriot: wherefore the reason for wishing to know more of her? Barto Rizzo had compelled him at last to furnish a narrative of the events of that day on the Motterone, and, finding himself at sea, Luigi struck out boldly and swam as well as he could. Barto disentangled one succinct thread of incidents: Vittoria had been commissioned by the chief to sing on the night of the Fifteenth; she had subsequently, without speaking to any of the English party, or revealing her features—"keeping them beautifully hidden," Luigi said, with unaccountable enthusiasm—written a warning to them that they were to avoid Milan. The paper on which the warning had been written was found by the English when he was the only Italian on the height, lying there to observe and note things in the service of Barto Rizzo. The writing was English, but when one of the English ladies—"who wore her hair like a planed shred of wood; like a torn vine; like a kite with two tails; like Luxury at the Banquet, ready to tumble over marble shoulders" (an illustration drawn probably from Luigi's study of some allegorical picture,—he was at a loss to describe the foreign female head-dress)—when this lady had read the writing, she exclaimed that it was the hand of "her Emilia!" and soon after she addressed Luigi in English, then in French, then in "barricade Italian" (by which phrase Luigi meant that the Italian words were there, but did not present their proper smooth footing for his understanding), and strove to obtain information from him concerning the signorina, and also concerning the chances that Milan would be an agitated city. Luigi assured her that Milan was the peace fullest of cities—a pure babe. He admitted his acquaintance with the signorina Vittoria Campa, and denied her being "any longer" the Emilia Alessandra Belloni of the English lady. The latter had partly retained him in her service, having given him directions to call at her hotel in Milan, and help her to communicate with her old friend. "I present myself to her to-morrow, Friday," said Luigi.

"That's to-day," said Barto.

Luigi clapped his hand to his cheek, crying wofully, "You've drawn, beastly gaoler! a night out of my life like an old jaw-tooth."

"There's day two or three fathoms above us," said Barto; "and hot coffee is coming down."

"I believe I've been stewing in a pot while the moon looked so cool." Luigi groaned, and touched up along the sleeves of his arms: that which he fancied he instantaneously felt.

The coffee was brought by the heavy-browed young woman. Before she quitted the place Barto desired her to cast eye on Luigi, and say whether she thought she should know him again. She scarcely glanced, and gave answer with a shrug of her shoulders as she retired. Luigi at the time was drinking. He rose; he was about to speak, but yawned instead. The woman's carelessly-dropped upper eyelids seemed to him to be reading him through a dozen of his contortions and disguises, and checked the idea of liberty which he associated with getting to the daylight.

"But it *is* worth the money!" shouted Barto Rizzo, with a splendid divination of his thought. "You skulker! are you not paid and fattened to do business which you've only to remember, and it'll honey your legs in purgatory? You're the shooting-dog of that Greek, and you nose about the bushes for his birds, and who cares if any fellow, just for exercise, shoots a dagger a yard from his wrist and sticks you in the back? You serve me, and there's pay for you; brothers, doctors, nurses, friends,—a tight blanket if you fall from a housetop! and masses for your soul when your hour strikes. The treacherous cur lies rotting in a ditch! Do you conceive that when I employ you I am in your power? Your intelligence will open gradually. Do you know that here in this house I can conceal fifty men, and leave the door open to the Croats to find them? I tell you now—you are free; go forth. You go alone; no one touches you; ten years hence a skeleton is found with an English letter on its ribs——"

"Oh, stop! signor Barto, and be a blessed man," interposed Luigi, doubling and wriggling in a posture that appeared as if he were shaking negatives from the elbows of his crossed arms. "Stop. How did you know of a letter? I forgot—I *have* seen the English lady at her hotel. I was carrying the signorina's answer, when I thought 'Barto Rizzo calls me,' and I came like a lamb. And what does it matter? She is a good patriot; you are a good patriot; here it is. Consider my reputation, do; and be careful with the wax."

Barto drew a long breath. The mention of the English letter had been a shot in the dark. The result corroborated his devotional belief in the unerringness of his own powerful intuition. He had guessed the case, or hardly even guessed it—merely stated it, to horrify Luigi. The letter was placed in his hands, and he sat as

strongly thrilled by emotion, under the mask of his hard face, as a lover hearing music. "I read English," he remarked.

After he had drawn the seal three or four times slowly over the lamp, the green wax bubbled and unsnapped. Vittoria had written the following lines in reply to her old English friend:—

"Forgive me, and do not ask to see me until we have passed the fifteenth of the month. You will see me that night at La Scala. I wish to embrace you, but I am miserable to think of your being in Milan. I cannot yet tell you where my residence is. I have not met your brother. If he writes to me it will make me happy, but I refuse to see him. I will explain to him why. Let him not try to see me. Let him send by this messenger. I hope he will contrive to be out of Milan all this month. Pray let me influence you to go for a time. I write coldly; I am tired, and forget my English. I do not forget my friends. I have you close against my heart. If it were prudent, and it involved me alone, I would come to you without a moment's loss of time. Do know that I am not changed, and am your affectionate

"EMILIA."

When Barto Rizzo had finished reading, he went from the chamber and blew his voice into what Luigi supposed to be a hollow tube.

"This letter," he said, coming back, "is a repetition of the signorina Vittoria's warning to her friends on the Motterone. The English lady's brother, who is in the Austrian service, was there, you say?"

Luigi considered that, having lately been believed in, he could not afford to look untruthful, and replied with a sprightly "Assuredly."

"He was there, and he read the writing on the paper?"

"Assuredly: right out loud, between puff-puff of his cigar."

"His name is Lieutenant Pierson. Did not Antonio-Pericles tell you his name? He will write to her: you will be the bearer of his letter to the signorina. I must see her reply. She is a good patriot; so am I; so are you. Good patriots must be prudent. I tell you, I must see her reply to this Lieutenant Pierson." Barto stuck his thumb and finger astride Luigi's shoulder and began rocking him gently, with a horrible meditative expression. "You will have to accomplish this, my Luigi. All fair excuses will be made, if you fail generally. This you must do. Keep upright, while I am speaking to you! The excuses will be made; but I, not you, must make them: bear that in mind. Is there any person whom you, my Luigi, like best in the world?"

It was a winning question, and though Luigi was not the dupe

of its insinuating gentleness, he answered, "The little girl who carries flowers every morning to the caffè La Scala."

"Ah! the little girl who carries flowers every morning to the caffè La Scala. Now, my Luigi, you may fail me, and I may pardon you. Listen attentively: if you are false; if you are guilty of one piece of treachery:—do you see? You can't help slipping, but you can help jumping. Restrain yourself from jumping, that's all. If you are guilty of treachery, hurry at once, straight off, to the little girl who carries flowers every morning to the caffè La Scala. Go to her, take her by the two cheeks, kiss her, say to her 'addio, addio,' for, by the thunder of heaven! you will never see her more."

Luigi was rocked forward and back, while Barto spoke in level tones, till the voice dropped into its vast hollow, when Barto held him fast a moment, and hurled him away by the simple lifting of his hand.

The woman appeared and bound Luigi's eyes. Barto did not utter another word. On his journey back to daylight, Luigi comforted himself by muttering oaths that he would never again enter into this trap. As soon as his eyes were unbandaged, he laughed, and sang, and tossed a compliment from his finger-tips to the savage-browed beauty; pretended that he had got an armful and that his heart was touched by the ecstasy; and sang again: "Oh, Barto, Barto! my boot is sadly worn. The toe is seen," &c., half-way down the stanzas. Without his knowing it, and before he had quitted the court, he had sunk into songless gloom, brooding on the scenes of the night. However free he might be in body, his imagination was captive to Barto Rizzo. He was no luckier than a bird, for whom the cage is open that it may feel the more keenly with its little taste of liberty that it is tied by the leg.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

THE AMERICAN "RADICALS" AND THEIR ENGLISH CENSORS.

THE civil war in America brought out a degree of ignorance in England, concerning the Constitution of the United States, very surprising to Americans,—more so, perhaps, than it should have been, when the intricacy of the questions, of which that instrument was an adjustment, is considered. The fact that the American Union was born of revolution, and that many of its leading men had advocated a people's right of revolution as against an oppressive Government, was by many assumed to be a settlement of the whole moral question in favour of the South,—an assumption that would have equally maintained the powerlessness of that country against a revolutionary party of banditti. A revolution for what the mass of a people believed just was placed upon the same level with what it believed unjust. The fact that the Union was originally a contract to which the States were voluntary parties was accepted as proof of their constitutional right to secede at pleasure,—a theory which would equally sanction the claim of a party to a marriage, or other voluntary civil contract, to dissolve the same at will, without regard to the interests and engagements which have grown out of and around such contract. Comparatively few of the leaders of public opinion in England seemed to have studied with any care that cautiously-worded Constitution which is the only organic law for the national Government and its relation to the several States; and so it passed for little that, whilst the Confederate was unable to point to a single sentence in it even inferentially authorising secession, the Unionist repeatedly urged its declaration (Art. VI., § 2), "This Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the SUPREME law of the land; and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, ANYTHING IN THE CONSTITUTION OR LAWS OF ANY STATE TO THE CONTRARY NOTWITHSTANDING." The vague clamour about "Sovereign States" weighed more than the plain admission of the great originator of the movement for secession, Calhoun, that his State (South Carolina) had "modified its original right of sovereignty, whereby its individual consent was necessary to any change in its political condition, and, by becoming a member of the Union, had placed that power in the hands of three-fourths of the States (the number necessary for a constitutional amendment), in whom the highest power known to the Constitution actually resides." The fatality of the doctrine of a State's right to secede, if admitted, was, indeed, recognised in England, as elsewhere. I find it nowhere

more clearly and forcibly stated than in an editorial article in the London *Times* of January 9, 1861, which—commenting on President Buchanan's weak Message, in which he said that though the Constitution gave no State the right to secede, it gave the general Government no power to coerce a State into submission to its authority—says, "Mr. Buchanan's Message has been a greater blow to the American people than all the rants of the Georgian Governor or the 'ordinances' of the Charleston Convention. The President has dissipated the idea that the States which elected him constitute one people. We had thought that the Federation was of the nature of a nationality; we find it nothing more than a partnership. If any State may, on grounds satisfactory to a local convention, dissolve the union between itself and its fellows; if discontent with the election of a President, or the passing of an obnoxious law by another State, or, it may be, a restrictive tariff, gives a State the 'right of revolution,' and permits it to withdraw itself from the community,—then the position of the American people with respect to foreign powers is completely altered." None could feel the justice of this view more than the American people themselves. They indignantly repudiated the absurd positions of President Buchanan, who, however, disgraced and rejected by his countrymen, was still assumed by many in England to have rightly expounded the law of the case, in preference to the President elected in his place, around whom the people united to uphold the contrary position. The majority of the American people, knowing that not one constitutional argument for the right of secession could be brought forward, easily fell into the belief that the pertinacious assumption in England of the existence of such a right signified merely the anxiety of certain classes here that the fatal results of the triumph of such a view—the results so ably pointed out in the editorial article quoted above—should prevail; but others, of which the writer is one, are convinced that the preponderant cause was an ignorance of the somewhat complex relations between the Federal and the State governments, which made even intelligent people easy victims to the casuistry of interested parties.

The hasty judgments and consequent estrangements to which this error—as it is now generally conceded to have been—led are such as cannot be too swiftly buried and forgotten after their lesson has been learnt. They are recalled here for a moment only that they may give some force to the suggestion that in the struggle concerning the future status of the Southern States and of the negro, which the war has bequeathed to the American Government, there should be a more patient examination of the facts, and of the constitutional principles involved, on the part of those who influence public opinion in England. The questions

raised by the various plans of reconstruction are just as vital to the American Union as that of secession was; their wrong settlement may be more fatal to the country than the wrong settlement of that would have been; and the division of parties upon them curiously resembles that which preceded the civil war. Though a better man than Buchanan, President Johnson stands in much the same attitude toward the North on these new questions as that which was occupied by Buchanan on the Secession question. Fortunately the struggle, though essentially the same, has been transferred from the field of battle to the floor of Congress; but though Reconstruction is for the present committed—to recall a phrase of Bacon's—to Argus with his hundred eyes, it must presently be dealt with by Briareus with his hundred arms. It is most painful, at this critical moment, to find influential English journals and politicians, untaught by the past, hastening to condemn the purpose of the Northern people and to denounce their leaders. Those who were once called "hordes" and "hirelings" waging a cruel war on Southern rights, are now spoken of as "blood-thirsty radicals" and "fanatics," who desire to crush or exterminate the people of the South. It may be admitted that on the surface the demand of the body of the Northern people that there shall be no reconstruction of the South without the enfranchisement of the negro, is an extreme one; it is easy to talk of turning the other cheek—particularly when it is not our own, but the black man's cheek—to the smiter; but the English people should have learned by this time that it is necessary to look more closely into American affairs. Having watched narrowly the course of the English press, which has very freely discussed these issues, I am constrained to say that the most important principles for which the so-called "radicals" are contending have been imperfectly perceived even by the journals most friendly to the United States; whilst in others there have been columns on columns of assertions and alleged facts that are only saved from the charge of being ingenious efforts to mislead by the ignorance that is too manifest in them to be considered as artful.

I do not know that I can better illustrate what I have said, and at the same time approach the heart of the subject, than by reviewing the chief assertions contained in an elaborate attempt to state the political situation in the United States, in the American correspondence of the *London Times*, of January 2, *serialim*:—1. "It rests with Congress, no doubt, to decide whether it will have members from such (*i.e.* recently rebellious) States in its midst or not; but their claim to be represented, after the President has reinstated them in all their other rights, cannot be questioned on any constitutional ground." Now, in truth, there is not a clause in the Constitution of the United States which can be so strained as to confer upon the

President the power ascribed to him in this sentence. The President is named by the Constitution the Executive; his clearly-defined office is to execute the laws passed by Congress, which is named the Legislative branch of the Government; and until the Congress has decided upon the legal status of the Southern States and passes Acts for their re-admission, the President's power to "reinstate" them is limited to the advisory right provided for in the constitutional prescription which says—"He shall from time to time give to the Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient." In prescribing explicitly that Congress shall dispose of troops, declare war, declare the punishment of treason, admit new States, provide for the general welfare, dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting territories or other property of the United States, the Constitution reserves to it the entire class of subjects involved in reconstruction. If Congress passes Acts which the President does not approve, he may indeed affix his veto to them; but even this, his utmost power, is but a means of securing a more thorough expression of popular opinion; and if the Congress shall pass a measure so returned by a vote of two-thirds of its members, it becomes a law, without regard to the President's non-concurrence. On the other hand, the power of Congress to decide for or against the right of any representative to share its privileges is a symbol of its jurisdiction over the condition of States and territories; and this right is absolute; the President cannot affect it except by undermining the fidelity of the members of Congress. Hence the further statement in the letter to which I have referred, that "the President remains firm, and if he is angered will assuredly make an appeal to the people, and endeavour to temper the insolence of the extreme party by the action of public opinion," is utterly without meaning. The President's veto of an Act of Congress is the only thing known to the Constitution that at all corresponds to an English Premier's "appeal to the country," for Congress *is*, hypothetically, the country. Congress comes together fresh from the people; the President—between whom and the people electoral colleges have intervened, and who may have been elected several years before the new issues arose—is the official executor of the popular will as expressed through Congress. The President cannot appoint the most unimportant officer without the concurrence of the Senate. In time of war the President, being *ex officio* the commander-in-chief of the military forces of the United States, is clothed with abnormal powers; but these are strictly limited to the temporary exigencies of war, and can in no case extend to determining the civil or permanent regulation of any portion of the country. He can appoint provisional governors for proclaimed sections, but he cannot restore them to

normal governments, that being, as a legislative act, *ultra vires* in the Executive. There can be no doubt, for example, that the establishment of civil governments in several of the States which had seceded under the military presence and power of the Federal Government, was an act of usurpation on the part of the President; that such imposed civil governments are shams; and that Mr. Seward's proclamation that the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery has been ratified by the enforced assent of such States, is a mere effort to carry the main question by snap judgment, and of no value whatever. Subsequently to its ratification of the amendment, the legislature of Mississippi passed a law prohibiting negroes from renting or leasing lands. The President of the United States at once set this aside, and ordered his agent there to protect the right of the negroes to lease lands. Upon which Mr. Horace Greeley pertinently asks, "Is Mississippi reconstructed, or is she not? If she is, how can the President interfere with her municipal affairs? If she is not, what right has she to ratify a constitutional amendment?" If the negro's liberty ever comes to depend in any court of law upon this announcement of Mr. Seward's, he will stand a poor chance of securing it.

2. "There are many in this country who firmly believe that a fair proportion of blacks ought to be included in the franchise, and that view has been urged more than once in this correspondence. But where moderate men and extreme men differ is as to the proper *time* for making so great a change in the institutions of the country. . . . Which can afford to wait best—the white man for the restoration of his civil rights, by which he will be enabled to give the negro employment; or the freedman for his vote?" In this plausible statement the writer evades the point upon which the whole matter hinges, through his manifest ignorance of the relation between the National and the State governments. It is the abnormal condition into which the Southern States have thrown themselves by making war upon the general Government which alone enables the United States to effect any change whatever in the institutions of the South. Normally each State is to its people their castle, as much as his house is to any individual in a free country: only where the State or the individual is accused of crime is the immunity forfeited. Only military necessity could ever have reached Slavery in the States: it naturally and justly fell into the pit of martial power which it had dugged for the Union. The continuation of the power to control the internal affairs of the Southern country is equally abnormal, though armed resistance has been suppressed, and it is to be justified as of the conqueror's right to secure his conquest.¹

(1) "If," says Vattel (Book III., § 44, 45), "the safety of the state lies at stake, our precaution and foresight cannot be extended too far." "An injury gives a right to provide for our future safety by depriving the unjust aggressor of the means of injuring us."

To penetrate a certain country at the cost of 350,000 lives, 500,000 mutilated men, and many billions of money, for a certain object, and then to abandon that country without any guarantee that the object when reached is made secure, would be an absurdity. The United States therefore holds the former Southern States under central control. But once let them be re-admitted as States, and that central control instantly ceases, and can never again be revived unless any of such States shall commit a revolutionary act against the United States. If South Carolina were readmitted into the Union with the full powers of a State, the Federal Government would thereafter have no more power to assist any of the negroes of that State to gain the suffrage—however unanimously negro-suffrage were thought desirable—than to confer suffrage on the working-men of England. Therefore it is not the fact that in America the difference between moderate and extreme men "is as to the proper *time*" for enfranchising the negroes: all Americans know that there is but one time for it, and that is the time when it can be done. All Americans know that, so far from its being a question whether the whites can better *wait* for restoration of civil rights, or the negro for his vote, that restoration *for ever* excludes the negro from voting; and parties are divided as to whether he should or should not be so excluded, with the exception of a few who are weak or insincere enough to maintain that the ex-slavemasters will so far please the Northern Radicals as to confer suffrage upon the negroes. The Congress could, indeed, put forward to the States a proposition for amending the Constitution so as to prohibit any distinctions being made in a State on account of colour or race; but there is no probability that any negro now living would see it adopted, for there could be no Federal bayonets in Southern capitals a single day after restoration, to secure the adoption of measures dictated from Washington. The President knows this full well, and has taken good care to secure all the measures that *his* standard of reconstruction demands of the South,—as the repudiation of the rebel debt, and the repeal of Secession ordinances,—by enforcing them upon Southern conventions before the rehabilitation of any disloyal State should necessitate the withdrawal of United States troops. Whatever may be said of the Northern demand for the enfranchisement of the Southern negro, there can be no question that the demand is in order *now*, and that after reconstruction it becomes impossible.

3. "The negro is protected in *his* rights, as I can vouch from personal knowledge, by freedmen's bureaux, and a detachment of troops in every town and almost every village throughout the South." Setting aside the question of the possibility of guarding the interests of negroes in towns and villages, spread over nearly a million of square miles, or of the wisdom and economy of doing so with agents an

troops were it possible, it must have already occurred to my reader that all of these Federal agents and troops must, on the instant of any State's rehabilitation, leave that State, or remain by its courtesy. The United States cannot occupy, or have a soldier upon, a single foot of the soil of any State, except by special concession of that State, or to suppress insurrection. The District of Columbia, and the various forts of the Union, were all obtained, by treaties or purchases, from the several States within whose limits they are. The rights of the United States in the separate States are limited to holding sessions of its courts in them, collecting its revenues, and of transit, with the making of post-roads, &c., necessary therefor. The present occupation of various parts of the South is therefore provisional, and incidental to the disorganised condition of the States of that section; and the protection offered by it to the negro can scarcely be adduced as an argument for a reconstruction which will immediately terminate it.

4. "If they (*i.e.* freedmen's bureaux and United States troops) were withdrawn, there would still be no reason to fear for his safety, since the planter cannot do without him, and must employ him on just terms, or he will go elsewhere, and leave the capitalist without labour." But this is not necessary; it is perfectly competent for the planter—if unchecked by the votes of negroes—to pass laws prohibiting the negro labourer from leaving the State or the plantation, without recourse to the uncongenial bonds of just wages or kind treatment. One cannot indeed say that planters are incapable of dealing justly by the negroes whom they just now owned; but it is a fact that the idea of giving them wages was never proposed among them until it was suggested by United States bayonets; and it is equally certain that among all the laws for the freedmen, passed by the bodies pretending to be the legislatures of the States lately in rebellion, not one has proposed to leave to the freedman, so called, the right to make or not make contracts for labour, or to come and go when and where he pleases, as the poorest white man may. Not one of what are known as the "Black Codes" of the old State organisations have been repealed or amended. These codes, with hardly an exception, made it a penal offence to teach a negro to read or write; they all withheld from the negro the usual legal protection of the marital and parental relations; they prevented a negro from suing a white person or testifying against him in a court of law, no matter what the injury he may have received; they restrained him from moving from place to place without a passport from his master; they prohibited his travelling in the usual conveyances. Thus far none of these claimants for a power equal to that of Massachusetts has proposed or promised a repeal of any of these despotic laws; though one or two of them are claiming great praise for enacting that negroes may testify in cases where those of their own colour are exclusively

interested! Now the abolition of chattel slavery will not necessarily disturb any one of the features of the "Black Codes" I have enumerated. These laws are not ancient or dead; on the contrary, the slave-laws have notoriously increased in severity of late years, and undoubtedly represent the deliberate opinion of the Southern whites as to the proper status of the African race.¹ Is it to be supposed that defeat, humiliation, and poverty have changed their hearts? Is it credible that subjugation by anti-slavery armies has inclined them to anti-slavery legislation? Has the assistance rendered by the negroes to their adversaries in crushing them, softened them toward the negro? If Jefferson Davis had subjugated the North, is it supposable that Garrison, Phillips, and Sumner would have been to-day willing and faithful adherents of the Government founded upon Slavery? He must know very little of the Southern people who does not know that they believed in Slavery as earnestly as those Northern men believed in Freedom; that every burden which force has not removed will remain on the negro so soon as they again occupy independent States; and that the universal Southern law making it a highly criminal offence to advocate emancipation publicly, will reappear to prevent the advocacy of negro equality in any Southern community.²

Along with the letter from which I have derived texts for the presentation of some of the considerations which are deciding the action of the majority in Congress, there is an editorial article in the *Times*, the key-note of which is, that the result of the policy of the Republican party is that the great object of the war is for the time as completely lost as if the Confederates had been victorious. At this moment the Union is shorn of eleven of its ancient States. Secession itself, if successful, could have produced no worse curtailment. And more in the same sense, making the whole matter very simple, and the "fanaticism" of the "Radicals" very astounding. The Radicals probably find it more astonishing that there should be a condition of public opinion in England rendering it possible for

(1) The following is clipped from a newspaper of North Carolina, December, 1865:—

"Two negro men, John Walker and Robert McKay, convicted of larceny by the new Hanover County Court, have been sentenced to be sold into servitude for a period not exceeding five years. The sentence is agreeable to the laws of the State in relation to freedmen before the war."

And here is an advertisement taken from a newspaper of Maryland, one of the first to ratify the Amendment:—

"Sale of a Convict.—Jacob Walker, negro, having been convicted of larceny in the Circuit Court for Kent County, and sentenced to be sold in the county for the term of two years, notice is hereby given, that on Saturday, the 9th day of December, 1865, at two o'clock p.m., at the Jail Park in Charleston, I will sell the said negro, for the term above specified, to the highest bidder for cash. "SAMUEL W. CALER, Sheriff."

"Nov. 18, 1865."

(2) On Jan. 3rd, 1866, the *Richmond Times* urged that correspondents of the New York press in that city should be mobbed, and the *Examiner* of the same city demanded the suppression of all "Yankee literature."

its most powerful press to print such nonsense. The entire possession and holding of certain States by the Union, and the immersion of all their functions in the Federal Government, means that such States are disunited from and lost to it! Nevertheless, the logic of the *Times* is suggestive. Is it not singular that men who have fought a fearful and costly war to prevent the secession of certain States, should at the end of that war be obstinately resisting the return of those States into the Union; and still more, that those seceding States themselves, so far from being pleased with thus gaining their object, should be standing at the door of the Union clamorous to be taken in? Is it not notable that the men and journals—including the *Times*—throughout the world, who were the most ardent for the separation of the South from the Union, should now be furiously denouncing those who would prevent her re-incorporation with it, and should even be encouraging President Johnson to use his “patronage” (*i.e.* power of bribery) to undermine their opposition? Undoubtedly the instincts of the quondam Confederates and their sympathisers tell them truly that the restoration of the Southern States at present to their full powers in the Union would be substantially a transfer of the victory in the late war from the North to the South. The South having rashly thrown away, by appealing to arms, the sway which it formerly exercised in the Union, would, if restored now, be at once reinforced by its old allies in the Middle and some of the Northern States, the Democratic party, and thus enabled to resume that sway. All that it is possible to restore of slavery would inevitably be restored; and Serfdom, producing cotton and coining negro-blood into wealth, would corrupt the merchants of the North as Slavery once did. Northern men who should oppose all this would be mobbed as Abolitionists formerly were, and agitation denounced with even greater fierceness as an attempt to replunge the country into civil war.

To show that these apprehensions are well founded, it is necessary to refer to the peculiar advantages which the late slaveholders will enjoy in the matter of representation should the negroes not be enfranchised. The framers of the Constitution, in order to conciliate the slave-holding States, from which the chief opposition to its adoption was anticipated, ordained (Art. I.) that representation “shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union, according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a number of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three-fifths of all other persons.” These “other persons” were the slaves. If representation in the South were, as it is in the North, based upon the actual voting population, they would have about forty-five representatives; but the counting of all the free blacks of the South, and three-fifths of the slaves, none of whom vote,

has swelled the representation of the South to seventy, which included nineteen for slaves, and six for free negroes. But hereafter the technical freedom of the slaves, enabling the South to add in the apportionment those two-fifths, who, although they cannot vote, are no longer to be reckoned as "other persons," but as "free persons," must give the South thirteen additional representatives. Emancipation will have increased her representation to eighty-three. This increase of power in Congress, though derived entirely from the negro, is to be wielded entirely, if the negro remains disfranchised, by those who believe that the black man is naturally the white man's slave, and who have every reason to feel angry with the negroes for the part they bore in conquering their masters.

Now let us see how the presence of these eighty-three Southern representatives would be felt in Congress. The present Congress is certainly the most favourable one to the negro that has ever assembled, and it would be unreasonable to hope that from the fluctuating masses of America there would not come future Congresses with smaller majorities for his friends. But I take from some of the latest votes upon motions involving the negro question, and kindred ones, the numbers that may be regarded as representing the average relative strength of the parties now constituting the House of Representatives. December 13, Mr. Farnsworth introduced resolutions declaring that as the laws of Congress do not exempt persons from taxes and military duty on account of colour, and as the foreigner, ignorant of our language and institutions, is invested with the rights of citizenship for a brief service in the armies of the Union, good faith as well as impartial justice demand of this Government that it secure to the coloured soldiers of the Union their equal rights and privileges as citizens of the United States. After a bitter speech against these resolutions by Mr. Chanler of New York, a motion to table them was lost by 43 to 113, and they were referred to the Committee of Fifteen, which is considering the question of re-admission. December 14, a resolution declaring that all papers relating to the representation of the late Confederate States should be referred to the same Committee without debate, was, after a sharp debate, passed, under the operation of the previous question, by 107 to 56. December 18, Mr. Thornton, of Illinois, offered a resolution declaring that any extension of the franchise to persons in the States, either by the President or Congress, would be an unconstitutional assumption of power; it was laid on the table by 111 to 46. On the same day a resolution that the oath of loyalty prescribed by Congress in 1862 should be subscribed by all officers of the Government, was taken up: a motion to lay it on the table was lost by 126 to 32. In these cases, which I have not picked out, but taken consecutively from the Reports, Northern men¹ were

(1) The term "Northern" here includes all the non-seceding, and consequently several

alone voting. It will be seen that, if the eighty-three Southern members had been present, two of the votes would have gone in their interest; and the others—even the oath of loyalty—might have been imperilled, or, with the help of the Democratic “whips,” even lost. There are altogether one hundred and eighty representatives at present in Congress; the presence of all of them would not materially alter the result of any division, inasmuch as in these times a member rarely leaves his seat without “pairing off” with one of the opposite party.

What the result of admitting the Southern representatives will be, it requires no great sagacity to foresee. The Democrats, whose ability to impede any legislation of the country which did not please them would be immediate, and their controlling power thereafter quite probable, have not left us in the dark as to their plans. They have denounced President Lincoln’s proclamation of freedom as an usurpation, and as worthless in law; and they have claimed that the assent of Southern States to emancipation, and other measures extorted by force, will be and should be recalled when those States recover their power.¹ The restoration of chattel slavery would be a possibility; the establishment of a serfdom embodying the “Black Codes” and suppressing free speech in the South, would be certain, should slavery prove irrecoverable; and the repudiation of the war-debt of the United States would be inevitable.

I have said enough, I trust, to show that those who have been so freely denounced as fanatics are by no means urging unpractical or ill-timed reforms, or contending with theoretical wrongs. In America their antagonists do not laugh at their apprehensions, but boast that there is sufficient reason for them. The negro-suffrage question in America and the workingmen-suffrage question in England are, it will be seen, essentially different. Concerning the English franchise I do not pretend to give an opinion, but may remark that whereas in England the strongest argument against extension of the franchise is that one class may thereby be able to swamp the others, in America negro-

large slave-holding States, whose representatives are, for the most part, bitterly opposed to the North on all questions relating to the negro.

(1) In the Message to the Mississippi Legislature (Nov. 20), the Governor recently elected (Humphreys) speaks in the following fashion:—“Under the pressure of Federal bayonets, urged on by the misdirected sympathies of the world in behalf of the enslaved African, the people of Mississippi have abolished slavery.” “We must now meet the question as it is, and not as we would like to have it.” “To be free, however, does not make him a citizen, or entitle him to political or social equality with the white man.” “How long this hideous curse (*i.e.* the Freedmen’s Bureau), permitted of Heaven, is to be allowed to rule and ruin our unhappy people, I regret it is not in my power to give any assurance,” &c. Many of the Southern officials are equally outspoken with this honest Governor. Others, of course, deal in sentiment; but the Southerner bungles when he is not frank, and under his protestations of Unionism there is sufficiently audible the sentiment of the Jacobin, “We will not harm your property; we expect to own it ourselves.”

suffrage presents the only method by which one class may be prevented from swamping the rest, and that class the very one that has just come so near swamping the entire country. Feebly loyal, or plainly disloyal, as the Southern whites are, it is not proposed to disfranchise them, but simply to employ the large loyal vote of the blacks to check the hostile unanimity with which the whites oppose the negroes and the North, and to prevent the otherwise unavoidable collision of races which must follow upon an attempted restoration of the negroes to the sway of their former masters.

Some of the more thoughtful writers of the English press have recognised the necessity of the objects which the so-called radicals propose to secure by means of negro-suffrage. In an article on the subject in the *Pall Mall Gazette* (Jan. 5), the writer admits that "no one can blame them for insisting that the emancipated negro shall be really free, and that his freedom shall be efficiently secured to him. An object for which so much has been endured and encountered ought to be made sure and irrevocable;" but he thinks that whilst the President "is content with the solid fruits of victory, they (his opponents) insist upon its trophies and its luxuries as well." This writer evidently supposes that there is some way in which the solid fruits of victory—*i.e.* *real* emancipation, the object for which so much has been endured—may be made sure and irrevocable, different from that for which the men whose course he censures are contending. If he could have pointed out such a method he would have done what neither the President nor any of his friends has done. The utmost that the President could say in his Message was, "When the tumult of emotions that have been raised by the suddenness of the social change shall have subsided, it *may* prove that they will receive the kindest usage from *some* of those on whom they have heretofore most closely depended." To this mere *perhaps*, and that limited by a significant "some," the American nation, fresh from the terrible carnage to which these gentle Southerners dragged it, saved by the black man to whose wrongs it had been a guilty party, is solicited now to entrust the destiny of four millions of human beings, and with them also its own destiny! I submit that a "perhaps" will not answer in such an issue, even if there were before us no handwritings on the wall, like that of Jamaica, to illustrate the tenderness of ex-slavemasters toward the negroes of whom they regard themselves as having been robbed. These Southerners—whose many good qualities I do not undervalue—are of the same race with those who have controlled that island for the forty years since emancipation, the records of whose legislation, as Sir George Grey testified a few years ago, present a complete blank so far as any measures for the welfare or elevation of the negroes are concerned. If these are the "solid fruits" in a colony

where the interference of the English Crown is possible, what is to be the probable harvest in States with which, once restored to their equal position, no power on earth can interfere, unless a violent defiance—quite unnecessary to the oppression of the negroes—of United States law recurs? No method for securing justice to the negro has ever been proposed, except to give him a vote. It is not as if it were in a country where the franchise is limited: unfortunately in America the millions of Irish, whose only political principle is to hate the “bloody naygur,” and the “mean whites” of the South, who are the negro’s inferiors in all but the vote, are all enfranchised; and to deprive the negro of the one power which in America secures respect and protection is to render him utterly defenceless. No party in America will ever despise or maltreat a million votes; and the suffrage is, in America, the pledge not only of courtesy, but of an attempt to educate its possessors. It seems to be assumed by some English writers on the subject, that there is some way of securing pledges from the Southern States of a fair treatment of the negroes and a protection of their rights. But even if a State, seeking to regain its power, were to make any promises to the Central Government, it would regard them as no more binding in the future than a promise made by a man to a highwayman holding a pistol at his head. The Central Government, it must at every step be remembered, has no right whatever to interfere in the domestic affairs of actual States; and any State which had been forced to adopt an internal policy which it did not like would at once use its independence to reconsider and repeal such a policy, and would be sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States in so doing. I say this to correct cisatlantic errors: in point of fact, no Southern community has proposed to make such pledges, and there is no Northern party so weak as to demand that any State shall impawn its future. It is impossible there to disguise what every one knows. The Democratic party, led it is feared by the President, stands for an absolute submission of the negroes to the control of their late masters, limited by the single law that they shall not be bought and sold except for crime (unless indeed their eleven States can gain sixteen others and repeal the Constitutional Amendment); and the true Republicans stand for the creation, by negro enfranchisement, of a power in the South which, though it cannot equal that of the whites, will always be able to find a small minority of white loyalists by whose aid they may restrain their superior numbers from enacting any flagrant injustice.

A few words with reference to the constitutional right of the Federal Government to adjust the franchise in the South. I have already shown that the Southern States by becoming belligerents unsealed the War-power, which is unconfined to the formulas of peace, and that—as indeed all authorities consent—this unusual

power remains in force until not only armed resistance has ceased, but, to recall the words of Vattel, "future safety is provided for." Since the capitulation of the Confederate forces, the President of the United States has appointed governors to the Southern States, has convoked assemblies, has discriminated among former electors, has dictated to their Legislatures Acts to be passed concerning the Rebel debt and the ordinances of Secession, and has kept troops on guard within them. When, therefore, he says in his Message that "a concession of the elective franchise to the freedmen, by Act of the President of the United States, must have extended to all coloured men, wherever found, and so must have established a change of suffrage in the Northern, Middle, and Western States, no less than in the Southern and South-western," the fallacy at once appears if one asks why the interferences just enumerated with the eleven (late) Confederate States do not equally authorise the President to appoint governors for the States of New England, or to order the Legislatures of the North-west by telegraph to pass the measures he desires? For the rest, however, it is quite in harmony with the public sentiment of the country that the grave questions attendant on Reconstruction should not be decided by any one branch of the Government, but by its concerted action. The United States has not only the abnormal power to settle this question of franchise, and with it the agitation which is sure to menace the country until it is settled, but its exercise would in this case be in exact conformity with its constitutional duty. The Constitution (Art. IV., § 4) says "the United States shall guarantee to every State in the Union a republican form of government," and it is left to the Congress to say what is a republican form of government, and to pass the laws necessary to carry out the provision:

"If," to cite the words of an able American writer, "a State of the Union were to proclaim a monarchy, Congress would have the right to reject her representatives. But a Republican form of government may be subverted by indirection as effectually as by proclamation of a monarchy. A State has a right, within certain limits, to decree the qualifications of her voters. But any qualification may be pushed beyond the point of republicanism. And when this happens it devolves upon the national government to enforce the national guaranty. A State, if it see fit, may require a property qualification, as that a voter shall be a taxpayer or a householder; but if it push the principle so far as to require that he shall possess a hundred thousand dollars, then large masses are disfranchised, and the republican form of government is violated thereby. A State, if it see fit, may require a literary qualification, as that a voter shall be able to read the Constitution of his country; but if it push the principle so far as to require that he shall understand Sanskrit or read Homer in the original Greek, then large masses are disfranchised, and the republican form of government is violated thereby. . . . So, also, if a State disfranchise because of race the fiftieth part of her population, her action may violate justice, yet fall short of working a substantial change in her form of government. (*De minimis non curat lex.*) But if the number excluded by this qualification of race from participation in self-government amount to one-third, or

one half, or two-thirds of her entire population, then large masses are disfranchised, and the republican form of government is essentially violated thereby."¹

If the applicability of the clause in the Constitution referred to was questionable so long as four millions of the Southern blacks were slaves, it certainly is not questionable now that they are replaced by the same number of free coloured men. The right of from five to six millions to disfranchise four millions on account of their colour or race is a manifest subversion of republican government. In all the Southern States it would be to disfranchise over 40 per cent. of their population, in several over 60 per cent., and in some of them a majority.

I have not, in this discussion, adverted to the loud deprecations of the propositions made by certain *real* Radicals in Congress, looking toward the confiscation of a portion of the lands of the South for the benefit of the negroes. It is sentimental, perhaps, to harbour the thought of allotting any portion of the 738,000 square miles of that region to those whose long and unrequited toil has alone recovered a little of it from wildness. It is, possibly, to be needlessly harsh to white proprietorship to consider whether there be any lawful wage for the century of blood and sweat which have been wrung from the heart of the African, who has purchased every Southern estate, and yielded soul and body to enrich it. We must not indulge such a luxury of conquest as to hint that the 500,000 square miles of untilled and waste lands in the South might well be allotted, at least some small portion of them, to the penniless negroes. It may be just possible that before the tribunal of God the twenty millions voted by England to compensate West Indian negro-owners would have been remitted to the negro's true owner—the negro himself; it is not quite certain that, before the same tribunal, the enormous estates of the 250,000 ex-slavemasters would not be held to be heavily mortgaged by the human hearts and brains which they have transmuted to cotton and sugar. But let it be agreed that Thaddeus Stevens, the representative of some Pennsylvanian Quakers, who are liable to these fanaticisms, goes too far in this: he took care in his speech to exonerate his party from any particular sympathy with his views on these points. Or, if his party goes with him to a certain extent, it may turn out that it is employing the old artifice of asking more than it means to take; it knows that it will have to compromise somewhere, and, if it puts forward demands beyond negro-suffrage, it is possible that it may have something to concede other than that which cannot be conceded without ruin to the country and wrong to mankind. For I do not care to defend these men altogether from mingling with their patriotism some

(1) Letter to President Johnson, by R. D. Owen.

sympathy with the negro. There is, indeed, no comeliness about Sambo that we should desire him ; yet, as Hafiz sings—

“ In the last day men shall wear
On their heads the dust,
As ensign and as ornament
Of their lowly trust.”

To the ungenerous attacks which have been made on the Republican leaders of Congress by English writers time will give the best reply, as it already has to similar attacks in their own country. The Republicans are charged with striving for the ascendancy of their party, but the right or wrong of that depends upon the justice and importance of the principles represented by their party. The men who are fighting this after-battle in Congress—the real battle between Slavery and Freedom in America for which the four years' war was but a preparation—are men who have grown grey in serving the cause of justice with minorities. What would not Slavery, at any time in the long generation just closed in which it ruled the land, have awarded such men as Sumner and Stevens had they bowed to it ! In the honours heaped on Pierce and Buchanan, Slavery showed what it could and would do for even the weaklings of the North who bowed at its altar. Blows and insults were awarded to these who said, “Get thee behind me ;” they saw sycophants in the offices they might have adorned. They gave the flower of their lives to the unpopular side ; they declined to ascend that justice might ascend. The *Saturday Review*, if it did not wish to be just, might at least be more graphic than to describe such men as “factious,” “revengeful,” or as “demagogues.”

It is always easy to say fine things about conciliation : there were doubtless, in old times, those who were touched with admiration when Herod and Pilate made up their quarrel and joined hands to crucify Christ. There have been enough compromises in America on the Slavery question to teach her people the full cruelty and selfishness of Sentiment. Nevertheless there is ever the danger of reaction before a great work is consummated, and there is a fearful possibility that in the weakness of weariness that nation may again bow its head into the soft lap to be again shorn of its strength. Perhaps none but an American, who, having come through dreary years of agitation, stands at a crisis which is to end his country's grief, or return it to the old bitter dissensions, can feel the gratitude that is due to those who hold up to that nation the degraded negro as the symbol of the justice it has violated ; who sternly demand that this stone on which, because the builders rejected it, the Union has fallen, shall be made the corner-stone of its reconstruction ; and who warn the people that if, having fallen upon it, they are not now broken to its measure, that stone will surely fall upon them and grind them to powder.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

SPIRIT RAPPING A HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO

I WISH in what follows to submit to some examination a tolerably well known, and certainly very remarkable story—the history of the spiritual manifestations which disturbed the Wesley family in the year 1716. Dr. Priestley has said with truth that no story of the kind is better authenticated than this, or has been better told. A very careful investigation of the facts was made by the two brothers Samuel and John Wesley, and the result has been to preserve for us the account of the matter, given at the time by almost every one who could speak of what had occurred from personal knowledge. The elder brother Samuel was at the time an usher in Westminster School. When he heard of the alarm of his family at the mysterious visitant, who went in the household by the name of Jeffery, he put to his mother some very sensible questions as to the possibility of imposture; and he desired that she and his father and each of his sisters should separately write to him a particular account of all that had taken place. We have still the letters written in compliance with his request. We have also notes, in the form of a diary, kept by Wesley the father; we have memoranda of the results of John Wesley's inquiries from the servants, and other members of the family; and, finally, a narrative founded on these documents, drawn up by John Wesley, and published by him in the *Arminian Magazine*. All these documents seem to be written with the most perfect good faith; and none of the writers exhibit the smallest doubt as to the supernatural origin of the disturbances which troubled them.

The story acquires a historical interest from the mere fact that this belief in its miraculous character was firmly entertained by one who had such an influence as John Wesley on the course of religious thought in England. It cannot be doubted that his mode of thinking on such matters must have been permanently affected by the fact that at an early part of his life occurrences took place under his own father's roof of which it seemed impossible to give any explanation by natural causes. Thenceforward he felt that to deny the possibility of miracle was to contradict his own experience. As Isaac Taylor has it, a "right of way" for the supernatural was made through his mind, so that no tale of the marvellous could be refused leave to pass where Jeffery had passed before.

As might be expected, Wesley's Methodist biographers agree with him in referring the disturbances at Epworth Parsonage to a supernatural origin. Dr. Priestley, though unable to offer any satisfactory explanation of the facts, had argued that the supposition of miracle

was excluded by the childish and purposeless character of the pranks which had disquieted the Wesley family; these being of such a nature that it seemed absurd to imagine a Divine interference to produce them. He gave it as the most plausible conjecture that the servants, assisted by some of the neighbours, had amused themselves with these tricks from mere love of mischief. But to this it was replied that the notion that the servants were in fault had been suggested to Mrs. Wesley by her son Samuel; that she had in reply given good and satisfactory reasons for acquitting them of any attempt at imposture; that no object could be assigned to be gained by any one in terrifying the family; and, on the other hand, that it is hard to explain why these tricks, if begun in sport, should have been suddenly discontinued when at the height of their success, or why the secret should never have leaked out from any of the parties concerned in them. Finally, it was said that Priestley's hypothesis was one which could commend itself to no one, who was not forced on it, as he was, by his materialism, it being necessary for him to devise some means to save his theory from the absolute confutation it received by a demonstrated interference from the spirit world.

Southey, in his life of Wesley, declares that it may be safely asserted that many of the circumstances cannot be explained by the supposition of imposture, neither by any legerdemain, nor by yentriloquism, nor by any secret of acoustics; and in answer to Priestley's demand, what purpose can be imagined to have been served by such a miracle, contents himself with replying that perhaps it was purpose enough if thereby some sceptics are forced to admit that there are more things "in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in their philosophy."

Isaac Taylor also is disposed to believe in a supernatural, though not in a miraculous origin of the spiritual manifestations in question. He reminds us that we must distinguish between what is merely extraordinary and what is miraculous. It is said to have happened (or conceivably may have happened) that a real Arabian locust has alighted in Hyde Park. And, however wonderful it might be that the winds should have borne the creature so far out of its ordinary track, we should never dream of calling the circumstance miraculous. Why, then, should it be thought miraculous if some spiritual being, in the ordinary course of things, outside our sphere of being, were by some fortuitous conjuncture of circumstances brought into such a position as to be capable of exerting influence on our material world? And in such a case there is not the least reason to suppose that of necessity this influence would be exerted wisely or intelligently. We know not how many orders of beings there may be in the spiritual world. There may perhaps be some more intelligent than man; but there may be others with no more intellect than

apes or pigs. What forbids us, then, to think of Jeffery as a semi-idiotic spirit, brought by some chance into a position in which he became capable of acting on our world, but in whose acts we need no more look for design or purpose than in the pranks of a monkey?

The experience of recent times has made us acquainted with many facts which confirm the low estimate formed by Taylor of the intellectual capacities of certain spiritual beings. But in the case of these modern spirits, among the conditions which must be satisfied before they can gain power to operate on our material world, the presence of a *medium* has been observed to be essential. I believe that "Jeffery" was not exempt from the same law, and that there is no difficulty in naming the medium of whose instrumentality he availed himself. I am, however, a little at a loss how to bring the conviction which I feel home to the mind of my reader. What I should like would be simply to ask him to read over the original documents. For the true solution of the mystery appears to me to lie so plainly on the face of them, that I am surprised that it should have escaped, as far as I know, all who have printed any remarks on the story. I know, however, that it must be expected that very few indeed of my readers will take the trouble to refer to any documents which I do not here lay before them; and yet it seems unreasonable to print what is to be found in so popular a book as Southey's *Life of Wesley*. I must endeavour, therefore, to state the main facts of the story, compressing it as much as I can, and yet retaining all the words in the original letters which seem to throw any light upon the mystery. The extracts with which I commence are from John Wesley's narrative, above referred to. This narrative, however, having been drawn up some years after the event, appears, on comparison with the letters written at the time, not to relate the facts in strict chronological order.

"On December 2, 1716, while Robert Brown, my father's servant, was sitting with one of the maids, a little before ten at night, in the dining-room which opened into the garden, they both heard one knocking at the door. Robert rose and opened it, but could see nobody. Quickly it knocked again and groaned. 'It is Mr. Turpin,' said Robert; 'he has the stone, and uses to groan so.' He opened the door again twice or thrice, the knocking being twice or thrice repeated; but still seeing nothing, and being a little startled, they rose and went up to bed. When Robert came to the top of the garret stairs he saw a hand-mill, which lay at a little distance, whirled about very swiftly. When he related this he said, 'Nought vexed me but that it was empty. I thought, if it had been but full of malt, he might have ground his heart out for me.' When he was in bed he heard, as it were, the gobbling of a turkeycock close to the bed-side; and soon after, the sound of one stumbling over his shoes and boots; but there were none there: he had left them below. The next day he and the maid related these things to the other maid, who laughed heartily, and said, 'What a couple of fools are you! I defy anything to fright me.' After churning in the evening, she put the butter in the tray; and had no sooner carried it into the dairy than she heard a knocking on the shelf where several

puncheons of milk stood, first above the shelf, then below. She took the candle, and searched both above and below; but being able to find nothing, threw down butter, tray, and all, and ran away for her life. The next evening, between five and six o'clock, my sister Molly, being then about twenty years of age, sitting in the dining-room reading, heard as if it were the door that led into the hall open, and a person walking in that seemed to have a silk night-gown rustling and trailing along. It seemed to walk round her, then to the door, then round again, but she could see nothing. She thought, 'It signifies nothing to run away, for whatever it is, it can run faster than me.' So she rose, put her book under her arm, and walked slowly away. After supper she was sitting with my sister Suky (about a year older than her) in one of the chambers, and telling her what had happened; she made quite light of it, telling her, 'I wonder you are so easily frightened; I would fain see what would frighten me.' Presently a knocking began under the table. She took the candle and looked, but could find nothing. Then the iron casement began to clatter, and the lid of a warming-pan. Next the latch of the door moved up and down without ceasing. She started up, leaped into the bed without undressing, pulled the bed-clothes over her head, and never ventured to look up till next morning. A night or two after, my sister Hetty, a year younger than my sister Molly, was waiting, as usual, between nine and ten, to take away my father's candle, when she heard one coming down the garret stairs, walking slowly by her, then going down the best stairs, then up the back stairs, and up the garret stairs; and at every step it seemed the house shook from top to bottom. Just then my father knocked. She went in, took his candle, and got to bed as fast as possible. In the morning she told this to my eldest sister, who told her, 'You know I believe none of these things. Pray let me take away the candle to-night, and I will find out the trick.' She accordingly took my sister Hetty's place, and had no sooner taken away the candle than she heard a noise below. She hastened downstairs to the hall, where the noise was, but it was then in the kitchen. She ran into the kitchen, where it was drumming on the inside of the screen. When she went round, it was drumming on the outside; and so always on the side opposite to her. Then she heard a knocking at the back kitchen door. She ran to it, unlocked it softly, and, when the knocking was repeated, suddenly opened it; but nothing was to be seen. As soon as she had shut it the knocking began again; she opened it again, but could see nothing. When she went to shut the door, it was violently thrust against her; she let it fly open, but nothing appeared. She went again to shut it, and it was again thrust against her; but she set her knee and her shoulder to the door, forced it to, and turned the key. Then the knocking began again; but she let it go on, and went up to bed. However, from that time she was thoroughly convinced that there was no imposture in the affair. The next morning, my sister telling my mother what had happened, she said, 'If I hear anything myself, I shall know how to judge.' Soon after she begged her to come into the nursery. She did, and heard in the corner of the room, as it were, the violent rocking of a cradle; but no cradle had been there for some years. She was convinced it was preternatural, and earnestly prayed it might not disturb her in her own chamber at the hours of retirement; and it never did. She now thought it proper to tell my father, but he was extremely angry, and said, 'Suky, I am ashamed of you. These boys and girls fright one another, but you are a woman of sense, and should know better. Let me hear of it no more.' At six in the evening he had family prayer as usual. When he began the prayer for the king, a knocking began all round the room, and a thundering knock attended the Amen. The same was heard from this time every morning and evening while the prayer for the king was repeated. As both my father and mother are now at rest, and incapable of being pained thereby, I think it my duty to furnish the serious reader with a key to the circumstance. The year before King William died, my father observed my mother did not say Amen to the prayer for the king. He vowed

he never would cohabit with her till she did. He then took his horse and rode away, nor did she hear anything of him for a twelvemonth. He then came back, and lived with her as before. But I fear his vow was not forgotten before God."

It appears from the letters that Mr. Wesley was not told of the noises until the 21st December, that is to say, about three weeks after the first disturbance. It appears also that the family had been in considerable alarm because he had been so long without hearing the noises, it being the common opinion that such sounds are not audible to the individual to whom they forbode evil. Mrs. Wesley's account of the first appearance to Mr. Wesley is as follows :—

"We all heard it but your father, and I was not willing he should be informed of it, lest he should fancy it was against his own death, which, indeed, we all apprehended. But when it began to be so troublesome, both day and night, that few or none of the family durst be alone, I resolved to tell him of it, being minded he should speak to it. At first he would not believe but somebody did it to alarm us; but the night after, as soon as he was in bed, it knocked loudly nine times, just by his bedside. He rose and went to see if he could find out what it was, but could see nothing. Afterwards he heard it as the rest. One night it made such a noise in the room over our heads, as if several people were walking, then ran up and down stairs, and was so outrageous, that we thought the children would be frightened: so your father and I rose, and went down in the dark to light a candle. Just as we came to the bottom of the broad stairs, having hold of each other, on my side there seemed as if somebody had emptied a bag of money at my feet; and on his, as if all the bottles under the stairs (which were many) had been dashed in a thousand pieces. We passed through the hall into the kitchen, and got a candle, and went to see the children, whom we found asleep."

In answer to the question whether the servants could have wrought the disturbance, Mrs. Wesley writes—

"We had both man and maid new last Martinmas, yet I do not believe either of them occasioned the disturbance, both for the reason above mentioned, and because they were more affrighted than anybody else. Besides, we have often heard the noises when they were in the room by us; and the maid particularly was in such a panic, that she was almost incapable of all business, nor durst even go from one room to another, or stay by herself a minute after it began to be dark.

"The man Robert Brown, whom you well know, was most visited by it lying in the garret, and has often been frightened down barefoot, and almost naked, not daring to stay alone to put on his clothes; nor do I think, if he had power, he would be guilty of such villainy. When the walking was heard in the garret, Robert was in bed in the next room, in a sleep so sound that he never heard your father and me walk up and down, though we walked not softly I am sure. All the family has heard it together, in the same room, at the same time, particularly at family prayers. It always seemed to all present in the same place at the same time, though often before any could say, 'It is here,' it would remove to another place.

"All the family as well as Robin were asleep when your father and I went down stairs, nor did they wake in the nursery when we held the candle close by them, only we observed that Hetty trembled exceedingly in her sleep, as she always did before the noise awaked her. It commonly was nearer her than the rest, which she took notice of, and was much frightened, because she thought it had a particular spite at her. I could multiply particular instances, but I forbear."

I give the following extract of a letter from Emilia Wesley to her brother as a specimen of his sisters' account of the matter :—

"My sisters in the painted chamber had heard noises, and told me of them, but I did not much believe, till one night, about a week after the first groans were heard, which was the beginning, just after the clock had struck ten, I went down stairs to lock the door, which I always do. Scarcely had I got up the best stairs, when I heard a noise like a person throwing down a vast coal in the middle of the fore kitchen, and all the splinters seemed to fly about from it. I was not much frightened, but went to my sister Suky, and we together went all over the low rooms, but there was nothing out of order.

"Our dog was fast asleep, and our only cat in the other end of the house. No sooner was I got up stairs, and undressing for bed, but I heard a noise among many bottles that stand under the best stairs, just like the throwing of a great stone among them, which had broken them all to pieces. This made me hasten to bed; but my sister Hetty, who sits always to wait on my father going to bed, was still sitting on the lowest step on the garret stairs, the door being shut at her back, when soon after there came down the stairs behind her something like a man in a loose night-gown trailing after him, which made her fly rather than run to me in the nursery.

"All this time we never told our father of it, but soon after we did. He smiled, and gave no answer, but was more careful than usual from that time to see us to bed, imagining it to be some of us young women that sat up late and made a noise. His incredulity, and especially his imputing it to us, or our lovers, made me, I own, desirous of its continuance till he was convinced. As for my mother, she firmly believed it to be rats, and sent for a horn to blow them away. I laughed to think how wisely they were employed, who were striving half a day to fright away Jeffery, for that name I gave it, with a horn.

"But whatever it was, I perceived it could be made angry. For from that time it was so outrageous, there was no quiet for us after ten at night. I heard frequently between ten and eleven, something like the quick winding up of a jack, at the corner of the room by my bed's head, just like the running of the wheels and the creaking of the ironwork. This was the common signal of its coming. Then it would knock on the floor three times, then at my sister's bed's head in the same room, almost always three together, and then stay. The sound was hollow and loud, so as none of us could ever imitate.

"It would answer to my mother if she stamped on the floor, and bid it. It would knock when I was putting the children to bed, just under me where I sat. One time little Kesy, pretending to scare Patty, as I was undressing them, stamped with her foot on the floor, and immediately it answered with three knocks just in the same place. It was more loud and fierce if any one said it was rats or anything natural.

"I could tell you abundance more of it, but the rest will write, and therefore it would be needless. I was not much frightened at first, and very little at last, but it was never near me except two or three times, and never followed me, as it did my sister Hetty. I have been with her when it has knocked under her, and when she has removed has followed, and still kept just under her feet, which was enough to terrify a stouter person."

I give one or two more quotations. Mrs. Wesley writes to her son Samuel :—

"We persuaded your father to speak and try if any voice could be heard. One night, about six o'clock, we went into the nursery in the dark, and at first heard several deep groans, then knocking. He adjured it to speak, if it had power, and tell him why it troubled his house, but no voice was heard, but it knocked

thrice aloud. Then he questioned it, if it were Sammy, and bid it if it were, and could not speak, to knock again; but it knocked no more that night, which made us hope it was not against your death."

John Wesley writes:—

"It never came into my father's study till he talked to it sharply, called it deaf and dumb devil, and bid it cease to disturb the innocent children, and come to him in his study if it had anything to say to him. From the time of my mother's desiring it not to disturb her from five to six it was never heard in her chamber from five till she came down stairs, nor at any other time when she was employed in devotion." "Several gentlemen and clergymen earnestly advised my father to quit the house. But he constantly answered, 'No, let the devil flee from me, I will never flee from the devil.' But he wrote to my eldest brother at London to come down. He was preparing to do so, when another letter came informing him the disturbances were over, after things had continued (the latter part of the time day and night) from the 2nd of December to the end of January."

I do not think it worth while to discuss Coleridge's notion that the whole thing was nothing but a contagious fancy, and that there was no objective reality in these noises, though they were heard simultaneously by a number of people, loud enough to wake them from sleep, and described by some as enough to break the house down, and referred by all who heard them to the same place. His observations, however, as to the order in which the manifestations took place, deserve to be attended to.

"First the *new* maid servant hears it, then the *new* man. They tell it to the children, who now hear it; the children tell the mother, who now begins to hear it; she tells the father, and, the night after, he awakes, and then first hears it. Strong presumptions, first, that it was not objective, *i.e.* a trick; secondly, that it was a contagious disease; to the audital nerves, what vapours or blue devils are to the eye."

I acquit the servants of having played a trick on the family, less for the reasons assigned by Mrs. Wesley, than on the following grounds:—First, the spirit, however troublesome, showed itself to be under certain restraints of right feeling. It scrupulously complied with Mrs. Wesley's request that it would not disturb her during the time she had set apart for devotion. It was evidently unwilling to enter into communication with Mr. Wesley the father, having manifested itself to the rest of the household some three weeks before it ventured to trouble him. When, however, Mrs. Wesley fell into serious distress of mind lest her husband's death should be portended by his inability to hear, Jeffery overcame his reluctance, and knocked Mr. Wesley up the very next night. And, again, when the parents were uneasy lest it should be the spirit of their son Samuel which visited them, and asked the ghost to knock if that were so, Jeffery went away and knocked no more that night. And here I must remark, in passing, how near the world then was to a great discovery for which it had afterwards to wait for more than a century. It had been the vulgar opinion that spirits could talk if they would, a belief

evidently shared by Mr. Wesley, who sharply rebuked Jeffery as a deaf and dumb spirit, an incivility of which he would not have been guilty had he supposed the spirit's silence to proceed from natural infirmity, and not from obstinate sullenness. But it has been proved by modern experiments that the powers of spirits had been much overrated, and that many who will freely hold intercourse by knocking are incapable of vocal communication. Jeffery showed on this occasion every willingness to answer questions as far as knocks could enable him to do so, and if only the idea of using the alphabet had suggested itself to Mr. Wesley, the discoveries of this century might have been anticipated.

But to return, my second reason for thinking that the servants were not in any trick is, that Jeffery, whose chief haunt is stated to have been the nursery, appears to have had the power of hearing the conversation of the girls (as he testified by appropriate knocks) to a greater degree than the servants were at all likely to have had. Thus, the youngest little girl stamps while being undressed, and is instantly answered by Jeffery. Emilia says that Jeffery was always more loud and fierce if any one said it was rats or anything natural. Other instances of the same kind will be found in the documents.

Thirdly. The spirit was a Jacobite, as he showed by constantly interrupting the prayer for the king and royal family. It will be remembered that, in respect of politics, the Wesleys were a divided household: the father being a loyal subject of King George, the mother being a staunch adherent of the exiled family. We have reason to think that it was the mother's opinion which prevailed in the family. No doubt the temper of the ladies must have been severely tried by the prayers for King George, daily offered by Mr. Wesley, and in which they were supposed to join, and to which they were expected to say Amen. But I see no reason for supposing that the servants were likely to have held strong Jacobite opinions, and to have felt the prayers for the king to be offensive. On the whole, then, these reasons inclined me to acquit the servants of any share in the trick, if trick there were, and rather to consider whether there could be any truth in Mr. Wesley's own first supposition, that his daughters or their lovers must have been the contrivers of the disturbances. When, however, I read the letters written by the young ladies to their brother, I felt myself constrained to acquit the sisters one after another. As I read each letter I was forced to say, "This is written with the artlessness of truth. The writer of this is honestly telling of what she firmly believes to be supernatural, and is a party to no imposture."

But there is a remarkable omission in this collection of letters. There is no letter from the sister, whom we otherwise know to be the cleverest, and the most ready at her pen. Susannah, indeed, says

that it is needless for her to write at length, "because Emilia and Hetty write so particularly about it." It seems hard to imagine that Samuel, who so carefully preserved the letters of his other sisters, would not have taken equal care of Hetty's letter had he received one from her. But whether it be that Hetty never wrote, although she had declared to her sisters her intention of writing, or that her letter was not preserved, no letter of hers on this subject is now to be found. It is the more to be regretted that we have not the same means of freeing her from suspicion which we had in the case of her sisters, because the story itself would lead us to conclude that if Jeffery used any of the sisters as his "medium," it must have been Hetty. We are told that Jeffery seemed to have a particular spite against her, that he followed her about, rapped under her feet, and when she moved to another place, followed, and still kept under her feet. We are told that the principal scene of the disturbances was the nursery, where Hetty slept, and that when her parents came into the room to hear the noises they found her not yet waked by Jeffery, but sweating and trembling violently in her sleep. On another occasion, when her father was waked by the spirit, he obtained the assistance of Hetty in examining the chambers, because she was the only person up in the house. And it would seem that Hetty was usually one of the last persons up, it being her office to take away her father's candle after he had gone to bed. Against the supposition, however, that Hetty was the contriver of the tricks which so completely puzzled her family, two things may be said: first, that it is incredible that she *could* have produced, without assistance, all the varied noises and other phenomena which were ascribed to Jeffery. Secondly, that even if she *could*, it is incredible that she *would* have done so. I take the moral difficulty first, as far more formidable than the physical one. Is it conceivable that an amiable young girl, well and piously brought up, should have been guilty of what her mother fairly calls "such villainy," as to terrify her whole family for a couple of months; that she should have succeeded in keeping her secret from father, mother, sisters, and servants, and carried that secret to her grave? And can the smallest motive be assigned for such a series of pranks? Before attempting to answer these questions, I thought it well to ascertain if there were any information what kind of person Hetty at this time was. I find from Dr. Adam Clarke's history of the Wesley family, that she was at this time a lively, handsome, and unusually clever girl of nineteen. Her great talents had been taken notice of by her parents, and had been cultivated accordingly. She is said to have been able to read the Greek Testament at eight years of age, and she showed much taste for poetical composition, which she continued to practise for many years after the events now under consideration. Dr. A. Clarke gives the following character of her:—

"From her childhood she was gay and sprightly, full of mirth, good-humour, and keen wit. She indulged this disposition so much, that it was said to have given great uneasiness to her parents, because she was in consequence of it betrayed into little inadvertencies which, though of small moment in themselves, showed that her mind was not under proper discipline, and that fancy, not reason, directed that line of conduct which she thought proper to pursue. A spirit of this kind is a dangerous disposition, and is rarely connected with a sufficiency of prudence and discretion to prevent it from injuring itself, and offending others. She appears to have had many suitors, but they were generally of the airy and thoughtless class, and ill suited to make her either happy or useful in a matrimonial life."

Now if we bear in mind the order in which Jeffery's successive manifestations occurred, I think it is not impossible to give a probable account of them which shall not impute to the contriver of these tricks any peculiar depravity, but merely a character such as has been just described, thoughtlessness and high spirits. It is to be remembered that certainly the first, and probably the first two or three disturbances were heard in the dining-room, out of which a door opened into the garden. My explanation of these first noises is as follows:—A little before ten one night, and probably after her parents had retired to rest, Hetty is out in the garden, either, as her father conjectured, to meet a lover, or, as I rather believe, for another and more common-place reason. On her return she finds the man-servant and the maid sitting in the dining-room, through which she had intended to enter. Not choosing to be seen by them coming in, she groans and knocks, gives them a thorough frightening, sends them off to bed, and then re-enters at her leisure. Something of the same kind may have occurred on another occasion, when her sister Molly was in the same room. I imagine these first tricks to have been played on the spur of the moment, and without the least intention of continuing them. I come now to the second stage of the disturbances, that in which the noises were heard up stairs, and heard by the Wesley girls, and I have still to inquire, assuming that Hetty *could* cause these sounds, whether there was any conceivable motive which could account for her doing so. The first disturbance causes a much greater sensation in the household than its author had calculated on. The frightened servants tell their story, probably with some exaggeration, to their fellow-servants and to the young ladies, and are received with some incredulity, and many valorous speeches. "What a couple of fools are you," cries the other maid. "I defy anything to fright me." "I wonder," says Miss Susannah Wesley, "you are so easily frightened; I would fain see what could fright me." And the story proceeds, "Presently a knocking began under the table." Assuming, as I say, that Hetty had the power to produce this sound, I cannot see that there is anything astonishing in her exercise of the power. Nay, rather, when a girl full of fun and high spirits heard these very courageous speeches, the difficulty would be

for her to forbear testing the vaunted courage of the speakers, supposing that she had the power to do so.

The next step in the proceedings I take to be, that after Hetty, emboldened by success, has continued to play tricks on her sisters for some days, one morning, about seven o'clock, while Jeffery is in full swing, the eldest Miss Wesley brings in her mother to hear. Hetty must then on the moment decide whether she will allow it to appear that Jeffery can be silenced by her mother's appearance, or whether she will continue the rappings in her presence. Here again it does not seem to me unnatural that she should have taken the latter course; and the ice having been once broken, she would thenceforward have no scruple in repeating the raps in her mother's presence. Mrs. Wesley next imagining that the noises might be caused by rats, causes a horn to be sounded to frighten them away. Her daughter Emilia pronounces that this will be sure to insult Jeffery, and cause him to be more troublesome. And this proves to be the case; for, whereas he had hitherto come only by night, he now comes day and night. It is easy to understand both that Hetty would take her sister's hint, and also that while formerly her attempts had been confined to the bedrooms where the sisters were alone, or to places where only the servants could hear, now that she gains courage to knock in her mother's hearing, she can do so down stairs, and in the daytime. I have already noticed that she was careful never to disturb her mother at her hours of devotion. If Hetty may have been led on thus far step by step in thoughtlessness and gaiety of spirit, the next step was one in which she had scarcely a choice left her. It seems evident that of her own will she would not have ventured to trouble her father, who seems to have inspired as much awe in his household as fathers ordinarily did in those days. But when her mother became seriously unhappy lest her husband's death should be portended by his inability to hear Jeffery, a daughter, who in spite of thoughtlessness really loved her mother, would have no choice left but either to make full confession, or to carry her imposture a step further. At this time, then, commence the appearances to Mr. Wesley, which, however, as well as I can collect, continued in their violence only for a week.

The first appearance to Mr. Wesley was on the 21st of December. On the 26th he rebuked the spirit sharply, and charged it not to disturb his innocent children, but come to him in the study, if it had anything to say. On the next day it came by appointment to the study, and continued to be troublesome, until being asked to knock if it were Samuel's spirit, it went away for the night. It might possibly have then retired altogether, but that on the next day, the 28th, a neighbouring clergyman is brought to the house to exorcise the ghost, and accordingly a grand exhibition takes place for his benefit. But after this, as well as I can ascertain, Jeffery is silent for

more than three weeks ; and Mr. Wesley is able to leave home to pay a promised visit, and the family is undisturbed during his absence. The account of Jeffery's re-appearance on the 24th of January confirms my conviction that a member of the family was concerned in the imposture. The talk in the house on the subject of the phantom would naturally have nearly died away, when it suddenly revived on the 23rd by the arrival of letters from their brother Samuel, who has just heard of the ghost, and is full of curiosity for information on the subject. Mr. Wesley reads out for his family the account which he has written for Samuel's information, and the very next morning, at family prayers, Jeffery begins again to knock during the prayers for the royal family. That Jeffery absented himself for three weeks at the time Mr. and Mrs. Wesley began to be anxious about Samuel's safety, and returned the very day after their uneasiness was removed, is a fact which has not been noticed, and which is to my mind demonstrative. With regard to the knocks at prayer-time, when it is remembered what stress Mr. Wesley laid on his family duly answering Amen at the end of these prayers, it will be seen that the loud knocks which occurred at the place of the Amen were very convenient to cover the silence of any member of the family who disliked the response. I do not find that on this second occasion Jeffery knocked at any other time, and his visit only continued a few days. The performer would by this time be pretty well tired of the trick, and the proposal to bring Samuel down from London would be an additional reason for discontinuing it. I ought not to omit to take notice of one other fact. Jeffery's first appearance outside the house was heralded by loud groans ; but from the time that he came inside the house it seems to me doubtful whether any such sounds were heard. Some "two or three feeble squeaks, a little louder than the chirpings of a bird," were the only exercise of its vocal organs that Mr. Wesley's invocations could elicit. We find that Jeffery had a voice, but that, after the first day, something prevented him from using it. This is easily understood on my hypothesis ; for a girl might try to frighten her sisters by noises of every other kind, but sounds made by her own voice are precisely those which she would find it hard to venture on without danger of detection.

Lastly, the fact that Jeffery's secret was never discovered is explained by the unexpected dimensions which the trick assumed. I imagine that when Hetty first began to play tricks on her sisters, she contemplated having a hearty laugh, with them and at them, when all was over. But when her parents came to be included in the mystification ; when her mother began to inquire whether it was her husband's, or her son's, or her brother's death that was intimated ; when her father exorcised Jeffery as a devil, and her sister rejoiced at having her tendencies to infidelity corrected, and at having such an

"opportunity of convincing herself, past doubt or scruple, of the existence of some beings besides those we see,"—then to confess that all had been imposture, would have drawn upon Hetty such a storm of indignation from the whole family as few would have had moral courage to face.

I think I have proved that if Hetty was able to produce Jeffery's noises, there is nothing violently improbable in the supposition that she might have chosen to do so. I must now say something as to the physical difficulty, which is no doubt formidable. In fact, to give a complete explanation of all the phenomena is impossible at this distance of time, when we are without any accurate information as to the plan of the house, and when we do not know exactly what allowance to make for some natural exaggerations in the wonders related. But I have intimated in the title of this paper that, making some little deduction for such exaggerations (and a careful comparison of John Wesley's narrative with the original documents will show the tendency of such stories to improve on repetition), I consider Jeffery's disturbances to be identical in kind with those produced by modern spirit-rappers, and that they are to be accounted for in whatever way we choose to account for the latter phenomena. It certainly does seem surprising that a young girl should discover the art for herself, and should carry it to as high a degree of perfection as has been attained by professional artists in modern times. But it is certain that she was a girl of no ordinary abilities; and that she had many advantages which are not enjoyed by modern exhibitors. In the first place no one knew that she *was* the exhibitor, and she had an audience who soon came to think it Sadduceeism to doubt of the supernatural character of the performance. If the idea of imposture was ever entertained, and any attempt made to detect it, she was completely in the secret, and could make her own arrangements accordingly. And she never was bound to perform at any particular time or place, and if at any moment knocking seemed dangerous, she might postpone it to the next more convenient opportunity. I have already noticed how her being often up when every one in the house had gone to bed, would make it easy for her to take measures which would lead to the occurrence of some noise which would have a startling effect when heard in the dead silence of night. It requires no common amount of courage to be unaffected by an unaccountable noise heard in the dark at the dead of night. Thus when the worthy Wesley couple, resolved on discovering the ghost, were with a whimsical mixture of bravery and terror groping their way down stairs, holding each other by the hand, at one o'clock in the morning, how their hearts must have jumped to hear a crash which sounded on Mrs. Wesley's side as if a large pot of money had been emptied at her feet, and on Mr. Wesley's as if a stone had been thrown among

a heap of bottles which lay under the stairs. It would be easy to make theories as to how this and other such sounds may have been produced, but it would be impossible now to prove that any such theory is the right one. But comparing this story with others that have appeared in print, and with one nearly parallel case of which I have been told privately, I believe in the possibility of Hetty, without the assistance of any confederate, having produced all the sounds that were heard.

One other circumstance it may be necessary to explain. Adam Clarke lays considerable stress on the fact that in a letter written about thirty years after the events of which we have been speaking, Emilia Wesley (then Mrs. Harper) states that she has still heard Jeffery on more occasions than one. Clarke, therefore, thinks himself justified in rejecting any explanation of the disturbances at Epworth Parsonage, which will not also explain these appearances thirty years afterwards and in a different place. But it does not appear that on these later occasions there were more than isolated noises, and we have no trace of such a connected series of sounds, heard by more people than one, as that on which we have been commenting. It has often occurred to people in old houses, and surrounded by old furniture, to hear noises at night, of which they have not been able to assign the cause. Mrs. Harper hearing such sounds would naturally think of the spirit whose pranks had made such an impression on her youth; but there is no reason to believe that disturbances resembling those which took place at Epworth troubled any of the family again.

If it were the case that Hetty Wesley was guilty of all that my hypothesis imputes to her, the severest censor could not wish her fault to have been followed by heavier punishment than the unhappiness which befell her in after life. Her story, which is a very sad one, is too long to be told here. The reader will find it in Clarke's "History of the Wesley Family," already referred to.

GEORGE SALMON.

THE INTELLECT, VIEWED PHYSIOLOGICALLY.

I now approach the most difficult part of the subject of the physical basis of mind—namely, what regards the Intellect. That the Feelings are closely connected with physical manifestations is patent and undeniable. But Thought is at times so quiet, so far removed from bodily demonstrations, that we might suppose it conducted in a region of pure spirit, merely imparting its conclusions through a material intervention. Unfortunately for this supposition, it is proved, and now generally admitted, that thought exhausts the nervous substance, as surely as walking exhausts the muscles. Our physical framework is involved with thought no less decidedly than with feeling: and it is requisite to define, if possible, the terms of the alliance.

In the positions advanced in my former paper,¹ with respect to the Feelings and the Will, we have also some of the physiological foundations of Thought.

The first position, named the Principle of Relativity, or the necessity of change in order to our being conscious, is a basis of Thought, Intellect, or Knowledge, as well as of Feeling. We know heat only in the transition from cold, and *vice versâ*; up and down, long and short, red and not red, are all so many transitions, or changes of impression, and without transition we have no Knowledge. Relativity applied in this way to Thought, coincides with the power called *Discrimination*, or the Sense or Feeling of Difference, which is one of the constituents of our Intelligence. Our knowledge begins, as it were, with difference; we do not know any one thing of itself, but only the difference between it and another thing; the present sensation of heat is, in fact, a difference from the preceding cold.

The Second Position, named the Law of Diffusion, or the connection of Feeling with spreading currents, as opposed to impulses that go the round in a single line, has bearings upon Thought likewise. Taken along with the principle of Relativity, or Change of Impression, it allows us, as we shall see presently, to embody the power of Discrimination, or to assign its physical connections with the currents of the brain.

The Third Position had reference to the radical contrast of Pleasure and Pain, and was meant to bring out the connection between Pleasure and a rise of Vital Power, and between Pain and a fall of Vital Power. Although complicated with the fact that stimulus, as well as nourishment, is requisite to quicken the nerve currents to the maximum of pleasure, this principle is a clear starting-point for our voluntary action, otherwise without a starting-

(1) *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, No. XVII.

point, for the will mainly consists in following the lead of pleasure and drawing back from the touch of pain.

Our Intelligence, in the practical view, may be considered as an enormous expansion of the range of operations under this First Law of Being—the Law of Self-Conservation. To work for the attainment of pleasure while yet in the distance, and for the abatement of pain also in the distance; to perform actions that are only intermediate in procuring the one or avoiding the other: all this is but voluntary action enlarged in its compass by knowledge of cause and effect, means and end; in other words, by our intelligent cognizance of the order of the world.

Let us now proceed systematically with the subject in hand. Intellect has long been divided into a variety of functions, or modes of operating, called faculties, under such names as Memory, Reason, Judgment, Imagination, Conception, and others; which, however, are not fundamentally distinct processes, but merely different applications of the collective forces of the Intelligence. We have no power of Memory in radical separation from the power of Reason, or the power of Imagination. The classification is tainted with the fault called in Logic cross-division. The really fundamental separation of the powers of the Intellect is into the three parts called (1) *Discrimination*, the Sense, Feeling, or Consciousness of Difference; (2) *Similarity*, the Sense, Feeling, or Consciousness of Agreement; and (3) *Retentiveness*, or the power of Memory or Acquisition. These three functions, however much they are mingled, and inseparably mingled, in our mental operations, are yet totally different properties, and the groundwork each of a different superstructure. They cannot be resolved into a smaller number; fewer would not explain the facts, more are unnecessary. They are the Intellect, the whole Intellect, and nothing but the Intellect.

Let us take them in order.

I. DISCRIMINATION.—This we have just seen is the intellectual aspect of Relativity, or the Law of Change of Impression. When any new currents are commenced, or when existing currents are increased or abated, we become mentally alive, or if already conscious, a change comes over our consciousness. It can be easily made apparent that Discrimination is the very beginning of our intellectual life. If we are insensible to the change from hot to cold we are for ever disqualified from knowing the phenomenon of heat; to be unaffected by changes of light is another name for blindness; to be affected, or made conscious, by very minute shades of colour is to be highly intelligent in regard to colour. Wherever a man is more knowing than his fellows he sees distinctions where they see none. The banker detects a bad note after it has deceived everybody else.

As to the Physical Embodiment of this fact, when we consider the vast compass of our discriminative sensibility—the seemingly innu-

merable shades of our consciousness in correspondence with the variety of sensible appearances, not to speak of our emotions and inner life, we begin to be aware of the need of an apparatus of great range and complication. Take any of the senses, as Sight, and consider all the degrees that we can mark between total blackness and the highest solar refulgence. Consider next the colours and their shades, and we shall find that the sensible gradations of effect are very numerous. In a mind highly endowed for colour, these felt gradations would be counted by hundreds. Again, in the Ear, a musician's discrimination of *pitch* extends, perhaps, to several hundred sounds. Our discrimination of *articulate* sounds is co-extensive with the combined alphabets of all the languages known to us.

Assuming, as we have found reason to do, that every new impression on the sense is an alteration of the currents along the track of the nerves, both the main channel and the collaterals of the diffusion, we are led to believe that consciousness is varied in two ways. First, according to the ingress made use of, or the particular organ and the particular nerves employed. Thus, from the eye to the ear is a perceptible transition, and a new phase of consciousness. So in touch, in taste, and smell, we have a characteristic consciousness for each sense through all the varieties of sensation of that sense. We should never confound a colour with a taste. Nay, more, in the higher senses, and especially in Sight and in Touch, we have differences of consciousness according to the *part* of the organ affected; if it were not so, we should all be in the proverbial position of not knowing the right hand from the left.

In the second place, Consciousness is obviously varied according to the energy, or other peculiarity, of the impression made on the same organ, or part of an organ, and the same nerve. A greater impression makes a greater feeling. This of course is what we are prepared for on any hypothesis. The currents are made more intense, and a change of nervous intensity is a change of consciousness. We have, however, in the senses, qualitative differences of sensation, which are more embarrassing to account for. To define the change of current in the optic fibres by red, yellow, and blue, and the subsequent course of diffusion, is not within our present knowledge. It has been supposed that there are separate fibres for the primitive colours, which would somewhat relieve the difficulty, and reduce the different modes of action to mere differences of intensity or degree.

These two circumstances, namely, the separate consciousness of separate nerves, and the changing intensity of the currents, we may regard as the primitive modes of varying the consciousness; but it is in the varying combinations of these simple elements that we are to look for the physical concomitants of our ever-varying consciousness. The union of different stimulations in different fibres, and in different

degrees, would unavoidably give birth to a complex and modified consciousness.

II. So much for Discrimination. Let us now glance shortly at Similarity, or AGREEMENT. Besides the shock of difference, or change, the mind is affected by the shock of agreement in the midst of difference. If a certain sensation, as "redness," is felt, and if after passing away from it to something else it recurs, there is a flash of recognition, a re-instatement of the first experience with a feeling that we have gone in upon a former track. This is the feeling or consciousness of Agreement; it also is a great intellectual foundation. Coupled with Discrimination, it exhausts the meaning of what we call knowledge; to know anything, as a tree, is to discriminate it from all differing objects, and identify it with all agreeing objects. The extension of our knowledge of the tree is the extension of our sense of its differences and of its agreements. Similarity, in another view, is a great power of reproducing our past experience and acquisitions, an extension of the resources of Memory. By it, principally, we "ascend to the brightest heaven of invention." It perpetually happens that we are reminded of objects by the presence of something of a resembling kind. Looking at a cathedral, we readily bring to mind other cathedrals; hearing an anecdote, we are almost sure to recall some one similar. Our reason consists in using an old fact in new circumstances, through the power of discerning the agreement; we have sown a field and seen it grow, and we repeat the process in another field. All this is a vast saving of the labour of acquisition; a reduction of the number of original growths requisite for our education. When we have anything new to learn, as a new piece of music, or a new proposition in Euclid, we fall back upon our previously formed combinations, musical or geometrical, so far as they will apply, and merely tack certain of them together in correspondence with the new case. The method of acquiring by patchwork sets in early, and predominates increasingly.

I might go on to apply the views respecting the cerebral structure and workings to surmise the physical process underlying this power of Similarity; but we shall be still better occupied in grappling with the remaining intellectual function, RETENTIVENESS, or Memory, whose explanation would make all the rest easy enough.

It is related by the younger Scaliger that two subjects especially engaged the speculative curiosity of his father, the celebrated Julius Caesar Scaliger—the cause of Memory and the cause of Gravity. As to the last-named of the two—the nature of Gravity—we have, since the Newtonian discovery, learned to consider that as a solved problem, and a good example of what constitutes finality in scientific questions: namely, when we have generalised a natural connection to the utmost, ascertained its precise law, and traced its consequences. That

matter gravitates; that the property called Inertia, or Resistance, is united with the separate property of attraction at all distances, we accept as a fact, and, unless indeed we saw our way to generalising it one step further, ask no more questions. To apply the lesson to the difficult subject before us. There are two very distinct natural phenomena, the one we call consciousness, or mind; the other we call matter and material arrangements,—they are united in the most intimate alliance. It is for us to study the nature of each in its own way, to determine the most general laws of the alliance, and to follow them out into the explanation of the facts in detail; and then, as with gravity, to rest and be thankful.

The great scholar, however, might be forgiven for wondering at memory. It is not marvellous that nature has allied this and the other mental functions with a bodily organisation; for unless it be that the facts called mind and the facts called material are the most *widely contrasted* facts of our experience, and that we have, as it were, a meeting of *extremes*, there is no more mystery in this union than in the union of Inertia and Gravity, Heat and Light. It is because we have something beyond the usual endowments of natural things, in the possibility of storing up in three pounds weight of a fatty and albuminous tissue done into fine threads, all these complicated groupings that make our natural and acquired aptitudes and all our knowledge. If there were sermons in stones, we should be less astonished when they proceed from brains.

Retention, Acquisition, or Memory, then, being the power of continuing in the mind impressions that are no longer stimulated by the original agent, and of recalling them at after times by purely mental forces, I shall remark first in the cerebral seat of those renewed impressions. It must be considered as almost beyond a doubt that "*the renewed feeling occupies the very same parts, and in the same manner as the original feeling*, and no other parts, nor in any other manner that can be assigned."

This view is the only one compatible with our present knowledge of the working of the nerves, although there formerly prevailed and still prevail other views; the doctrine of a common sensorium or cerebral closet where ideas are accumulated, quite apart from the recipient apparatus. But that view is so crude as hardly to merit discussion. If we suppose the sound of a bell striking the ear, and then ceasing, there is a certain continuing impression of a feebler kind, the idea or memory of the note of the bell; and it would take some very good reason to deter us from the obvious inference that the continuing impression is the persisting (although reduced) nerve currents, aroused by the original shock. And if that be so with ideas surviving their originals, the same is likely to be the case with ideas resuscitated from the past, the remembrance of a former sound

of the bell. All observation confirms the doctrine. The mental recollection of language is a suppressed articulation, ready to burst into speech. When the thought of an action excites us very much, we can hardly avoid the actual repetition, so completely are all the nervous circuits repossessed with the original currents of force. The lively remembrance of a pleasant relish will produce the same expression of countenance, the very smack of the reality. Moreover, it has been determined by experiment that the persistent imagination of a bright colour fatigues the nerves of sight.

The comparative feebleness of remembered states or ideas is, we may presume, an exact counterpart of the diminished force of the revived currents of the brain. It is but seldom that the induced currents are equal in energy to those of direct stimulation at first hand.

And now, as to the mechanism of Retention.

For every act of memory, every exercise of bodily aptitude, every habit, recollection, train of ideas, there is a specific grouping, or co-ordination, of sensations and movements, by virtue of specific growths in the cell junctions.

For example, when I see a written word and pronounce it orally, as a result of my education, the power lies in a series of definite groupings or connections of nerve-currents in the eye nerve and centres, with currents in motor nerves proceeding to the chest, larynx and mouth; and these groupings or connections are effected by definite growths at certain proper or convenient cell crossings.

The considerations that support us in hazarding this position are such as the following:—

In the first place, it is merely stating the mode of action appropriate to the structure and known workings of the brain. If the brain is a vast network of communication between sense and movement, actual and ideal, between sense and sense, movement and movement, by innumerable conducting fibres, crossing at innumerable points, the way to make one definite set of currents induce another definite set is, in some way or other to strengthen the special points of junction where the two sets are most readily connected, so that a preference shall be established, and in that particular line of communication. The special growths accompanying memory must operate at these cell junctions.

Our mode of conceiving the so-called Reflex actions illustrates what I mean. A stimulus proceeds along a given nerve to a central point—a group of cells; and there is a definite response to a certain movement, as in the closed hand of the sleeper. Now the higher connections of mind are of the same essential character, though far surpassing in complication; the system of freely diffused lines of

communication in the brain is an obstacle to that ready selection of an outgoing channel; and there is at first much conflict and distraction, until circumstances shall determine preference outlets, and until structural growths confirm these preferences.

The position is also fortified by the effect of diseased points in the brain, which are known to destroy memory, often sweeping away some definite class of acquisitions or recollections, and leaving others untouched. Two we have on record—two remarkable cases (observed by Wagner with the utmost care) of the loss of speech, while the intellectual faculties generally were unimpaired, by the destruction of certain well-marked portions of the brain, the second and third frontal convolutions.

In the next place, acquisition has a limit, determined by the amount of the nervous substance, that is, the size of the brain.

We are apt to be carried away with a vague notion that there is no limit to acquirement, except our defect of application or some other curable point of our own. There are, however, very manifest limits. We are all blockheads in something; some of us fail in mechanical aptitude, some in music or other Fine Art, some in languages, some in science. Memory, in one of these lines of incapacity, is a rope of sand; there must be in each case a deficiency of cerebral substance for that class of connections.

Then, again, there is a tendency in acquisitions to decay unless renewed. Hence, a time must come in the progress of acquisition when the whole available force of growth is needed in order to conserve what we have already got; when, in fact, we are losing at one end as much as we gain at the other.

It is further to be remarked that much of our mental improvement in later life is the *substitution* of a better class of judgments for our first immature notions, these last being gradually dropped. There is not necessarily more room occupied in the brain by a good opinion than by a bad, when once the good opinion is arrived at; or by an elegant gesture as compared with an awkward one.

Even taking the regular student, whose life is spent in amassing knowledge, we find that his memory at last, if it does not refuse the new burdens, gives them place by letting go much that has been previously learned; and his wide scholarship turns into a knowledge of the places where knowledge is. It is only a limited range of ideas that any one can command at any one time; although in the course of a life we may shift into several successive spheres of intellectual range.

Moreover, we have seen, in alluding to the power of Similarity or Agreement, that one acquisition is made to serve on many different occasions. A new word is a group of old articulations; a new air to a musician, a new manipulation to a chemist, is merely a slight variation of some previous acquirement.

Yet further, in a vast number of instances, what we retain is not so much certain ready-made combinations, as the means for putting these together when required; instead of having in our memory trains of formed sentences for every occasion of speech, we have elementary forms that can be joined according to the matter to be expressed.

And, finally, the great principle of the Will is, by its nature, self-correcting, after trial and error, which comes in place of many nice adjustments, and renders a sentient framework superior to all other machines. It is not necessary to the power of imitation that a sound heard should at once suggest the exact vocal articulation for reproducing the effect; something may be at first suggested not quite up to the sound, the sense of discrepancy then checks it; other movements arise and are likewise checked till the coincidence is reached.

I will now venture upon a hypothetical comparison between these two things—our Acquisitions on the one hand, and the number of the nervous elements of the brain on the other.

A certain number of definite groupings or co-ordinations must be allowed to our various instincts; for example, the combined movements, organic, locomotive, &c., that we are born with. Our acquisitions may be roughly classified on the following plan:—

1. The simpler and earlier Voluntary Aptitudes; for example, the power of moving the hand and other parts, in obedience to any want or pleasure, as in feeding one's self. This is the infant education of the first year, arrived at after many struggles, and the foundation of the higher aptitudes.

2. The Muscular Groupings in the various experiences of Resistance, Size, Form, and allied properties. These are embodied partly in the locomotive members, including the arm and the hand, and the allied nerve centres, and partly in the muscles of the eye, and the centres whence the motor nerves of the eye proceed. The larynx, tongue, and mouth have to enter into a vast number of groupings in order to articulate utterance.

3. The Associations in the separate Senses. As regards Taste and Smell, and even pure Touch (without muscular action), there are not many connections between sensations of the same sense; but in Hearing and in Sight these are very numerous. The groupings of sight (optical and muscular) include all visible things characteristically retained, and are in the most ordinary mind a vast system of aggregation. Every familiar object, every known person, all our local and well-known haunts and surroundings, have to receive definite embodiments in the brain. The method of arriving at this is to acquire first the earlier and more elementary constituents of

colour, visible form, and visible magnitude, and then to tack these together into a variety of groups.

4. The combinations of Movement with Sense, and of Sense with Sense. Thus, in the higher senses, Sights, Sounds, and Touches are extremely aggregated in our perceptions of things and their properties; a shilling is a compound of visible appearance, sound, and feeling. This exemplifies further the uniting of combinations already made into higher combinations, the co-ordinating links being merely such as to complete the union.

5. The working up of still higher and more special aptitudes. For instance, Language is based on the articulate groupings, and carries out the process of aggregating these with words, and with all other sensible experiences. The vocal articulation in uttering "sun," the sound of it in the ear, and the appearance of the thing, are all united in one higher grouping or intellectual product. Words are thus joined to things, and they are further united into definite trains or sentences, of which each person has a great many already put together, and the elements for putting together many more. In the acquisition of foreign languages, we join sounds to other sounds and to written characters, and so on. As the number of words in a language can be counted, we may have here some sort of datum for the numerical estimate of acquisitions generally.

The special acquirements of each person in their several vocations—mechanical, intellectual, artistic—make a new class of co-ordinations of the previous elements. The performer on an instrument has contracted many grades of sensibility to musical effects, many aggregates of musical sounds, and a large number of muscular groupings in the hands, arms, &c.

6. In the associates with the Feelings or Emotions and in the Moral Habits a distinct class of higher growths might be exemplified. Here the number of growths is perhaps less remarkable than their energy. We have to associate numerous modes of pleasure and of pain with the instrumentality of each; the pleasures of food and of warmth, and the pains of their privation, with the various activities for procuring them; while the mere ideas of pleasure and pain must be so strongly embodied as to have nearly all the motive power of the reality.

To bring to a point the computation of our mental growth, I will suppose, as a *typical example*, the learning of a name in our mother tongue; that is to say, the union of a definite group of previously acquired articulations with a definite group of effects in the sense, there also being a matter of previous familiarity—the word "sun" and the object "sun." A certain not inconsiderable portion of time and attention is consumed in this one acquisition, which is not made at once but after successive repetitions. I doubt very much whether

the generality of people could proceed at an average rate of ten such connections a day, taking one day with another and *keeping up the previous*; such a rate of acquisition continued for forty years would make about one hundred and fifty thousand connections of that particular type or calibre, which is neither very simple nor very complicated. Probably no man has ever realised this number of growths of the degree of complicity supposed, or even anything approaching to it.

Take as an illustration the Chinese language, with its forty thousand distinct characters. The strongest memory is incapable of retaining these, and yet their characteristic points must be very limited. Indeed it requires a very unusual stretch of memory to keep a hold of the ten thousand requisite in reading ordinary works. Or take the case of a Philologist knowing six cultivated languages and a dozen of uncultivated vocabularies, allowing for similarities of name in the different languages, we may suppose the number of words involved in this acquisition as ranging between twenty and thirty thousand. Now we know that in such an education the larger half of the attention of a life would be occupied. We are safe in saying of such a man that all his other acquisitions put together would not exceed what is implied in his philological growths. I believe, from this instance and from other modes of approaching the same computation, that fifty thousand connections of the degree of complicity supposed—the learning of the name “sun”—would exhaust the compass of acquirement of even a scholarly mind.

The rival department to language, as regards variety and complication, is undoubtedly the department of visual recollections, or pictorial spectacle. But here the process of economy by the use of groupings already formed leads to an immense reduction of the number of new growths. When we are learning to distinguish and to remember a new face, we fall back upon previously known faces, and select from these such features and peculiarities as will serve to construct the new physiognomy; to confirm and connect which a cerebral growth must be formed. And here, too, a limit would be reached. For how many thousand faces could the greatest memory retain a distinct knowledge of? Or is there any one that could distinctively remember all the streets of London?

A Naturalist, with all the aids of classification, cannot retain in his memory the marks of more than perhaps two or three thousand species; for the rest he must be content to refer to his books. Yet he, too, must have devoted the larger half of the plastic energy of his brain to his special studies.

The general result is that, while the cerebral growths cannot be adequately stated in hundreds, they may be stated in thousands, or in tens of thousands; they do not go so high as hundreds of thousands.

Let us then make an estimate of the number of fibres and cells in the human brain, with reference to the possibility of separately embodying so great a number of connections. We are probably within the mark in assuming one thousand millions of fibres in the ramified system of the brain, and we shall suppose one cell to every five fibres.

We shall make two comparisons: one with an ordinary man, having, say, ten thousand acquisitions; the other with an extraordinary man, to whom we assign fifty thousand, although, in point of fact, these could not exist in an average brain.

	Fibres.	Cells.
TOTAL BRAIN	1,000,000,000	200,000,000
ACQUISITIONS.		
Ordinary person (10,000) for each . .	100,000	20,000
Extraordinary person (50,000) ,, . .	20,000	4,000

This rough comparison is enough for its purpose, which is to show that numerous as are the embodiments to be provided for, the nervous elements are on a corresponding scale, and that there is nothing improbable in supposing an independent nervous track for each separate acquisition.

I will now venture one step further, and consider how these various groupings may arise, and how they can be isolated so as to preserve the requisite distinctness in our trains of thought. And first let me call attention to the difficulties of the case.

If each set of sensory fibres had one definite connection with motory or outcarrying fibres, we should have always the same movement answering to the stimulation of the same nerves, as in the reflex system; the fibre *a* could do nothing but effect the movement *x*. It is necessary, to the variety and flexibility of our acquirements, that the fibre *a* should at one time take part in stimulating *x*, and at another time take part in stimulating *y*, the circumstances being different. The stroke of the clock will stimulate us at one time to set out in one direction, and at another time in another direction, according to the ideas that *it co-operates with*. Then, again, the *degree* of the stimulation of the same fibres will determine, not merely a greater energy of the same response, as would happen in reflex stimulation, but a totally different response: *a*, weak, determines movement *x*; *a*, strong, determines *y*. The steersman of a ship making for port is guided by the intensity of the beacon light.

These illustrations show the two chief conditions that determine the same nerve to be instrumental in wakening distinct movements, namely—

- 1st. Its being differently grouped.
- 2nd. Its being unequally stimulated.

Let us take the case of difference of grouping. The fibre a stimulated along with b gives x ; so $a c$ gives y , and $b c$ gives z .

Let us try and imagine how the structure adapts itself to this state of things. It requires us to assume, instead of fibres merely multiplying by ramification through the cell junctions, an extensive arrangement of *cross connections*. I can typify it only in this way. Suppose a enters a cell junction, and is replaced by several branches, a', a', a' , &c.; b , in like manner, is multiplied into b', b' , &c. Let one of the branches of a or a' pass into some second cell, and a branch of $b b'$ pass into the same, and let one of the emerging branches be x , we have then a means for connecting, united, a and b with x ; and in some other crossing a branch of a may unite with a branch of c , from which crossing also y emerges, and so on. For every case of united stimulation producing a definite movement we must suppose a set of cells where ramifications of the stimulated nerves unite themselves, and find an outlet of communication with that special movement. When the number of stimulations so concurring is high, say a hundred characteristic impressions, ending in the stimulation of a hundred moter fibres, the scheme of crossings to bring these into special communication must of course be enormously extensive; the tens of thousands of fibres and cells above estimated may not be too much.

And now as to unequal intensities of stimulation of the same nerves: a , weak, is connected with x ; a , stronger, with y ; a , still stronger, with z . When you taste a cup of tea, you give utterance to the word "weak" under one pitch of sensation; at another pitch, the same nerves being affected, you give forth the word "good." In a fine ear the same fibres may take in and discriminate, perhaps, hundred of shades of intensity, and be associated differently for every one with vocal exertions. Now, a more energetic current necessarily takes a more extended sweep, and affects a number of cells and fibres that are left quiescent under a feebler current. Viewing the cells in the light of crossings, where a current in one circuit induces a current in an adjoining circuit, there is at each crossing a certain resistance to overcome, and the feebler current is exhausted and stops short of the stronger. It is like a larger wave on the sea-shore, whose superior bulk and impetus are made most conspicuous by outstripping all the rest as it rushes up the sands. We may figure the action thus:—

A certain intensity makes an effective induction, suppose once; the currents so generated do not produce a second induction of the same power. A weak current in a certain line of fibres produces, we shall say, a hundred secondary currents, which amount of diffusion gives to it its character in the consciousness, and its local habitation where it meets outgoing moter currents. But a stronger impetus

will determine all these hundred secondary currents, and a hundred tertiary besides, which will make the character of its diffusion; and the points where a number of the secondary concur with a number of the tertiary will be the points where a definite moter current may be associated with it. So that what begins as mere difference of intensity in one track ends in difference of grouping, or in characteristic points of meeting, whence a definite moter current, α , may take its rise, and be distinctively united.

I repeat, then, that there must be room to give to every new connection, demanded for our progressive acquirements, a track of its own devoted to that connection. The remaining point is to consider how this track in each case is fixed and determined under the position of the learner. At the cell-crossings, where many currents meet, a strengthened connection, or diminished obstruction, grows up between two or more nerve circuits, and determines a preference track between those circuits. It is necessary, as a preliminary to this growth of a specially strengthened connection, that the currents are independently stimulated for a length of time, and proceed together (we know that in the beginning of any habit, two movements, for instance, proceed together through distinct stimulation, and at last become fixed and go together by merely willing one of them). These contiguous currents, in one cell body, work upon the intervening substance in a way that we can at present only vaguely surmise, but with the ultimate effect of reducing the power of resisting the diffusion or communication between them, while no such reduced resistance is found in the rest.

Such is an imperfect attempt to speculate upon the physical basis of memory. The time has, I believe, arrived for making such an attempt, with a view to give a direction and a meaning to the microscopic scrutiny of the nerve structure, now so actively pushed, and to the researches on the nature of the nervous action. These examinations and researches are devoid of purpose, if not to throw light on the characteristic functions of the brain. And it is for such men as devote themselves to the study of mind to strip the mental problem of all unnecessary complications, and to lay it before inquirers in its most elementary form.¹

ALEXANDER BAIN.

(1) In thus endeavouring to sketch the embodiment of our intellectual functions in the cerebral system, I have been very much aided by the views and the diagrams of Dr. Lionel Beale. Almost every one of the views peculiar to him assist the foregoing speculation.

1. As regards the connection of the nerve-cells, Dr. Beale maintains that all true nerve cells are continuous with nerve fibres, and have at least two such connections. The so-called *apolar* cells—having no visible communication with fibres—are without meaning on any hypothesis of nervous action hitherto suggested. Moreover, while it is admitted

that there may be as few as two nerve connections, a large proportion of cells must have more than two, otherwise nerve-fibres would have to rise in the brain as loose ends.

2. With respect to the minuteness, and consequently the number, of the ultimate nerve fibres, Dr. Beale supposes that the so-called ultimate fibre (the dark-bordered fibre, varying from 1-3000th to 1-15000th of an inch) may be in reality a bundle, and that the true ultimate fibres are represented by the terminal ramifying fibres of 1-100000th of an inch, or less. Now upon the supposition of a distinct nervous track, or series of connections, for each distinct acquirement, the number of the fibres must correspond to the number of acquirements; and the greater the number actually proved to exist, the more credible is the hypothesis of separate embodiment.

3. The manner of connection of the nerve-fibres with the cell, and with one another through the cell, is conjectured and figured by Dr. Beale in a plan that facilitates our conception of the physical growths underlying memory and acquisition. (I refer particularly to his paper in the *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, vol. xiii., p. 386, on the *Paths of Nerve-currents in Nerve-cells*.) He observed, in certain specimens of the candate nerve-cells, a series of lines passing across the body of the cell, and continuing into its branches, or communicating with the nerves. He considers these lines as the tracks of nervous action through the cell, being probably somewhat different in substance from the rest of the matter of the cell. He couples with this appearance the doctrine (maintained by him, although disputed by others) that the nerves terminate in loops, and consequently form an unbroken nervous circuit. He then suggests that the cell-crossing is the place where the inner bendings of a great many independent circuits come into close neighbourhood, and affect one another by a process of the nature of electrical induction. Any one of the circuits being made active, or excited, would impart excitement to all that came near it in the same cell. (See fig. 3 of the paper referred to.)

Now assuming such an arrangement, I can suppose that, at first, each one of the circuits would affect all the others indiscriminately; but that, in consequence of two of them being independently made active at the same moment (which is the fact in acquisition), a strengthened connection or diminished obstruction would arise between these two, by a change wrought in the intervening cell-substance; and that, afterwards, the induction from one of these circuits would not be indiscriminate but select; being comparatively strong towards one, and weaker towards the rest.

It is maintained by Kollike that the number of nervous elements attains its maximum in early life. This is unsupported by any positive proof, and is very hard to credit. If we could admit that cells and nerves continue to multiply through life, we should have an additional starting-point in giving an explanation of the nervous growths attending our acquisitions. I do not here attempt to speculate on the precise way that such multiplication might operate, for at best it would be but a small part of the case.

THE CASUAL POOR OF LONDON.

THE streets of London have never, in this generation, been so free from houseless wanderers as during the present winter. All people whose business or pleasure takes them out late at night can bear testimony to this; and it is moreover only necessary that the law should be clearly understood to deprive mendicity of its most specious plea, and to ensure food and shelter to every really destitute person in the metropolis. This is a substantial gain, and one to be borne steadfastly in mind when we seek to estimate the effect of recent legislation, and are discouraged by formidable statistics or awkward facts. That idle worthless vagabonds should batten upon ratepayers; that the returns of the number of vagrants in the metropolis should show a nominal increase over those of preceding years; that the ungrateful and the vicious should destroy their clothes out of sheer wantonness, are all evils calling for remedy, and which go to prove the necessity for a further reform in the administration of the law. But they sink into insignificance when compared with the benefits being gradually secured to the most helpless class of the community. If we are once assured that our machinery for relief is such that the shivering figures we have been accustomed to see cowering on doorsteps or under archways, throughout the bitter wintry nights, are there no longer; that no man, woman, or child in this vast capital need remain in the streets, the national mind will be tolerant of temporary shortcomings in the mode of attaining this beneficial result, for the national conscience is relieved of a grave injustice and a never-ceasing reproach. I know no better way of contrasting the provision now made for houseless wanderers with their condition before the recent Act was passed, than by reminding the reader of a powerful article published in the *Times* just seven years ago. Taking the Field Lane Refuge as his text, the writer, Mr. N. A. Woods, drew a picture of the sufferings of the outcasts of London which went to the heart of England. There were few social gatherings that Christmas time at which the hardships and miseries of the homeless were not the topic of conversation; and an uneasy conviction took deep root in the public mind that our treatment of the miserably poor was a stigma on our Christianity, and belied our professions as a moral and God-fearing nation. Yet all this time the law was in theory sufficient for its purpose. The "fundamental principle of the Poor Law," we learn from the highest official authority, "is that every destitute person, *without reference to the*

question of settlement or residence, is primarily entitled to relief where he is actually destitute, and it is the duty of the guardians to see that all necessary and reasonable arrangements are made for affording to every such person the requisite relief—whether in food, medical attendance, or lodging.” Nothing can be clearer than this. Destitution is the one qualification for relief. Neither character, sex, age, nor legal settlement are to be considered when application for food and shelter by a person in urgent necessity is made. Yet how little this was understood or obeyed has been proved by the condition of our thoroughfares, by the crowded state of the refuges supported by voluntary contributions, and by the sense of novelty with which intelligence of sufficient workhouse accommodation for casual paupers is received. Frequent efforts were made by the Poor-Law Board to induce the guardians of metropolitan parishes so to alter their mode of administering relief to vagrants as to comply with the spirit of the law, but in the majority of instances without effect. Twenty years ago the sanction of Parliament was obtained for a scheme for erecting large district asylums for the reception of the wandering poor of London. It was then felt to be an unfair strain upon the resources of the workhouses to compel them to admit all destitute comers, and it was thought wiser to devote buildings to the reception of vagrants than to expose the permanent inmates of the workhouses to the certainty of contamination and the risk of disease. Although, as I shall endeavour to show subsequently, this scheme is practically inexpedient, some plausible arguments may be advanced in its favour.

The casual poor are a distinct class, with subdivisions, nice points of distinction, peccadilloes, and idiosyncrasies, peculiarly their own. To deal with them effectually, to restore some to the ranks of honest labour, to cope with the abandoned profligacy and vicious indolence of others, and to mete out justice and ensure food and shelter to all, it is absolutely essential that the official machinery should be carefully adapted to its purpose. There are numberless subtle difficulties connected with the treatment of houseless wanderers which can only be mastered by patient unwearying effort and self-devotion. Many instances have occurred within my knowledge where a little painstaking and a few kind and judicious questions have resulted in the rescue of an abject wretch from a life of misery and shame, and in restoring him to one of decency and repute. Not a night passes, but amid the foul scum of blackguardism and worthlessness which drifts into the casual ward, there is a per-centage of undeserved misfortune and innocent helplessness. How much can be done towards distinguishing and assisting the latter, is seen from the records of the refuges; how much more might be effected by an efficient staff of officers, whose sole duty it should be to take charge of houseless wanderers, can only be understood by

those who have mingled night after night with these poor people, have heard and tested their stories, and been at the pains of examining into their past, and in some instances watching their future career.

When, after many long discussions, the assent of Parliament was gained to the establishment of the district wards named, the guardians of the different metropolitan parishes were requested to fix upon sites, and to enter into arrangements for their erection. The necessary funds were to be raised by contributions from the parishes in the several districts, each paying a fair quota for exemption from providing for casual poor within its workhouse gates. The local authorities differed, however, among themselves, and in the end refused to erect the wards. There was an inquiry by a parliamentary committee, and some further discussion in the House, but the arguments against fostering vagrancy were too strong and the scheme was wisely abandoned. For it was not merely the national prejudice against centralisation which was arrayed against it. Many of the most earnest thinkers on poor-law questions—statesmen of widely opposite political opinions, and many whose names are known to the public as zealous and warm-hearted philanthropists, concurred in the opinion that the evils inseparable from the system it was proposed to inaugurate would outweigh any good it might effect. The objections urged were reasonable and sound.

“London, the needy villain’s general home,”

has already irresistible attractions for the poor and destitute, who gravitate towards it from all parts of the United Kingdom, as if impelled by some hidden but all-powerful law. The fanciful extravagance as to its streets being paved with gold, is the almost literal belief of many of the ignorant creatures who leave their own districts with the view of “bettering themselves,” and who, friendless and penniless, patiently undergo the hardships and privations involved in a weary tramp of hundreds of miles for the sake of the ease and comfort they fondly believe will be theirs directly the magic city is reached. Numberless instances might be quoted in which young people of both sexes have been found destitute, or have drifted into some casual ward, whose sole assignable reason for coming to London was the stories they had heard of its immense wealth, its boundless charity, and inexhaustible kindness to strangers; and after a varied experience of metropolitan workhouses, during the hours for admitting vagrants, I can recall no one evening in which some of these poor shiftless creatures were not among those sheltered for the night. This being so, we may be sure that the establishment of houses to be solely appropriated to the wandering poor would have proved a

powerful stimulant to vagrancy. If when the workhouse—hateful as its very name is to the poor—is the inevitable first resting-place, the ignorant and innocent flock up to London without definite hopes or plans, it is certain that the news of large homes being provided wherein all comers were fed and housed by Government, would have penetrated to the most remote parts of the kingdom, and would have disastrously increased the numbers to be relieved. These reasons, among others, determined the authorities of that day to renounce the idea of central wards, and few readers will dispute the soundness of their conclusions.

Thirteen years later, in 1858, the Poor-Law Board again endeavoured to induce the metropolitan guardians to co-operate, and by united action improve the administration of the law affecting the wandering poor. The only result of this appeal was some slight additional accommodation in a few workhouses; while in the majority matters remained unimproved. Meanwhile the number of refuges increased; every winter brought its record of deaths from starvation in the streets; the newspapers were filled with indignant comments, and horrifying pictures of the misery unrelieved; and the public became more and more puzzled and irritable at the manifest inadequacy of the system. The workhouses admitted as many or as few casual paupers as their ruling spirits thought fit, and this done, the doors were closed, and no more applications for shelter under any circumstances received. In some cases the guardians "declined to recognise vagrancy;" in others they provided no casual accommodation of any kind, and had boards with the inscription, "THESE CASUAL WARDS ARE FULL," permanently fastened over the entrance to their workhouse; and in no instance was the obligation to relieve the urgently necessitous because of their urgent necessity, and without reference to the inclination or ability of local officials, admitted. Workhouses in certain localities had their fringe of rejected applicants for shelter sleeping on the pavement and doorsteps near them as regularly as the night came round; and every one familiar with the aspect of the London streets knew where to find crowds of houseless men, women, and children, at any hour out of the twenty-four. Again and again was it insisted on in Parliament and by the press that the condition of the destitute wanderer was a scandal on our common humanity; and could a scapegoat have been found, it would have gone hardly with him. As it was, the Poor-Law Board was severely censured for not exercising powers it did not possess, and which many of its harshest critics would have been the first to deny to it; and the local guardians either protested they bore their full share of the common burden, or, resolutely declining to entertain the subject, allowed their censors to have their say unanswered.

Such was the state of affairs when Mr. Villiers brought forward the Metropolitan Houseless Poor Act. This measure contained no new principle as to the imperative duty of relieving the poor, but it deprived the local guardians of one great temptation to parsimony by making the sums expended for the accommodation of casual paupers chargeable on a common fund. The outlay for new wards, fittings, baths, food, superintendence, cleansing, and every other item, would be repaid the parishes the tramp wards of which were certified by the metropolitan inspector as fitted for their purpose. This Bill was first passed for twelve months, and has been subsequently made permanent. It has fallen to my duty, acting in an un-official but public capacity, to watch its operation very closely, and after a series of personal investigations, which have extended almost without intermission from the date of its first obtaining the sanction of the House, and which are being continued at the present time, I feel confident that the good wrought by this measure has been incalculable, and that it rests with parochial guardians and the general public to extend that good indefinitely.

For with the passing of the Houseless Poor Act a new era commenced. The rights of the wandering pauper were, for the first time, generally understood. Some guardians, to do them justice, made a stout fight for what they held to be their privileges. The obligation to provide a night's shelter for those in urgent necessity was legally no stronger than before; so the old system of mock acquiescence in the theory of the law was, in many instances, persisted in. But the public discussions and comments assumed a more severely practical tone than formerly. Graphic pictures of the misery endured by the poor wretches sentenced to spend night after night in the streets, were supplemented by less striking, but more practical, essays. It was shown that a remedy had been provided for existing evils, and those refusing to avail themselves of it were formally called upon to justify their neglect. The great central authority was less frequently and less vaguely arraigned for shortcomings it had no power to prevent, and the burden was laid upon the shoulders of the local boards really responsible. Those resolute on sifting the matter attended personally at the workhouses, and noted the forms used for the admission of casuals. The numbers accommodated and the numbers sent away were remorselessly published; and the question was constantly repeated, "Why are workhouse officials suffered to openly defy the law?" The guardians were, in some cases, foolishly obstructive. A tacit understanding that the law might be evaded with the same impunity as heretofore seemed to prevail amongst them; and the regulations providing for reimbursement out of a common fund, and the enforcement of "the funda-

mental principle," were openly declared to be mistakes. Parliament might decree and officials advise, but some local authorities knew better than either, and were not to be coerced into what they called encouraging vagrancy. In some cases the guardians positively refused to increase their accommodation, and justified their refusal by the old declaration that they "did their fair share;" in others, their acquiescence and promises were followed, as before, by no practical improvement. But by frequent visits and constant admonition, the officers of the Poor-Law Board have succeeded, to a great extent, in convincing the different workhouse authorities that their plain duty is to provide proper accommodation for all destitute applicants, either within the workhouse or elsewhere. This was not accomplished without pressure; for though the Poor-Law Board has no real power over parochial guardians,—and this lack of authority is one of the most serious drawbacks to the due enforcement of the law,—it can punish parochial officers by dismissal. The masters of workhouses and their subordinates were warned of the risk they ran in ignoring official regulations, even by order of the authorities of the parish in which they served, and plainly told that in the event of admission being refused to a really destitute person, the consequences of such refusal, if serious, would be visited on them. The conviction gradually spread that, be the law judicious or foolish, it must be obeyed; and at the present time there is, I believe, no workhouse where, in theory at least, provision is not made for all destitute wanderers who apply. It rests with the public to make theory practice. If every one meeting a houseless wretch between the hours of 6 p.m. and 8 a.m. would in each case take the trouble to accompany him or her to the nearest workhouse, and, ringing its bell, would call upon the porter to provide shelter, mendicancy would soon be unknown in our streets at night, and every homeless person in the metropolis be certain of food and a bed. For the fact of wards being already full does not relieve the workhouse of responsibility. In this case the pauper must be relegated to a lodging-house, the parish paying for his supper and lodging, and being subsequently reimbursed out of the common fund. This is so far understood that tickets are kept at several workhouses which are given out directly a prescribed number have been accommodated within its walls. Unfortunately this proceeding is not universal; and it is the want of uniformity which is the great blemish in the working of the Act. If the benevolently disposed would, however, adopt the course I suggest, and would give publicity to every case in which shelter was refused, the distinction between the various parishes would soon be removed. Other steps in the direction of uniformity would almost necessarily follow; the keynote to reform being, that the authorities of each

workhouse are bound to provide food and shelter for all in urgent necessity. For it would be idle and foolish to conceal that much remains to be done. Some of our metropolitan workhouses are utterly inadequate to the local claims upon them. Overcrowded, ill-ventilated, and without space for the exercise-yards essential to health, they are converted from their original purpose into hospitals for the incurably sick and infirm. Many more than the number for which they were originally built, many more than they can be made to house with due regard to decency and health, are crammed as regular inmates within their walls. When, therefore, a floating population of casual poor has to be thrust, night after night, into one of the out-wards of these, it may be readily imagined what the sleeping places assigned to them must be. Dark underground cellars without proper appliances for ventilation or acts of necessity, and from which the noisome stench of unwashed human bodies never departs; wretched lofts where the paupers are huddled together in beds which are without the divisions decency demands; and rooms which are rendered unhealthy by their terrible over-crowding, are among the casual wards to be seen in the metropolitan district. The only remedy here is to take some outbuilding in the parish, and, first fitting it up with beds for casual paupers, to obtain the certificate of the Poor-Law inspector, and to claim the expense incurred from the common fund. This has been done in many cases, but there are parishes which still hold out, and where the wanderer is treated as I have described. On the other hand, it would be very difficult to suggest any improvement in some of the workhouse wards which have been fitted up since the passing of the Act. They are lofty, clean, airy, appropriately appointed, and quite as comfortable as it is safe to make them without meriting the charge so often brought thoughtlessly of encouraging vagrancy.

This charge of promoting vagrancy is one demanding grave consideration. Up to this point I have dwelt principally upon the minority who are deserving, or whose helpless destitution constitutes their claim upon the community. But a considerable proportion of the regular frequenters of the casual wards are, it cannot be concealed, young and strong, and apparently well able to support themselves by labour. Among the most plausible objections raised against the Houseless Poor Act is, that it fosters and encourages this worthless class at the expense of the ratepayers, many of whom are in more urgent need of help than the vagabonds to whose support they are obliged to contribute. Here again the effect of diversity of treatment is painfully apparent, and the objection loses its force directly the facts are known. When the promise recently made is carried out, and food and regimen are the same in all parishes, and when a suf-

ficient but not cruel task of work is everywhere enforced before the tramps are allowed to leave in the morning, each pauper will partly defray the cost of his shelter ; and the charges of encouraging vagrancy and unjust dealing to the ratepayers will both fall to the ground. There are nine varieties of labour, of different degrees of severity, upon which vagrants may be employed ; so that, with a little judgment and tact, each person housed may be occupied according to his or her capacity, and a wholesome check upon vagabondage be enforced. A more stringent punishment should be awarded to clothes-tearing ; and ovens for baking the tramps' garments, so as to kill off the vermin, should be established in each workhouse : where this is already done the offence is rare.

It is no part of my purpose to write harshly of men who have, in the main, instituted many improvements in their treatment of the casual poor during the last twelvemonths, and whose obstructiveness may be sometimes traced to an imperfect comprehension of their functions, and a mistaken sense of duty ; but it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the present system of parish government is altogether unsatisfactory, and needs re-consideration with a view to more effectual control. Guardians are at present elected to keep down the rates, and not unfrequently accept office because of its petty sweets. Selected as a rule from the small tradesmen of the parish, many of these persons are unfitted by education and tone of thought for the irresponsible administration of public affairs. Local appointments are often bestowed upon broken-down friends or connections ; contracts are secured for the relatives of guardians, and the parish funds jobbed away ; while to preserve a reputation for economy, the poor are ground down and parochial officers paid at an inordinately low rate. To have failed in other walks of life, and to have friends among the guardians, are too often the sole qualifications for appointments under local boards ; and the result is shown in the mal-administration of parish matters, and in the cases of brutal carelessness and cruelty to the poor which constantly come to light. Under an improved system, and with a superior class of parochial officers, every advantage promised by a central asylum scheme, and offered by the present refuges, would be secured without alloy ; and with a judicious and discriminating staff, who should maintain a proper understanding between the workhouses and the police, our streets would not only be freed altogether from homeless wanderers, but be purged of that professional mendicancy which is their disgrace. But, having due regard to the improvements of the last few months, and the manifestations of public opinion to which they are mainly due, it is fair to assume that these are details of management which time and augmented experience will set right. Meanwhile, the solid advantages secured by the

Houseless Poor Act should encourage us to insist upon further and comprehensive reforms in its administration.

The foregoing was written and in type when the startling experience recorded in the articles "A Night in a Workhouse" appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The writer of those articles, whose genius for description has divided our admiration with his courage and self-devotion, confirms me in every opinion I have expressed, and his revelations have probably hastened a reform which will do much to ensure improvement in the working of the Act. By placing the inspection of workhouse casual wards in the hands of the police the Poor-Law Board provides an important check upon parochial management, and we may be tolerably certain that the shameless scenes so forcibly described by the amateur "casual" will be effectually stopped. I have inspected the shed and yard of Lambeth workhouse—both of which I had visited before—on three occasions since the *Pall Mall Gazette* articles appeared, and have had no difficulty in satisfying myself as to the causes of the apparent breakdown in the system. What I have written as to the mal-administration of parochial matters strictly applies here; for the evils attributable to the inadequate size of the casual wards were aggravated by an utter want of responsible supervision. Although the cost of an efficient superintendent and of a proper staff of wardsmen would have been repaid the Lambeth guardians out of the common fund, these gentlemen have been content to entrust their sleeping arrangements for male tramps to three old paupers, to whom meat every day, with a limited allowance of porter and gin, has been made a substitute for salary. The evils exposed may therefore be traced directly to inefficient service, for it cannot be doubted that the presence of a couple of stout warders would have sufficed to preserve order throughout the night. Since the exposure in the *Pall Mall Gazette* the labour-shed has been used as a sleeping-place no longer. All applicants who present themselves after the ward is filled are taken to a lodging-house, and the cost of their shelter will be defrayed out of the common fund. Very few metropolitan guardians have appointed a proper staff of wardsmen for their casual poor, and it is to be earnestly hoped that the police will have instructions to satisfy themselves as to the number and ability of the men employed to receive and look after vagrants, and that their inspection will include not merely the baths, labour-sheds, and sleeping places, but the entire arrangements of each; while the precautions taken to ensure decency and enforce discipline will be carefully reported on. The superintendent of the casual department of each metropolitan workhouse should be selected with care, and appointed for his discrimination and tact;—in short, the same pains

should be taken to carry out the spirit of the Houseless Poor Act as have been bestowed upon endeavours to overthrow it, and we shall hear no more of its having failed or broken down. Unhappily, there is at present no legal authority which can do more than echo this advice, and "hope," and "suggest," and "recommend" that it be accepted; and until the officers of the Poor-Law Board are invested with sufficient controlling power, the observance of the law will mainly depend upon the discretion of parish guardians.

We have, it is true, provided for the proper inspection of casual wards, but it is quite possible that some fresh instance of obstructiveness may arise, to cope with which special arrangements will have to be made; and, as it seems to me, the only safeguard against the cruelty, neglect, and indifference which are constantly proved to exist in workhouses, is the appointment of properly qualified officials, who shall be made directly responsible for every breach of the law. It matters little whether the appointment of these rests with the guardians or the Crown, provided it be understood that the latter is the sole superior authority, and that every infraction of the humane and well-considered regulations already extant will be visited on the officer in whose district it occurs. This would ensure proper treatment, not merely of casual paupers, but of the poor generally, and the public mind would be less frequently shocked at the starvation and neglect of sick paupers, the illegal withholding of relief, and the deaths from destitution, which come to light with such startling frequency and are so grave a scandal upon us all. The primary function of a relieving officer is to relieve; and though under proper supervision the employment of the police in this capacity, as well as inspectors, may prove useful, it seems obvious that the poor wretches for whose benefit the Houseless Poor Act was designed should have some protection against a too harsh reading of the law. Destitution and not character constitutes their right to shelter, and when it is found that the numbers relieved at a single union have fallen 70 per cent. the very month after a certificate of worthiness from a police officer was made the essential preliminary to procuring shelter, it is doubtful whether the reduction quoted does not augur badly for the poor. Again, as a suburban board has just voted a gratuity out of the parochial funds on the express grounds of the police having largely decreased the number of vagrants relieved, it is surely necessary that some protecting influence, independent of guardians bent on keeping down rates, and superior to policemen anxious to prove their efficiency, should be provided. These administrative improvements would necessarily follow upon such a comprehensive change in the mode of controlling parish officers as I have hinted at, and they seem easy of accomplishment when the immense stride already taken is recalled.

Less than two years ago I sat one winter's night in a London workhouse, at the hour when it was nominally open to casual paupers, and when out of sixty-three applicants but thirty-two were housed or received relief. As the clock struck eight the door was opened, and the master and a couple of his officials made rapid selections from a dreadfully eager crowd of cold and hungry men, women, and children, who surged and struggled around the doorway, their pinched cheeks, hacking coughs, and awfully anxious eyes, bearing unfailing testimony to their dire necessity. Cries of "*Do*, for God's sake, take *me* in, sir!" "*I've* never been here before, sir, I've not indeed!" "*Pray* let *me* in, my dear, kind master!" made up a pitiful chorus, until "*Quite* full; shut up!" was methodically shouted from within, when the harsh, cracked voices subsided into a despairing wail of sobs and groans, which, penetrating the closed doors and curtained windows, was heard with horrible distinctness where we sat. In those days a workhouse was to the casual pauper a lottery, in which there were fewer prizes than blanks; for the Houseless Poor Act was in its infancy, and the necessity of obeying its provisions had not been brought home to guardians. I devoted that wet and bitter night to ascertaining what became of the poor creatures I had seen rejected at the workhouse door, and, while some succeeded in begging a few pence from passers-by, wherewith to purchase shelter, the morning dawned upon thirteen outcasts who were still lying upon the slimy pavement, houseless, helpless, and forlorn. I am proud to know that an account I wrote of this sad experience attracted the attention of the authorities, that an official visit was paid to the workhouse referred to within a few hours of the publication of my narrative, and that those concerned were effectually warned of the risk they ran in openly defying the law.

Let it be borne in mind that such a scene as this was of common occurrence eighteen months ago, and is now impossible; and the task of remedying remaining evils will appear an easy one.

J. C. PARKINSON.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

REFORM, after a fashion, is the question of the day; but it does not excite so much interest as the Cattle Plague, nor move the public so profoundly as the bloody transactions in Jamaica. That is, not at present. When we know what is and what is not at stake, what we are to lose and what we are to gain, then interests may be more alert and feelings more aroused. For it seems certain that, although we are on the very brink of the Session, Ministers have not made up their minds whether the Reform they project shall be bit by bit or comprehensive; whether, as Lord Russell said, the Bill shall deal with the whole subject, as in 1832, or shall be confined to the single question of the franchise. This is a very remarkable state of things. It is a flagrant proof, if proof were needed, of the essentially composite character of the Cabinet. And what makes it more remarkable is the fact that many of the Radicals seem to favour the bit-by-bit process, and that those who qualify the word Liberal by the word Conservative are disposed for comprehensive measures. There are at least four shades of opinion—there are those who would do no more in 1866 than lower the suffrage qualification; those who would enlarge the suffrage qualification by means yet to be devised, and also provide for a redistribution of seats, in other words for a redistribution of electoral forces; those who think we are best as we are, but who would make concessions for the sake of peace; and those who would oppose any and every change, rallying their followers to the old cry of the “Church and State in danger.” Nor are the three broad parties in the State divided by any clear lines when tested by any one of the above tests. There are Whigs as well as Tories who would not concede an inch, and Tories as well as Whigs who would touch the franchise and leave the seats alone; and many of both camps who would prefer a comprehensive *settlement* to a partial measure which would prove to be no settlement at all, but only a preface to a renewed agitation. It is plain from the replies of Lord Russell to the deputations which have waited on him that, if it has not been divided on the questions at issue, the Cabinet has shared in the vacillation and uncertainty of opinion outside its sacred doors. But ere long the mind of that body must be made up, for in a few days Parliament will be sitting. All we know at present is that the Queen in her gracious speech will, for the fourth or fifth time, announce that a Bill to Amend the Representation of the People will be submitted to her faithful Parliament; and further, that the Cabinet will “stand by” the measure, in other words, carry it, or if beaten on it, resign or appeal to the country. That is the net result of the information vouchsafed to us in various ways during the past fortnight.

Ministers, therefore, as regards the projected Reform Bill, are in a dangerous position. If they bring in a Lowering of the Franchise Bill, they will meet with strong winds of opposition, not only from the left but from the right of the Speaker's chair. That they should be twitted with borrowing their policy from Mr. Bright will be little; the sting of the hostility will lie in the deductions made and to be made from that policy. For members will say, if they are

competent to deal with the suffrage, why not with the seats? if they are to modify the future of Parliaments by touching up the former, why should they leave the fate of the latter in the dark? And it may be doubted whether the members for the Little Boroughs—both nominee and rotten—will like to vote for a lowering of the franchise, which in one set might shake the power of their patron, and in the other, at least double the cost of corruption. So that the chief advantage to be gained from a one-legged Reform Bill, the mollification of the small-borough interest, may not after all be gained. On the other hand, if seats are to be redistributed, this particular interest must be hostile; so that between these two stools there is the prospect of a disagreeable bump on the ground. The sole chance of carrying a Reform Bill which would settle the question for another thirty years lies in the framing of a measure broad enough to satisfy the country, and wise enough to conciliate the interests: a measure that would bring the representative machinery into harmony with the vast changes that have occurred since 1832, and would elicit from the thoughtful as well as from the masses, a sufficient demonstration of opinion and force at the back of it, to secure the passing of the Bill through Parliament. The greatest danger of the Government would arise from timid endeavours to conciliate the interests, from not placing the compromise to be effected on sufficiently broad grounds, and from too great a desire to avoid a genuine struggle between those who distrust and fear the people, and those who would put in the people a trust limited by prudence, and not fear. For our parts, we think that a settlement can not be effected without a wholesome political fight, and therefore that the Government had better at once show confidence tempered by prudence, and call on the country to back them, than bring in a partial measure which is likely to die under the stings of criticism from all sides—a measure which, if carried, would give the character of a Convention to the ensuing House of Commons, and perhaps create a deep gulf between that body and the House of Lords. Courage is quite as necessary to a Government as sagacity, and it will be curious, indeed, if Lord Russell, of all men, should so belie his reputation as to be found wanting in “civil valour.” Courage would impel the Government to strive for a *settlement*; sagacity must furnish the means. If there is neither courage nor sagacity, neither boldness to attempt, nor insight to see what can be done, then we all know what will happen.

Reform, as our readers well know, is not the only rock ahead of Ministers. There is Jamaica, which involves the fate of Mr. Cardwell as well as of Mr. Eyre, and, if of Mr. Cardwell, surely of the Cabinet. The suspicion that the Colonial Minister, acting on a false notion of Lord Palmerston's reputation for standing by subordinates, leant more than was seemly towards a Governor who told such astonishing stories of himself, received a new stimulus from the publication of excerpts from a despatch written by Mr. Cardwell to Mr. Eyre. These excerpts were made public by the latter, and for a good reason. As they stood, they appeared to approve of all the acts of the Governor up to the death of Mr. Gordon; but as there were omitted five paragraphs of the despatch, the public rapidly came to the conclusion that it would be unfair to condemn a Minister on the faith of a mutilated document. Nevertheless, the words of the portions published, unless limited by the portions unpublished, do go a great deal too far. The measures taken by the Governor up to the 15th of October, by which

time he had secured absolute control of the district included in a line drawn north and south between Port Antonio and Kingston, and could have arrested any one east of that line and brought him or her to trial, deserve commendation. All the subsequent career of the Governor and his soldiery, of his Provost-Marshal, his Maroons, and his courts-martial, demand and will have a searching examination; and the missing portions of Mr. Cardwell's despatch may have intimated as much to Governor Eyre. At all events, we are asked by most respectable authority to believe that there will be found to be no discord between the despatch and the subsequent conduct of the Government. We are told, and we hope it is true, that Mr. Cardwell's course has been straight, not crooked, and that when all the papers are before us, he will be entitled to public approval. What we fear is, that political ambition will lead certain persons to make the Jamaica question a party question, and that the discussion will be obscured and confused by party chicanery. What we have always contended for is, that this is a national question; that it should be as interesting to Tories as Liberals; that it should be decided on its merits; and that the stain on our national flag should be wiped out, whether it cost the life of a Ministry or not, seeing that the national honour is more precious than any Ministry England ever had; and that if there is no stain, if all these horrors were necessary, then that we should admit it with due humility, and adopt measures calculated to prevent the occurrence of such necessities for the future. But do not let the essential questions involved be blinked by party tactics. This is a matter of law and right, of mercy and humanity; and our moral weight in the world will depend, to an incalculable extent, on the mode in which we deal with this imperial calamity. If we apologise for and leave unpunished a detestable exercise of brute force, we sink in the moral scale, our very liberties at home are endangered, and we stand dishonoured before the whole world.

And certainly we ought to get at the truth. The Legislature in Jamaica, on the invitation of the Home Government, has abolished the ancient constitution of the island, and placed the franchises and political rights of everybody in it at the mercy of the Imperial Government. A novel spectacle! But what does it help to show? That all classes in that unhappy colony are set against each other. And, indeed, we learn this from other sources. The Chief Justice has felt himself bound to liberate one of the persons arrested during the reign of terror. A newspaper reporter has admitted that he expressed a qualified approval of the bloody doings at Morant Bay, to save his back from the cat—perhaps his neck from the noose. More than one voice from the colony demanded inquiry, and welcomed exultingly the news that inquiry there would be. From the lips of all men and all parties the Commissioners ought to be able to obtain the truth, so eager are the witnesses to depose. On this side the persons desirous of vindicating the abuse of martial law have not been sparing of their efforts, and the singular doctrines emanating from some so-called legal quarters, although happily met by unquestionably legal authorities, ought to convince the most stolid that out of this Jamaica case we should make a point of getting a clear and decided opinion touching martial law, and its limits. The construction fitted up for application to the Jamaica case, might be applied to a Lancashire, or Cornwall or Middlesex case, and with quite as little reason. Among other documents recently published has been what purports to be

a report of the proceedings of the Gordon court-martial. In that report there is not a tittle of evidence to justify the imprisonment, much less the death of Mr. Gordon. But on that we will not lay any stress. The main point is not whether Mr. Gordon was guilty or innocent. What most concerns us and our posterity is whether he was rightfully or wrongly tried and executed. That is the question which the greatest efforts will be made to burke; and that is the question which all those who value for themselves and for their children the liberties and rights won for us by our resolute ancestors must not allow to be burked. That the Government will now endeavour to act uprightly and, if need be, sternly, we have no doubt; but so strong is the counter-faction—the men who sympathised with the slave-owners in their struggle to preserve and extend slavery—that the Government will require all the support which it is in the power of the sound-hearted part of the nation to give them.

The danger which once threatened the Government from the use which certain persons seemed disposed to make of the Cattle Plague is now far less menacing. For it has been shown that counties were able to protect themselves and indemnify sufferers under the more recent Orders in Council, and that the chief fault of the Government was in not taking the county area sufficiently early. But, in fact, counties, as Aberdeen has shown, could do a vast deal towards a reduction of the ravages of the disease to a minimum with very scanty powers. The people of that canny county began work in August, and in the middle of December they had slain the last infected beast. It is true they adopted the "stamping out" practice. With Central and Parish Committees they exercised a vigilant supervision over the whole stock in the county. With funds raised by voluntary assessment they indemnified sufferers for losses; and as their main desire was to stop the progress of the malady, they paid more for a beast killed, when found to be infected, than for one allowed to die from the plague. At the same time, without prohibiting all movement of stock within the county, they did all they could to isolate the centres of disease. Fraud was prevented by the vigilance of the committees which authorised the slaughter of beasts, and the certainty of compensation reconciled the stockholder to the prompt destruction of his cattle. The report of the Association which did so much for Aberdeenshire, deserves the wide publicity it has obtained, for it shows how the malady can be successfully encountered by sagacity, determination, and combined effort. There is no reason why all the counties of Great Britain should not imitate Aberdeen, and instead of crying for more powers, make the most of those they have, now so largely increased, and set limits to the further progress of the malady. The Aberdeen folk do not believe that it is necessary to prohibit the movement of cattle. Their plan is simply to kill every infected beast, and to isolate at once and effectually the centre of infection; then to indemnify the losers. But they think it would be far more efficacious if Parliament were to empower counties to levy a rate on all farms without exception, and empower them also, through committees and inspectors, to kill, isolate, and grant compensation. And there can be no doubt that when Parliament meets Government will propose some such measure, so that the action of repression may be uniform and simultaneous throughout the island; and that, at the same time, they will ask Parliament to sanction loans to counties on the security of rates.

The chance of restricting the ravages of the plague lies in the adoption of the Aberdeen plan, so far as actually infected cattle are concerned. But the qualified success which has hitherto attended vaccination appears to open out a prospect of the extinction of the malady altogether. There are the strongest reasons now for believing that the plague is the small-pox; and there are good grounds for hoping that the small-pox in cattle will yield to that remedy which has proved so efficacious in the case of small-pox in man. Every day gives more assurance of the reality of the discovery, and the completeness of the preventive remedy. Doubts still are heard. There are people who do not believe in the efficacy of vaccination as a remedy against small-pox; but as we disregard these, so let us not heed those who doubt the efficacy of the vaccination of cattle. Every measure ought to be taken to spread far and wide the reports of the experiments already made; and if the Cattle Plague Commission report favourably on vaccination as a remedy, there can be no reason why, among other measures, there should not be a Cattle Vaccination Bill. Compulsory vaccination could do no harm, and it would probably do a vast deal of good, relieving us from fear of the ravages of plague in future, and enabling us to continue our extensive importations of fat or lean stock without any apprehension.

It is a great pity that one cannot vaccinate for Fenianism. That plague is by no means stamped out. The recent action of the Government shows that they do not underrate the danger. We may laugh heartily at the farce played in New York at the expense of the poorer Irish, and we may rely justly on our superior moral and physical forces, in and out of Ireland, to defeat any attempt at rebellion. But when the capital and two or three counties are proclaimed, when there are daily seizures of arms, and hourly evidences of the existence of a seditious spirit, it would be folly to suppose that the Government have not evidence of designs which, at the least, whether executed or not, will put back the growing prosperity of Ireland. There is the double risk of a revival of the worst party feuds and of that sense of insecurity which kept capital out of Ireland so long, and which, even now, is driving well-to-do families out of the country. And there appears to be a party ready and eager to make political capital out of Fenianism, and to use it as the lever for extorting compliance with extreme demands at the risk of disturbing the country from end to end. Just as there is a prospect that the real and sentimental grievances of Ireland are about to be discussed in a practical spirit, with their usual maladroitness, Irish agitators are brandishing menaces before our eyes, and what is of more importance, before the eyes of those Irishmen who are as apt as any Fenian to take fire. Here is one Alderman Dillon, of Dublin, who while affecting to speak slightly of Fenianism and its objects, points with exultation to the fact that England is threatened, not only with the anger of the United States and the ten millions (?) of Irishmen who dwell therein, but who parades the statement that "the Emperor of the French has made up his mind to yield to the wishes of the United States in respect of Mexico, and that the national friendship of these two ancient enemies of England will remain unbroken." And what is the inference he draws from this? That England, in terror at the consequences, will be obliged to make radical changes in Ireland. What sort of changes? He implies them in the phrase "the law robs and exterminates

the people," adding that "such laws do not deserve to be respected." What Fenian could say more? We are told that this alderman is not the representative of any party in Ireland, and we hope it is true. For there can only be one end to such threats—a further period of disaster for the Irish people. Fenianism has already done great mischief, and will do more; and it only requires the revival of wild political agitation based on menaces to Great Britain, to increase the mischief fiftyfold. The just and resolute fashion of dealing with sedition according to law ought to have afforded sufficient evidence that the road to those "beneficent changes" longed for by the Dublin alderman, does not lie through the shadow of the combined resentment of a Franco-American alliance for the humiliation of Great Britain.

How far the French Emperor has agreed to yield to the wishes of the Americans in respect of Mexico remains to be seen. He certainly took another step in that direction in his speech at the opening of the French Chambers. And the language indicating his intention was perhaps as little ambiguous as any we have a right to expect from the speaker. Those who have watched the tenacity with which Napoleon clings to his plans will readily comprehend how reluctantly he will be brought to give up the greatest idea of his reign. In 1862 his avowed object was the regeneration of Mexico, as the phrase goes, for French purposes. It was undertaken as an act of hostility to the United States. There is some reason to believe that the promoters of that enterprise had been for years watching their opportunity; and the great slave secession war found the ear of the Emperor open to the witching tales of Mexican refugees whose ideas jumped with his own. He therefore started an expedition ostensibly to obtain justice for French merchants and speculators, really to found a power on the Gulf of Mexico which would be subservient to France and hostile to the United States. In fact, he hoped to profit by the secession; he was manufacturing an ally for them as well as for himself. In 1863 he thought the South was certain to win, and he boldly published his views. Now the South has lost, now the Union is restored, and the force of the United States is greater than ever, he finds that the greatest idea of his reign has led him into one of the most embarrassing positions in which he has yet had to act. The people and Government of the United States have never disguised their opinions of his Mexican enterprise. They have consistently refused to recognise the monarch he set up; and while they have not disputed his right to make war on Mexico they have disputed his right to establish there a government by force of arms. Recently, as we all know, the United States Government have exerted a strong pressure upon him to withdraw. They have condemned the acts—notably the order to execute summarily all Mexicans found in arms, and the decree re-establishing slavery under the name of peonage—done by Maximilian under shelter of French bayonets, and they have refused to deal directly with Maximilian, but have called the French to account for what has been done. Not content with ordinary diplomatic channels, they sent General Schofield to Paris to set the matter in the plainest light, and now General Schofield has gone home again, and the Emperor has announced that he is about to come to an understanding with Maximilian for the recall of the French soldiery. Will that be satisfactory?

Who can say? For, in announcing this interesting fact, the Emperor

repeats the extraordinary statement that the Mexican Empire was founded by the will of the people, and makes his ground for the withdrawal of his troops the assertion that the said empire is nearer consolidation, and that soon his troops may be withdrawn without danger to French interests. And, at the same time, he actually appears to rejoice in that re-establishment of the union which he wanted us to help him in preventing; and he does not scruple to say he prays for the prosperity of the great American Republic he desired to destroy three years ago. What those "frank declarations"—have they been made to General Schofield?—may be, which are to calm the emotion excited in America by French intervention in Mexico, we are not told; but there is no mistaking the hint to the United States not to make the Mexican question a point of honour. It is amusing to read, in the columns of the ex-advocates of secession, piteous appeals to Mr. Johnson to remember the dreadful embarrassments of an Emperor who, the other day, was only mindful of the more dreadful embarrassments of Mr. Lincoln to turn them to account for his own profit. As General Schofield has returned to Washington—not without some satisfaction, it may be—so M. Salliard has started in a hurry for Mexico, with, it is said, merely verbal instructions, direct from the mouth of the Emperor Napoleon, to tell his imperial brother of Mexico that he must now run alone. What is the object of the French Emperor in leaving no written record of this mission? Does he still count on the chapter of accidents?

The best commentary on the rest of the imperial speech—mostly relating, as it does, to home affairs—will be the action of the Legislative body. That there will be a sharp firing of Opposition speeches, very trying to the temper of M. Walewski, is certain; and already, not only the Emperor but his journalists have given notice that they will not take it in good part. The Mexican question, the finances which it has helped to disorder, the conduct of the Government in electoral matters, the fierce persecution of the press, the continued refusal of ordinary political liberty,—all these will form topics of debate, to what end we shall see. But one cannot fail to note that, in speaking of foreign policy, the Emperor stickles for the indispensable maintenance of the power of the Holy Father—a finely ambiguous sentence—and announces that he will observe neutrality in regard to Germany. It is also observable that, except to mention the death of Leopold I., his Majesty does not speak of Belgium. With regard to the Constitution with which he endowed France in 1852, it is something to see the Emperor assume the defensive, and plead that, while in some respects he thinks it like that of the United States, he does not regard it as defective because it differs from that of England. But his assertion will not give any satisfaction to those Frenchmen who seek personal liberty and political freedom guaranteed by law.

The chronic strife between the King of Prussia and his Parliament has been renewed. He persists and they persist. His blunted conscience is satisfied when it has induced him to convoke the Chamber of Deputies; he never dreams of taking the least notice of what they recommend or resolve. Unfortunately there they are, meeting by virtue of a Constitution he has sworn to respect; but he has not sworn to respect their acts. So he continues the farce of calling them together, having predetermined to act as he pleases. But this is to be the last time. If they do not now declare their agreement with him and

record his will and pleasure—all he thinks them good for—he will dissolve them. Whether, in that case, Bismark will persuade him not to convoke another Parliament remains to be seen. The Prussians are a patient people. At the bottom they do not dislike the policy of Bismark; they only dislike Bismark and his high-handed ways. They would to-morrow agree to annex any amount of Germany to Prussia. They only want to do it under the forms of a Constitution. At present Prussia appears to be isolated; but that is probably only in appearance.

The military revolt in Spain appears, and has been officially reported to be at an end. Never was such a curious business. Not a shot seems to have been fired except at Barcelona; and the royal generals seem to have been as anxious to avoid Prim as he was to avoid them. Marshal O'Donnell has shown sagacity and energy, but he may fall yet by other means. The force of Spanish character has been turned against Chili since the capture of a Spanish gunboat by a Chilian corvette. The Spanish journals are declaring that the Chilians must be exterminated, and England, France, the United States are all warned that destruction will await them should they interpose between Spain and the gratification of her anger. The Government, however, will be wiser than the journalists, because they know how much Spain has at stake. Yet it is no doubt true that the naval successes of the gallant Chilians will a little complicate the quarrel and make it more difficult to settle.

Jan. 27.

CAUSERIES.

THE "hospitable nature of the human mind," of which George Eliot speaks, is nowhere shown more strikingly than in its large tolerance of contradictory propositions on religious subjects, and its willingness to assent by turns to *each* of these contradictory propositions, so long as one is not brought face to face with the other. This hospitality is, doubtless, very regardless of logic; but it is a fortunate thing for the human race that since logic is so recklessly disregarded on other points it should also be occasionally slighted on this; for through this opening we emerge from obscurity into daylight, and progress is slowly effected. At the present hour there is a very general tendency to enlarge the freedom of thought on religious topics so as to bring the doctrines of the Church into harmony with advancing knowledge. This has, indeed, become inevitable. Either the Church must disappear, or its contradictions to demonstrated truths must disappear; and this truth has been very plainly expressed by Bishop Colenso in his answer to the address with which the inhabitants of Natal welcomed his re-appearance among them. He told them that—

"As the nation progresses in intelligence and knowledge it may make, and will assuredly make, from time to time, those changes in its religious system which the progress of the age requires, in order to bring the teaching of the Church of England, as the national religious educator, into accordance with that which is imparted—rather which is enforced—throughout the length and breadth of the land, in all colleges and schools receiving national support. In such colleges and schools, for instance, the main result of geological science will be freely and popularly taught in plain English, without reserve, though utterly irreconcilable, as was lately said in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul's in London, with some well-known statements of the Scripture narrative. It is of vital consequence to the permanence of the Church, to its maintaining its hold upon all the educated classes of the community—and what class is not embraced in this description in these days?—that the teaching from the pulpit on Sundays should not contradict the lessons of the school on week days. And by virtue of our foundation principle the changes needful for this will be made judiciously and gradually, as all such changes in our laws are made, by the deliberate action of the Legislature, when the subjects in question have been long discussed beforehand, freely and fully, in and out of Parliament, on all sides, and the public mind has thoroughly ripened upon them."

Does not this sound very wise and liberal? And yet, if looked at closely, does it not assume the illogical position that after all "black is not so very black, nor white so very white;" and that the doctrines of the Church are not to be considered as true in themselves, but require modification with the shifting knowledge of successive ages? No one proposes to adapt the truths of mathematics in this way. The logical mind will insist that the dogmas which form the foundation of the Church are either true or false. It will not admit a flexible and shifting truth.

But there is another and more immediately practical bearing in the Bishop's position to which attention should be called, and which has been laid hold of in the *Pall Mall Gazette*—it is the appeal to Parliament as the source of the desired alteration in the laws and teaching of the Church. Now except it be to loosen altogether the bonds of Church and State, and to remove every species of legislative interference in matters of Religion, philosophic politicians, and logical theologians will altogether oppose any such appeal. There can be no doubt that in England the Church is part of the law of the land; the doctrine

discipline, and organisation of the Church are settled by the law of the land just as much as the doctrine, discipline, and organisation of the Court of Bankruptcy are settled by it. And on this the *Pall Mall Gazette* remarks :—

“The novelty of the Bishop of Natal's principle lies not so much in the fact that he makes this statement, as in the inference which he draws from it, and which, if it be well considered, really is an inevitable consequence of it, though it is so intensely unwelcome to those whom it concerns that it will probably be repudiated by them, or, at all events, will make its way, if at all, in the slowest possible way. This inference is, that it is the duty of the English Legislature to see that the discipline of the Church is useful and that its doctrines are true; that Parliament, in short, is a theological assembly, in so far as it is the governing body and legislature of a Church, and that as such it neither can nor ought to avoid the consideration of the truth of the creed which it compels the clergy to read and to teach. It is impossible to avoid this inference so long as we have a National Church, and so long as it is supposed that the truth of the doctrines of that Church is a matter of importance. It is difficult to say whether such a conclusion is more unwelcome to statesmen or divines. Statesmen are naturally eager to keep clear of religious controversy—the most exasperating, the most fruitless, the least satisfactory of all forms of human discourse, as they would say. Divines, again, naturally consider that such controversy is their own peculiar province, and that any interference in it on the part of politicians is a profanation and an intrusion, and it must be admitted that such feeling is perfectly natural, and that much is to be said for it. Still the question remains, who is to legislate for the National Church? Parliament only can do so, and how can it do so without any reference to the question of truth and falsehood?”

The idea of Parliament discussing the truth or falsehood of religious doctrines is so utterly preposterous that we may hope it will never pass into effect. Why not, on similar grounds, leave the discussion of scientific truths to Parliament? Why not allow majorities to determine the views which shall be taught on debatable questions, after “free and full discussion?” The writer admits that Parliament can only legislate for the Church upon reference to the truth and falsehood of its doctrines; and adds :—

“So great is this difficulty that there is always danger that people may wish to get rid of it by giving up the national character of the Church altogether. They will say, why not put religious controversy in its proper place by falling back on the voluntary system, pure and simple, and so leaving the whole matter to the course of private discussion? The answer is that this practically comes to delivering up the whole subject to different knots of mutually exclusive clergymen. The effect of this is to degrade and impoverish religious thought, and to draw a line between religion and common life, which is to the last degree injurious to the interests of both.”

The alternative is not alarming to any one who fails to see the supreme advantage of a National Church in a nation which has many churches, and for believers who have diverse faiths. Suppose the whole subject of Religion is given up to different knots of mutually exclusive clergymen (as, indeed, it now is, short of legislative interference in favour of one particular knot), what objection is there in that? Science is given up to sects; Literature is given up to coteries. Each preacher finds his own public. What can liberty of thought demand beyond this?

The writer's dread, if I interpret it correctly, is not that each body of believers should be allowed to form its own organisation, but that one body of mutually exclusive and excessively quarrelsome clergy should legislate for the nation. If *that* be his repugnance to leaving the question to the clergy, I entirely share it. But that assumes the necessity of a National Church and of legislation beyond sectarian circles. If the organisation of the churches were

left wholly to the followers of each Church, it is difficult to see how this would degrade and impoverish religious thought, and still more difficult to see how it would draw a line between religion and common life. There seems to me great force in the remark :—

"If religious belief is to exercise its due influence, and take its proper place amongst mankind, it must do so by reason of its identification with the highest and most vigorous forms of thought upon other kindred subjects; and this can be brought about only by the care and thought of the ablest part of the whole community. This again can be secured only by the lay government of the Church; and it is a necessary condition of this again that those who govern the Church should be prepared, in case of need, to discuss the truth or falsehood of its doctrines."

But surely the writer has very needlessly identified lay government with Parliamentary government—the organisation of sections with the organisation of the whole? That the ablest men and the highest forms of thought should be instruments in the organisation of each separate Church is a very different proposition from that of Parliamentary legislation being called upon to settle first what is true, what has to be taught, and next how it is to be taught,—and of one Church being thus organised in place of many. Let the Legislature cease to have any voice whatever in matters of religion, and then in the conflict of the churches each will gain the place due to its persuasive influence, each will gain the organisation best suited to its needs.

The death of Manzoni's illustrious son-in-law, Massimo d'Azeglio, will carry grief into many Italian homes, and a sigh into many English homes, where his memory is cherished as that of a calm upright patriot and admirable writer. What he did for Italy is best known to Italians; but all of us who have any acquaintance with Italian literature know his position there. His historical novel, "*Niccolò de' Lapi*," is second only to "*I promessi Sposi*;" and though to impatient readers it may occasionally seem rather oppressive in its "*longueurs*," and to critical readers rather defective in its presentation of the epoch and chaotic in its crowding of violent melodramatic incidents, yet both the impatient and the critical will admit the interest and seriousness of the work, and recognise in it a work of real genius. The character of Fanfulla, the soldier of fortune turned monk, is one Scott would have delighted in, and is touched with extraordinary humour. The grand figure of old Niccolò stands out like a Greek statue. The influence of Savonarola is felt throughout. In the dearth of historical novels, a dearth made all the more conspicuous from the great quantity of mistaken efforts in this direction, "*Niccolò de' Lapi*" has justly acquired a wide renown.

The other day a critic avowed his opposition to Mr. John Mill's philosophy on the ground of its being "dreary and cheerless." This is indeed a common weakness. While every one loudly proclaims his earnest desire to arrive at the truth, many reject the truth if they imagine it is likely to be unpleasant. The fact is, truth is only the object of the intellect; and most men argue as much from the data of their feelings, as from the data of logic. They wish to ascertain *what is*, but they wish the result to accord with their preconception of *what ought to be*. Instead of loyally submitting their minds to the conclusions of research, they affix a condition to their submission, and withhold assent unless the conclusion is agreeable. Thus it is that certain theories are offered to us under the tempting guise of being lofty or consoling; and against others we are solemnly

warned as being cheerless and degrading ; whether they are true or false seems of much less moment ; or rather their truth and falsehood are supposed to be involved in the assumption of their loftiness and cheerlessness. The answer to this is twofold. The facts of the universe have their own order, and this order, which we desire to ascertain, is quite irrespective of our feelings. Upon what ground can we claim that truth shall be cheerful and consolatory ? and however we may wish the truth to be pleasant to us, how will our wishes affect the actual order of things ? Suppose that the truth is such as rudely to shake our preconceptions, and painfully to press upon our sensibilities—as indeed truth often does—shall we not rather resign ourselves to this necessity, and shall we not be stronger from our clearer vision and our more patient resignation ? But, secondly, the assumption of loftiness and cheerlessness is often preposterously absurd. A man finds certain emotions clustered round certain doctrines, the two having grown up together, and dreads lest the change in the doctrines should be followed by a destruction of the emotions ; but the baselessness of this terror is seen in the fact that men who hold opposite views have similar emotions clustering round their doctrines. We are warned against materialism as cold and desolating. The real warning should be against materialism as erroneous ; in point of fact, we do not find that materialists are cold and desolated, any more than that spiritualists are hot and happy.

But, it will be asked, are we never to judge of a doctrine by its consequences ? I answer, Yes ; but only when the consequences from which we judge are themselves doctrinal ; that is to say, only when the intellect is contradicted by the intellect, and not when the intellect is opposed by the feelings. The *reductio ad absurdum* exhibits a latent fallacy. The proposition which logically leads to a false conclusion must be false. If we have established a law of gravitation, we conclude without examination that any statement which contradicts that law is either false in itself or imperfectly stated. But we cannot infer that the statement is false because it is disagreeable to us ; we cannot conclude that it is erroneous because we are vaguely afraid lest, if true, it should “sap the foundations of society.” We must ascertain, as best we can, what is the truth of the statement, and then accept it, agreeable or not. If true, we shall find either that our terror of its sapping the foundations is entirely imaginary, and that no such influence can really be exercised by it ; or else that the foundations are defective, and need strengthening.

I am not Quixotic enough to suppose that exposure of this common weakness will much abate the evil. Vituperation is often so much easier than argument, and is found to be so effective with weak minds, that there is little hope of its being discontinued. But a percentage may be saved. By dint of frequently exposing the absurdity, a certain number of serious minds will be led to check their native tendency to judge of doctrines by supposed consequences ; and as the world moves on, enlarging its knowledge and reflecting on past errors, it will learn more and more to separate questions of logic from questions of feeling.

M. Paul Stapfer, with a whimsical and somewhat laborious playfulness, undertakes to expose the contradictions of Literary Criticism in his little work, “*Petite Comédie de la Critique Littéraire*” (W. Jeffs), wherein three schools of criticism, the dogmatic, the sceptical, and the historical, are shown exerting their ingenuity on the inexhaustible subject, Molière. Criticism, he says, has never doubted its own capacity : “Elle n’a jamais douté, d’abord, de sa puissance et de son droit de dogmatiser, de juger d’après des dogmes littéraires.” And

yet, as he remarks, the dogmas which are undisputed on the right bank of the Rhine are completely reversed on the left bank. The axiom of French criticism is an absurdity to Germans, while Englishmen advance an axiom disputed by both Germans and French. In France, he says, no one has ever doubted the truth of the axiom that the comic poet must disappear behind his characters, and that he must paint reality. And yet what havoc such axioms would make with writers who have a marked individuality, and a varied fancy! M. Stapfer undertakes to show, what indeed was easily shown, the manifold and manifest absurdities into which Schlegel is led in applying to Molière the dogmas of a narrow philosophy of art. But he might also have shown that it was Schlegel's want of critical insight and sympathy with the comic which led him into these errors, quite as much as his critical dogmas. The man who fails to perceive the comic quality of *Le Misanthrope* and *Tartuffe*, who only recognises in Molière a talent for farce, gives us his measure: we need not inquire whether his theoretical principles are sound or unsound; we are assured of his incompetence. Schlegel was a brilliant lecturer, and his work on the Drama has stimulated Europe by its paradoxes, its eloquence, and its one-sided *aperyus*; but it is an extraordinary tissue of errors and perversities, and to my thinking proves him to have been lamentably deficient in critical insight. Instead of exhibiting this, M. Stapfer has undertaken to parody Schlegel's criticism on Molière; and he does it at wearisome length. He then parodies Jean Paul and Hegel on the same subject. The book is piquant; but, as I have implied, the whim which would have amused us in an essay becomes fatiguing when spread over a volume.

The art of selection is not often so successfully displayed as it is in the volume of "Poems of the Inner Life" (Sampson Low, Son, and Marston), which is "intended to show forth the deeper meanings of Nature and of Life, giving some of the words of truth and beauty which the poets have spoken concerning that side of our inner life which is turned towards Heaven, and which is lighted by the light of God." It is a volume of religious poetry, but not selected for sectarian or dogmatic purposes; indeed, with a wise catholicity, it embraces the poetic outpourings of John Henry Newman, Keble, Kingsley, Christina Rossetti, Clough, Coleridge, Faber, Browning (to mention a few of the most diverse minds), and avoiding for the most part the works of the elder poets, brings together many of the less-known but worth-knowing moderns. On this account the volume will be welcome to poetic readers; and when they have made themselves acquainted with its contents, they will set a place apart for it on their book-shelves among the favourites.

Let me add a word of recommendation to the useful little handbook by Mr. Franz Thimm, "The Literature of Germany from its Earliest Period to the Present Time" (Second Edition; Thimm), which in the compass of two hundred and fifty pages gives a succession of biographies of the chief German writers and sketches of the schools, with dates and biographical indications, very serviceable for rapid reference. There are some horrible woodcuts inconsiderately introduced—libels on the great men whose physiognomies they pretend to represent; but the little book is one which meets a want; and is unlike most brief surveys of the kind, in being attractive to the reader as well as useful for reference.

EDITOR.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

DRAWING FROM NATURE; A SERIES OF PROGRESSIVE INSTRUCTIONS IN SKETCHING. With Illustrations. By G. BARNARD, Professor of Drawing in Rugby School. Longman & Co. 1865.

THIS large volume reminds one of the portfolio which an active sketcher brings back from a trip to Switzerland. Boats, houses, vines, castles, chalets, and mountain-remembrances mark out his course from the Rhine to Monte Rosa. When a picturesque peasant crosses the way, he attempts the human figure, but with less satisfactory results. There are abundance of pretty bits, and proofs of careful observation, but nothing finished, and no system or order. Mr. Barnard's introduction, on which a few remarks will be added presently, contains a fair eulogy of his art, and would not be out of place as an Academy lecture, but has little applicable to such a drawing-class as that of a public school. A chapter on "elementary practice" follows, in which the instructions are too closely confined to that very small point, the different kinds of "touch" proper to express different kinds of foliage. "The oak, sycamore, &c., require a touch such as Fig. 4, which is a boundary line made with concave touches; the foliage of bushes and shrubs being more upright than that of trees, the touches should generally be drawn in the same direction, or slightly varying on all sides from the perpendicular. Strokes placed nearly parallel, and pointing upwards, give the usual appearance of the leaves of firs," &c. No doubt Mr. Barnard, as a skilful artist, is able to clothe these dry bones with life when he teaches, but they are not likely to be of much use to his readers, unless it be to train them in mechanical habits, and make them believe that there is some royal road to painting foliage, other than that old and very laborious one—many years spent in studying it.

Mr. Barnard then proceeds to describe, one by one, the appearance of the chief European trees, and the principal elements in "foreground studies," cottage homes, shrubs, hedge plants, the roadside, the heath, the stream, and the like. These chapters are illustrated by woodcuts, poetical extracts, notices when the tree was introduced into England, and other discursive matter; the best part being the descriptive analysis of each tree, shrub, and other natural feature. Here Mr. Barnard has put together a number of careful observations; a sort of calendar, showing the different tints assumed by the forest between spring and fall, being the most novel and available thing for real use. As, however, trees and foregrounds do not make up all the landscape, one naturally expects that the author will give a similar *catalogue raisonné* for the sea, the ships, the shore, or, at any rate, the sky, which can hardly be absent from the picture, and in the hands of such a master as Mr. Ruskin fills a series of chapters which few who have read them are likely to forget. But in place of these items—to which, in case of schoolboys, architecture should certainly be added, as a thing more within their reach as artists than a forest—we find a miscellaneous collection of essays and narratives, a whole history of lithography, a rambling chapter on "modern painters as teachers," and the writer's travelling experiences in Fontainebleau, Switzerland, and the Pyrenees. What these little journals have to do with progressive instructions in drawing

from nature does not appear; but they are pleasingly written and prettily illustrated, and suggest that Mr. Barnard, like Mr. Lear, might make an agreeable use of his abilities for authorship and landscape, if he took pains to describe one or two of his excursions in rather more detail. Let us add a hope that Mr. Barnard will, in that case, work up lithography as they do in France, to a more effective general tone and more forcible quality, and will altogether discard the harsh and gaudy "chromo" prints, at least until that process shall have reached a development more worthy the name of art.

It will be seen that Mr. Barnard's large volume cannot be regarded of value as a manual; but its ostensible purpose may justify the addition of a few words on the part which instruction in drawing might hold in our school and home education. Inspired by a laudable zeal for his art, in his introduction he quotes an eloquent passage by the head master of Rugby, in which Dr. Temple, after distinguishing between the effects which the several branches of learning produce upon the character, sums up, "That study will do the most which most familiarises a boy's mind with noble thoughts, with beautiful images, with the deeds and the words which great men have done and said, and all others have admired and loved." *Drawing does much of this*, adds Mr. Barnard; and so perhaps it may in the case of a Titian or a Reynolds, but hardly (it may be feared), even at Rugby, when taught at the rate of two hours per week for four or five years, during which the whole art of outline, perspective, sepia, and water-colours appears to be attempted.

It must be presumed that more time than this cannot be fairly allotted to drawing, even by the most intelligent and liberally-minded management; and if an elementary course for the amount of time specified were enforced upon all the scholars, excellent results might be expected. A very few boys, with a real gift for art, would learn the indispensable first steps; more would be trained to admire rationally; but these advantages, real as they are, will probably be found of less importance than the power which all might thus acquire of giving pleasure to themselves and others by sketches of what strikes them when away from home, and of expressing their ideas when they wish to describe anything to others. Drawing is, in this sense, only another and a more intellectual mode of writing; and we should soon see English houses and their contents, with all that belongs to the laying-out of grounds and gardens, managed with much better effect, if the owners were able to sketch their own plans, and had been themselves trained in taste by that familiarity with objects of beauty which is very rarely obtained, except by those who have in some degree learned drawing.

When one remembers, however, that to master form, even landscape form, with light and shade, required several years of unremitting attention from Turner, and that to colour in any sense worth trying for, as Mr. Ruskin has observed, requires a lifetime, it may be doubted whether the plan which Mr. Barnard appears to pursue with his pupils is likely to teach them that *elementary drawing* to which only the above remarks apply. The directions given seem, indeed, rather qualified to produce that imperfect imitation of second-rate work which is the bane of amateur water-colours; but as this cannot be ascribed (we imagine) to want of thoroughness in the master, it probably arises from the non-obligatory character of the study. Unless the drawing lesson be made *de rigueur*, like the grammar lesson, it will be impossible not to allow boys to choose, in a great degree, their own way with it; they must be tempted by

anecdotes and lured by colours, as this book too much reveals; and they will naturally prefer the pride and pleasure of colouring from nature to the bare study of form, with light and shade, and the acquisition of command over so small a thing as the pencil, or at most over chalk and sepia. Yet, looking to the lives of artists, it is surely certain that nothing beyond these attainments can be fairly grounded, much less mastered, by two hours a week between the ages of thirteen and nineteen, especially if some study of the human form be required—a study without which it seems difficult, if not impossible, to gain that refinement in outline which is called for everywhere by the natural landscape.

If the above views, with reference to the amount of teaching in this art which can be given at an English public school (or to girls at home, in regard to whom these remarks apply equally), and to the value of that training, be correct, it follows that (except where a very marked natural gift or bias appears) all practice in colours should be rigidly excluded from the programme; that the drawing-lesson should be made obligatory; and that the training should be limited to giving command over pencil, pen, chalk, and washes in one tint, which the scholars should employ on simple objects, on casts from good models of the figure, and on the less difficult forms of landscape. Such a training will give them those powers of preserving memoranda of journeys or home scenes, and of designing anything they wish to have executed, which have been described before as the first practical results of acquaintance with drawing. At the same time, they will have learned some rules of art, have received encouragement to observe for themselves (the one and only foundation of taste), and, if naturally gifted for painting, will find in their elementary training the necessary pre-condition of success when, in maturer years, and with more time for so arduous an art, they venture on the vast career of colour. But what should be held up before their eyes at school is not a poor imitation of professional painting to make their sisters stare, or an attempt to learn in a few hours what cost Turner or Stanfield their whole lives, but practical command over a much more modest form of art. In itself, no amateur's work in colour will ever be worth the paper which it covers. To discover this is already a great lesson in taste. Elementary drawing is within everybody's reach, but art, in the strict sense, is the business of a life. Tintoret's saying remains always true, *è immenso lo studio della pittura: e sempre si far il mar maggiore*.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

THE RED SHIRT. By ALBERTO MARIO. Smith, Elder, & Co. 1865.

WERE it not that it is all true, this little book would be ridiculously melodramatic. The same thing has been said a score of times of the expedition of which Signor Mario's book is the record. Had it not been altogether successful, it would have been, of all attempts, the most absurd. "The Red Shirt" is of course the Garibaldian uniform; Alberto Mario was one of those few chosen companions who went with Garibaldi from Palermo to Naples; and this volume contains the story of the campaign in a series of chapters which have been printed before, and which, though they bear the name of Signor Mario, and were doubtless first written by him in his own language, now appear to us in the words of Signor Mario's English wife,—a lady who has long been known and greatly admired for all that she has endured, and all that she has dared, and all that she has believed, on behalf of Garibaldi and the Italian cause.

It cannot be said that this book gives a lucid account of the Dictator's military movements during those two most important months of his life, in which he added the kingdom of Naples to the kingdom of Italy; but no one would expect that it should do so, or would look for a lucid account of such a progress. The whole campaign was as a campaign in fairyland. When Signor Mario tells us that on one occasion he was despatched with his wife and a sergeant to reduce to obedience an island which had been supposed to show reactionary Bourbonite tendencies, and that, so ordered, he went to the island and brought his mission to a satisfactory end; and when on another occasion he was called up, as he tells us, in the middle of the night, by Garibaldi, to go in search of a missing brigade,—which he succeeded in finding, greeting the brigade with a cocked pistol and a “*Chi va là*,” and placing it afterwards on the ground prescribed for it, though he did not know the right of the army from the left,—we feel that we are dealing with people who ought to have been simply histrionic, and with circumstances which would have been unutterably burlesque had they not been so grandly real. Garibaldi's march, however, was not only real, but moreover supereminently successful. Here is a story as of an army of Bombastes Furioso, a record of troops to whom when dismissed might well have been given that famous order not to kick up a row. But this Furioso not only banished a dynasty and conquered a kingdom,—but he gave over the kingdom so conquered to a constitutional government without an effort to gratify a personal ambition. And there, at this moment, is the kingdom prospering in the position in which he so placed it! Nothing but the undoubted historical fact of Garibaldi's success would make it possible for us to believe the details of Signor Mario's tale. It reads as being much less probable than Robinson Crusoe, and almost on a par, as regards fact, with Don Quixote or Baron Munchausen. But, then, there is the fact that it is all true!

There is something exquisitely charming in the history of Garibaldi's adventures,—something which makes us look back on the old stories of the grand knights of fable, and almost believe that they may have been true. He has been a King Arthur in his way, loving his countrymen with his whole heart, loving truth, loving honour, doing wondrous things with a meek unambitious spirit, desiring nothing for himself but all things for the cause, ignorant in the world's ways, but yet endowed with great capacity for ordering and keeping in order other men. Who so foolish as King Arthur in his own affairs,—unless Garibaldi has since his time been more foolish? Who so grand in all public matters,—unless Garibaldi has been more grand? Other men in history have done as wonderful things as he did,—though indeed not many; and other men may perhaps have been as self-denying; but to have been a Napoleon and a Bayard together has not been the lot of many men,—perhaps of no other man whom we can name. Cincinnatus is almost mythic to us; and even in the story of Cincinnatus, as we know it, there is nothing told of such deeds as those which Garibaldi has performed. To have done it,—to have marched through the kingdom of Naples and taken the capital in the face of all the standing army of the king, is not half so great a thing as to have conceived the doing so to be possible, and to have acted on such a conception.

There is a fresh sweet innocence in the telling of the tale by Signor Mario which wins upon the reader in spite of the ambiguity of the details. The reader, in truth, seldom knows where he is or what his heroes are doing. He does not know how Garibaldi makes his way from Palermo to Naples. Giving

a verdict of the book as a book of history, we are bound to say that the book is a bad book. But looking at the book as a labour of love, as an expression of intense admiration, as a concourse of words and phrases poured forth in the fulness of heart,—with the one object of deifying a man honestly thought to be worthy of deification,—looking at the book in this light, we are inclined to say that it is a good book. That Signor Mario is an honest friend, a loyal man, a true patriot, a Red Shirt inside and out, an Italian of whom Italy should be proud and fond, no reader of the book will doubt.

The portion of the story which is best told is that which is told in the last three pages,—how Garibaldi abdicated his power and gave up the kingdom which he had conquered, when King Victor Emmanuel came to take it from his hands. To Garibaldi it must have seemed almost as though his great work had been done for nothing ;—and yet he did not hesitate for a moment, knowing that so the majority of his countrymen wished it to be. To those who followed him in their red shirts, to Signor Mario among the number, Victor Emmanuel was almost as distasteful, almost as antagonistic to their ideas of freedom, as King Francis Bourbon of Naples ; and yet, at a word from him they loved, they were satisfied, after what they had done, to give way, and to abandon all the honours of successful revolt. We know the history and the result of the coup d'état by which France was taken prisoner. Southern Italy was set free by a second coup d'état as miraculous, as mysterious, as successful as the former. But they who assisted Garibaldi in the latter have not become dukes, or presidents, or field-marsbals, nor have they had allotted to them the magnificent appanages which a conquered kingdom will always afford to give to her conquerors. In return for all that our author did,—he and his wife with him,—I doubt whether he has as much to show, provided from the resources of the country which he assisted to make free, as even a Red Shirt.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THE CONVERSION OF THE NORTHERN NATIONS: THE BOYLE LECTURES FOR 1865. By CHARLES MERIVALE, B.D., Chaplain to the House of Commons. Longmans, 1866.

Is the "public" whom an English theological writer addresses thoroughly distinct in mental calibre and cultivation from that to which a German appeals, or why is it that the contrast between the two writers is generally so strong? The German, however compactly he has built, never thinks of pulling down the scaffolding ; he looks upon it rather as an ornament than otherwise ;—the Englishman delights to clear everything away ; he hides the joints, polishes the corners—nay, often, like some mediæval architects, he rejoices in keeping out of sight what his superstructure really rests on. Of course this is not true of all Englishmen : since Coleridge's day we have been getting more and more Germanised. But it is still "the English manner ;" and even now that it has grown somewhat unfashionable to have no sign of "scaffolding" anywhere, we mostly relegate our learned notes to the end of the volume, merely embodying in the text the ultimate results of our reading. Mr. Merivale's book, then, is thoroughly English in style and execution. Of course we do not expect anything very deep in a volume of sermons, though Bishop Butler and others have shown us that sermons may be profound without being uninteresting. The Boyle Lecturer, however, has not aimed at profundity : he has

laid aside the scholarly garb which becomes him so well as historian of the Upper Empire, and appears (as he did last year, in the series of which this volume is a continuation) as a fascinating writer, addressing an audience refined rather than deeply learned; and putting the subject before them in a way which, though not new, is valuable, because it is so perspicuous that it can scarcely be misunderstood or forgotten.

About the Northern nations Mr. Merivale does not tell us much. He begins with the apologists: shows how Justin and Clement—the one after the conservative Athenian fashion, the other with Alexandrian ingenuity—insisted on the argument from adaptation, “the agreement of Christian truth with the wants and imaginations of religious men among the pagans;” how “the impetuous Tertullian,” on the contrary, would have the Gospel stand as its own witness to itself, and appealed to the conscience, which (he declared) is naturally Christian; how in Origen the historical proofs of Christianity and its continuity are forcibly brought forward; and lastly, how, with Athanasius and Augustine, we come to the age of creeds. We doubt whether the worshippers of primitive tradition will relish being told that till the fourth century “the discrimination of the Persons of the Godhead was unsteady and fluctuating;” and that the great doctrines of the divine nature, of salvation, and of grace could not be settled earlier, because, till Origen, there was no recognised sacred text; in fact, that “the apology against Celsus is the basis of the Athanasian and Augustinian theology.” Athanasius and Augustine work out from “Revelation,” the one the nature of God and of Christ, the other the nature of man in relation to God. Mr. Merivale is alive to Augustine’s errors and weaknesses; but he recognises in the defeat of Arius and Pelagius “the final overthrow of Paganism, with which the creeds of those two heresiarchs were very closely bound up.” Then follows a chapter on the lapse of the Christian world into a sort of elegant *Leo X.* state. We are reminded how Bishop Synesius, Hypatia’s friend, was allowed to keep his wife and his opinions; how Basil interchanged courtesies with Libanius; and how Jerome, in his cave at Bethlehem, had scribes at work on Plato and Cicero, “never reflecting how the sweet poison might ruin his transcribers.” Is Mr. Merivale right, by the way, in calling Boethius “a man whom we know to have been a professed Christian and churchman; but in whose writings there is no trace of Christianity whatever?” Surely the question of Boethius’s creed is still hardly settled: all the stories about his Christian doings are as fabulous as those about the mediæval “Virgilius;” and the theological works, first spoken of (we believe) by Hincmar, are plausibly attributed to a namesake. Boethius was probably no more a Christian than Claudian or Zosimus: at any rate, it is unfair to infer the decay of spiritual religion from the heathen tone of the “*De Consolatione*.” At last, in the fifth lecture, the Northern nations are brought forward: they have been, “like John the Baptist, in the deserts till the day of their showing to the Empire.” The parallel is not very clear, except that just as John Baptist’s call to repentance did not save the Jewish nation from destruction, so nothing could avail to save the Roman world;—for “mankind had fallen into old age, and the seed of the ancient civilisation was worn out.” However, the barbarians came, not (by the way) altogether ignorant of the religion of the conquered people; and mediævalism, of which Mr. Merivale tells us the distinctive feature is its sense of personal relation to God, superseded the state Christianity of the Latins. We cannot

set much store by our author's notes on the analogies between the Edda and the Bible, nor on his repetition of the old, old tale about Coifi, nor yet on the quotation from Menzel about the German reverence for women. Does Mr. Merivale mean that women owe their possibly higher position in modern times to the infusion of German blood, or to the influence of Christianity? If he means the former (and the state of women among the Eastern Christians scarcely leaves him any alternative), why does he speak of women as degraded in Pagan times, as if the degradation was due to the creed and not to the race?

Again, is he quite right in fact when he speaks of woman under the highest Pagan culture as degraded in her social position because she was deemed unworthy of moral consideration, and *vice versa*? The remark is certainly not new, and we much doubt whether it is true. It is unsafe to argue from the "lighter literature" of any nation. No one, for instance, will say that woman was degraded among the earlier, scarcely even among the later, Jews; yet there are sentiments about her in Proverbs and Ecclesiasticus just as disparaging as anything in Euripides. Even from Greece, the country where women had the least ostensible share of power and consideration, we must except Sparta, where they were even too influential. And as to the exaltation of womankind through the Blessed Virgin, had not Olympus its Hera? Was not Pallas first of all the immortals save only ægis-bearing Zeus? Were not the Etruscan Menrva and Cupra female goddesses? Had not even the Syrians their Astaroth? The fact, which Mr. Merivale misses, is, that woman lost status (when she did lose it), not through paganism, but through the decay of it. Mythology, the spontaneous growth of a nation's thought, always had in it plenty of "the female element." Philosophy, artificial, the work exclusively of male minds, left (will it now-a-days leave?) woman more and more out of account. There are, we believe, three stages in the social relation between the sexes. Savages work women hard and treat them ill. By-and-by, as the simpler form of civilisation grows up, woman rises to more or less of real equality, under very different social forms. "Hic ubi Ego Caius, tu Caia," was the good old Roman maxim; and we do not think the "pernicis uxor Appuli" was a whit less considered in the household, or more "put upon" than a Devonshire farmer's wife now-a-days. She certainly had to do less hard work than thousands of the women whom every tourist sees breaking their backs in Wurtemberg, and, indeed, in almost every part of the Fatherland. Then comes the last stage; civilisation grows highly artificial—"effete," in Mr. Merivale's language—and woman either sinks, as she has done in many Eastern countries, or gets into a factitious position, as she did at Rome under the Cæsars, and afterwards at Constantinople, and as she may yet do in modern Europe, unless we manage to solve the hard problem of female education. The fact is, the elevation of woman was due to a variety of causes; and Mr. Merivale adds nothing to the philosophy of the subject when he attributes it in one place to the influence of Christianity, and in another to the temper of the German tribes. He forgets that the world is not made up of Greeks and Germans. The Arabs, for instance, have always had their prophetesses; and the female influence which was so all-powerful at the court of Elagabalus was neither Christian nor Teutonic. One more remark, and we have done. Mr. Merivale brings out a strong contrast between the Christians of the Empire, whose religion was almost as much a state religion as the old Paganism, and the German, who had "the instinct of individuality." As in his former course of sermons, he was tempted to insist too much

on the exclusively social and national aspect of the old faith, so here we think he lays too much stress on this "sense of a personal relation to God, this loyalty as opposed to patriotism, which marks the new race." True, the so-called Christianity of too many of us is intensely narrow; but it is this very narrowness, so opposed to the teaching of St. Paul, for instance, which weakens its influence over many of the most earnest minds of the age. But this narrowness is not so much due to Teutonic blood, as to the terrible state of lawlessness and hopeless misrule into which the invasion of the barbarians plunged most of the Empire; and which feudalism, where it had free scope, but too well perpetuated. In the utter rout and break up of society, religion became a "*saue qui pout*," and unhappily the selfish feeling has outlived its cause. Mr. Merivale's "Pagan" is (like Mr. Maurice's "Jew") a sort of Aunt Sally, at whom theological missiles may be "shied" without mercy; but we must protest against the objection that "he had no regard, in the exercise of charity, to ulterior issues personal to himself." This, if true, ought to secure him the highest praise that man can receive: it is to realise the precept about the left hand knowing nothing of the right hand's doings.

As to the Germans, it is interesting to contrast Mr. Merivale's view of their "good work in reforming Christianity" with the eloquent protests of L'Abbé * * * in "*Le Maudit*" and his other books. The Frenchman finds that the early Roman worship was perfection; it was calm, it was intellectual. The Germans, who kept streaming into the Empire long before they consummated its ruin, were the sophisticators of what "the Greek Latin race" had kept pure and undefiled: "To please their sensuous tastes the ritual was turned into a mere stage play." One thing is certain: we owe our notions of equality before God not to "the Germans," among whom the baron built a church or founded a monastery to save his own soul, without much thought as to whether his serfs had souls or not, but to the "Orientalism" which (in spite of ourselves) has filtered into our whole religious system. We cannot even agree with our author that the feeling is a direct result of the belief in immortality: the Jews had it at a time when their views about a future state were, to say the least of it, cloudy. To argue that the Germans have taught us to hold all men equal before God because Mr. Merivale was kept from the Duke of Wellington's funeral by having to bury a pauper, and that he read precisely the same words over the pauper as those which were read over the hero, is to put the matter in a way more novel than convincing. However, though we have taken exception to some of Mr. Merivale's positions, we of course agree with him that the Germanic races had a "mission;" and that the infusion of new blood was of infinite value to the civilised world. All we insist on is, that, as "Teuton worship" has so thoroughly ousted the Gibbonism of the last century, we do not get to think our northern ancestors faultless, and to deny any excellence whatsoever to the system which they overthrew.

Mr. Merivale's book is an elegant and singularly lucid digest of well-known facts. The thoughts are rather clear-sown, the matter perhaps thinly spread; and when he compares the "wrathful faces of the Germans, looming in the distance and swelling into frightful proportions, as Cyprian looks on at them," to "the breast of the mighty monster of the rail, as it bears down bodily upon us, dilating with every pulsation," we are painfully reminded that we are reading a sermon, and that this is what some people call eloquence. We think, too, Mr. Merivale is wrong in talking of "sermons in the Jewish temple," and in

calling Purgatory a Northern addition to the Christian creed. Still, for its purpose, the book is doubtless a useful one. It certainly does not do much towards fulfilling the object of the Boyle Lectures; it is not likely to make many converts. Alas for the foolishness of preaching, do any sermons make converts? But it will help to satisfy those Christians born who want to know something about their spiritual forefathers, and who yet have neither taste nor time to go very deeply into the subject. And all that we have wished to show, in remarks which may seem disparaging, is, that the book has no claim to be called (what injudicious friends are always ready to call such books), a wonderful contribution to our theological literature.

H. S. FAGAN.

CITOYENNE JACQUELINE: A WOMAN'S LOT IN THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION. By SARAH TYTLER. 3 Vols. Alexander Strahan.

MORE pictures of French life and character; another story of the great Terror—which has become almost dull and wearisome by the constant endeavours of inferior writers to treat it intelligibly. But Miss Tytler possesses the qualification, very unusual with modern writers on foreign subjects, of having lived among the scenery and people she describes. She is intimately acquainted with French society; she has seen and sympathised with many of the finest types of French character; and uniting to such private information a somewhat liberal acquaintance with French historians and memoir writers, she has succeeded in constructing a series of brilliant and truthful sketches. No objection can be taken on the score of good taste to any portion of the work; indeed, there is considerable faculty, perceptive not creative, expressed in writing admirable for its clearness and vigour. But the work is weak in two great points. The one art essential to the writer of fiction, that of telling a story simply, straightforwardly, and well, without clogging the narrative with unnecessary details or events that distribute the central interest, has not operated here; and without *that*, the smaller qualities must be brilliant indeed to preserve the picture from oblivion. Neither Dickens nor Thackeray have exhibited the narrative-faculty in a fine degree; the one wrote charmingly in spite of it, and the other moves hearts and provokes laughter by other means. Of living writers, Tennyson alone perhaps possesses it superlatively, but without the creative originality and sympathy with a broad range of characters which might have made him a great dramatic poet. Browning shows it in his early writings, but latterly he has done all that ingenuity can do to disguise it. The other point in which “Citoyenne Jacqueline” seems weak is the common one—a wateriness, if I may be allowed the expression, in the painting of characters remote from the writer's own. The only types of men with whom Miss Tytler succeeds are those who (like Monsieur de la Fay) present little mannerisms easily appreciable, or others who (like Jonquille Sart) are distinguished by qualities at once fine, shallow, and showy. She fails signally in Michel Sart, whose subdued strength, silent endurance, and affections as reticent as deep, are those of the pet hero of lady novelists. In dealing with such heroes, women either assume that a man's reticence means the same thing as a woman's reticence, and hides the same conditions, and then proceed to *analyse* accordingly; or, like Miss Tytler, they do not attempt to fathom the man at all, but stand before him in ignorant and silent worship. One way is as unsatisfactory as the

other, but the latter is the less pernicious. The finest type of male character is not the subdued type, and active resistance (in spite of all the cant we hear to the contrary) is a more splendid virtue, and of infinitely more importance to the progress of the world, than passive endurance. "Suffering" has been transported into modern life, as the watchword of the religion and literature of the day; and the feeling is a fine one till it reaches stagnation-point, and dries up in inaction. When the feminine virtues, glorious and noble in women, begin to be exalted by men above those masculine energies which perpetuate and create, society is getting drowsy and unreal. 'Is it any wonder that, in life as well as in literature, we begin to suspect that these "strong" men, with their wonderful control over their impulses, their mighty faculty for silent endurance, do not after all feel so deeply as the ladies pretend they do? and that we long for busier, more excitable heroes, fellows not ashamed of their emotions, and quite incapable of coiling up the affections in a vinegar bottle? and that we feel deeply bored, and think with a sigh of Smollett and Thackeray, as we observe how awkwardly the creators deal with such types, how faintly they see into human nature, how much they flatter and how much they emasculate, and how constantly they resort to stale devices while trying to glorify what they cannot account for and do not understand?

Incapacity to tell a story well, and a style of thought impregnated with some of the puerilities of third-rate novelists, reduce "*Citoyenne Jacqueline*" from the rank of a work of art to that of a collection of pleasing and brilliantly touched pictures—some of which, indeed, are so fine that they encourage us to hope that Miss Tytler, when her knowledge of the conditions of art becomes broadened, may yet write a first-class novel. The early portions of the work are exceedingly good, uniformly interesting. The pictures of the fine family at the Tour, of the young demoiselle Jacqueline's love affair with her selfish cousin, and of the Sart household at the *auberge*, are all charming. It is when Jacqueline, having been jilted by her cousin, throws herself into the arms of Michel Sart, that the first unpleasant effect is produced—not because the situation is altogether unnatural, but because it is unnaturally and insufficiently described. But only when the story begins to *move* does the writer show her want of the great gift. The hand that works the puppets shakes tremulously behind the scenes. In painting little landscape pictures, or giving little bits of dialogue, or describing little pieces of still life, Miss Tytler is quite at home—such faculty as she possesses being distinctively perceptive and descriptive. Directly Monsieur is arrested and sent to Paris, and his daughter follows thither in the hope of saving him—as soon, in fact, as the characters are transported into the life and action of the Revolution—our impression changes. The interest is diffused. The light, no longer concentrated, comes in straggling patches that only confuse the observer. Pieces of French anecdote, bits of description, glimpses of historical figures—all very clever as fragments—are mingled together awkwardly and without art; and in spite of the evident strain of the writer to produce a striking picture of the events then taking place in France, the effect is no finer than that of good essay writing. The characters get smudged and shadowy; we forget all but their names. The interest in the tale, as a tale, decreases with every fresh chapter. The loss is not redeemed by solitary passages of great beauty—such as the death of Monsieur, the return of Father Hubert to La Faye, or Jonquille Sart's sad love experience in prison. The last two volumes, in fact, are most disappointing. Jacqueline, after living for some time in Paris,

commits herself before the tribunal, is thrown into prison, and is only liberated on the plea that she is about to become a mother. Then Michel Sart, her husband, of whom we had lost sight, steps forward again. His mother and brother have been executed, and he has suffered fearfully on his wife's account—silently, of course. He is "so grey that the silvered locks gathered in his queue were now the most notable thing about him, more notable even than his stately height and breadth." Jacqueline has never cared anything for her husband; but the readers are informed that she loves him now, seeing how his hard exterior had only hidden a fiercely suffering heart. To reach this consummation, he had to go through the difficult process of growing grey in a few months; but, as a reward, he is happy ever afterwards. And the reader closes the book with a confused memory of a series of startling group-pictures, of a mass of light and shade, but with no better knowledge of the leading characters than when he began. The background has put out the chief figures—a fatal result in a novel.

Properly described, then, "*Citoyenne Jacqueline*" is a *novelette*, expanded into three volumes by careful padding. In this case the padding is unusually rich, costly, and attractive; but it is only padding after all. Perhaps, in justice to the author, I should attribute some of her shortcomings to the fact that she has chosen Paris during the Revolution as the scene of the greater part of her story. If you have a mightily striking background to your tale, your figures must be great and mighty too; and those of Miss Tytler are not. In Carlyle's wild and fantastic picture of the Revolution, the men and women assume vague proportions, and flit about, terrible, shadowy, and in keeping; but though Carlyle has been here in Miss Tytler's novel, he has conveyed no direct inspiration. Had the scene of the story been confined to the little village of Faye, just dimly lighted up by the distant national conflagration, the effect would have been different, the art less incomplete. However, "*Citoyenne Jacqueline*," with all its faults, will be widely read and admired, as the brilliant effort of a lady who is destined, in some department or other of literature, to do great things, and who already moves aloft high above the Miss Braddons and F. G. Traffords of our generation, picking her steps gently and hopefully upward. Let me conjure her, therefore, in future efforts, to hesitate ere contributing more types to that watery literature to which we look only for moral monsters, and which bears the same relation to good writing that the teachings of a young ladies' seminary do to the ethics of Mr. Mill.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

SEE-SAW: a Novel. By FRANCESCO ABATI. Edited by W. WINWOOD READE.
2 Vols. Edward Moxon & Co.

"SEE-SAW" is remarkable, considered in the light of mere literary manipulation, but is one more example of the utter inefficiency of this kind of talent and labour to produce a work which is to stir the emotions and enlarge the sympathies. There is abundant cleverness, epigram, description, social and satirical sketching, but there is no grasp of character, no dramatic ventriloquism, no presentation of the experiences of life and passion which can make the reader feel that he is assisting at the evolution of a veritable drama. Mr. Reade has seen various forms of life, and has read largely of French novels;

but he does not appear to have thought seriously on the purposes of Fiction, nor how those purposes can be realised. Instead of meditating on his subject, and *seeing* it clearly in all its ramified details, in all its characteristic relations, so as to evolve it before our eyes with something of the necessary coherence of reality, he seems to have allowed his invention to proceed very much at haphazard, and to have allowed his memory of other novels to determine incidents and situations. Like a musician sitting down to the piano and allowing his fingers to run over the keys, modulating and combining not under some clearly defined conception, but under the immediate suggestion of each successive phrase, he hits off a description, or suddenly introduces a situation, satisfied if the one is sufficiently lively, and the other likely to be effective, without much regard to their place in the composition.

There are certain suggestions in his novel which were worthy of a more deliberate and truthful working out; but he works them out so indifferently, and in such careless compliance with the conventional machinery of the circulating library, that the effect is like that of a vivacious talker of commonplace, whose manner incessantly excites an expectation which is as incessantly frustrated by the matter. There is nothing in these incidents and situations which we have not met with over and over again. Nor is there any sense of reality created by the mode of presentation. To any one familiar with the average French novel, an accurate idea of "See-Saw" may be conveyed by saying that it is very much after that type. It is sparkling and worthless. Things are said because they can be said epigrammatically, rather than because they are true; and characters are presented under aspects which suit the convenience of the situation, instead of the situations being left to arise from the conflict and concurrence of characters.

The idea which apparently first presented itself to the author—namely that of a young Florentine noble of real genius, wasting his life and faculties in small social successes, and stung into serious ambition by sorrow and misfortune, was a happy suggestion; and the idea of using love for a *protégée* as the pivot of this revolution, was one which, though old, has an eternal interest. But it required far more serious meditation, and far greater fortitude of mind than Mr. Reade has bestowed on it. By meditation he would have realised the conception to himself in all its details, and not simply as a passing suggestion. By fortitude of mind he would have sternly rejected all the facile suggestions of memory, and all the tricks and "effects" of the ordinary novelist, and would have kept his thoughts fixed on the truth; this truth would have affected his readers, so that instead of, as now, feeling that the author was exerting his cleverness to amuse them, they would have felt themselves in presence of a scene from life. It is a fatal defect when the reader is constantly made aware of the author's presence, or hears the creaking of the machinery employed; and this defect is felt in "See-Saw." Indeed, the story becomes little more than a peg on which to hang certain descriptions of Florentine, London, and Baden-Baden life. Improbability runs through the book even to the smaller details. Want of verisimilitude destroys the interest.

EDITOR.



